The Canadian Post.

[CHAS. D. BARR, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.] [POSTAGE PREPAID BY THE PUBLISHER.]

Vol. XX. Whole Number 1024. LINDSAY, ONT., FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1879. Terms, $1.50 in Advance.

The Canadian Post.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

CASH SYSTEM. In accordance with resolution adopted by the Canadian Press Association, in August, 1877, the leading country newspaper publishers are to adhere more definitely to the cash system and to restrict long credits.

TRANSIENT ADVERTISING such as farms and other Sales, Situations Wanted, Lost, Found, Strayed, Stolen, Lectures, Entertainments, Meetings, Auctions, Business Chances, Board, Lodgings, Apartments, Boarding, Medicines, etc., must be paid in advance for at the rate of 5c. per line for the first insertion and 2c. per line for each subsequent insertion. Contract advertisements will be published three or six months at the rate of $4 per line per annum.

LOCAL ADVERTISING, Reading Notices, inserted at the rate of 10c. per line for each insertion. Contract locals will be published quarterly or half-yearly.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.—The Post is $1.50 in advance, or if not paid in advance, $1.75 if paid within the first three months of the year, $2 if paid within six months, and $2.50 if paid after six months from the commencement of the year. These are the only publication terms we know of in the Newspaper Directories.

ADDRESS LABELS.—The figures following the name on the address label show the date to which the paper is paid, thus: "Jan. 1, 79" means that the paper is paid up to the first of January, 1879. Subscribers should see that the proper figures appear on their address labels every week, and should immediately notify the publisher of any mistake.

DISCONTINUANCE.—The paper will be sent until all arrears are paid, when it will be discontinued at the option of the publisher. Subscribers are responsible for the price of the paper so long as they receive it, and should be careful to see that their subscriptions are paid up when they leave the country.

REMITTANCES.—Money for subscriptions may be sent by post at our risk if a registered letter is used. Postage stamps are not generally received in payment for subscriptions, but we will thankfully receive them for fractions of a dollar. Money orders, Bank Drafts, and Registered Letters are the safest and most convenient means of remitting money.

CHANGES.—Persons who have business or other notices in the Post should be careful to write the name of the Post Office to which their papers are addressed, and also the name of the Post Office to which they are to be changed.

CORRESPONDENCE.—We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents. We do not insert anonymous letters. Our correspondents must write on only one side of the paper, and must give the name of the Post Office and County from which they write.

CHARLES D. BARR,
Proprietor.

Hotels.

BENSON HOUSE, Lindsay. E. Benson Proprietor. Only first-class House in town. 1013-1y.

CUMMINS HOUSE, Victoria Road Station. John Cummins, Proprietor. The bar is well supplied with the best liquors and cigars. Good tabling and careful hostler. 1000-1y

MANSION HOUSE, LINDSAY, Ontario, opposite the Union Station of the Victoria and Whitby, Port Perry and Lindsay Railways. R. S. McCARTHY, Proprietor. Good accomodation. First class chefs and stabling. 993-1y.

MANSION HOUSE, corner Colborne and Francis streets, Peterboro' Fenelon Falls. N. INGRAM, Proprietor. New brick hotel, centrally located in the county. First class accommodation for commercial men and the public in general. Free bus to and from all trains and boats. 1001-1y

PRICES REDUCED

AYERS HOTEL
Mill-st., Rochester, N. Y.

Price Reduced to $1.50 a Day.

This hotel has reduced its prices to the Travelling Public to $1.50 per day. It is handy to the N. Y. Central Depot (only a few doors South), and has recently been refitted and refurnished. Open day and night.

The house is first class in every respect and Canada people will save money by going to the Ayers Hotel.

WILSON SPRAGUE, Proprietor.
Rochester, N. Y., June 1st, 1878. 995-1mos

Business Cards.

ELIAS ROWES Auctioneer for the County of Victoria and Brock. Charges moderate. Office: Mearth P. O. 1002-1y

THOMAS BEALL, CORONER, County Victoria.

Issuer of Marriage Licenses.

D. ROSS,

Auctioneer for Eldon, Garden, and North Riding of Ontario.

Farm sales a specialty. Bailiff 5th Division Court of Victoria. Address, Beaverton P. O. 1003-1y

GEO. McHUGH, BAILIFF 5th DIVISION COURT CO. VICTORIA

Licensed Auctioneer County Victoria.

Money to Loan at 8 per cent.

Sales left at the Post of Mr. P. J. Hurley, Kent-st., opposite the Benson House, will receive prompt attention. 1003-1y

Educational.

THE LORETTO CONVENT
Of Lindsay, Ontario.

Classes resumed on Monday, Sept. 2nd

In addition to the former many and great advantages there is now in connection with the Establishment a Course of Lectures on Natural Philosophy, Chemistry and Medicine, to suit the Ladies.

TERMS (INCLUSIVE) TWENTY DOLLARS A YEAR, including French.

LADY SUPERIOR.
Lindsay, Oct. 1st, 1878. 1000-1y

Livery Stables.

CUNIGAN'S LIVERY STABLES,
YORK STREET, LINDSAY

Good stables, easy carriages and good horses on hire at reasonable rates. BRIAN CUNIGAN. 1004-1y

WORKMAN'S LIVERY STABLES
Kent Street, Lindsay.

H. WORKMAN & SON, Proprietors.

Long established livery business in Lindsay. Good vehicles and fast horses. Rates Reasonable.

TO PASSENGERS.

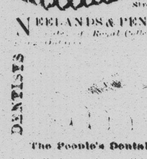
The undersigned beg to inform tourists and the public generally that they are now running a Stage Coach between Lindsay and Bobcaygeon on the Grand Trunk Railway Junction every morning at 6 o'clock. Orders left at office on Queen-st. East or at Queen House will receive prompt attention.

WORKMAN & SON

Dentistry.

H. REA, D. D. S., L. D. S., Graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College, Associate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario. Dentist to Lindsay. Office over Dr. Lee's Drug Store, Kent-st., Lindsay. Block, Kent-st., Lindsay. 1000-1y

W. H. GROSS,
Dentist.



Rooms over Mr. John Bull's Store, Kent Street, Lindsay. 992-1y

NEELANDS & PENTLAND, Graduates of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto, Ont. Office, Kent-st., Lindsay. Entrance on Lindsay-st. Lindsay, Dec. 10, 1878. 1000-1y

DENTISTRY.

The People's Dental Instructor.

A book, showing how teeth may be preserved in health, and how to select and use the teeth. Price 1 dollar, or sent by post for 1 dollar 10c. Given to purchasers of artificial teeth. Price 50 cents. The great success that has followed the introduction of Nitrous Oxide Gas, for the painless extraction of teeth, has induced many to suppose that the application of the same agent for the painless administration of Chloroform or Ether, is a novelty. Such is not the case. Ether was used for painless extraction in New York, the city of its origin, for extracting teeth, when Nitrous Oxide was unknown, and Dr. Neelands has been administering Chloroform and Ether, with perfect safety, for the last twelve months. Artificial teeth, mounted on the most approved principles, and warranted to fit and give perfect satisfaction. Advice gratis. Extracting, 25c. Plugging and other operations in proportion. Office and residence, Kent-st., Lindsay, next door to Post Office. Lindsay, Dec. 1st, 1878. 1000-1y

D. E. McINTYRE, L. D. S., Graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College, Office, Lindsay-st., Lindsay, over Post Office. Lindsay, Dec. 1st, 1878. 1000-1y

DENTISTRY.

DENTISTS

AT REDUCED RATES.

Best Sets, $8. Single Teeth, $1. Other Operations in proportion. Office, Kent-st., Lindsay, next door to Post Office. Lindsay, Dec. 1st, 1878. 1000-1y

D. E. McINTYRE, L. D. S. Graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College.

Barristers, Attorneys, Etc.

J. W. A. LEE, QUESTED'S Law Office, Kent-st., Lindsay. Money to Loan.

J. D. MOORE, Barrister, Attorney, Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, Lindsay. Money to Loan.

J. D. SPEIRS & BARRON, Barristers, Attorneys, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Lindsay. Money to Loan.

J. P. DEVLIN, Barrister, Solicitor, Attorney, Conveyancer, Lindsay. Money to Loan.

J. E. BOLTON, Barrister, Solicitor, Attorney, Conveyancer, Lindsay. Money to Loan.

J. McLEAN, McDIARMID & McLEAN, Barristers, Attorneys, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Lindsay. Money to Loan.

J. K. KENNY, Barrister, Attorney, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Lindsay. Money to Loan.

O'LEARY & O'LEARY, Barristers, Solicitors, Attorneys, Conveyancers, Lindsay. Money to Loan.

C. O'LEARY, BAILIFF 5th DIVISION COURT CO. VICTORIA

Licensed Auctioneer County Victoria.

Money to Loan at 8 per cent.

N. O'LEARY, Attorney, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Lindsay. Money to Loan.

Insurance.

THE LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.

FIRE AND LIFE.

THE LARGEST FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY IN THE WORLD.

Capital	$10,000,000
Accumulated Funds	15,000,000
Invested in Canada	300,000
Yearly Income, over	3,000,000
Daily Income	13,700

Rates and Premium as low as is any other responsible Company. The settlement of loss prompt and liberal. The resources and standing of this company afford those insured in it perfect security against loss.

THE LIFE DEPARTMENT

Has been introduced into Canada, and particular attention will be paid to this branch of the business.

For particulars and to effect insurance apply to

R. SPEER,
1000-1y Agent for Lindsay and Co. Victoria

MONEY TO LOAN.

Farmers, do you want to borrow money, at moderate rates of interest, payable yearly or half-yearly and principal payable at times to suit borrowers. Simple interest. No commission. Expenses moderate. Good mortgages bought.

Conveyancing and Collecting.

Deeds, Mortgages, Leases, &c., prepared on short notice. Charges reasonable.

INSURANCE.

Do you want to insure your buildings and contents against fire and lightning. One and three year Policies, issued at special low rates, on detached private residences and farm buildings.

Mercantile and manufacturing risks placed in some of the most reliable and richest English and Canadian Companies, at equitable rates.

$40,000,000.

Capital and accumulated funds represented, $400,000 deposited with Dominion Government for sole security of Canadian policy-holders.

Tickets for sale to all parts.

At low rates by best, safest and most reliable Railway and Ocean Steamship lines. Passengers booked from Lindsay to Liverpool and any railway station in Great Britain, at same rates as to Liverpool. Prepaid passage tickets issued for parties wishing to bring their friends from the old country. Return cabin tickets at a reduction, good for one year.

E. A. WALLIS,
Office, in rear of Melville's Hat and Fur Store, Doheny Block, Kent Street, Lindsay. 1014-1y

Money to Loan.

MONEY, MONEY, MONEY.

I am now prepared to negotiate straight loans on good farm property security for any term of years at eight per cent interest, with the privilege of repaying any portion of the principal at any time, the interest ceasing on the sum so paid.

This gives the borrower every chance. He can pay on his mortgage any sum he may be able to spare at any time and stop the interest on so much, or he can release his farm at any time without being obliged to pay the Company a heavy bonus for taking their money. Expenses very little more than those of private loans.

S. CORNELL.
Lindsay, Oct 25th, 1878. 990.

Photography.

RENOVATED AND REMODELED.

Scott & Andrus

Have had their premises enlarged and thoroughly renovated. With new fixtures and improved light, they now claim the

Best Photographic Gallery IN THE COUNTY.

Prices reduced to suit the hard times.

A CALL SOLICITED.

All kinds of Copying and Enlarging promptly done, and finished in Water Colors and India Ink. 1002.

Cambray Advertisements.

CAMBRAY DRUG STORE

H. J. LYTLE

Keeps constantly on hand a full supply of

Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines,

And Liquors, for medical use only.

COAL OIL & LAMP GOODS.

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
1000 INSURANCE AGENCY

Marble Works.

NEW MARBLE SHOP.

PATTERSON & PERRIN

Respectfully inform their many friends and the public generally that they have

Opened a Marble Shop

On Cambridge St., opposite Mr. Baker's packing house, where they intend to carry on business in all its branches. Mr. Patterson being a practical workman of over twenty years experience, and Mr. Perrin a responsible agent, they feel confident they can do business equal to any one in the country, and hope by strict attention to business and selling at reasonable figures to merit a share of public patronage.

PATTERSON & PERRIN,
Proprietors.

Lindsay, Sept. 19th.

Planing Factory.

LINDSAY PLANING FACTORY.

Parties in want of

DOORS, SASH,
WINDOW BLINDS,
MOULDINGS,
FANCY FENCE PICKETS

And everything in the Factory Line, should see our stock. We do not advertise a price list, but request inspection of our work

GEO. INGLIS & Co.
Factory, Wellington-st., Lindsay. 1000-1y

Wallace & Dundas.

1879. 1879.

LINDSAY WOOLEN MILLS.
Corner of Bond and William Sts.

Business having more than doubled during the past two years, in order to meet the increasing demand, I have taken into partnership Mr. Wm. Dundas, who has had an experience of over 25 years in the Woolen Manufacturing business.

The new firm wish to inform the public that they are putting in more

NEW MACHINERY.

And will be prepared to do better work than ever.

We intend to commence manufacturing immediately, so that we will have a large stock of our own make ready for the wool season. Also a large stock of all Wool Tweeds and Flannels, all of which we will be prepared to sell for cash or exchange for wool at the lowest possible margin.

MANUFACTURING.

We will continue to Manufacture as usual, and will issue Price List in due season.

ROLL CARDING

Done on shortest possible notice at all seasons of the year.

Fulling, Dyeing and Cloth Dressing

Done at any time and at reasonable prices.

Special attention given to the manufacturing of Full Cloths, Flannels, Blankets and Stocking Yarn.

A call respectfully solicited from any in want of Woolen Goods.

WALLACE & DUNDAS.

Persons indebted to us will see the necessity of calling and settling the same at once.

1017-1y. Signed, J. W. WALLACE

OLD PAPERS FOR SALE.

50c. per hundred; 25c. for fifty.

Apply at the office of THE POST.—1003.

Farms for Sale.

FOR SALE.—A FIRST-CLASS FARM, 100 acres more or less, being the east half of Lot 12, in the 6th Con. of Fenelon, Eighty acres cleared. Good frame barn and stable, log house, and never-failing well. Terms, easy. Apply to JOHN GRAHAM, Lot 14, Con. 2, Ops, or by mail to Lindsay P. O.—1000-12pd.

FARMS FOR SALE.

The West part Lot 25, in 8th Concession of Verulam, 117 acres; 60 acres cleared; log house.

The East Half Lot 26, in 8th Concession of Verulam, 97½ acres; 45 acres cleared, log barn.

Above lots are well situated, within easy distance of Fenelon Falls and Bobcaygeon. Excellent soil. Terms very easy.

Apply to E. D. ORDE.
Lindsay, 25th Sept., 1878.—994-tf.

To Rent.

TO LET—A Good Comfortable Brick House to let, within one minute's walk of the Market House. Rent, moderate.
1013-tf. THOS. FEE.

ROOMS TO LET.

Three or four good rooms in a central part of the town of Lindsay, can be had cheap. Apply to Box 196, Lindsay.—1015.

FARM TO RENT.—N. ½ Lot No. 1, in 10th Con., Emily, containing 100 acres; about 65 cleared; good buildings; two miles west of Downsville; five from Lindsay on the leading road. Possession given immediately. For further information, apply to M. O'DONOGHUE, Lindsay P. O.—1013-tf.

TO LET.

The Cottage on Glenelg Street,

In rear of the Catholic Church. Apply to GEO. KEMPT.
Lindsay, 4th Jan., 1879.—1000-tf.

FARMS TO LET.

The west half of Lot number Nine in the 12th Concession of Emily, 100 acres, about 97 acres cleared, 40 acres fall ploughed and 46 acres seeded down. Splendid soil. Log house and barn. Would rent for ten years to good tenant.

Also, for one year, East half of Lot Number 19 in the 1st Con. of Verulam, 100 acres, about 80 acres cleared. Log house, frame barn. Lately occupied by John Brandon. Apply to

1023-tf. E. D. ORDE, Lindsay.

For Sale.

MILL SITE FOR SALE—10 feet falls; no dam to make, and 200 acres pine, all for $800. Clear title. Good shipping. A. W. T. Leslie P. O., Ont. 1022-2pd.

WAGON SHOP AND DWELLING to sell or rent in the thriving Village of Kirkfield; a splendid chance. Apply to JAMES JEWELL, Kirkfield P. O., Ont.—1023-4.

THE WINDSOR HOUSE, Omemee, FOR SALE. Good paying concern. Two billiard tables in connection with the house. Terms, easy. Apply to CAPT. COTTINGHAM, Omemee, or to ALEX. GRAHAM, Kinmount. Omemee, 5th March, 1879.—1022-4.

FOR SALE.—A pair of matched Carriage horses, geldings; bright bays, rising five years old; good steppers, and with a little training will make fast trotters; they will make a good due team. Enquire of W. H. McLAUCHLIN, Oakwood. 1022-tf.

TO FARMERS OR LUMBERMEN.

FOR SALE. Farnsworth's Improved patent Shingling Machine, in working order; new. Will take lumber in exchange or cash on terms to suit the purchaser. For particulars apply to JOHN McMILLAN, Grass Hill P. O., or COLIN McMILLAN, Palestine. 1022-4.

VALUABLE VILLAGE LOTS for Sale in Haliburton. The Subscriber offers for sale 13 lots, all of which are well fenced, and are supplied with good water, there are also several fruit trees on the premises. The lots contain one-half an acre each. Three of the lots are together on which there is a house 18 x 24 feet, as well as a never failing fountain. On the remaining lots there is also a frame house and plenty of water. For further particulars apply to WM. GILMOUR, Haliburton. 1022-4.

CANADIAN FRUIT TREES FOR SALE.

The subscriber has for sale 4,000 healthy, young Apple Trees, grown by him and warranted true to name and grafted. The stock comprises a large quantity of the "Ben Davis" variety, highly recommended by the Ontario Fruit Growers' Association, besides other valuable varieties. Mr T. Trenouth is now soliciting orders for the same. Please reserve your orders until he calls, or leave them with me at my farm, three miles west of Lindsay.

Ops, March 12, 1879. 1018-8.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

Desirable Town Properties in the Town of Lindsay.

PARCEL I. Composed of Lots 6 and 7 in Park B, East of Lindsay-St., half an acre, with comfortable frame dwelling, good well and out buildings. Healthy and pleasantly situated.

PARCEL II. Lot No. 9, South of Bidout St., quarter acre, on which is a comfortable frame dwelling, good well, &c. Within four minutes walk from the centre of the town.

Terms made known on application to the proprietor,

Or O'LEARY & O'LEARY, Barristers, Solicitors, &c.
Lindsay, April 15, 1879. 1023-4.

W. J. Sherwood.

W. A. SHERWOOD.

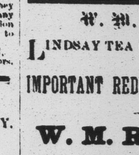
PORTRAITS IN OIL.

From life or photographs. Orders solicited. Charges moderate.

STUDIO over Jas. Watson's store, corner of Kent-st. and William-sts., Lindsay. Entrance on William-st. 985.

Veterinary Surgeon.

W. KENNY,
Veterinary Surgeon,



Graduate of Merchants, Veterinary College, Philadelphia. Residence and office, Williamson St., Lindsay, next door East of Dr. DeGrassie's. Calls answered at all hours, and charges moderate. Diseases of all domesticated animals treated. Will visit Bethany every Thursday.—981-1yr.

W. M. Robson.

LINDSAY TEA HOUSE.

IMPORTANT REDUCTION IN TEAS

W. M. ROBSON

Has just received a

FINE STOCK OF NEW TEAS

Fresh and Fragrant.

In consideration of the times a special price list has been prepared. Call and see them.

	Previous prices.	
Fine Moyune Hyson	81 06 per lb.	80c.
Finest Pingsuey Hyson	75 "	60c.
Good Hyson	50 "	40c.

Japan, sweet and good, 3 lbs. for $1.00. Good Value, Good mixed Tea, 4 lbs. for $1.00. Finest Black Tea, 60c. per lb. worth $1.00.

Scented Orange Pekoe and other grades at reduced prices. Also a complete of stock

FRESH GROCERIES

A call is solicited and satisfaction guaranteed. Note the address.

W. M. ROBSON,
1008-1y. Kent-st., Lindsay.

Canadian Land Co.

FARM LANDS

In

DYSART

And other Townships in the

COUNTY OF HALIBURTON

And Lots in the

Village of Haliburton

The terminus of the

VICTORIA RAILWAY.

For sale on reasonable terms. Apply to

C. J. BLOMFIELD,
Manager Can. Land and Em. Co., York Chambers, Toronto-St., Toronto; Or to

ALEX. NIVEN,
Agent C. L. & E. Coy., Haliburton

1000.

HOW THEY SAVED THE COLORS AT ISANDULA.

[Robert Buchanan in the Contemporary Review for April.]

"Save the colors!" shrieks a dying voice, and lo!
Two horsemen breast the raging ranks, and go—
(In thy sacred list, O Fame!
Keep each dear and noble name!")

See, they flash upon the foe,
Fierce as flame—
And one unchanged form
Lifts a British banner, warm
With the blood-rain and the storm of Isandula!

"Save the colors!" and amidst a flood of foes
At gallop, sword in hand, each horseman goes—
Around the steeds they stride
Cling devils crimson dyed,
But God! through butchering blows,
How they ride!
Their horses hoofless are red
With blood of dying and dead,
Trampled down beneath their tread at Isandula!

"Save the colors!"—They are saved—and side by side
The horsemen swim a raging river's tide—
They are safe—they are alone—
But one, without a groan,
After battering flung-eyed,
Drops like stone;
And before his comrade true
Can reach his side, he too
Falls smitten through and through at Isandula!

Lieutenant Nevill Josiah Aylmer Coghill (Twenty-fourth Regiment), Lieutenant Teignmouth Melvill (Twenty-fourth), both killed while escaping with the colors, January 22, 1879.

MOLLY BAWN.

THE FORTUNES OF ELEANOR MASSEREENE.

By the Author of "Phyllis."

"Oh! Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,
And lonely waiting here for you?"—*Old Song.*

Chapter XV.

"What does he mean by glowering like that, and looking as though he could devour somebody? How different he used to be in clear old Brooklyn! Who could have thought he would have turned out such a tartar! Well, there is no knowing any man: and yet—— It is a pity not to give him something to glower about," thinks Miss Masereene, in an access of rage, and forthwith deliberately sets herself out to encourage Philip Shadwell and Mr. Potts.

She has a brilliant success, and, although secretly sore at heart, manages to pass her time agreeably, and, let us hope profitably.

Marcia, whose hatred towards her rival grows with every glance cast at her from Philip's eyes, turns to Tedcastle and takes him in hand. Her voice is low, her manner subdued but designing. Whatever she may be say ing is hardly likely to act as a cure to Teddy's heartache; at least so thinks Cecil, who, coming to the rescue, sends Sir Penthony Archer to talk to him, and drawing him from Marcia's side, leads him into a lengthened history of all those who have come and gone in the old regiment since he left out.

The plan is successful, but leaves Cecil still indignant with Molly. "My, what a wretched little flirt she is!" She turns an enraged glance upon where Molly is sitting deep in conversation with Mr. Potts.

"Have you any Christian name?" Molly is asking, with a beaming smile, fixing her liquid Irish eyes upon the enslaved Potts. "I hear you addressed as Mr. Potts as Potts even- but never by anything that might do mistaken for a friend."

"Yes," replies Mr. Potts, proudly. "I was christened Plantagenet. Good sound, hasn't it? Something to do with the Dark Ages and Pinnock, only I never remember clearly what. Our fellows have rather a low way of abbreviating it, and bringing it down to 'Plang.' And on one or two occasions they have so far forgotten themselves even as to call me 'the regular Plant.'"

"What a shame!" says Molly, with deep sympathy.

"Let 'em," says Mr. Potts, heroic if vulgar, shaking his crimson head. "It's fun to them, and its by no means death to me. It does no harm to me. It does me no harm. But it's a nuisance to have one's mother-in-law in the trouble of concocting a fine name, if one doesn't get the benefit of it."

"I agree with you. Were I a man and rejoiced in the name as Plantagenet, I would insist upon having every syllable of it distinctly sounded, or I'd know the reason why. 'All or nothing' would be my motto."

"I never think of it. I don't see my wife's cards," says Mr. Potts, who has had a good deal of champagne, and is rather moist about the eyes. "'Mrs. Plantagenet Potts' would look well, wouldn't it?"

"Very aristocratic," says Molly, with an admiring nod. "I almost think—I am not sure—but I almost think that I would marry a man to bear a name like that."

"Would you?" cries Mr. Potts, his tongue growing freer, while enthusiasm sparkles in every feature. "If I only thought that, Miss Molly——"

"How pretty Mrs. Darley is looking to-night!" interrupts Molly, adroitly; "what a clear complexion she has—just like a child's."

"Not a bit of it," says Mr. Potts. "Children don't require 'cream of roses' and 'Hebe bloom' and all that sort of thing, you know—to get themselves up."

"Ah! my principal pity for her is that she doesn't seem to have anything to say."

"English women never have, as a rule; they are dull to the last degree. Now, you are a singular exception."

"English! I am not English," Molly says, with exaggerated disgust. "Do not offend me. I am Irish—altogether, thoroughly Irish—heart and mind a Paddy."

"No! are you, by Jove?" says Mr. Potts. "So am I, at least partly so. My mother is Irish."

So she had been English, Scotch, and Welsh on various occasions; there is scarcely anything Mr. Potts has not been. There was even one memorable occasion on which she had had Spanish blood in her veins, and (according to Plantagenet's account) never went out without a lace mantle flowing from her fox's head. It would, indeed, be rash to fix on any nationality to which the venerable lady might not lay claim, when her son's interests so willed it.

"She came from Galway," he says now; "good old family too—but out at elbows and that."

"Yes?" Molly says, interested. "And her name?"

"Blake," replies he, unblushingly, knowing that there was never a Blake that didn't come out of Galway.

"I feel quite as though I had known you forever," says Molly, much pleased. "You know my principal crime is my Hibernian extraction, which perhaps makes me cling to the fact more and more. Mr. Amherst cannot forgive me my father."

"Yet he was of good family, I believe, and all that?"

"Beyond all doubt. What a question for you to ask! Did you ever hear of an Irishman who wasn't of good family? My father was a direct descend of King O'Toole or Brian Boru—I don't know which; and if the king had only got his own my dear brother would, at this moment be dispensing hospitality in a palace."

"You terrify me," say Mr. Potts, profoundly serious. "Why, the blood of all the Howards would be weak as water next to yours. Not that there is anything to be surprised at; for if ever there was any one in the world who ought to be a princess——"

"Molly, will you sing us something?" Lady Stafford breaks in, impatiently, at this juncture, putting a stop to Mr. Potts's half finished compliment.

"Molly, I wan't to speak to you for a moment," Luttrell says next day, coming upon her suddenly in the garden.

"Yes?" coldly. "Well, hurry, then; they are waiting for me in the tennis-ground."

"It seems to me that some one is always waiting for you now when I want to speak to you," says the young man, bitterly.

"For me?" With a world-be-astonished uplifting of her straight brows. "Oh, no, I am not in such request at Herst. I am ready to listen to you at any time; although I must confess I do not take kindly to lecturing."

"Do I lecture you?"

"Do not let us waste time going into details: ask me this all-important question and let me be done."

"I want to know"—severely and anxiously—"whether you really meant all you said yesterday morning?"

"Yesterday morning!" says Miss Masereene, running all her ten little white fingers through her rebellious locks, and glancing up at him despairingly. "Do you really expect me to remember all I may have said yesterday morning? Only think how long ago it is!"

"Shall I refresh your memory? You gave me to understand that if our engagement came to an end you would be rather relieved than otherwise."

"Dip! How very odd! Yes, by the bye, I do recollect something of the kind. And you led up to it, did you not?—almost asked me to say it by your unkind remarks."

"Let us keep to the truth," says Luttrell, sternly. "You know such an idea would never cross my mind. While you—I hardly know what to think. All last night you devoted yourself to Shadwell."

"That is wrong: he devoted himself to me. Besides, I spoke a little to Mr. Potts."

"Yes, I suppose you could not be satisfied to let even an idiot like Potts go free."

"Idiot! Good gracious! are you talking of your friend Potts? Why, I was tired to death of hearing his praises sung in my ears morning, noon, and night at Brooklyn; and now, because I am barely civil to him, he must be called an idiot! That is rather severe on him."

"Never mind Potts; I am thinking principally of Shadwell. Of course you are quite at liberty to spend your time with whom you please, but at all events I have the right to know what you mean seriously to do. You have to decide between Shadwell and me."

"I shall certainly not be rude to Philip, to Molly says decisively, leaning against the trunk of a flowering tree, and raising defiant, beautiful violet eyes to his. "You seem to pass your time very agreeably with Marcia. I do not complain, mind, but I like fairness in all things."

"I thought little country girls like you were all sweetness, and freshness, and simplicity," says Luttrell, with sudden vehemence. "What lies one hears in one's lifetime. Why, you might give lessons in coquetry and cruelty to many a town-bred woman."

"Might I? I am glad you appraise me so highly. I am glad I have escaped all the sweetness, and freshness, and general insipidity the orthodox village maiden is supposed to possess. Though why a girl must necessarily be devoid of wit simply because she has spent her time in good, healthy air is a thing that puzzles me. Have you delayed me only to say this?"

"No, Molly," cries Luttrell, desperately, while Molly with cool fingers and calm face plucks the flowers to pieces, "it is impossible you can have so soon forgotton. Think of all the happy days at Brooklyn, all the vows we interchanged. Is there inconstancy in the very air of Herst?"

"His words are full of entreaty, his manner is not. There is an acidity about the latter that irritates Molly.

"All Irish people are fickle, she says, recklessly, "and I am essentially Irish, you know."

"All Irish people are kind-hearted, and you are not so. Every hour yields me an additional pang. For the last two days you have avoided me—you do not speak to me——"

"How can I, when you spend your entire time upbraiding me and accusing me of things of which I am entirely innocent?"

"I neither accuse nor upbraid; I only say that——"

"Well, I don't think you can say much more, because I see Philip coming."

He has taken her hand, but now, stung by her words and her evident delight at Shadwell's proximity, flings it furiously from him.

"If so, it is time I went," and, turning abruptly from her, walks abruptly towards the corner that must conceal him from view.

A passing madness seizes Molly. Fully conscious that Luttrell is still within hearing, fatally conscious that it is within her power to wound him and gain a swift revenge for all the hard words she chooses to believe he has showered down on her, she sings—slightly altering the quest of the poet to suit her own taste—she sings, as though to the approaching Philip:

"He is coming, my love, my sweet!
Was it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would know it and beat,
Had it lain for a century dead.

She smiles coquettishly, and glances at Shadwell from under her long dark lashes. He is near enough to hear and understand; so is Luttrell. With a suppressed curse the latter grinds his heel into the innocent gravel and slowly departs.

Chapter XVI.

"Love is hurt with jar and fret,
Love is made a vague regret,
Eyes with idle tears are wet."
—*The Miller's Daughter.*

It is evening; the shadows are swiftly gathering. Already the dusk—sure herald of night—is here. Above in the trees the birds are croning their last faint songs and ruffling their feathers on their night perches.

How short the days have grown! Even into the very morning of sweet September there has fallen a breath of winter—a chill, cold breath that tells us summer lies behind.

Luttrell, with downcast eyes and embittered heart, tramples through the same green wood (now, alas! fuller of fallen leaves) where first, at Herst, he and Molly re-met.

With a temperament as warm but less hopeful than hers, he sees the imaginary end that lies before him and his beloved. She has forsaken him—she is the bride of another—and that other is Shadwell. She is happy with him. This last thought, strange to say, is the unkindest cut of all.

He has within his hand a stout stick he took from a tree as he walked along; at this point of the proceedings he breaks it in two and flings it to one side. Happy! away from him, with perhaps only a jesting recollection of all the sweet words, the tender thoughts he has bestowed upon her! The thought is agony; and what will the cruel reality be?

At all events he need not witness it. He will throw up his commission and go abroad—that universal refuge for broken hearts; though why we must be crude our griefs and low spirits and general unpleasantness upon our foreign neighbours is a subject not yet sufficiently canvassed. It seems unkind to our foreign neighbours.

A rather shaky but consequently picturesque bridge stretches across a little stream that slowly, lovingly babbles through this part of the wood. Leaning upon its parapet, Luttrell gives himself up a prey to gloomiest foreboding, and with the utmost industry calls up before him all the most miserable possibilities. He has reached the verge of suicide, when a delicious voice behind him says, demurely:

"Let me pass, please?"

It is Molly: such a lovely Molly—such a naughty, unrepentant, winsome Molly, with the daintiest and widest of straw hats, twined with wild flowers, thrown recklessly towards the back of her head.

"I am sorry to disturb you," says this apparition, gazing at him unflinchingly with big, innocent eyes, "but I do not think there is room on this bridge for two to pass."

Luttrell instantly draws his tall, slight, handsome figure to its fullest height, and, without looking at her, literally crushes himself against the frail railings behind him, lest by any means he should touch her as she passes. But she seems in no hurry to pass.

"It is my opinion," she says, in a matter-of-fact tone of warning, "that those wooden railings have seen their best days; and if you try them much harder you will find, if not a watery grave, at all events an exceedingly moist cent."

There is so much truth in this remark that Luttrell sees the wisdom from further trial of their strength, and falling into an easier position makes as though he would leave the bridge by the side from which she came on it. This brings him nearly face to face with Molly.

Now, dear reader, were you ever in the middle of a crossing, eager to reach the other side of the street? And did you ever meet anybody coming towards you on that crossing, also anxious to reach his other side of the street? And did you ever find yourself and that person politely dancing before each other for a minute or two, debarring each other's progress, because, unhappily, both your thoughts led you in the same direction? And did you ever feel an irresistable desire to stop short and lauch aloud in that person's face? Because now all this happens to Molly and Luttrell.

Each appears full of a dignified haste to quit the other's society. Molly steps to the right, so does Luttrell to the left, at the very same instant; Luttrell, with angry correction of his first movement, steps again to his first position, and so, without pausing, does Molly. Each essay only leaves them as they began, looking fair into each other's eyes. When this has happened three times Molly stops short and bursts into a hearty laugh.

"Do try to stay still for one moment," she says with a broad smile, "and then perhaps we shall manage it."

Luttrell does as he is bid.

"Thank you."

Then, being angry with herself for her mistaken merriment, like a true woman she vents her displeasure upon him.

"I suppose you knew I was coming here this evening," she exclaims, with ridiculous injustice, "and followed me to purposely spoil any little peace I might have."

"I did not know you were coming here. Had I known it——"

A pause.

"Why do you hesitate? Say the unkind thing. I hate innuendoes. Had you known it——"

"I should certainly have gone the other way. Meanly as you think of me, I have not fallen so low that I should seek to annoy you in any way with my presence."

"Then without doubt you have come to this quiet place searching for solitude, in which to think out all your hard thoughts of me."

"I never think hardly of you, Molly."

"You certainly were not thinking kindly."

Now, he might easily have abashed her at this point by asking "where was the necessity to think of her at all?" but there is an innate courtesy, a natural gentleness about Luttrell, that utterly forbids him.

"And," goes on his tormentor, the more angry that she cannot induce him to revile her, "I do not wish you to call me Molly any more. Only those who—love me call me by that name. Marcia and my grandfather (two people I detest) call me Eleanor. You can follow their example for the future, if you please."

"There will not be any future. I have been making up my mind, and—shall sell out and go abroad."

"Indeed!" There was a slight, a very slight, tremble in her saucy tones. "What a sudden determination. Well, I hope you will enjoy yourself. It is very charming weather for a pleasure-trip."

"It is."

"You shouldn't lose much more time, however. Winter will soon be here; and it must be dismal in the extreme travelling in frost and snow."

"I assure you"—bitterly—"there is no occasion to hurry me. I am anxious to go as ever you could desire."

"May I ask when you are going, and where?"

"No, you may ...ot," cries he, at length fiercely, goaded past endurance; "only, be assured of this; I am going as far from you as steam can take me: I am going where your fatal beauty and heartlessness cannot touch me; where I shall not be maddened every day by your coquetry, and where perhaps—in time I may learn to—forget you."

His indignation has made him appear at least two inches taller than his ordinary six feet. His face is white as death, his lips are compressed beneath his blonde moustache, his dark blue eyes—not unlike Molly's own—are flashing fire.

"Thank you," says his companion, with exaggerated emphasis and a graceful curtsey; "thank you very much, Mr. Luttrell. I had no idea, when I lingered here for one little moment, I was going to hear so many home truths. I certainly do not want to hear any more.

"Then why don't you go?" puts in Luttrell, savagely.

"I would, only—perhaps you may not be aware of it, but you have put your foot exactly on the very end of my gown."

Luttrell raises his foot and replaces it upon the shaking planks with something that resembles a stamp—so strongly as to make the treacherous bridge quake and tremble; while Molly moves slowly away from him until she reaches the very end of their uncertain resting place.

Here she pauses, glances backward, and half another step, only to pause again—this time with decision.

"Teddy," she says, softly.

No answer.

"Dear Teddy," more softly still.

No answer.

"*Dearest* Teddy."

Still no answer.

Teddy—*darling!*" murmurs Molly, in the faintest tender tone, using towards him for the first time this tenderest of all love-words.

In another moment his arms are around her, her head is on his breast. He is vanquished—routed—the slaughter. In the heart of this weak-minded, infatuated young man there lingers not the slightest thought of bitterness towards this girl who has ca