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Will lease store and dwelling to purchaser if required. TERMS:—All nums under Ten Dollars, Cash.

JANES WETHERUP

Medical.

FROM THE PRESIDENT

Ayer's Hair Vigor

ist. To prevent falling out of the hair.

2d. To prevent too rapid change of color.

It has given entire satisfaction in every Yours respectfully, WM. CAREY CRANE?"

ATER'S HAIR VIGOR is entirely free

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggiets.

MOOD'S

Quinine Wine and Iron. appetite and impure blood, Price 75 cents, Pre-pared only by W. LLOYD WOOD, Toronto. For sule at the drug stores. Apl. 25, 1883.—33-25.

The Canadian Lost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, SEPT. 21, 1883. SEPTEMBER.

The golden-rod is yellow,
The corn is turning brown,
The trees in apple orchards
With fruitare bending down

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun.
In dusky pods the milkweed
Its hidden silks has spun.

In every meadow nook, And asters by the brookside Make asters in the brook.

September days are here, With Summer's best of wealth, And Autumn's best of cheer.

MY LORD BELVIDERE.

Phorbus Adolphus Bellasis, the sixth Earl of Belvidere, occupied chambers in the Albany, Piccadilly. Considered from the point of view of the peerage, my Lord Belvidere was but a poor man; contemplated from the lower level occupied by the commonality, he was very comfortably, even luxuriantly provided for. The house of Bellasis claimed to be of most ancient descent; its titles were not acquired, however, until early in the eighteenth century, when, for sundry services rendered to the State, a certain Hyperion Bellasis, goldsmith and jeweler, who was said to have made a fortune by trading largely in Irish diamonds, was created Baron Bellasis, Viscount Betlamont, and Earl of Belvidere, all in the peerage of Ireland. The large fortune possessed by the first Earl had suffered much in the hands of his less prudent and thrifty successors, and of late years the family estates in the Province of Connaught had not proved specially productive. But during the long minority of the sixth Earl his property had been heedfully nursed for him; he was the owner of valuable lands in Huntingdonshire, and a town house in Pimico, now usually in the occupation of his lordship's grandmother, the Downger Countess of Bellamont, His lordship's mother had been dead some years. For some time before her demise the delicate state of her health had compelled her adyship to seek a southern climate; she had remained abroad, visiting England only at long intervals. She died at Rome and was interred in the Protestant cemetery there beneath the shadow of the well-

Lord Belvidere was of low stature and spare figure; his complexion was coloriese; his features were insignificant. There was little light in his large, short-sighted, paleblue eyes; his hair was of a sandy, flaxen hue, and a feeble moustache streggled shout his upper lip. Yet a certain air of refinement attended him; he was graceful of bearing and movement; he was always carefully and tastefully dressed, and it was held that he invariably wore the look of one of gentle birth and breeding. He was a young nobleman of dilettante inclinations, he was wont to dabble in literature, in postry and the fine arts, but not ventur-ing far or deeply mo those troubled wat-In far or deeply me those troubled waters not much above his ankles, so to speak Indeed, it cannot be said that he had in any respect greatly distinguished himself. He had quitted Oxford without taking a deuree; he had travelled, and could make commonplace observations in various foreign tongues; he had written one of two very tolerable articles in a high-class magazine of small circulation. In politics he had not found that he could lake my interest he was worst to remise

known pyramid of Cains Cestius,

Lord Beividere had returned to his chambers from s calm ambie in the Row on one of the safest of hucks.

"Any one called?" his lordship select of his faithful servant Curtie.

Yes, a party had called, Curtie replied, with some hesitation of manner.

"When you say a party, Curtie, am I to understand you to mean a lady or a gentle-

ervant, probably."
"She's elderly, my Lord, but not so very

"She's elderly, my Lord, but not so very old; about fifty years; and stout in proportion," observed Curtis. "Highly respectable looking, if I may say so, my Lord. Might be a housekeeper, my Lord, or even a monthly nurse."

"Thank you, Curtis. I think I understand the sort of person. Well, if she calls again, and I happen to be at home, why of course I will see her. Nibloe, Nibloe, Sussannah Nibloe—now, when and where did I ever hear the name of Nibloe!"

The subject hanned and perplexed his The subject haunted and perplexed ordehip for the remainder of the day.

It was evening; a shaded lamp shed

softened mellow light upon the scene-Lord Belvidere was sitting in his com fortable, well-carpeted, warmly-curtained study; a cup of coffee stood upon a little table beside him; he was smoking a cigarette, the while with an ivory paper-knife of a large and ornamental sort—it had almost the aspect of a harlequin's wand—he cut the leaves of a new magazine in which an article written by himself was printed. He was looking forward to some few hours He was looking forward to some few hours of cosiness, warmth, quiet and literary entertainment, when Curtis announced the return of Mrs. Nibles.

"I must see her, of course," said his lova-ship with a sigh, as he closed the magu-zine; he had been much interested in his contribution to that work.

There entered a lady whose face for the moment seemed to be all smiles as her figure appeared to be all courtesies and obetsances. She was of florid complexion; her hair was auburn, but perhaps by a lawyer would be described as rather her own by purchase than by descant; her costume was of the variegated, radiant and flamboyant character. In other respects she justified Curtis's account of her; she was fifty, perhaps and she was stout of form; she might haps, and she was stout of form; she might have been a housekeeper or even a monthly nurse. She owned a bright and rolling eye, much vivacity of expression, and a voice of fruity quality, somewhat husky in

"Your lordship has quite forgotten me, I fear?" she said, interrogatively.
"Pray, he seated, Mrs. Nibloe," he replied with evasive politeness. "I recollect the name; at least I think I may say that I have some faint recollection of the name of Nib-

'Perhaps the name of Moss may be more familiar to your lordship?'

"Possibly," said Lord Belvidere, with a vague glance at his visitor.

"My first was Moss," explained the lady; "at least he would have been my first if things had happened as they ought to have happened. I was always known as Mrs. Moss until I married Nibloe. I call Nibloe my second."

my second."
"And Mr. Niblos survives?" his lordship enquired. Not that he was in the least interested concerning the existence of Mr. Nibloe, but he felt that it behooved him to

say something. "Deary me, no," answered the lady. am a widder again. Nibloe couldn't abide married life. He was in the seafaring way of business. He married me for my property. I didn't know it then, but I know it now. We did not live very happily toit now. We did not live very happily to-gether. So in a fit of temper—he had al-ways a nasty temper that Nibloe—he ran away from me, went to sea and was drown-That was the end of Nibloe,"
"Poor Nibloe!" murmured Lord Belvi-

dere, sympathetically. But, upon the whole, he was not disposed to marvel at the running away of his visitor's unfortunate

"And now may I ask," said his lordship after a pause, "to what I am indebted for the honor of Mrs. Nibloe's visit?" "I was anxious to see your lordship once

"That anxiety is, I am sure, most gratifying and flattering to me. And - was that all, Mrs. Nibloe."

"Ah!" she cried, with some abruptness of manner, "I see that your lordship has clean forgotten me! Why, I was your lordship's first nurse. I've rocked your lordship's first nurse. I've rocked your lordship to sleep in these arms many and many's the time. Why, when your lordship was but a blessed infant, your lordship was never so happy as when in your Mossy's arms. For Mossy was what your lordship always called your faithful nurse in them happy times. Mossy was almost the first word as your lorship ever spoke,"

"Did I take the liberty of calling you Mossy?" Lord Belvidere inquired vaguely, "I fear that your lordship has forgotten all about me." 'Ah!" she cried, with some abruptness

all about me. "Let me say that I only dimly remember you, Mrs. Moss—Mrs. Nibloe I should rather call you. Many years have, of course, elapsed since the time you have referred to. I hope I am not ungrateful for any kindnesses I have received in the past from you or indeed from any other received."

kindnessed I have received in the past from you, or indeed from any other person."

"Your lordship has very good reason to be grateful to me if you knew all."

"If I knew all? Is there anything, then, I do not know and should know?"

"A many things," Mrs. Niblos replied frafikly. "But its dry work talking," she added.

"Pardon me, I should offer you some re-freshment. You have been walking far, perhaps, and are fatigued, doubtless. You

Will take some tea or a cup of coffee?"

His lordship rang the bell.

"Coffee? It would keep me awake all night. I dare not touch it. No; if it's anynight. I dare not touch it. No; if it's anything it must be just the merest thought in life of gin, hot and sweet. I'm subject to a stitch in the side, which takes me at odd times, and that's the only thing I ever found to do me any good."

His lordship in grave tones, gave the requisite orders to Curtis, who opened wide his even

"I suppose we have gin in the house," said Lord Belvidere, doubtfully. "If not, you will get some."
"And let the water be as hot as hot," interposed Mrs. Nibloe, addressing herself to Curtis, "there's a dear good young man, now."

The refreshment brought and consumed had a stirring and unlocking effect upon Mrs. Nibloc. It was as though her words were set loose, they came flocking forth like escaped prisoners or released school-boys; and a way to her heart seemed opened; her sentiments and emotions were, so to say, proclaimed public property.

"My own boy!" she exclaimed, gastug at his lordship fondly, who comewhat winced the while; yet he felt that the affection of arrold servant must be considerately viewed—was is itself a thoroughly respectable.

"I mean, of course, taking into account the peculiar circumstance of his position."
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"I mean of course, taking into account the peculiar circumstance of his position."

"writer" at a law stationer's in Cursitor-et... Chancery-lane.

When, after some hours, Mrs. Nibloe withdrew from the Albany, her speech was a little hasy, her gait uncertain, and her wonted brightness of eye was certainly veiled. She had concluded her story, and the decaster of Geneva which Curtic had produced was nearly empty. A strong odor of spirite was over all the room.

She left Lord Belvidere—for so it will be convenient still to describe him—a shattered creature. His nerves were all unstrung.

ed creature. His nerves were all unstrung, his cheeks were blanched, his voice was a mere whisper, his heart throbbed painfully. Altogether he was most miserable. He staggered to a sofa and threw himself at full length upon it, covering his face with his hands.

his hands.

It seemed to him impossible to doubt the truth of Mrs. Nibloe's statement-it was set forth with such convincing circumstan tiality. He could not persuade himself for inventing so very remarkable a story. His lordship passed a wretched night.

What was to be done? Lord Belvidere his lordship closeted with Mr. Foskett of Furnival's Isn, who had, during many rears acted as the confidential legal adviser the Bellasis family. Fonkett was a thick-set gentlemen, with a rich, deep, strong voice, very white hair, standing erect, keen brown eyes, a red face, and rude gnaried features. His manner was pleasantly frank and hearty, if a little abrupt.

To Mr. Foskett Lord Belvidere repeated followed at least harm Nibles agrees the fully and at length Mrs. Nibloe's extraordin-

"The woman's mad," said Mr. Foekett, simple; "mad without a doubt. There are o many mad women in the world. In point of fact, every other woman you meet is more or less mad. And they're fond of going about telling stories of this sort. A woman no suoner becomes a mother than she thinks something strange has happened to her child, that it has been changed at nurse for somebody else's, or some nonsense of that sort. Your Mrs. Nibloe wanted a good shaking. She's mad, depend on it." Mr. Foskett was a bachelor. Lord Belvidere shook his head. He was not to be persuaded that Mrs. Nibloe was

"Then she was drunk," said Mr. Foskett decisively.

His lordship was unable to accept this expianation of the case.

Something must be done, he said. Inquiry must be made. Mrs. Nibloe's story must be sifted. That it was true in part at any rate, he could not doubt. The woman had certainly been in the service of his mather. He had some recollection of her nimself, but he was not, he admitted very clear upon the subject. And then this young man known as Harry Moss-whom the woman declared to be the real Lord Belvidere -must be looked for and discov-

ered.
"I don't know that it is our business to look for him," observed Mr. Foskett. "No doubt he'll be forthcoming fast enough. As a rule claimants are not much troubled with modesty or keeping in the back-ground. It there's anything in this case at il which I very much question-your lordship may rely upon meeting Mr. Harry Moss before very long."
"If Mrs. Nibloe's story is true, of course

this young man is very much to be pitied—
is deserving of every consideration at our
hands. He has all these years been kept
out of the title and propery that are rightfully his. Probably he has suffered much:
he has been doomed to a life of indigence and privation, it may be. I have the sincerest compassion for him."
"But, of course, a title and property such

as your lordship enjoys are not to be abandoned without a struggle. We must meet this claimant, if he is to be reckoned a claimant, as other claimants are met—in a court of justice, and he must be dealt with according to law. We shall carry the case from court to court until we obtain a final decision upon it. A surrender without a fight is always a mistake, as I judge, and is not to be thought of for a moment in

this matter."
"I would do nothing quixotic," said Lord Bevidere: "at the same time I will do noth-ing unjust. Directly I find I am standing in this young man's shoes, I step out of them. Let him show that he is really Lord Belvidere, and I change places with him. I will even consent to call myself Henry Moss, though God knows it will be very hard."

"Just so," acquiesed Mr. Foskett, with a "And then there is Lady Gwendoline to thought of," said his lordship. Mr. Foskett was silent. He knew, as in-deed every one knew, for the fact had been announced in the newspapers, that a matri-monial alliance was on the tapis—that was

monial alliance was on the tapis—that was how it was stated—between his lordship and Lady Gwendoline, the daughter of the Marquis of Montacute.

"If Mrs. Nibloe's story is true, what am I to say to Lady Gwendoline?"

"I think, my Lord," suggested Mr. Foskett, "that quite the first thing to do is to discover whether this woman's story is true.

discover whether this woman's story is true With an understanding that diligent in

quiry into the matter should be commenced forthwith, the solicitor took leave of his noble client.

When Lord Belvidere next met his legal adviser it was observable that Mr. Foskett's ow was clouded. "It is curious, very curious," he observed "there are circumstances in this case I find it hard to account for. At the same time I venture to say that there is very little this claimant could possibly carry into court with him."

"You have seen Mrs. Nibloel" asked his

"I have heard Mrs. Niblos repeat the story she told your lordship." "You have found Harry Moss!" "I have found the young man known as Harry Moss. Oddly enough, he works for a law stationer whom I often employ. I can lay my hand upon Harry Moss at any

dertake.

"What is really curious about old Dr. Buttersby evidence is this," said Mr. Foskett. "As I have already mentisned, he is a very old mass and it is unnecessary to accept his statement implicitly; he has no record of the fact, and his memory may be altogether at fault. But he declares with much positiveness that he distinctly recollects that the Countess's child was of a dark convolution—on as he puts it, 'a black. complexion—or, as he puts it, 'a black-headed baby'—the while he is equally cer-tain that Mrs. Mose's infant was fair, or as he says, 'a white-headed baby'"

"Then so far," said his lordship, "Mrs.
Nibloe's story is confirmed."
"Well," said the lawyer, it may be viewed as in a degree confirming. as in a degree confirming her story. But it amounts to very little. I don't see that much importance should be attached to this old man's story. Very likely his memory has played him some trick. There is no particular reason why he should recol-lect in these cases which baby was black-headed and which was white-headed. He does not pretend to recollect the complexion of other children he helped into the world out the same time, or, indeed, long after

white-headed baby," said his lordship, thoughtfully.

"Possibly," observed Mr. Foskett. with the air of one seluctant to make any admis-

sion whatever.
"And this Harry Moss?" "Well oddly enough, this Harry Mose is a black-haired young man, with a complexion of a tallowy sort."
"I must see him," said Lord Belvidere.
"I don't advise it, but I don't see any ab-

solute objection to such a course, if your lordship insists upon it. I need hardly counsel the utmost caution in dealing with him. He must be addressed in the most gnarded way, I have taken care to ascer-tain that he is altogether ignorant of Mrs. Nibloe's story of his origin. He is not a claimant as yet. He does not pretend to be anything more than what he really is, a writer, as we say, in the employment of Mr. Took, law stationer, of Cursitor-st." most anxious to see him.

"For that matter, I have no doubt your lordship could see him at once. I have only to write a line to Mr. Took. I have a clerk in attendance; he can go down in a cab and bring the young man back with him, I dare say, in little more than half an hour

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