The Canadian Post.

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

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The Canadian Post.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

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H. WORKMAN & SON, Proprietors.

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Parties intending to visit friends in the Old Country will find it to their interest to patronize the Line now running between Montreal and London. Cabins and steerage at lowest rates. Apply at office on Kent-st., Lindsay, or to the undersigned.
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THE LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.
FIRE AND LIFE.
THE LARGEST FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY IN THE WORLD.

Capital	$10,000,000
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Invested in Canada	350,000
Yearly Income, over	6,000,000
Daily Income	13,700

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

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Has been introduced into Canada, and particular attention will be paid to this branch of the business. For particulars and to effect Insurances apply to
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CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
The following figures as to Canadian Companies are taken from the report of the Superintendent of Insurance for 1878:

INCOME.	
CANADA, CONFEDERATION	$290,482.50
SUN MUTUAL	170,097.05
MUTUAL	117,085.18
CITIZENS	99,453.48
TORONTO	58,119.80
CANADA LIFE	9,993.13
PER CENTAGE OF EXPENSES TO INCOME.	
CANADA,	15.37
CITIZENS	17.65
TORONTO	23.97
CONFED. RATION	26.89
SUN MUTUAL	30.34
MUTUAL	39.02

These figures afford a fair basis for judging of the profit-making power of the respective Companies.

Persons now joining the Canada Life Assurance Company will share in the division of its profits to be made next year.
F. C. TAYLOR,
Agent, Lindsay.
1034

MONEY TO LOAN.
Persons, do you want to borrow money, at moderate rates of interest, payable yearly or half-yearly, and principal repayable 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, $40,000 deposited with Dominion Government for sole security of Canadian policy-holders.

Tickets for sale to all parts.
Allow 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 steerage tickets issued for parties wishing to bring their friends from the old country. Return cabin tickets at a reduction, good for one year.
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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. 29th, 1878. 999.

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THE LORETTO CONVENT
Of Lindsay, Ontario.
Classes resumed on Monday, Sept. 2nd.
In addition to its former many and great advantages there is now in connection with the Convent a beautiful beach and maple grove, invaluable as a pleasant and healthy resort for the young ladies in attendance.
Board and Tuition only ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS a Year, including French.
Address, LADY SUPERIOR, Lindsay, Ont., Canada. 1006-1y

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NEW LUNCH ROOMS, OYSTER AND ICE CREAM PARLOR.
MRS. GEO. WRIGHT,
Market Square, Lindsay.
Hot Meals at all hours
GROCERIES, CANNED FISH, FRUITS, AND CONFECTIONERY.
Mrs GEO. WRIGHT, Market Square, Lindsay

Planing Factories.

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. ARGLE & Co.
Factory.—Wellington st., Lindsay. 1008-1y

E. McFEELY.

E. McFEELY, DEALER IN STOVES, TINWARE, LAMPS, COAL OIL, &c.
Eavestrough-pipe, and General Tinsmithing work collected.
KENNAN'S BLOCK, OPPOSITE BENSON HOUSE, KENT STREET, LINDSAY
☞ Sheet and Heavy for SHEEPSKINS, CALFSKINS, WOOL PICKINGS, FEATHERS, &c., &c.
1009. E. McFEELY.

Farms for Sale.

FARM FOR SALE at a bargain.—E. ½ Lot 22, in 5th Con, Verulam, containing 100 acres; 40 cleared. For further particulars, apply to NORMAN GILLIES, Cambray. 1003-13pd.tf.

FOR SALE.—North part Lot 17, Con. 8, Mariposa, containing 120 acres, 100 cleared and well watered; adjoining Oakwood, close to W. P. P. and L. Railway Station, on the leading road to Lindsay. This is one of the best farms in the county. For particulars address JAMES WEIR, Stratford, Ont. 1028-tf.

FIRST-CLASS FARM FOR SALE, being Lot No. 11, in 2nd Con., Ops, containing 100 acres, more or less; about 50 acres cleared, well fenced and cultivated; good buildings, well, never-failing water-supply, six miles from Lindsay, on good leading road; good school house within 20 rods; For further information apply on the premises to PATRICK MATHEWS, Lindsay P.O. 1043-spd.

GOOD WHEAT FARM FOR SALE OR TO RENT. Lot 27, 2nd Concession, Fenelon, 137 acres, 100 cleared, balance green bush. Log house, good frame barn; young orchard; 2 good wells. Well fenced and in a good state of cultivation. Will be sold cheap, on easy terms. Must be disposed of by the 1st of September. For particulars apply to the owner, on the premises, or by letter to Glenarm P. O. 1036-tf.

FARM FOR SALE CHEAP.—Being part of Lot 26, Con. 4, Township of Fenelon, County of Victoria, containing 124 acres, more or less; about 70 acres cleared and in a good state of cultivation. The soil is a heavy clay loam. It is situated on the shore of Balsam Lake, and about six miles from Fenelon Falls. There are good log buildings of every kind on the farm. Terms easy. For further particulars apply to ARCHIBALD McARTHUR, Glenarm P. O., Ont.—1027-tf.

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

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.—East half of Lot 9 in 5th Con of Eldon, containing 100 acres. There are about 20 acres cleared and 18 acres of slash. The soil is a clay loam, and the cleared portion is in an excellent state of cultivation. Terms, liberal. For further particulars apply to: McPHERSON, Beaverton.—Aug. 12, 1879.—1040.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.—Lot No. 5, south of Bond Street, in the town of Lindsay, on which there are erected a good brick house, a large workshop, fifteen horse power engine, and first-class boiler. For further information apply to THOS. THORNHILL, Lindsay. July 29, 1878. 1038-tf.

FOR SALE OR TO LET in the Town of Lindsay, a Fine Brick House and One-quarter of an acre of land. Three Lots well fenced; situated on King and St. David Streets. Excellent water, good cellar, good stable. Will be sold cheap or rented at a moderate rate. For further particulars apply to JOHN GLENNY, Little Britain, Ont.
Little Britain, May 22nd, 1879 1028-tf

FARMING LANDS IN SANILAC, HURON AND PRESQUE ISLE CO'S. MICHIGAN.
For Sale by ALLARDT & GERNT, Real Estate Agents, Port Huron, Mich. W. H. ALLARDT, BRUNO GERNT. Detroit office, 84 Woodward Avenue, Michigan. Port Huron Sanilac Co.

DESIRABLE BUILDING LOTS
TO LET
The North half of Lot Number One, North of Kent Street, and Lot Number One, South of Peel Street, in the
TOWN OF LINDSAY.
This Property is
VERY CENTRALLY SITUATED
And will be leased for a term of years on reasonable terms. For terms, &c., apply to
C. T. WHATMOUGH, Toronto,
Or O'LEARY & O'LEARY, Barristers, Lindsay.
Lindsay, May 10th, 1879.—1024-tf.

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 Canada Land and Emigration Company
1008. Haliburton, Ont.

E. Gregory.

JUST RECEIVED
And for sale by
EDMUND GREGORY.
Baking Powder, by the lb, or packet,
Adipso, for the cure of intemperance,
Cutienra, for Rheumatism and Neuralgia,
Chester's Asthma Cure,
Cayenne Lozenges,
Flesh Brushes,
Nail Brushes,
Sponges, &c., &c
Corner Kent & William Streets
LINDSAY.

Mountain Spring Brewery.

MOUNTAIN SPRING BREWERY.
The undersigned, having leased Rodden's Brewery, Lindsay, for a number of years, and fitted it up with everything necessary for the manufacture of a first-class article, are prepared to furnish the trade with superior
Pale, Cream and Stock Ales, and Porter.
In wood and bottle. Having all the improved facilities necessary for manufacturing they are prepared to supply the trade at the following low figures:

WHOLESALE.

60 Gallon	Hogshead	$12.00
30 "	Barrel	6.50
15 "	Half-barrel	3.25
7½ "	Quarter-barrel	1.65
5 "	Keg	1.10

RETAIL.

30 Gallon	Barrel	$7.00
15 "	Half-barrel	3.50
7½ "	Quarter-barrel	1.75
5 "	Keg	1.25
Quart bottles per dozen		1.00

DALY BROS. & D. HALLINAN, Proprietors.
1009.

THE TREE GOD PLANTS.

The wind that blows can never kill
The tree God plants;
Its blowth cast, it blowth west,
The tender leaves have little rest,
But any wind that blows is best:
The tree God plants
Strikes deeper root, grows higher still,
Spreads wider boughs, for God's good-will
Meets all his wants.

There is no frost hath power to blight
The tree God shields;
The roots are warm beneath soft snows,
And when spring comes it surely knows,
And every bud to blossom grows
The tree God shields
Grows on space by day and night,
Till, sweet to taste and fair to sight,
Its fruit yields.

There is no storm hath power to blast
The tree God knows;
No thunder-bolt, nor beating rain,
Nor lightning flash, hath power to cause—
When they are spent it doth remain.
The tree God knows
Through every season, sweet hath fast,
And from its first day to its last
Still fairer grows.

If in the soul's still garden-place
A seed God sows—
A little seed—it soon will grow,
And far and near all men will know
For heavenly lands he bids it blow,
A seed God sows
And up it springs by day and night;
Through life, through death, it groweth right,
Forever grows.

A STORY OF AN INDIAN RACE-MEET.

In Three Chapters.—Chapter II.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Calmly Cissy moved round in the waltz, hiding with quiet smile and joyless eyes the pain that would be ready to overwhelm her when once left to herself, and Burton watched her with a sneer.

"Selling herself, by Jove! What a beastly place India must be for women!" he thought. "Your cousin is surely much changed, Miss Ricart," he remarked, as they stood resting.

"Do you think so too?" said Alice, feigning surprise. "Well, to tell the truth," she continued confidentially, "I think so too. Cissy used to be such a romantic, disinterested kind of girl; I think she has been quite spoiled with admiration, and I have got rather afraid of her. India is not a nice place for women, filling them with such love of wealth and admiration. I used to be thought very cool and calculating; but really I see so much about me I have been thoroughly disgusted. I confess Cissy surprises me most of all; although Captain Lambert is infatuated with her, I am afraid she would throw him over, in spite of her encouragement of him, for anyone wealthier. Now and again she seems more like herself; but what I call her good fits come seldom now."

Graham and Cissy spoke no more to each other that evening, and in the evening days of the meet, though each longed sadly for the old intimacy and gladness in each other's presence, no opportunity of recognition offered itself, and Mrs. Ricart and Alice saw their stratagem succeed even beyond their anticipation. A cold calm blow was all that passed between the two; and whilst Graham imagined she had slighted him intentionally, Cissy feared that Alice thy whose side he constantly was, by the contrivance of mother and daughter) had won his heart. She had not even the power of indulging her grief in the never-ceasing string of gaities of an Indian race-meet. In the morning they drove to the races, where she would sit listlessly in an open barouche behind the stand, with Captain Lambert at her elbow; while Alice in riding skirt and coquettish little hat, was up and about among the gay throng on the stand, the liveliest of the elegant light-hearted ladies there, constituting Graham Burton her favored slave. He must go and bring her coffee and cakes, if it was so cold; or perhaps run down and see why the horses were so long in coming out, or tell her the name of each horse and rider as they passed to the starting-place. Then, as the gallant beasts came streaming, striding along, she would cling to his arm in childish excitement, to unfasten her small hands with a little apologetic smile and blush as the race was over, to look up with tender glistening eyes as the result was known and the music between the races swelled out again. Or they would comment—he with listlessness, she with animated face—on the people about them that they knew, she surprising him sometimes into a laugh at her wit, as they gazed on the picturesque crowd below, on the dusky race faces clustering all round the race-course, with gorgeously clad wealthier natives interspersed among them; and not seldom Alice's tongue would find something too personal upon that drew his attention to the calm white face below, a face from which its very look might have told him Alice's words were false, as its owner sat talking quietly, indifferently to the Captain. Cissy was too true-hearted to flirt with one man because another had wounded her; she was longing for rest and peace—but her mother drove her into all the gaities of the time. If there were no races, a hunt or a paper chase would perhaps be organized, leaving the ladies no more than to dress for breakfast and the callers who streamed in after, or for calls that had to be made.

The callers were received in the semicircle and here Cissy sat wearily receiving them day after day, Burton among the rest. Cricket, tiffins, and Badminton tournaments alternated in the afternoon; after which all resorted to the course, where the band played, and gossip and flirtations throve. It was dark ere the ladies returned, and even Cissy could not rest, for Alice shared her room, and they had still to dress for the dinner-party, often for the balls which dragged the day into the small hours of the morning. Cissy's pale face became weary and sad looking, and deep blue lines settled, as the days crept on, beneath the patient joyless eyes.

CHAPTER III.—THE MASQUERADE.

The last dance of the meet came at last, fair and fatal. Alice and Cissy had retired to their rooms to prepare for it; the former sprightly, and more than usually gay, for her dress of scarlet and black and gold, as Esmeralda, looked likely to suit her to perfection; but Cissy had not glanced at hers. Wearily she had thrown herself on a chair, and, leaning her cheek on her hand, bade her maid wait awhile.

"Are you not going to dress, Cissy dear? Why, it is quite, surely," said Alice. "Silly stupid thing," thought she to herself. "Well, I have as much right to Burton as she has; she's abominably cross." The accusation was false; but Alice did not choose to reproach herself; she meant to have her way, she did not care much how; and tried to blame Cissy, in her heart, though she kept up a great semblance of affection for her outwardly.

"I do feel tired to-night; I wish I had not to go to the ball; I'm sick of the meet," she said sadly.

"Dear me, Cissy, I wonder at you; but you always were sentimental at school; so much gaiety and waste of time goes against your conscience, I suppose, and makes you religiously melancholy. I was telling Graham Burton last night what a goody you used to be, and he laughed and said, "What rot!" Not very elegant; but really, I think, very appropriate. I do wish you would give it up; it makes you so ridiculous, Cissy." Miss Ricart had a happy knack of inserting what might be vulgarly called a lie—more politely speaking, slight fabrication—into her conversation at times, a habit she had in all probability acquired from her excellent mother. A low gleam shot from Cissy's eyes as she rose and proceeded to dress.

"I have enjoyed this meet immensely," continued Alice. "I shall be very sorry when it is over; but mamma says I may go with her to Calcutta for a while, while my dresses are fresh."

"To Calcutta! To whom?" asked Cissy.

"To the Tweedles; they asked me on board, you know, and I have kept up a correspondence with them."

"Those vulgar people—I could not bear them."

Alice shrugged her shoulders.

"They have lots of money, and go out a great deal," she replied carelessly; and the cousins proceeded to dress in silence.

Cissy was to be Undine; her dress was of pale sea-green gauze, over a pale green shot-silk skirt, and masses of seaweed were festooned here and there. She was to wear pearls ornaments, and her berthe and band consisted of bright shells.

"Will you be long, Alice?" she asked at last.

"No; why?" said Alice, flitting about. The small brunette looked her best in the dress she had chosen, and was in good humor.

"I have a bad headache. I thought I would wait till the room was quiet, and get my old women to brush my hair well; it is to hang down anyhow."

"Ah, I can go now," responded Alice. "There, the last rustle of my things to mamma's room, and she'll fix me up all right;" and bidding her servant bring what remained of her dress, she flitted off through the verandah to find her mother.

Cissy threw herself back in a low chair, and gave herself up to thought. "What is the meaning of it all?" said she to herself. "Alice would not marry him; then why does she run after him so? She cannot be taking so much trouble merely to thwart me; it would have been more like her to relieve me of Captain Lambert's attentions, and I had almost believed she would. Every one is talking of her; and it is she who is ridiculous, not I. I have tried to show Captain Lambert that I do not want him; but he will not see it, mamma fawns so abominably upon him. Anyway I shall refuse him in the end; and after to-morrow surely I shall have a little peace. I fancy they are all working to keep Graham Burton and me apart; and had it not been that he seems to care for Alice, I would have spoken to him again and again, and told him I offended him but accidentally. Ah, God help me, there is no more unselfish," she murmured, as the tears fell over her cheeks, and a shiver passed through her. She thought of the moonlit nights on board, of the golden glances, the tender low words at stray moments, which even the vigilance of her aunt could not prevent; of all this intercourse, from the first delicate distant attentions, to the last sad parting, when his lips were dumb; and though he would not say it, she knew he cared for her, and acknowledged the love lying hidden in her own heart. How she had hoped against hope that they would meet again! How sweet it would all have been, even had it passed into the region of dreams! But to meet again so soon, and he so changed and cold, and wooing Alice! Her heart sickened at the thought. "Ah, if he had only never come, if it had all died out and become distant and sweet!" she sighed, and laid her head wearily on her clasped hands, regardless of the ayah, who had unfastened the long golden hair and brushed it till it shone like silk.

Mrs. Campbell, gorgeous in a Queen Elizabethan costume, which suited her stately figure well, entered and looked approvingly at Cissy, as those hair, arising, fell waving and gleaming to her knees. She had arranged Cissy's dress, and determined that this, her chiefest beauty, should not pass unnoticed.

Smiling, as perhaps a statue might smile if suddenly endowed with motion, yet devoid of flesh and blood, she held out a note to Cissy.

"Here is something from Captain Lambert, Cissy dear," she said. "He has gone down to dine with the Stevensons."

"Why?" asked Cissy, in a startled voice, gazing fearfully at the note.

"For two reasons, dear. He feared it might be awkward meeting at dinner, after writing to you; and because he thought you might like a little while to reflect. I said you would answer him at the ball. Of course, it will be a happy answer," and the mother smiled again.

Cissy smiled faintly. She knew what the answer would be, but she meant to give it quietly, and not be bullied till after. Her mother did not dream of dissent, and continued:

"Besides that, his dress is at Mr. Stevenson's. Young Burton offered him his as a pattern, as he could not make up his mind what to wear, and as it suited him very well he sent down a derzie to make one something like it, and is to dine and dress there."

"Then we shall not see him till the ball?"

"No."

Cissy's heart bounded at the temporary relief. In the excitement and stir she could dismiss Bertie Burton for now, the general settling-up day, she and her mother would settle up too; and after that the station would be almost empty again, and she would at least have no more gadding about.

Whilst her mother fastened pearls and seaweed in the long silky tresses, she stood meekly still, pale, silent, and lovely; and when Mrs. Campbell, calmly satisfied, had taken her departure, she opened the note quietly and read it. A slight curl curved her lip.

"What a pity he can't spell properly," she said in a low voice; and holding the paper to the candle till it crisped and curled about her fingers, threw it on the stone flags round the edge of the room, and sailed out.

An hour or so later that same evening Graham Burton might have been seen, in a picturesque garb supposed to represent that of Sir Walter Raleigh, pacing the verandah of Mr. Stevenson's house, with a lighted cigar in his mouth. Presently he drew near a pillar, and leaning against it, pitched his cheroot among the flowers beneath, and folding his arms, soliloquized thus:—

"What the deuce does it all mean? Can the Ricarts suspect I have money? I believe the way that girl comes it is too strong; she overdoes it. And the way she runs down her cousin, too, is suspicious. Whatever Cissy means, she isn't happy, that's clear, for at the course to-night she looked ghost-like. I dare say Stevenson is correct about Miss Alice, though he might keep his warnings to himself as far as I am concerned. If one did marry her, the mother would come in a devil of a dance; but it would be no use proposing, for she would not marry what she supposed a penniless man. Yet can she possibly know I am not penniless? By gad, that would explain all; for without flattery, I do believe the girl means marriage. The idea is absurd; she can't. Yet I can't fancy her either putting herself about so much to spend the whole meet flirting, simply to keep her cousin from, as she supposes, throwing herself away on me. I don't know what the deuce to make of it."

Mrs. Stevenson came out and spied him.

"Captain Lambert?"

"No, Graham Burton," laughed that personage.

"Ah, you are dressed so much alike, and both one height and figure. I mistook you. What are you doing here alone, Graham?"

"Meditating, ma cousine."

"On Miss Ricart? She will be lovely to-night. But I always thought you admired blondes, and Miss Alice is quite a brunette."

"True, and a pretty one."

"Yes, but I don't care for her expression. Excuse my frankness, but I always thought the cousin would have been nearer your taste; such a sweet childlike girl. And Alice is just—just a little vulgar, you know. I half fancied that Cissy had a liking for you too; I'm quite disappointed in your choice, Graham. You met them, both on board?"

"Yes."

"And preferred Alice. Well, I could not have believed it. And Cissy is as good as she is beautiful too; one of those dreamy ideal girls—a little too much so. I believe she would not do anything against her conscience for worlds; and I think she would wait patiently and faithfully for a man who had his way to make, and spur him on, and be the making of him."

"You think so?" said Graham Burton quietly.

"I do indeed. We have always been friendly and intimate, and I fancy I know her well. Our children are all so fond of her, they call her Aunt Cissy. And when George was in Calcutta, and they were ill, she came and helped me nurse them. I was not strong at the time; and Andy would not take anything but from her, she is so good and gentle."

"You don't seem to see much of her now."

"No; not lately."

"Too busy captivating Captain Lambert, eh?"

"Fiddlesticks! She won't have him."

"No. Then why encourage the fellow so?"

"Encourage him? Not she; it's that aunt and mother of hers. They are such disagreeable ruling women, the whole station is in arms against them; and being the judge's wife, Mrs. Campbell of course holds great sway. She keeps so aloof with her party, making such cliques. It was never so before; we used to be so sociable, and now there is nothing but squabbling and cutting one another. Any one can see with half an eye, at any rate, that Cissy is quite weary of that detestable puppy Captain Lambert."

"Perhaps she will be too conscientious to marry, excepting when her mother bids her," said Graham contemptuously.

"Not she: she has too much sense. I told her once she was too yielding; and she said it was only for the sake of peace, and where it made no material difference to any one?" I asked. "Marrying some one you didn't care for, for instance?" (Captain Lambert was just on the tapis then.) "I should never do that," she quietly replied, "it would be wrong as well as disagreeable. Were it right I might, disagreeable or not; but I could not take false vows." So I know she will refuse him."

"I believe he has proposed anyway?" said Burton.

"Indeed."

"Why, he told me when we were dancing, that he had left a note behind, which he doubted not would make a sweet heart flutter;" and Graham mimicked his tone. "He asked me to congratulate him."

"No! Conceited creature. And what did you say?"

"Chaffed him—asked him if he was quite sure the sweet heart would melt at his approach; if he was not afraid it might flutter in the wrong direction?"

"And he?"

"He only laughed, as if it were a capital joke. So preposterous, you know, ha, ha!"

Mrs. Stevenson laughed heartily.

"Take care and don't tell any one of it, Graham, he's sure to be so sold."

"You believe it?"

"Indeed I do; but I must be off," and she left him.

Graham's lip curled.

"Credulity," he muttered scornfully, and stalked into the house.

Laiseria was already ablaze with light, and the ballroom thronged with gaily-dressed people, as Graham Burton drove Captain Lambert within its gates. As they entered and separated a brilliant scene met their gaze.

What need to describe a fancy ball, or a calico one, as they usually are at these Indian race-meets—the little gay spurts that blaze up for a week or ten days here and there over the country, to which young folks look forward with youthful health and spirits? Men and women, apparently of all climes and countries, talking one common language, are met together with one common object—to enjoy themselves. Here comes a stately queen, with flowing train and sparkling jewels, laughing and chaffing with a common policeman, on whose arm she hangs; an old woman, with many-colored crown, mob-cap and wizened face, glances merrily over her spectacles at a Chinese mandarin with whom she converses; Mary Queen of Scots flies round the room in the arms of an old Mohammedan, with long white robes and snowy flowing beard; and a mermaid, with long silvery tail, sweeps round in the arms of a solemn looking monk. The strange effect of the masques, worn at will, lends bewilderment to the scene, and all are laughing merrily as they strive to recognize their friends.

In the far corner of the room sits a lady in Elizabethan costume. A stout party in black, supposed to represent a Spanish duenna, is on one side; a fair girl in long sea-green robes, with falling masses of gold-brown hair, on the other.

"Ann, I wonder if Captain Lambert is here? do just ask," says Mrs. Campbell.

The lady in black moves off, and returns speedily.

"That is he by the door, Emily, with the masque, dressed as Sir Walter Raleigh."

"Thanks. See, there comes the Tremaines; you will want to speak to them. I dress easy; I am going to send him to Cissy."

As the two ladies move away, the girl's face blanches and her fingers twine nervously.

Mrs. Campbell goes up to the figure near the door which has been pointed out to her, and taps the chevalier on the arm. He bows.

"Cissy is in the corner there, Captain Lambert, waiting for you; I shall leave you to chat together."

Graham Burton's heart beats rapidly as the lady addresses him passes on to another acquaintance. For a moment he hesitates, then approaches Cissy. Cissy looks up with throbbing bosom, her senses too bewildered to notice him; the proffered companion rests his hand on the couch on which she is seated, and in his agitation finds no words to say, she, anxious to end a painful interview as soon as possible, plunges at once into the subject.

"Captain Lambert, I received your note," she says, in a low quivering voice, her nervous fingers twisting and destroying the fan they have got hold of, her striven, since your attentions have been so marked, to show you that it was my mother, not I, who encouraged your addresses. But I have failed, and I have to beg of you that you will kindly discontinue them for the future, for they are not, and can never be, agreeable to me."

The figure by her side stood strangely silent. Cissy broke the pause which was becoming awkward, and continued with more composure:—

"I know quite well that people will say I have encouraged you; but, believe me, I strove to do so as little as possible. Let me be candid with you," she went on, more boldly, "I believe the thought of the world's knowing that you have been refused will be a greater trial than not winning my love, for there has never been any question of real love between us. I am anxious to spare you all the mortification I can; and if it can in any way be a reparation for your having been misled by my friends, I should willingly let people think it is, not you, who have been disappointed. Only my mother knows of your proposal, and I asked her not to speak of it to-night, nor will she to-morrow; and so we have but to let the matter rest. People have said I have encouraged you, let them also say it has been in vain; and then I shall not feel that I have really hurt you, for you will find many to care for you, as I, in the way you wish, can never do."

The tears trembled in Cissy's eyes as she looked up in Burton's face, and a look of bewilderment and fear followed as she saw the working of his mouth, and began to discover that it was not Captain Lambert.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Campbell; your mother sent me, mistaking me for Captain Lambert. I have been very rude in not discovering myself sooner."

Cissy's heart bounded recklessly, and she bent her head low, trembling in utter confusion.

"Do you know me?" asked Burton, stooping over her.

"Mr. Burton, I believe," was the low answer.

"Cissy," he asked, in agitation, "surely we have been mistaken in one another. If I had written the note, should I have been answered so—tell me?"

A low sob was the only answer, and standing between her and the room, Burton took her hand quietly, and placing it on his arm, led her out by the door behind them to the verandah. Mrs. Campbell, sitting at the other end of the room, smiled incessantly to her neighbor on the one side, as she saw Cissy and her lover on the other side pass into the verandah. A voice at her elbow made her start.

"May I ask where Miss Campbell is?" simpered the gallant Captain.

"Captain Lambert!" she ejaculated aghast.

"Yes."

He bowed idiotically.

"I thought I had sent you to Cissy some time ago."

"I! No; I have just come in. I tore my cloak getting out of the buggy and had to get a derzie to mend it."

"Then who can I have sent?"

"Eh, then who can you have sent? Perhaps Burton; we were dressed very much alike, and I have been mistaken for him several times. Oh, it does not matter; don't distress yourself," he added calmly, as Mrs. Campbell rose with a blank face.

"But it does matter! Oh, do come!" she said in confusion, and he followed her across the room and into the verandah.

There stood the guilty lovers side by side, all doubts cleared away forever.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Campbell," said Burton coolly. "There has been some strange mistake. Miss Campbell and I were all but engaged on board, and I find that it is me she cares for after all, not Captain Lambert, though I am sorry for his disappointment."

"Is that true, Miss Campbell?" asked the Captain, in a faint voice.

"Yes," answered Cissy, biting her lips, "it is quite true. I am sorry for any mistake that might have occurred."

Captain Lambert's eyes gleamed on the two; but not being able to make a better case of it, he swore pithily, and marched off in indignation.

"Cissy, what is the meaning of this?" asked Mrs. Campbell, scarce able to speak with anger.

"Allow me to speak. Mrs. Campbell, Cissy and I come for one another; and if I have enough to keep one as she can be kept, and can arrange it with her father, I trust you will make no objection."

"Enough to keep her! Yes on potatoes and salt, doubtless."

"You are mistaken. I have lately become the possessor of a good estate and about three thousand a-year; it is that, not potatoes and salt, I ask her to share."

"What!" almost screamed Mrs. Campbell.

Graham repeated his statement quietly, adding—

"Now if you will allow me to see you into the drawing-room, I will come back and finish my chat with your daughter;" and taking her hand he drew it into his arm, and led her perfectly passive to the window of the drawing-room, where he left her standing staring in bewilderment, till gradually she came to her senses.

So he returned to Cissy, and the two were very happy; and though many mistook Captain Lambert for Mr. Burton that night, Cissy never did. Nor did the coolness of aunt and cousin, the gradual thawing and eventual cordiality of Mrs. Campbell, detract from, or add much to, their happiness.

Some months after Mr. and Mrs. Graham Burton were dining out in London; and as they drove home Cissy nestled to her husband's side. "Graham, I have been having mysteries solved this evening."

"What mysteries, Cissy?"

"Aunt Jane came up to me soon after dinner and said, 'I am so glad to see you happily married, Cissy; and I flatter myself I had a finger in that pie.'

"'How?' asked Graham Burton.

"'I asked her how,' answered Cissy, 'and she said: 'I fancy it was the letter that I wrote your Aun