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Lindsay, Feb. 24, 1883. 9-13

Mrs. C. H. Keeve.

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Next door to Mr. Martin's Inn. 23-26

Lindsay, Dec. 13, 1882. 11

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ADVERTISING RATES—Ten cents per line first insertion; three cents per line each subsequent insertion.

Contract Advertising Rates made known on application.

Business Notices in local or other columns, 10 cents per line first insertion, 5 cents each subsequent insertion. Less than five lines for a single insertion charged as five lines.

Contract advertising and other accounts settled monthly or every four months. Transient items cash on delivery of printing or first insertion of Advertisement.

CHAS. D. BARR,
Editor and Proprietor

Lindsay, May 2, 1882.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1883.

FATED FAIRFAX.

A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR.

Chapter VII.

WESSEX GARDENS.

to keep up the flirting her position as a married woman. I intend her to live at Monkswood, which has always been a kind of dower house. I shall shut up Looton, dismiss most of the servants, and send all the horses up to Tattersall's on Saturday. I am going abroad for a month previous to returning to India, and start for Vienna the day after to-morrow. Now I think I have told you all my plans; have you any exception to make to them?" he enquired, drinking off his coffee and setting down his cup.

"I know you of old, Regy," replied Mrs. Mayhew, with a sigh. "You are asking me me if I take exception to any of your arrangements, is only a Chinese compliment; once you make up your mind to do a thing, alter it, so there is no use wasting words. I think you ought to stay at home instead of going to India. I think you ought insist on bringing Alice to her senses; o suppose you allow me to take her in hand? Let her come here on a visit while you go out to Cheltenham and investigate this horrid business thoroughly."

"No," replied Reginald, coldly; "Alice and I are strangers for the future. You will oblige me very much, Helen, by referring to her as seldom as possible. She thinks me a hypocrite, a deceiver, a thoroughly bad man. Such were her own words. She could not think worse of me if I were the greatest scoundrel that walked this earth."

"Reginald, I am sure she does not," pleaded Helen.

It was in vain she begged him to reconsider his decision. He listened to her had to say with a kind of contemptuous tolerance.

"Very kind of you, Helen, to take her part in his way; very good of you to defend her; but, as you yourself remarked a moment ago, it is only a waste of words.

One has a good opportunity of studying Sir Reginald Fairfax as he stands on the rug looking down on Mrs. Mayhew, who, leaning back in the easiest of chairs, is fanning herself slowly.

Tall, slender and graceful, his well-cut evening clothes fit him and suit him admirably. "Gentleman" is stamped on every line and lineament, and there is a leisurely ease and deliberation about everything he says or does; the repose that stamped the line of "Vere de Vere" is not wanting in the Fairfax family. His eyes are his most striking feature, so dark, so cool, so keen they seem to read one's thoughts like a book, to penetrate one through and through. His delicately-chiseled high-bred nose (to particularize each feature impartially) and proud sensitive nostrils, he inherits from a long line of ancestors. Do not dozens of similar profiles adorn the walls of the gallery at Looton? There is certain look about his clean cut lips barely to be guessed at beneath his dark mustache not to a close observer indicative of a resolute, not to say imperious, disposition; and something altogether intangible in his bearing reveals not the soldier. A handsome, dark, daring face one could easily imagine leading the headlong hurricane of a cavalry charge.

Chapter VII.

MRS MAYHEW'S LITTLE SCHEME.

Mrs. Mayhew was most decidedly the clever woman of the family. Not only had she brains, but an unusual allowance of common sense, and a kind heart to boot. She was dark and good-looking like most of the Fairfaxes, and inherited no small share of determination and force of character.

Having no brother of her own Mrs. Mayhew had always appropriated her cousin Reginald as such, since he, at the ripe age of six, had made impassioned love to her, a grown up young lady of seventeen. She absolutely ruled all the men of her family (husband included) with a mild and gracious sway, always with the notable exception of her cousin Reginald. His head had never yet bent under her yoke, and he had the audacity to differ from her on many vital subjects, and held the heresy that "it was for man to command, woman to obey; all else confusion." Nevertheless he possessed a place in Mrs. Mayhew's heart that was second only to that occupied by her husband and children.

Mrs. Mayhew was never happier than when she was managing other people's business, for which she had a singular aptitude. To do her justice, she meddled with the very best intentions, and her hands were always full. She was the confidante of lovers' quarrels, of matrimonial differences untold; from the servant out of place to the girl jilted by her intended, all came to Mrs. Mayhew, and to them she lent a ready ear, her sympathy and assistance.

Her only serious trouble was her rapidly increasing tendency to embonpoint, and she sighed when she ordered each new dress to be made with an increasing width of waist. Her weakness, her particular pet vanity, were her hands and feet; and certainly she had every reason to be proud of them.

"Tell Helen she has the prettiest foot in London and she will ask you stay for a month," was one of Geoffrey's impudent remarks; and he also declared that knitting, to which she was much addicted, was merely a few mesh work supplied by her vanity, in order to flourish a shoe and show off her hands.

She was sitting at the fire one dripping February afternoon, knitting the following thoughts into a stocking:

"This is the 8th. Let me see" (referring to a paper on her knee), "the Alaska sails on the 20th. Not much time to be lost. I must make one desperate effort to prevent this wretchedly headstrong young couple. I'll take Norman down to Southsea next week for change of air for his cough, and once established in our old lodgings I can easily carry on operations."

Here her husband entered, and she laid her plans before him.

"Go to Southsea, my dear, by all means, and whatever it may do for Norman's cough, I don't think it will be of much use as far as Alice and Reginald are concerned. There is no answer yet from the army chaplain. The detectives are no wiser than we are ourselves. Besides which, that old scorpion, Miss Fane, has Alice talked out of all her senses by this time, you may be sure."

"But I anticipate a great deal from an unexpected meeting, nevertheless. I'll get Alice over from Southsea to spend a few days, and then you shall see what you shall see. You know that she and Miss Fane are there, and have taken a house until April."

"Please yourself and you please me; but I have a conviction that your little plot will be no go. Reginald's temper is like what the Irish cook said of her own: 'That you were a good Christian lady, but when you were riz you was riz,' and he is very much riz indeed."

"Well, I can't wonder at it, I must say. You would have been, to say the least of it, annoyed if I had, after being married to you five months, called you a hypocrite and deceiver, and left you, after throwing in my teeth everything you knowing yourself to be entirely innocent of any blame all the time."

"Yes, very true; but no such volcano as this ever did or ever burst out in your home. Pray, what would you have done, or say you would have done, in such a case?

"I would have trusted you, Mark."

"Humph!"

"What an extraordinary amount of unbelief a grunt can convey."

"Ah, well, perhaps you would. Such trust is, however, much easier in theory than in practice. Make some allowance for Alice, please, although we all know she is in the wrong. It is a bad business—a bad business."

Saying he opened his paper with an impressive rustle, and buried himself in the news of the day.

A fortnight had passed. The Mayhews were domiciled at Southsea, and Alice had come over to stay with them for a few days after an immense amount of coaxing and finally being "fetched." She was as deaf as an adder to Helen's reasoning and remonstrances, and very Mark was out of patience with her.

She had evidently been prejudiced by Miss Fane with answers ready for every argument, and had given her promise never to yield an inch under the ridicule she had throughout disposed. The second behalf from her husband and Helen, saw a cooling down on Mark's part. However, as he was to sail on the following Thursday; and he mentioned that he wished to have an interview with his wife, she at his request went on a visit at the Mayhews' was most convenient. She was not told of his probable arrival, in case it might scare her away. She knew that he was shortly going to India, but where he was or when he was going she had no means of knowing, and was too proud to question Helen's far to anxious with her to offer any information unbidden.

One morning after breakfast Helen and Alice were sitting in the drawing room, the latter in an easy chair at a large gypsy table, and looking very fair, stylish and lovely in a thick black damasse silk of most lovely artistic cut, with lace ruffles at her throat and wrists. Helen, lounging opposite in a capacious armchair, was reading aloud titbits from the World, and occasionally glancing toward the door.

Norman and Hilda, with scrambling feet and outstretched fingers, were making Alice's life a burden to her; and she was by no means so tolerant of these young aggravations as her husband would have been.

"Glory, sugar; more sugar, Alice!" cried Norman, pushing a very sloppy cup recklessly toward her.

"No, you dear Norman; I gave you two lumps."

"Give me another two for I have fished them up out of the cream. Come, look sharp."

"No, indeed!"

"Very good! I'll take that arrow out of your quiver and put it all down, and you'll be very nice you'll look if visitors come."

"If you do," began Alice indignantly, but at this crisis the door opened and admitted Mark, Geoffrey and Reginald.

The children made a violent charge toward their father.

"Hooray! Regy, Uncle Regy! where have you been all this long time? What have you brought us?" they cried leaping and dancing up ecstatically round him.

Alice rose up hastily. He was shaking hands with Helen. What was she to do? Would he shake hands with her? Yes; in the next second she found her hand in his, and then he turned to the children.

"Give me a cup of tea, Alice," said Geoffrey, drawing a chair close to the table and staring at her with a very unpleasant, critical scrutiny.

Her hands trembled so violently she could hardly hold the teapot; the color sank from her cheeks, and her heart beat so fast it seemed a thing to be felt; but she made a brave struggle for self-mastery, and succeeded so well that Helen, Prescott, Mark and Reginald all noticed the conversion.

Reginald took a long, steady look at him. He was standing on his favorite place, the rug, and his most pointed blank the steady glance of his dark eyes, fixed upon herself a look full of deep interest, yet grave and stern.

She felt her face becoming crimson, and dived under the table for her handkerchief, glad of an opportunity of composing her countenance. Dare she take another look? No, she dare not.

At this moment visitors were announced and the bustle consequent on their arrival was the greatest relief.

Enter two fashionable ladies with a cavalier in tow. Reginald evidently found favor in the eyes of one of them; he had the unmistakeable air of a man of birth and distinction. She therefore proceeded to make herself most agreeable, and put him through a series of animated questions, giving him a pretty good benefit of her eyes all the time. Alice, looking on, felt indignation burn within her; and yet, why should she mind? he was nothing to her! He had destroyed her life so far as happiness went. All she ever valued was gone. Heaven! indeed, did she try to sustain a share of the conversation, and to keep up appearances to the best of her ability. She knew she was answering the strange young man's remarks at random, but she could not help it. He was looking intensely puzzled, as well he might, when she told him that "she was staying at India, but had come over to Southsea for two or three days." Oh, if she could only get out of the room! No sooner thought than done. She was sliding quietly toward the door, when her husband with two steps confronted her.

"Alice," said he, "I wish to speak to you particularly. Can you come out with me and take a turn on the pier?"

Alice bowed her head in assent and passed on.

When she came down in her walking things—close fitting velvet paletot, trimmed with superb sable, and cap to match—she found him waiting in the hall. Having ceremoniously opened the door for her, they set out, and walked on rapidly, exchanging the veriest commonplaces. The pier was evidently to be the scene of action so Alice braced up all her nerve for the encounter, and firmly determined to abide by Miss Fane's advice and not yield an inch till the certificate was utterly refuted.

No one meeting them would have guessed at the storm that was raging in their hearts. They did not look like married people, nor lovers certainly. "A young fellow taking his very pretty sister for a walk, most likely," would have been the verdict of a passer-by.

Arrived at the pier, Alice summoned up all her courage, and taking a good long breath and a firm grasp of her umbrella, said, with apparent composure: "Now, what have you to say to me?"

"Several things as your husband, and a few as your guardian," he replied, leaning against the railing and looking at her intently.

"Say nothing to me as my husband, but whatever you have to say as my guardian I will perhaps attend to."

"Then you still entertain the monstrous notion that I am not your husband?"

To this question Alice made no reply, and he proceeded. "Well, I am, all the same. But I see it would be a waste of time and temper to endeavor to persuade you otherwise. I have every reason to believe that within the next two months all will be satisfactorily cleared up. May I ask what you will do in that case?"

"I will return to you as your wife, of course," she replied calmly.

"And do you suppose that I will receive you then? Return to me now—show, even at the eleventh hour, that you can trust me. I will send in my papers and stay at home. I have interest, and it is not yet too late. I will forgive and forget all you have thought and said. It shall be as though it had never been spoken." He paused, and looked at her eagerly. "I told you," he proceeded still more earnestly, "that I had done with you, that I had no desire to see you again, but I found, on cool reflection, that I loved you far too dearly to give you up without an effort at reconciliation. I have made two—once in Looton and once now—but this, I declare to you solemnly, will be the last. Come back to me, and trust me, my dearest," he said, laying his hand entreatingly on her arm. "Trust me only for a little time, all will, all must come right. You will never again in all your life have such an opportunity of showing your love, your confidence in me. Do you think I would not stand by you in a similar case? You know I would," he added emphatically. "Come back to me, Alice," he urged.

"No, I will not," she replied hoarsely, leaning heavily on the railing of the pier and staring out to sea.

"You are laboring under a wrong impression, or you cannot mean it." After a pause, recovering himself, he continued, more coldly: "Think of what you are doing, Alice. You have broken up our home and turned me adrift—taken your freedom and your own way. You are sending me back to India, and God knows if I shall ever return."

"You need not go," she replied in a low voice, still looking out to sea as if addressing the ocean.

"Not go! I must go!" he cried emphatically, "unless you wish to have the open scandal busy with our names. If I remain they know that I am engaged in my country's service it may leave you alone. But I am sure you know coldly that a young and pretty woman living apart from her husband, and rightly or wrongly, they always throw the blame of the separation on her shoulders. I know you have been influenced by Miss Fane, I know you have. It was not my generous, true-hearted Alice that spoke to me that night at Looton. You don't know how you pained me, how you nearly maddened me by some of the things she put into your mouth—things my pure-minded wife would never have thought of herself. You could not seriously think it at Looton, if living as that I had deceived, nevertheless, to marry your orphan ward, as she justly remarked, committed to my care. Think of the same in crime it would be! Look me full in the face, and tell me candidly, truthfully do of your own free will, whether you imagine that I, Reginald Fairfax, could be guilty of such a thing?"

Alice turned round at once and confronted him—his face pale with emotion. His dark miserable eyes haunted her painfully afterward for many and many a day.

"Clear yourself first," she exclaimed, "then I will listen to you. As long as that certificate is unexplained I will never return to you as your wife; I will never, never see you again, as far as I can help it, until the whole affair is refuted. I am amazed that you should expect."

Sir Reginald gazed incredulously at his wife for a moment, as if he thought that his ears must have deceived him.

"Is this your last word!" he said in a voice husky with passion.

She nodded emphatically.

Exasperated beyond endurance, he left her side and walked to the other end of the pier alone. Presently he returned with firm rapid strides, and confronted her with a compression of the lips and a flash in his eyes she had never seen before. Coming to a stop, and standing directly before her, he said:

"That was your last word, now hear mine. I most solemnly take God to witness" raising his hat as he spoke—"that I will never receive you back as my wife until you have made the most humble and abject apology that ever came from woman's lips. You shall abase yourself to the very dust for the shameful injustice you have done me."

"Shall I, indeed!" she exclaimed passionately. "You will never see a Saville abased to the dust. I will never apologize and never beg your pardon. Pray do not offer your forgiveness before it is required."

"Very well," he replied coldly, "there is no more to be said, as you declare that you will never apologize, and I have sworn to never receive you on no other terms. We shall live for the future as strangers, excepting that I shall exercise over you—even though at a distance—the authority of your guardian till you are twenty five."

"I shall not submit to your authority!" she interrupted hotly.

"Oh, yes, you will," he returned in a cool, unmoved tone. "You have as yet to learn I, too, have a will—that I am your master—no longer your slave. I am aware I cannot flatter myself that you either honor or love me," with ironical emphasis, "but you will certainly obey me."

"I shall not!" she cried indignantly.

"Oh, yes, I am quite sure you will," he replied in the easy authoritative tone with which one talks to a naughty child. "You will live at Monkswood," he proceeded tranquilly, "It is smaller than Looton, but I hope you will find it as comfortable. Horses, carriages and servants will precede you there, and I hope you will be ready for your reception in a fortnight's time. In the meantime I must beg you will remain with Helen, as I do not wish you to return to Miss Fane. I forbid you to see her or correspond with her." He paused to see the effect of his words, then continued: "Your own aunt, Miss Saville, has been good enough to promise to reside with you permanently, as it would be out of the question for you to live alone."

During the above long speech Alice had been gazing at her husband with amazed indignant eyes. Drawing herself up as he concluded, she said:

"And supposing I decline to leave Miss Fane and to go to Monkswood, what are to be the dire consequences?"

"You have no other alternative," he replied with freezing politeness. "Unfortunately for your independent spirit, all your money is in my hands."

"What a shame!" she cried passionately.

"Yes, is it not?" he answered with a satirical smile. "A young lady with an empty purse, and utterly cut off from her friends, would find herself rather embarrassed, to say the least of it."

"Miss Fane will allow me to live with her as before," she returned.

"When she finds that you are absolutely penniless, I think you will discover that her interest in you has ceased," he replied significantly.

"Must I go to Monkswood? Must I?" she asked passionately.

A bow was her reply.

"I suppose then I am completely in your power?"

"I am afraid so," he answered composedly.

"Oh, if anyone else were only my guardian! If your father had lived, or if he had chosen Mr. Mayhew."

"I sincerely echo both your wishes, but I hope you will be able to reconcile yourself to circumstances. You will go to Monkswood, I am sure."

"I suppose I must—for a time at least," looking at him defiantly.

"Very well," he replied, ignoring her look, "we will consider the matter settled. Mark Mayhew and my solicitor will look after your interests. Personally, I will have no communication with you. This is our last interview; from to-day we are strangers." After a pause he went on: "You will hear from Helen whether I am dead or alive; if the former, you will be freed from every tie—you will be your own mistress, an exceedingly rich widow, with no one to control you in any way. Should you marry again, as no doubt you will, I hope sincerely your second venture in matrimony will be more fortunate than the first."

"Reginald!" she exclaimed indignantly.

"He will have to be a different sort of fellow to me," he continued without noticing the interruption; "to have a pretty thick skin; to give you your own way completely; and to have no self-respect whatever. Of course that will be a sine qua non. He must not mind your changeful moods, nor be offended, if after telling him he is dearer to you than words can express, and making an utter fool of him, you turn on him at the first breath of suspicion and call him a hypocrite, a deceiver, a ruffian of the deepest dye, and altogether a most infernal scoundrel."

"Reginald, I never used such expressions. How dare you speak to me in such a way! How dare you treat me so!" she exclaimed, raising her voice, much to the amusement of two sailors, the only other people on the pier, who were lolling over the railings close by, and had been watching the scene with unaffected delight.

"She's giving it to him. By Jove, Bill, that chap has his hands full!" said one of them, turning his quid. "If he is going to venture out on the sea of matrimony with that craft, he'll happen to have heavy weather frequent and squalls every day."

"What do you mean by bringing me here to ridicule and insult me?" repeated Alice, in a towering passion. "The marriage certificate is still unexplained, and you talk to me as if you were the injured person—you!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—American hogs are not permitted to enter Germany, but they can travel elsewhere on the continent.

"Blood will tell." A face adorned with pimples, boils, blotches, etc., is not a particularly pleasant sight, and invariably betokens an impure state of the blood. Dr Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters free the system from all gross humors, renders the blood pure and cool, aids digestion and gives a healthy appetite. For sale by all druggists in large bottles at 50 cents. 26-4.

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Is it not worth the small price of 75c to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints. If you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it; use accordingly, and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. S. PERRIN, wholesale and retail agent. 14-ow-26

Miscellaneous.

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The undersigned are prepared to pay the Highest Market Price for WHEAT AND OATS delivered at their mill at Lindsay.

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Having introduced the new process for the manufacture of flour they are now prepared to fill all orders for the patent article. They have arranged with J. G. EDWARDS, hardware merchant, to take orders for them. All orders received from him through the telephone will be attended to promptly.

NEEDLER & SADLER.

Lindsay, Oct. 13th, 1881.—53.

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BILLHEADS!

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CHAS. D. BARR,
PROPRIETOR.

Lindsay, Jan. 24, 1882.

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We have just thrown ourselves to be in a position to give "the boys" or "the men" nobby stylish suits, and we want every one to buy from us where you will get a good show for your money.

Reliable cloths are the foundation; next come graceful shapes and a good fit; without which there is neither comfort nor pleasure in the wearing; then durability and lastly the price. We guarantee entire satisfaction in all these particulars.

Our new cutter, Mr. Wm. McKay, late of Woodstock, comes to us most highly recommended and with a first class reputation as a cutter of stylish garments, and we implicitly rely on his abilities to give our customers every satisfaction.

NEW HATS! NEW HATS!

We have just got in our spring styles of hats. Hard hats—hats for hard heads. Soft hats—hats for heads that might be called soft. Hats for young and old.

In fact we have Mr. Melville's usual good assortment, and under his especial supervision. New styles are out, as every one knows, and we are full of them.

MELVILLE & THORNBURY

Lindsay, March 11th, 1883.—27.

L. Maguire.

WIGGIN'S STORM!

is even a thing of the past and will soon be forgotten, but that which concerns everybody is the great

DELUGE OF BOOTS AND SHOES

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CHEAP CASH BOOT AND SHOE STORE

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TERMS, CASH.

L. MAGUIRE.

TRUNKS, SATCHELS, VALISES, &c.,

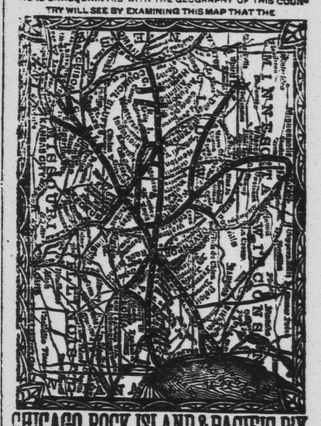
in great abundance and at wonderfully Low Prices.

Lindsay, March 15th, 1883.—27-2.

Albert Lea Route.

A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP THAT THE



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you do not believe—just call and see my goods and prices and be convinced. I will

TO GIVE THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE IN CASH

or give you more **Goods of my own make** (warrant them to give satisfaction) than any other house in town for the same amount of wool. Those wanting their wool manufactured can have it here and pay for

MANUFACTURING IT WITH WOOL 2CTS. PER LB. MORE THAN YOU CAN GET FOR YOUR WOOL IN TRADE.

My Custom Carding Machinery has been thoroughly overhauled and repaired, and I guarantee as good rolls as are made in Canada.

Those wanting Domestic Blankets of Flannel White or Grey, will find it profitable to call and see mine.

A good assortment of Tweeds and Fancy Flannels always on hand. Remember the Mills.

WM. DUNDAS

Lindsay Woollen Mills, Corner Bond and William-Sts. Lindsay.

Lindsay, May 23 1882.

James Wetherup.

KALSOMINES

—AND—

MIXED PAINTS

Any desired Color, ready for use, prepared by a Practical Painter. Only the best White Lead, Oil and Colors used.

Cans and Brushes supplied. Also a full stock BUILDING HARDWARE at Reduced Prices.

JAMES WETHERUP.

Lindsay, March 13th, 1883.—23.