

WATCHES, JEWELLERY, ETC.

Fancy Clocks, Fine Silver Watches, Wedding Rings,

HANDSOME JEWELLERY, FANCY ARTICLES, TOYS, eto, which she will dispose of cheap for cash Clock and Watches neatly repaired. Call at

Mrs. A. Keeve's, Next door to Mr. Martin's Law Office. Lindsny, Dec. 13, 1889. 14.

W. R. Skitch.

SKITCH'S CARRIAGE WORKS.

COTTERS, MODELPIQUE, and HEAVY LUMBER SLEIGHS.

Idadsay, Nov. 6, 1883.

The Canadian Lost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, MARCH 2, 1889 FATED FAIRFAX.

A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR.

(Continued from Arst page.) and lived sufficiently long in the country of her adoption to have imbibed a very strong prejudice in favor of surveillance. especially as regarded the young friends under her care. No idle chatter about the norm at the faces, of love, of lovers, was over permitted; novels and romances were unknown and unread.

The great outside world, with its sayings and doings, was an unexplored region to Madadane Daverne's pupils. Neverthe-less, her six young friends found a good that of happiness in each other's society; hey spont a very busy healthful life—ram-les—in—the forest, tennis, is grace and ardening were their usual amusements, id every there by during sum ner and Autumn they made expeditions to Loches, Blois, Chinomeaux, Plessis les Tours, Am-boise or other places of, as Madameobserv-ed, well-known historical interest.

more than six years had passed since the wild little Irish imp had arrived at Bougoment, and in those years what a change had come over her! How marvellously she had improved! Her gusts of passion were among the things of the past, her gost-like impulses had been subdued, her craving to ride every horse she met had long been subdued, had been been and been had been been as the desired by the state of the content of the con curbed, her ignorance—who dares to talk of ignorance in connection with Madaine Daverne's most brilliant and most accompliebed pupil?

For with take leave of school and

olfollows with as much regret as Alice

metrow she comes to fetch her away; and and no child at the zenith of her enjoyment at a children's party ever heard the terrible words, "Your nurse has come," with a children thrill of dismay than did alice when Madame Daverne announced

Alice when Madame Daverne announced to her that her future protector was about to remove her from her cars.

Alice and her friends are sitting on some broken stone steps; she in the middle, of course, for is not this their last evening together and are they not all fond of Alice and very very sorry that she is leaving them? Toey may well be fond of Alice, for the bright at creature that ever lived, and the life and soul of the little community; a societ with everyone, from Madame herself down to an old dame formed to menage occasionally called in on domestic emergencies. Who could sing, and dance, and tell ghost stories like her? Who dress dup and acted with the inimitable talent of their fair-haired schoolfellow? Who was as generous, as uncellish, as Who was as generous, as unselfish, as ready to help, to give or to lend as Alice? Bright and gay, warm hearted and clever, all the inmates of Hougement know that when she departs she will leave a blank behind her impossible to fill.

Think of the pre tiest girl you ever saw, and it may give you some faint idea of Alice Saville, as she satouthe topmost step but one, with her hands locked round her knees (in easy if not a graceful attitude, and her eves gazing down on the valley of Leire for the last time. Had your beauty Loire for the last time. Had your beauty mischievous violet eyes eyes whose color was a my dry to many, owing to their rapid change of expression and their sweeping black tashes; quantities of golden brown wavy hair rippling and curling away from her forchead, a ressleaf complexion, a purely Greeian profile and seventeen amounts.

The farewells have been said three months ago; many tears were shed and dried; and now the curtain rises upon new scenes.

The farewells have been said three months ago: muny tears were shed and diried; and now the curtain rises upon new screen. The control of the curtain rises upon new screen. The control of the curtain rises upon new screen. The curtain rise and the curtain rises upon new screen. The screen rises upon new screen. The curtain rises upon new screen. The screen rises upon new screen. The screen rises upon new screen. The screen rises upon new screen rises upon new screen. The screen rises upon new screen. The screen rises upon new screen rises upon new screen rises upon new screen rises upon new screen rises upon the curtain rises upon new screen rises upon new screen rises upon the curtain rises upon new screen rises upon new scr

before returning to London, where they were to reside together; and Alice was to make her debut the ensuing season. She found Valetta altogether delightful. Fresh found Valetta altogether delightful. Fresh from her studies, with the Crusades and of the Knights of Rhodes and Malta still green in her memory, the halt-medieval, half-oriental aspect of the place faccinated her beyond measure. Many an hour did she spend in the old cathedral of St. John, endeavoring to decipher the tombs with which its numerous chapels are paved. Her knowledge of French and Italian helped her to find out the meaning of their Latin inscriptions, and many and various were the stories she mentally wove about those valiant, war worn, monkish soldiers lying beneath her feet. Exploring was Alice's favorite recreation, as she was not, atrictly speaking, "out" as yet; and balls, danceieties, and yachting picnics were unknown pleasures. The long narrow streets,

danceicties, and yachting pionics were unknown pleasures. The long narrow streets,
the Nix Mangiara stairs, the and steep ascents, were an amusing and delightful
novelty to her light active feet, but a sore
detested pilgrimage to Miss Fane's gaunt
old bones. The mysterious little shops
that line these queer streets of stairs were
another perennial source of interest, including the steel cats that sat sentry in almost every doorway. The Maltese themselves were capital subjects for sketches or
study; whether they lay flat on their backs,
basking in the sun, with their caps pulled
over their faces, or lounged in lazy groups
about the corners of picturesque old houses,
or drove their hugh betasselled mules up
and down the steep stradas, they were
ever and always a fresh novelty to Alice.
She little knew that she hereelf outrivalled
the "fried moncks" as one of the "sights of She little knew that she herself outrivaled the "fried moneks" as one of the "sights of Malta;" or that she was the object of general interest and admiration as, escorted by her austere-looking chaperon, she roamed about, satisfying the curiosity of youth and the craving of a highly imaginative

Miss Fane had been working steadily Thiss fane had been working steadily through her correspondence. Long crossed letters, resembling lattice-work, occupied her for the best part of an hour. At length she came to one in a bold, black, manly hand, not crossed, not even filling two pages. She katt her brows more than once as she perused it, then slowly folded it, in its envelope, and fasiened a look that a basilisk night have envied, on her companion.

(Flancing up from her novel with a frank Glancing up from her novel with a frank fearless countenance, she encountered Miss Fane's cold grey eyes critically surveying her, over the top of her fortoise shell pincener. To describe Miss Fane more particularly, she was a prim, dignified, elderly lady, seated bolt upright on the most uncompromising chair in the room. She had well-cut aristocratic features; a high arrogant-looking nose; rather a spiteful mouth; iron-gray sausage curls, carefully arranged on either temple, and surmounted by a sensible sedate cap. A very handsome brown silk dress, as stiff as herself, completed her costume.

pleted her costume.

Not being overburdened with this world's goods, owing to the failure of a bank in which most of her fortune had been invested, she had accepted a very handsome allowance and the post of chaperon to her nephew's ward. If she could have had this nepnew s ward. If she could have last this inimense increase to her income without the ward, so much the better; girls were not to her taste, but though narrow-minded frigid, and intensely selfish, she was strictly conscientious, according to her lights, and was thoroughly prepared to do her duty by

was thoroughly prepared to do her duty by her young companion.

"Alice," she said, glancing from Alice to the note she held in her hand, and then back again with an air of hesitation, "I have just heard from my nephew, your guardian, you know. He expects to leave India immediately, and if the Euphrates stope here for coaling he save he will come and look us up. Would you like to read his letter! Perhaps I ought not to show it to you; but it will give you some idea of the kind of young man he is."

"Thank you," replied the ward, stretching out a slim ready hand: "if you really think I may, Miss Fane," she added inter-

think I may, Miss Fane," she added inter-rogatively, whereupon Miss Fane handed her her nephew's offusion, which ran as

"My DEAR AUNT MARY, -I got your last letter all right. I did not answer it at once as I had nothing to say, and am no scribe at the best of times. I quite agree with you, that you had much better take entire charge of Miss Saville now she has left school; but why not have kept her there another year or two! Your suggestion is creatly the same of schoolfellows with as much regret as Alice Saville. Househout has been her home, and she has no desire to leave the shelter of its gray walls and venture out into the world a one among strangers. She loves every stick and stone about the old place; every feature in the landscape she looks out on is a dear, familiar friend; from the Landscape she looks out on is a dear, familiar friend; from the Landscape she looks out on is a dear, familiar friend; from the Landscape she looks out on is a dear, familiar friend; from the Landscape she looks out on is a dear, familiar friend; from the Landscape she looks out on is a dear, familiar friend; from the Landscape she looks out on is a dear, familiar friend; from the Landscape she looks out on is a dear, familiar friend; from the Landscape she looks out on is a dear, familiar friend; from the Landscape she looks out on is a dear, familiar friend; from the Landscape she looks out on is a dear, familiar friend; from the Landscape she looks out on is a dear, familiar friend; from the Landscape she looks out on is a dear, familiar friend; from the Landscape she looks out on is a dear, familiar friend; from the Landscape she looks out on is a dear, familiar friend; from the Landscape she looks out on is a dear, familiar friend; from the Landscape she looks out on is a dear, familiar friend; from the landscape she looks out on is a dear, familiar friend; from the landscape she looks out on is a dear, familiar friend; from the landscape she looks out on is a dear, familiar friend; from the look after her money affairs, etc., but I hope you will take her off my hands completely. No doubt she will marry soon, as you say she is pretty, and if the part is anything like a decent follow, and comes up to the mark in the way of settlements you may take my onsent for marry soon, as you say she is pretty, and if the part is anything like a decent follow, and comes up to the mark in the way of settlements you may take my onsent for marry soon, as you say she is pretty, and if the part is and comes up to the mark in the way of settlements you may take my consent for granted. I shall say: 'Bless you, my child-ren,' with unmixed satisfaction. I am bringing you some shawls, curiosities, etc., bringing you some shawls, curiosities, etc., to make amends for my shortcomings as a correspondent. We sail from Bombay on on the twenty-second, and if we coal at Malta I shall look you up. What in the world took you there? It atrikes me you becoming a regular 'globe trotter' in your age. Your affectionate nephew.

"What a funny letter or note rather!"

"What a funny letter, or note rather!"
exclaimed Alice; "only two sides of the
paper. The 5th hussars have a very pretty
creat, and what a good hand he writes! He
certainly seems very anxious to get rid of
me, does he not, Miss Faner I am afraid I
am a great infliction," she added coloring,
"out I will do my best to trouble him as
little an possible."

little as possible."

"I will make you a much more suitable guardian," returned Mis- Fane complacently. I do not know what my brother-in-law could have been dreaming about when he made his will. Poor mani he naturally made his will. Poor mani he naturally thought he had yet many years to live, and never contemplated your having such a preposterously young guardian. Reginald cares for nothing beyond his profession—borses, racing, and men's society. My brother-in-law spoiled him as a boy, and allowed him his own way completely, though I believe he was a good son and very much attached to his father. Gaeville was a weak-minded man," she pursued, shaking her head reflectively, "governed first by his wife and then by his son. Reginald has always been his own master, and is headstrong and overbearing to the last degree."

degree."
"You don't like him Miss Fanet" inquired Alice, slightly raising her eyebrows.

"Ah well!" hesitatingly, "I don't say that, I have seen so little of him since he was a boy; and then he was without exception the most troublesome, mischievous, impudituding in a same across: always in the most troublesome, mischievous, impudent urchin I ever came across; always in trouble falling out of trees, or down stairs, or off his pony, playing practical jokes, lighting the gardener's big boys, riding his father's hunters on the sly. He kept everyone in hot water. I spent six months at Looton, and added six years to my life," concluded Miss Fane, nodding her head with much solematry.

Time hung havily on her hands, her book was stupicable was not in the humor for music, and it was too early to go to bed. Opening the window she stepped out on the balcony that ran all round the house and overlooked the court yard. Here she remained for a long time, her chin resting on her hand, indulging in a day-dream—"in maiden mediation, fancy free." The air was laden with the perfume of twenty different flowers; but the fragrant orange-trees in their tubs down below overpowered all.

all.

"How delicious!" said Alice to herself, sniffing the air. "If I am ever married—which is not very likely—I shall have a wreath of real orange-biossoms, always supposing I can get them."

Presently she turned her attention to the stars, and endeavoured to make out some of the constellations, not very successfully, it must be confessed. She listened to the distant driving through Valetta.

"Belated signtseers returning to their

"Belated signtseers returning to their steamers," she thought.

Just then a carriage drove rapidly into their quiet street, and seemed to stop close

"It cannot be Miss Fane come home already; they are barely at coffee yet," she remarked, as she settled herself for another

After a while, feeling rather chilly, she pushed open the window and stepped back into the sitting room. For a moment the light dazzled her eyes. That moment past what was her amazement to find a handsome young man, in undress cavalry uni-form, standing on the rug with his back to

The surprise was apparently mutual. However, he immediately came forward and said: said my aunt was out, but that you were at home. As the room was empty, I concluded you had gone to bed."
"When did you arrive?" she asked offering her hand.

"We came in about two hours ago, and are going to coal all night—a most detestable but necessary performance."
"Have you been here long?" was her next question, as she seated herself near the

table.

"About twenty minutes. I have been enjoying this English-looking fire immensely. You must have found it rather chilly in the verandah."

A thought flitted through his mind—"Was there a Romeo to this lovely Juliet?" lie looked down at her with a quick, keen glance. No, the idea was absurd.

"What were you doing out there this cool evening?" he added.

"Nothing," she replied shyly. She could not bring herself to tell this brilliant stranger that she had been simply stargazing.

"A regular bread and butter Miss" he thought as he pulled his moustache with a

Bread and butter or not, she was an extremely pretty girl, and his ward the idea tickled him immensely. He put his hand before his mouth to conceal an involuntary

"Vernon or Harcourt would give a good deal to be in my shoes, I fancy," he said to himself as he took a seat at the opposite himself as he took a seat at the opposite side of the table from his charge.

Alice having mastered her first astonishment, felt that it behooved her to make some attempt at conversation, and to endeavour to entertain this unexpected guest pending Miss Fanc's return. She offered him refreshments, coffee, etc., which he declined, having dined previously to coming on shore. With small talk, Maltese curios and the never failing topic—weather—she managed to while away the time. At she managed to while away the time. At first her voice was very low, as it always was when she was nervous or embarrassed but she soon recovered herself and played the part of hostess in a manner that astonished the man who half an hour before had called her (mentally) "a bread and butter miss." Seven years on the Continent had given her at least easy, polished manners. She had none of the gaucherie so common to an English girl of her own age brought to an English girl of her own age brought up exclusively at home. It seemed to her that Sir Reginald was shy—he sat playing with a paper-knife, and by no means properly supporting his share of the conversation. Her good-natured efforts amused him prodigiously. He was sufficiently sharp to see that she thought him bashful and diffident, whereas he was only lazy; he preferred to allow ladies, whenever they were good enough to talk to him, to carry on the most of the conversation, a few monosyllables and his eloquent dark eyes contributing his share. Poor, deluded Alicel She little knew that the apparently diffident young man was the life and soul of his mess, and that shyness was unknown to him (except by name) since he had been out of his nurse's arms.

Conversation presently became some-

Conversation presently became somewhat brisker. They exchanged experiences of Germany and India. They discussed books, horses and music, and at the end of an hour Alice felt as if she had known him an hour Alice felt as if she had known him for at least a year. Certainly they had made as much progress in each other's confidence as if they had gone through a London season together, when a few brief utterances are gasped between the pauses of a waltz, or whispered on the stairs, or interrupted by some spoilsport in the Row.

As for Reginald, he not only felt completely at home, but, what was worse, most thoroughly bewitched.

thoroughly bewitched.

"I'm never going to be so mad as to lose my head about this grown-up child, am I!" he indignantly asked himself. "I, who have hitherto been invulnerable as far as the tender passion is concerned. No, not likely. If I can't face a pretty girl without immediately feeling smitten the sooner I renounce the whole sex the better."

While ne was thinking thus, he was to all appearance immersed in a series of

all appearance immersed in a series of views of Rome and Florence, and listening to a description of palaces, churches and

There was not the slightest soupcon of a flirtation between this couple. Sir Reginald talked to his ward as he would to his grandmother, and there was a look in her clear, deep gray eyes that would have abashed the most thorough-paced male flirt in Christendom—which he was very far from being—a look half of childish innocence, half of newly awakened maiden dignity—

Miss Fane duly returned and accorded her nephew a warm welcome and a kiss, which he very reluctantly received for she had also a moustache. She treated him besides to a most recherche little supper, and at twelve o'clock he took his departure, faithfully promising to look them out at a certain house in London, and with an uneasy conviction that he had met his fate.

LOOTON PARK.

Looton is a large, ugly, uncomfortable old place, similar to hundreds of others scattered over the British Isles. No one knows exactly when it was built, but every one is aware that it is survounded by the very best land in Hordershire. The house stands in a large, well-timbered park, and is approached by avenues from opposite directions.

directions.
Seated at the library table, with elbows well squared, isa young man of about one and twenty, dashing off a letter. He is Geoffrey Saville, first cousin to Lady Fairfax, and has lately joined the Fifth Hussars—so lately that he is still doing riding school, from which a fortnight's visit to Looton has afforded him temporary emancination.

Looton has afforded him temporary emancipation.

He is a slim, bright-eyed, loose-limbed boy, with small, impudent hazel eyes, an aristocratic nose, and light brown hair, of which one utterly unreasonable lock always stick up on the top of his head, cut and comb and oil as he will.

He is possessed of the highest of spirits, the best of appetites and unlimited assurance. He is gay, gentlemanly and generous, and swears by his new cousin but old friend, Sir Reginald Fairfax.

Here is his letter:

"MY DEAR NOBES, -I promised to send you a line to let you know how I was get ting on. Rex and Alice make no end of a good host and hostess; the feeding is su-perior, and as to horses, I am "all found."

perior, and as to horses, I am "all found."
Rex mounts me as he mounts himself, and
I take it out of his cattle fairly.

"We have had two or three good runs so
far with the R. B. H. and Overatones, especially last Tuesday; found at Heplow—you
don't know where that is, but never mind
—and ran to Clumber, a distance of eight
miles as the crow flies, with only one
slight check. The was prime, the grief
awful. The fields were large and airy, but some of the fences, notably the bullfinches, were real raspers. The finish was highly select—Alice, Reginald, two cavalrymen, a parson, the huntaman and yours obediently. Alice goes like a bird; and in a neat double-breasted brown habit and pothat to double-breasted brown habit and pothat to match, and mounted on a clipping bay thoroughbred, looks very "fit" indeed. Rex pilots her, and they make a very fair average example of the field. You know what a customer ha is. She follows him as if she had a spare neck in her pocket, and charges wood and water as boldly as he does himself.

"Talking of water, there is a brute of a river here, called the Swale, which winds about in the most mysterious manner. You come across it when you least expect it. I have already been in twice. I paid my second visit last Friday. I was steam my second visit last friday. I was steaming along close to the pack, when what should I see in front of me but this sneak of a river. I rammed in the spurs, and thundered down to it as hard as I could go, but I had already bucketed the old nag too freely; he bore down as if he meant business, stopped short and shot me over his head into about seven feet of muddy water. I'll leave you to imagine the figure water. I'll leave you to imagine the figure I was when I picked myself out. "I created a fine sensation all along the

Queen's highway en route home. Alice and Reginald have never stopped chaffing me ever since. You ask me how he plays the role of married man? Capitally, my dear fellow; and as to your kind insinuation that I must be rather in the way, considering the stopped to that I must be rather in the way, considering they are so recently married, you never were more mistaken in your life. They are not a bit a spooney couple; at all events I never see any billing or cooing, thank goodness, and I favor them with a good deal of my society; but any one can see with half an eye that each thinks the other newfection and that they suit down other perfection, and that they suit down to the ground. He has got a fortnight's domestic privilege leave to go and see poor Maitland of the Blues, who is dying at Maitland of the Blues, who is dying at Cannes; they were great chums always, and at Eton together. Meanwhile I remain here and help old Miss Fane (a bitter specimen of the unappropriated blessing) to take care of the fair chaletaine; and as I am to exercise the hunters, and have the run of the stable, I am promising myself five days a week between the two packs, and the very cream of hunting. I wish you would go to Thomas and hurry him with my tops, and run me in for another fortnight's leave, as inclosed. If the chief looks grumpy, say I have broken my collar bone. I'll do as much for you another time.

time.
"Yours in clover,
Geoffrey Saville." Chapter IV. A PRACTICAL JOKE.

Sir Reginald left for Cannes the end of November, intending to spend a week there, and to be home, of course, long before Christmas. Meanwhile, a plot he little dreamt of had been hatched for his special benefit.

A storm was brewing; in fact a regular cyclone threatened his domestic atmosphere.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A physician, a graduate of McGill medical college, Montreal, speaking of Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters, said, I know of no better medical compound for dyspepsia, billousness and constipation. They are unequalled as a blood purifier; as a family medicine they are far superior to pills. Sold by all druggists in large bottles at 50 cents.—24-4.

CURE GUARANTEED.



For Old and Young, Male and Female.

Positively cures nervousness, in all its stages, weak memory, loss of brain power, sexual prostration, night sweats, spermatorrheer barrenness, seminal weaknes and general loss of power. It repairs nervous waste, rejuvenates the jaded intellect, strengthens the enfeebled brain and restores surprisingtone and vigor to the exhausted generative organs in either sex. With each order for twelve packages, accompanied with five dollars, we will send our written Guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. It is the CHEAPEST and BEST Medicine in the market. Pamphlet sent free by mail to any address.

Mach's Magnetic Medicine is sold by druggists at 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, or will be mailed free of postage, on receipt of money by addressing. Mack's Magnetic Medicine Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada. Guarantees issued by A. HIGINBOTHAM, Lindsay.—23-1y.

BILLHEADS.

A large quantity of Bill-

heads just received at THE POST Printing Office.

in town and throughout the country can be supplied with billheads with printed headings by sending their orders to THE POST Printing Of-

CHAS. D. BARR,

THINGS ALWAYS WANTED!

TO BE FOUND WITH

ARCH. CAMPBELL

Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

Just received a large consignment of new goods including a fine assortment of

NEW GLASSWARE and CROCKERY The latter Imported direct from the old country.

200 HALF CHESTS EXTRA STOCK NEW TEAS.

ANOTHER FINE LOT OF VALENCIA RAISINS!

Bought before the advance.

25 CASES CANNED TOMATOES, GREEN, EVAPORATED AND DRIED APPLES CANNED FRUITS and SHELL FISH. FRENCH PRUNES and FRENCH PLUMS.

NOTICE.—With a view of closing my shop at an early hour on Saturday night, one of my young

men will callon my town customers during Friday of each week and take their orders for supplies. These orders will be delivered early Saturday morning, and will, it is expected, be a convenience to my customers and assist us in early closing.

A. CAMPBELL.

Lindsay, Jan. 18th, 1883.—1219.

James Watson.

SPECIAL VALUE

GENTS' BLACK WORSTED COATS!

TWEED PANTS.

DUCKS, DENIMS, SHIRTINGS

FUR and PLUSH CAPS.

JAMES WATSON'S.

Lindsay, Feb. 16, 1883.-23.

Albert Lea Route.

"ALBERT LEA ROUTE."

GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE,

At your nearest Ticket Office, or address
R. R. CABLE, E. ST. JOHN,
Vice-Pres. & Gen'l H'g'r,
Gen'l Thi. & Pass. Act.
CH!CAGO

MAN AP Miscellaneous.



BILLHEADS

Merchants or tradesmen

A neat line of Statements just the thing for professional men now in stock.

John Makins. MILL MACHINERY.

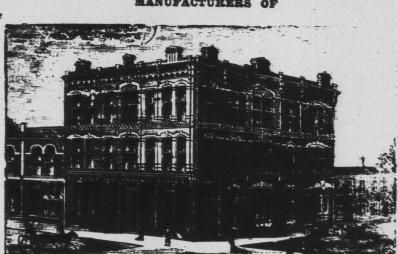
JOHN MAKINS, WILLIAM STREET, LINDSAY.

Iron Founder and Machinist MANUFACTURER OF Saws 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.

Octavius Newcombe & Co.

OCTAVIUS NEWCOMBE &



Upright and Square Pianofortes,

WARE-ROOMS...... 199 Chuurch Street, Toronto.

The best materials are used in the NEWCOMBE PIANOS and their general constructions of the most thorough and substantial character. Musicians commend them for excellence of the and tone, and the appreciation of purchasers is shown by their constantly increasing said. Prices as Low as Consistent with First-Class Work. Terms Easy Should these instruments not be represented or kept in your locality, address the under good

OCTAVIUS NEWCOMRE & Co., 107 and 109 Church Street, Toronto.