

Medical.

AYER'S
Sarsaparilla

Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Itch, Scabies, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin, as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted condition of the blood, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrhs.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years."
W. H. MOORE.

Durham, Ind., March 2, 1884.
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

Crowfoot Indian Bitters.



BITTERS.

A valuable discovery made in the far west. A Genuine Indian Medicine, composed of Roots, Barks and Herbs, for the Permanent Cure of Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, and all affections of the Liver and Stomach, Kidneys and Blood.

Ask your druggist for it, and for One Dollar will give you Twelve Pints of BITTERS. A single trial has often resulted in remarkable cures. Try it.

Manufactured only by the CROWFOOT INDIAN MEDICINE CO., Westport, Ore. Sold by A. EIGHTHMAN, Lindsay, Ont. No. 12.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, APRIL 11, 1884.

AN AMBITIOUS WIFE.

A STORY OF LIFE IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER XV.
(Continued from last week.)

Mrs. Diggs put one slim hand to one pale temple, and drooped her bright eyes. "I have it," she presently exclaimed. "There is my other cousin, Jane Van Horn. We won't ask Jane to dine with us, but we will ask her to come to the party. She is sure to be there. Then we shall be sure of getting her to fill the vacant place. On her mother's side, Cousin Jane, don't you? No? Well, in a certain sense nobody ever remembers poor Jane, and nobody ever forgets her. She has been a widow for years. Like Cornelia. But she never awakes herself. She rarely goes anywhere, and yet she leaves a sort of aristocratic trail wherever she has been. She will accept if I tell her to; she always gives in to me, though in her sluggish way I know she thinks me objectionable. Poor Jane is a perfect goose, and yet I do not like her. She is such a dear, consistent, inoffensive, companionable goose, don't you know? Claire, your dinner-party is entirely arranged. "I am afraid not," said Claire, dubiously.

The next day she and Mrs. Diggs connected the invitations together. On the day following, the two ladies whom they had asked each sent a courteous, conventional refusal.

Mrs. Van Horn gave no reason for her refusal. Mrs. Arcularius mentioned a previous engagement as the reason of her non-acceptance.

"You see," said Claire, to her faltering counselor, "our ladies are not obtainable after all."

Mrs. Diggs showed herself openly so. "It is too bad!" declared the latter. "It is a terrible blow to the authenticity of Mrs. Arcularius's previous engagement. As for Cornelia, I suspect pique at your not having been to visit her. But we shall see what we shall see, regarding Mrs. Van Horn. Of course our little dinner is ruined, on most preside as the only woman. Claire, I don't doubt you will do it charmingly. But I shall drop in upon Cornelia to-morrow, and try to sound the unfashionable."

Mrs. Diggs did so, and on the afternoon of the same day she sought out Claire, filled with her recent exploring skirmish.

"I couldn't stay away from you," he said, smiling into a happy, half-longing posture on the sofa at her side. He was faintly dressed, in garments that seemed to accept every bend of his fine-moulded figure without a wrinkle of their dark, flexible surface. "Your husband smokes the nicest sort of cigar, but he has another possession that seems to me vastly superior." Then he broke into a mellow laugh, and waved one hand hither and thither with an air of mock explanation. "I allude to this beautiful little drawing-room," he continued.

His mirthful, side-long glance made Claire echo his laugh. "I will tell Herbert how much you like it," she said; "He will be so pleased to know."

"Pray do nothing of the sort!" he said with a good deal of comic seriousness. "I should never forgive you if you did. Husbands are such oddly jealous fellows. There is no telling what innocent little outbursts of esteem may sometimes offend them."

Claire thought the time had come for a decisive parry in the parlance of fencers. "Oh, Herbert is not at all jealous," she said, measuring the words just enough to make them seem out of accord with her bright smile. "He has never had the least occasion to be, I assure you."

He fixed his eyes with soft intensity on her sweet, blooming face. "Never?" he questioned, quite low of tone.

"Never," she answered, gently laconic.

But he might take some stupid pleasure in "knowing." "Oh, if he did I would soon show him the stupidity of it. We understand each other excellently."

They talked on for at least half an hour. The other gentlemen remained below. Goldwin made no more daring comments, but he was not without what sort of a season it would be upon the coming opera—upon the nature of New York entertainments—upon the men and women who were to give them. Claire made it very plain to him that she wanted to enter the gay lists. She at length said:

"Do you know Mrs. Van Horn?" Goldwin laughed. "Why don't you ask me if I know the City Hall, or the Stock Exchange? Of course I know her."

"Do you like her?" "Nobody ever likes her. Who likes statues?" "People sometimes worship them."

"Oh, she is a good deal worshipped, if you mean that."

Hollister and his two remaining guests now appeared. Claire rose to greet them, but she was not without her usual grace. They were both important persons, as they had been recorded. They had both important wives, to whom they repaired a little later, and to whom they loudly sang praises of her loveliness. The remarks of each substantially the same form, and the following might be given as their common and somewhat florid average:

"That fellow Hollister's wife, you know. The man I dined with to-night. Didn't know he had a wife? Well, you'd have known it if you had been there. She's a splendid young creature. Handsome as a picture, and good style, too. By the way, Stuart Goldwin was there; he shouldn't have been. I see Hollister was going to make a dash for society soon. Now, don't repeat it, my dear, but the fact is, this Hollister can be of considerable service to me in a business way. There's no use going into particulars, for women never understand business. But . . . if anything should occur—any card being given, or a course of look out and refuse point blank. Bless my soul, when did you ever do anything to help along my interests? You'll spend the money fast enough, but you won't turn a hand to help me make it. All right; do as you please. Hollister is to-day the most rising young man on the Street. There's a regular boom on him. He's got Goldwin for a friend. You must know what that means."

Both ladies did know what it meant. Both ladies had looked sour, but both in due time entertained their after-thoughts.

They were ladies of high fashion, each proudly within an exclusive clique. They were not powerful enough to induce any new struggle for position; their own right of tenure was not unassailable. They dreaded this Mrs. Hollister, as it were, but they secretly resolved that it would be folly to ignore her. Meanwhile a certain interview, held by Stuart Goldwin with a certain lady of his acquaintance, was of quite different character. Goldwin did not reach the house of Mrs. Ridgeway Lee until some time after ten o'clock. It was an exceedingly pretty house. Its drawing-room, though as small as Claire's, must by comparison have put the latter completely in the shade. It was an exquisite artistic commingling of all that good and fine in upholstery and general interior decoration.

Mrs. Ridgeway Lee, too, was a maner rare and fine. She rose from a deep cachemire lounge to receive Goldwin. She was dressed in crimson, with a great cluster of white and crimson roses at her breast. She pretended to be anxious that he should have presumed to come so late. She had the last French novel in her hand, pressed against her heart, as though she loved its allurement and disliked being thus drawn from them. Goldwin knew perfectly well that she had expected him, that she was very glad he had come.

He often wondered to himself why he did not ask her to be his wife. She was passionately in love with him; she had been a widow almost since youth; she had a great deal of money for what he cared nothing, and a great deal of beauty, for which he could not help but care. She had almost seriously compromised herself by allowing him to show her attentions, where intimacy, as a judgment of the world, should long ago have assumed a permanent permanence.

Yet she was a woman who could to a certain degree, compromise herself with impunity. Her connections were all people of high place. She was distantly related to Mrs. Diggs and nearly related to Mrs. Van Horn, who felt toward her that fondness that may exist between a queen and a lady-in-waiting. Apart from this, she was a social dignitary. Her artificiality was more plainly manifest than that of Goldwin, and it had become a commonplace among her friends to say that she was affected.

But she had made her affection a kind of fashion; other women had so.

He fixed his eyes with soft intensity on her sweet, blooming face. "Never?" he questioned, quite low of tone.

"Never," she answered, gently laconic.

liked the peculiar flutter of her lids, the draw of her voice, the erratic movements and extraordinary grace of her body, that they had induced these with disastrous fidelity. She said clever, daring, insolent, or amiable things all in the same slow, measured way, and generally managed to leave an impression that a fund of unuttered experience and observation lay behind them. She was prodigiously pliant for one of her pleasure-loving nature.

Her charity was liberal and incessant. She threw her Parisian robes through the wards of hospitals, or lifted them in the ill-smelling haunts of dying paupers. Her religion and her charity went hand in hand. For some people they were both abasms; for others they were ostentatious, half founded on sincerity; for others they implied a feverish craving to draw the human form of persistent indiscretions; and still for others they were an intoxication, indulged in by one who did nothing half-way, and resorted to as some people drug themselves with opium, chloral, or alcohol. She denounced the new intellectual tendency among social equals of her own sex, as something wholly terrible; she frowned upon it no less distantly than her housewifery, Mrs. Van Horn, but for a different reason.

Its occasional lapse into rationalistic and unorthodox thought roused her dismay and ire.

"Science," she would say, in her grave, loitering manner, "is perfectly splendid. I adore it. I read books about it all the time." (There were those who roundly asserted that she did not know protoplasm from evolution.) "But this confusing it with religion is simply blasphemous and awful. I have the profoundest pity for all who do not believe devoutly. I wish I could build asylums for them, and visit them, as I do my sick and poor!"

Goldwin always listened to these melancholy outbursts with a twinkling eye. He had long intended to try and convert him to her High Church ritualism. He would never go to church with her and witness, in the edifice which she attended, the Episcopal ceremonial, as he said, the Roman Catholic ceremonial, just as far as it dared and no further. But he would never have gone to any church with her, and she knew that was the way, some of her foes asserted, in which she made love to him; the mourned him as ungodly.

She showed no signs of making love to him to-night. She received him, as already stated, with a shocked air. "It is dreadfully late," she said, giving him her hand. "You ought not to do it. You know that you ought not to do it."

He kept her hand until she had again seated herself on the cachemire lounge. Then he sat down beside her.

Her type of beauty had been called that of a serpent. It was true that her present posture on the lounge oddly resembled a sort of coil. Her face wore at intervals a warm paleness; its color, or rather its lack of color, had little variation. Her hair was black as night; her eyes luminous, large, and very dark; her head small, her figure lissome and extremely slender, her shoulders narrow and falling. She could not be ungraceful, and another grace was always what in her woman was always been called "grace awkwardness." She appeared, now, to be coaxing Goldwin across one shoulder. Her crimson dress was in a tight whorl about her feet. She had a twisted look, which in any one else would have suggested an imperiled anatomy. But you somehow accepted her at first sight as capable of a picturesque elasticity denied to commoner physiques.

"I dropped in only for a minute," said Goldwin. "I wanted to tell you about the dinner."

"Well? Was it nice?" "Immensely. There was only one woman, but a marvellous woman. She is Hollister's wife. I feel as if I'd been hearing a new opera by Gounod. Don't ask me to describe her."

MIDLAND DISTRICT NOTES.

The hay fork swindlers have been working in the neighborhood of Napanee, where they mulcted the farmers to the tune of about \$1,000.

—Kingston was advertised a carnival for the evening of the 1st of April. A large crowd of persons in costume attended, and found the words "April fool" on the door.

—\$6,000 were spent on the roads of Tiny last year. The Herald says: "How the spirit of Boss Tweed would chuckle could he but see how little was done for the money."

—Miss Crosby, the new salvation army captain at Kingston is not popular, as she robs up and down when speaking like a toy-jumping jack. She says she cannot help it.

—The Hon. John Stevenson died of congestion Tuesday morning of last week at Napanee. Deceased was speaker of the first Parliament of the legislative assembly of Ontario.

—Mr. J. H. Buck, manager of the Georgian Bay Lumber Co. at Byng Inlet, lost a valuable team of horses by drowning in the lake about twenty miles from the "Inlet" last week.

—A Collingwood cow climbed on to a snowbank, thence on to the roof of a shed, broke through, falling on a baby carriage, which she crushed to pieces without doing herself the least injury.

—Two Barrie girls, named Grant and McCarthy, arrested for stealing a sewing machine, have been sentenced to one month's imprisonment for vagrancy. The other charge still holds.

—The Bracebridge magistrates convicted Mr. R. Kimber Johns, Gravenhurst, of selling by public auction without a license, and imposed a fine of \$20, and costs, \$14.15. It is said Mr. Johns intends to appeal.

—Sidney Harte of Dalton lost a purse containing a cheque for \$50 and \$3 in cash when he was in the street. He had a good one, a considerable distance out of town before he missed it, on returning on his tracks he was fortunate enough to find it when he dropped it.

—Robert Hannah, of Beeton, through false representation was induced to sign a paper purporting to be an agreement for an agency but which proved to be an order for \$500 of wire, amounting to \$187.50. He now warns the public to beware of agents of the Globe Lightning Rod Company.

—The Whig thinks Kingston is pretty lively just now, as there were seven houses and a church burglarized there in the last few days, and small sums and trifling articles stolen. The merchants and clerks indulge in pool-playing, one man recently dropped \$200 in the street. He is hundreds of cases which do not come out.

—J. C. Miller, ex-M. P. P., died at Colton, Col., last Wednesday. His health had been poor for several years. Mr. Miller was born in the county, Dec. 16, 1836, and held a prominent position in the crown lands department of Ontario for some years. He was subsequently embarked in the lumber business, and amassed a large fortune. Mr. Miller represented Muskoka in the local legislature from 1875 to 1882, and was a supporter of the Mowat administration.

—A farmer named John Day, whose home is near Orillia, went to the union station, Toronto, last Wednesday morning to take the train for his home. There he met two men who fell into conversation with him, and soon discovered his name and circumstances. One of them introduced himself as Mr. McDonald, a merchant of Barrie.

—By the way, Mr. Day, I have a freight bill to pay, and I have only a draft, and of course he would prefer the cash. Day obliged him with a loan of \$30. Both of the confidence men soon disappeared, and neither of them could be found when the victim searched for them. He went home with a short and unpleasant experience of Toronto.

—Development Envelopes sent received at THE POST printing office. All sizes, business correspondence and invitation envelopes. Cheap lines of business envelopes for sending out accounts. Send for samples.

Insurance. INSURANCE. FEDERAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF HAMILTON.

A First-Class Stock Co'y. Active agents wanted for the Counties of Victoria, Durham and Ontario.

James Hamilton. TO THE CARRIAGE & WAGON BUYERS OF VICTORIA COUNTY.

GENTLEMEN—We have done a successful year's business. You have heard and materially to this end. I have had your custom—your goods. That you are satisfied with your purchases we have your testimony. We are satisfied with your custom and the large amount of trade done we have pleasure in telling you.

COME AND SEE how ready we are to supply all you need in the way of CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, DEMOCRATS AND FARM WAGGONS.

Does our build of wheeled vehicle differ from the build of other folks? Is our build better than other folks? We answer both questions in the affirmative.

Our build is very different from that sold by some folks—decidedly better than sold by most folks.

Publisher's Notice.
MAKE THE NUMBER
4,000.

A correspondent and Agent in Eldon challenges all the agents and friends of THE POST to brace up and increase the circulation to 4,000. He promises to do his share. To facilitate the good work we make the following rate:

THE POST from now till the end of 1884 FOR 75 CENTS.

Send in four names and three dollars. Single payments of 75c. may be made to any of our agents, or two neighbors can remit one dollar bill and 50c. in 3c. or 1c. stamps.

Address CHAS. D. BARR, "The Post," Lindsay.

W. M. Robson. THE LINDSAY TEA HOUSE, ESTABLISHED 1867.

W. M. ROBSON. Begs respectfully to inform the public that he has RE-OPENED with very Select Stock of

Groceries, Provisions, China, Crockery & Glassware, Fruits and Confectionery, Garden and Field Seeds.

All Fresh and Fragrant and will be sold at Lowest Current Prices.

Especially do we recommend our TEA and with confidence as to Price.

Thankful for past patronage I will endeavour to deserve a share in the future. I am, yours truly, W. M. ROBSON.

McLennan & Co. COAL DEPOT AND GENERAL HARDWARE. Stove, Grate, Foundry and Blacksmith Coal.

At lowest prices. We have in stock and to arrive a large stock of PLASTER OF PARIS AND BLASTING POWDER.

Also a full line of Fine Steel and Shelf Hardware. Bought Strictly for Cash. We would solicit inspection of goods and comparison of prices.

Lindsay, Dec. 22, 1881. McLENNAN & CO. L. O'Connor.

SPRING AND SUMMER, 1884. L. O'CONNOR, MANUFACTURER OF CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, DEMOCRATS and FARM WAGGONS.

has on hand and will continue to have during the season all descriptions of the above vehicles which cannot be surpassed for taste, design or durability.

The subscriber has had the opportunity of visiting the neighboring states and is enabled thereby to give the newest fashions to his numerous patrons. All he wishes is a call, so that his work may be compared with others who are always loud in their own praise.

This section, which has been proved over and over again in all contests at the different fairs, shows that his practical experience of the last 35 years has not been altogether thrown away.

Any person requiring anything in his line, whether they purchase or not will be welcome to inspect the work and see the quality of material and any portion of work used in the manufacture of his carriages, etc. All work is thoroughly well-seasoned and every branch of the business is under his own supervision.

Repairs at all times done with every care and attention and at all times with the utmost economy.

L. O'CONNOR, Corner William & Russell-sts. Baby Carriages and Express Wagons always kept in stock. Lindsay, March 12th, 1884.—72.

John Makins. MILL MACHINERY. JOHN MAKINS, WILLIAM STREET, LINDSAY, Iron Founder and Machinist. Saves and Shingle Mill Machinery, Flour and Mill, Steam Engines and Steam Pumps.

Have a large assortment of General Patterns for the above description of works. Lindsay, Aug. 17th, 1882.—97.

John Anderson. UNDERTAKING! In all its details carefully carried out by the subscriber. Caskets and Burial Cases ready on short notice.

A FIRST-CLASS HEARSE ON VERY MODERATE TERMS. A large and well assorted stock of Household Furniture always on hand. Parlour and Bed room Sets a Specialty. Lindsay, May 25, 1883.—51.

JOHN ANDERSON, Undertaker, Lindsay.