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of the treat quality and lowest prices. Also impost, best and pheapest display of Pictures & Picture Frames in stock or to order. Now is the time to get four work done before the rise in price of glass, lumber, &c. takes effect.

MIRRORS AND MOULDINGS at Toronio Prices, Old frames renewed. Mirror plates resilvered. W. A. G. will formed the celebrated

Oil Painted Window Shades all widths, plain oronamented, by the yard or plees. Call and see samples. Agency for Park-in s. Toronto Steam Dyo Works. Artists' Materials. S. M. Needles etc. Saker's Slock, Near the Market, Eest Street, Lindsay Lindsay, Feb. 22, 1881, 24-18.

Mrs. G. H. Keeve.

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KANDSOME JEWELLERY, FANCY ARTICLES, TOYS Clock and Watches neatly repaired. Call at

Next door to Mr. Martin's Law Office. Lindsoy, Dec. 13, 1882, 11.

## The Canadian Lost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1889.

FAME.

Ah, Eate, cannot a man He wise without a beard? From East to West, from Heorsheba to Dan. Say, was it never heard. That wisdom might in youth begotten, It wit be rips before a was rotten.

He pays too high a price

For knowledge and for fame

Who gives his shows to be wise,
His tooth and bones to buy a name,
And crawls through life a paralytic
to carn the praise of bard and critic.

To dineard sleep through forly years. To dineard sleep through forly years, the loved by few, be feared by noise, laugh life away, have wine for tears, and take the mortal leap undanned.

ontent that all we ask is granted?

The seed of gods to die,

The seed of gods to die,

Nor soffer sense to win from wit

Its gneeden in the sky;

Nor let us hide, whate'er our pleasure,
The world's light underneath a measure

Go then, sad youth, and shine!
Go, sacrifice to Fame;
Fut love, joy, health, upon the shrine,
And life to fan the flanc!
Thy hapless soil for presses barter,
And die to fame an honored martyr.
H. F. France

FATED FAIRFAX.

A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR.

(Continued from test week.)

Chapter XI. EASTWARD HO!

My DEAR REGINALD: You will have already seen the birth of your son and beir in the paper, and no doubt were as come up to ue, and she always excuses norself wit hone ridiculous plea or another. A telegram from the housekeeper last Tuesday brought me down here the on impulse, she beckoned to Captain Fox same evening, and I found Alice very, very ill- so ill that for several days the doctors were straid to hold out any hopes of her recovery. I dared not write and with great reluctance he slewly foland tell you this last mail, but waited till this one, in hopes of sending you better news. Her youth and a wonderful constitution have pulled her through, and I may say that she is out of danger, though still extremely weak, and sub-

ject to prolonged fainting fite.

The life that she has led for the last few months has been the chief cause of her illness. Morris tells me that she need to walk for hours through the woods in all weathers, and took so little food that it is a wonder she did not die of simple inanition. She never dined, but simply went through the farce of sitting at table breaking up breadcrumbs, sending away the most tempting delicacies unto join a promenading dandy, muttering
to himself: That Mrs. Chambers sticks sasted. Poor motherless girl, angry as I at nothing; she is becoming faster and more foolish than ever! The idea of her for her; she is so unnocent, so utterly inexperienced, and so alone in the world- no idea he was such an ass. A regular thanks to herself, of course. If she had been a trusting wife, how happy and proud you would both be now! She is so good and patient I cannot help loving her, I have something to tell you, and forthin spite of myself. Her pride in her with she unfolded her tale from beginning baby is simply ridienlous, and very to end. When she came to the part where touching to see. To hear her you would she mentioned it as a joke his eyes literthink it was the first of its species, or at ally blazed, and he seemed with difficulty anyrate that nothing so beautiful and so to A mother at eighteen, and looking even silent. When she stopped to take breath younger, I tell her that no one will ever believe the child is here. She has about as much experience of babies as my Hilds with pardonable vehemence:

What have I ever done to deadly injury! Do you know that have I had been should be a splendid by a real Fairfax. If I were to declare that he was like you, you would say Rubbish, all babies are exactly alike!"

shaking only she looks so dreadfully fault and delicate. I really would. I meed not tell you that now, more then ever, it is hooves you to trace the false certificate. It is too provoking that you have not been able to get leave to go to Cheetapore and search personally. It is really a dreadful personally and he was a personally. It is really a dreadful personal personally and design and he was a personal personally and design and he was a personal search personally. It is really a dreadful-misfortune the register being lost, and the deegyman and clerk both dead; but money can do a great deal, and you are the last man in the world to spare it. I will write you again very shortly and hope to have good news from you before long. Your affectionate cousin,

HELEN MAYHEW. Helen kept her promise, and during her stay at Monkswood Reginald heard from her regularly; but neither line nor sage was ever enclosed from his wife, so neither line nor mossage was sent by He did not even mention her name in his letters letters which Helen could not refuse to Alice's wistful eyes-letters which Alice read with pale face and trembling lips; and returned without a

Two months later a bad attack of jungle fever procured Sir Reginald leave of absence. For months he had been like a bird beating against the bars of his cage to get away to Cheetapore, as letters, telegrams and enquiries of all kinds had been utterly useless in throwing any light on the mysterious certificate. But the colonel of the 17th Hussars was rather short of officers, and could not spare his emart young major, who had no claim whatever to leave, having so recently arrived from England; besides his partigular motto was, 'No leave,' and as an Irish sub once angrily expressed it, 'No leave, and as little of that as possible.'
At last Sir Reginald reached Cheeta-

pore, very much knocked up by the long journey, and a mere shadow of the man who had left it two years previously. The Twenty-ninth Dragoons, who had replaced his old regiment, hospitably took him in and 'put him up.' For two or three days he was prostrated by a reourrence of the fever, and fit for nothing. The first evening he was able to go out he went and called on the chaplain. He was not at home. Leaving a note to make an appointment, he went on to the band with one of his entertainers. As they drove around the circle, Miss Masonlolling back in her carriage, could scarcely believe her eyes, and Mr. Chambers, her once firm ally and now implacable enemy, could hardly trust here either. She said to one of the Twenty-ninth, who lounged up to her barouche: Who is that in the dog-cart with Captain Fox? He looks frightfully ill.

Oh, that's Fairfax of the Seventeenth Hussars. He has come down here on some mysterious errand or other. He would be very much better on his way to Europe instead. He looks as if he was going off the hooks, dosn't he? He looks very ill indeed. What on

earth brings him here. Well, if you won't repeat it, I'll tell you, coming closer and speaking confidentially. Strictly private, you understand.

Mum's the word.

Oh, of course! Well, I believe its about a marriage certificate which some one posted home from here, and has caused the most frightful unpleasantness in his family. He has a wife in England, so you may fancy there was rather a scrimmage. He was only just married, and to an awfully pretty girl, too, when this particular missive dropped in. She left at once, and he came out here with the Seventeenth. He has left no stone unturned to get the affair cleared up, but he has only managed to come down to see after it himself now leave stopped. I fancy he will make it pretty hot for the forger if he finds him

It's ten year's penal service, is it not! I am sure I don't know, replied the fair onlprit faintly, looking very white. But oh! if she could only be the means of getting Charlotte Mason transferred to Australia at government expense! How too delightful it would be? ignoring her own little share in the transaction. Did you say that his wife had left him! she asked. looking intently at Sir Reginald, whose dog-cart was drawn up close by.

So he told me. How ill and worn she looks, she though, gazing at him. Suppose he should die!- he looked as if he had death in his face. If he did, she would never know a moment's peace—never! She would make full confession and trust to his mercy. He would not be hard upon her, it was not her fault; it was Charlotte Visson's scheme, and Charlotte ought to be shown up, unmasked, and transported. Being a person who almost always acted as soon as her former cavalier had sanntered away, and asked him to tell Sir Reginald Fairfax that she wished to speak to him particularly. Much bewildered lowed the messenger to the carriage, where Mrs. Chambers, with a rather frightened white face, accosted:

l see you do not rememember me. Captain Fairfax? It quite shocks me to see you looking so ill. He bowed and muttered insudibly.

Wont you get into my carriage for a little, and we can talk over old times! seeing him hesitate, she bent over the side of the carriage and whispered in his ear: Its about the certificate.

With an alacrity she was quite unprepared for from his languid and delicate appearance, he accepted her invitation and took a seat opposite her, and turning his clear dark eyes upon her, looked as if he would read her very soul.

Meanwhile Captain Fox sauntered off case of 'Walk into my parlour said the spider to the fly.

Sir Reginald, said the spider to the fly, refrain from some exclammation

What have I ever done to Miss Mason or you that you should do me such a deadly injury! Do you know that the happiness of my life has been utterly de-The best of the same of the same of the stroyed by your 'joke,' as you are pleased to be called Manrice, after her father, and Mark and I are to be sponsore. I have just asked Alice if she had any meaning for you, and she has replied in a very low and subdued voice—none. I have no pattence with her. I should like to take beby out of her arms and give her such a last much believe that you have been utterly destroyed by your 'joke,' as you are pleased to call it? I must say that your and Miss Mason's reading of the word is very different to mine. The least you can do, and shall do, he said, looking at her sternly, will be to make out a written confection of everything, and send them: up to my quarters (Captain Fox's) to morrow. I am hardly believe that you have been

satellites, who, with elbows on the car, riage, and got-up with enormous care-had been regaling the fair Charlotte with scraps of the latest gossip—Miss Mason, he reiterated, I know all! There was an indigment tone in his voice and an angry light in his eyes that abe olutely cowed her and astounded her companions. You have forged an infamous lie, you have tampered with a church register, you have caused the greatest misery to a man who never wronged you, and to a girl you have never seen! You are a forger, he continued, almost choked between the two emotions which were struggling in his breast—joy and rago. Unless by to-morrow morning you have made a full and explicit written statement of the whole affair, duly signed and witnessed, shall submit the case to the cantonment magistrate, and you will be prepared to take the consequences. Penal servitude is what you deserve, he added with bitter sis, as with a parting look of unspeakable indignation he turned and made

his way through the crowd. His face was livid, his eyes burned like two coals. Captain Fox gazed at him in undisguised astonishment. Jove; he thought, what a temper the fellow must have. He looks ready to jump down the throat of all Cheetapore this instant. He is not a man I should care to trifle with. The fair Chambers has evidently put him out, to say the least of it.

Sir Reginala hurriedly took him aside, and in as few words as possible told him the story; and then Captain Fox's face was a study. His indignation knew no bounds. His expressions in connection with Miss Mason's name were startlingly strong and vehement, and he laid the whip about his unlucky harness hack as if he had the fair culprit herself between

Mrs. Chambers 'letter' arrived the following morning, and although somewhat more pressure had been brought to bearfon Miss Mason, her confession was received in due time. Both were enclosed to Mr. Mayhew, who was to read them and forward them to Monkswood.

Now she will, she must give in, thought her husband. In two months her letter will be out here, in three, please goodness,

It is hardly necessary to state that the handed in, and being assured that 'Missus whole story of the practical joke was all could see,' the hero of the hour followed. over Cheetapore in less than two days. Captain Fox was by no means reticent on this subject, which was soon known to all the dragoons, and from them filtered | with sympathy and condolence, which he to the cantonment in general. Sir Reginald was the object of universal sympathy, and interest was considerably augmented by the rumored youth and beauty of his wife. The whole incident had a the mock certificate was a very sore, disromantic flavour about it that gratified tasteful subject. the jaded palates of the Cheetapore monde, and it afforded them an universally nineday's wonder. As to Miss Mason, the letter from Alice? How he looked for-place was literally too hot to hold her. ward to mail days no one knew but him-She and her colleague were put into self; how buoyant were his spirits every 'Coventry' forthwith. Finding such a Saturday morning, how depressed that position unbearable, she took the earliest same evening, when tossing over the and going on a long visit 'up country.' But wherever she went the story was hew, one from his agent, and perhaps one whispered with various additions cela va from his tailor, but not a line from his sans dire; and to the end of her life she will have good reason to regret her practical joke.

THE NEILOHERRIES.

Our hero went to the Neilgherry Hills for the remainder of his two months' leave. It is quite beyond my pen to describe that lovely region, but in common with all who have been there I have an admiration amounting to a passion for the Blue Hills, I declare them to be the most salubrious, delightful, beautiful range in the whole world. If I were to attempt a detailed description of these most favored hills, I should fall so far short of their perfections that I should only incur the wrath and contempt of their many devoted admirers, so I shall content myself by merely giving a description of Sir Regi- long.

nald's journey up the Ghaut.

He arrived at the foot of the hills early one morning, having spent a night of heat, mosquitoes and consequent madness at Mettapollium. He rode up by the old road, which is nine miles to Coonor, in preference to driving up the new ghaut, a detour of sixteen miles. His thoughts were exceedingly pleasant, and he whistled uninterruptedly for the first two miles; but after a while the beautiful scenery he was passing through engaged his attention entirely, and more than once he stopped his horse and looked about in amuzed admiration. Oh, if Alice could only see it! If she were here, what ecstacies she would be in! was his frequent thought. As he journeyed steadily up, the close tropical vegetation was gradually left behind, the trees assumed a more European aspect, the air lost its thick steamy feel, and became every instant more rarified and pure. The path appeared to wind in and out through mountain sides clothed with trees and foliage of every description, a foaming river was tearing headlong down a wide rocky channel and taking frantic leaps over all impediments. The scenery was splendid. In spite of hunger and fatigue, Sir Reginald feit as if he could gaze and gaze for hours, and yet that his eyes would be unsatisfied. Wild roses and wild geraniums abounded on all sides; enormous bunches of heliotrope were growing between the stones lovely flowering creepers connected the trees, and as to the ferns—!

The graves of several engineers who had died when this old ghaut was being made were passed—poor lonely graves! and yet could those laid in them, so many thousands of miles away from their native land, desire to be buried in a more beauti-

At one side towered the 'Droog, 'crown ed by Tippoo's old fortress. The Droog itself, a bold bestling hill facing south, and most precipitous, seemed to stand as sentry to this garden of India. From the top of it you could look sheer down into the plains. It was on the opposite side of the river to the old ghant, and a long day's outing from Coonor. On its summit were the gray broken walls of the fort, very old and much dismantled, and from that they saw that Tippoo, when in an sugry mood, used to tose his unhappy prisoners down to the plains below. There it was that the Mahrattas made that last stand against the Patish and their last stand against the British; and their last stand against the Dritten, as they brought an enormous amount of treasure up from their strongholds in the platte, which treasure has never been recovered, the Droog is considered a highly interesting place for more reasons than

at one side of it and some one else at the other without either being aware of their mutual proximity. It was one mass of flowers, and smelt like ten thousand cherry-pies, and was one of the sights of the Neigherries. Sir Reginald, relaxed known on the Tonda Mund as one of the best and most inveterate" of tennis-players, and carried off the first prize at a tournament which took place during his

Touching the Toda Mund, there were no Todas there then; they had long removed themselves, with their black ringlets and sheet clothing, to a more remote region; but years previously the present lawn-tennis court ground had been the home of generations of these extraordinary

Sir Reginald returned to his regiment much better for his trip and received the congratulations of his friends on his improved appearance, and also on the discovery he had made at Cheetapore; and what had been the talk of all that station naturally came to the ears of his brother officers, and they boldly conversed of himself and wife as if they had known all along that he had been a married man The individual who had been so contempt uously scouted when he had declare that Fairfax was a Benedict Low found himself looked upon as a man of unusua pretension-in short, a second Daniel and for a short time his opinions were quoted at least 10 per cent above the usual regimental value.

As for Fairfax himself, a char certainly came over the spirit of his dream. He was an altered man: no more headlong solitary rides; no more moping in his own quarters. Attired in faulties garb of undoubted European origin, ne was led like a lamb, to make a series of calls among the chief nobilities of the place. 'Better late than never!' they mentally exclaimed when his card was handed in, and being assured that 'Missus His history was now as well known as if it had been published in the Pioneer, and the ladies of Camelabad overwhelmed him accepted with the best grace he could muster; but he shrank from speaking of his wife, save in the most distant and general terms; and it was easy to see that

As each succeeding mail came in he said to himself: Surely this will bring a table, he would find one from Mark Maywife. He heard from the Mayhews that Alice had received and acknowledged the confessions; and Mark, Helen and Geoffry each sent him a long letter full of indignation and congratulation. The burden of each of these epistles was same, although coucted in very different style and language; it said, 'Come home.'
Whenever his wife endorsed their wishes, he would leave Bombay by the following mail. This was what he had said to himself over and over again. Two months elapsed and no letter came not a line, not even a message. After making al lowance for every conceivable delay, he gradually and reluctantly relinquished all hopes of the ardentlyd esired missive and came to the conclusion that nothing now remained for him to think but that she wished their separation to be life-

TO BE CONTINUED.

All over the land are going into ecstacy over Dr. King's New Discovery, for consumption. Their unlooked for recovery by the timely use of this great life saving remedy, causes them to go nearly wild in its praise. It is guaranteed to positively cure severe coughs, colds, asthma, hay fever, bronchitis, hoarseness, loss of voice, or any affection of the throat and lungs. Trial bottle free at A. Higinbotham's drug store, Large size \$1.02.—25-B.

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A. Campbell-

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Market Baskets, Clothes Baskets. Dinner Baskets, School Baskets,

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Lindsay, March 28, 1883.

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Albert Lea Route.

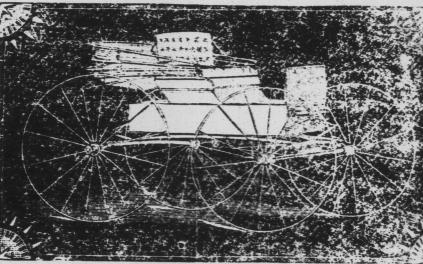
A MAN



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Joseph Maunder, Little Britain.



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THE CHAMPION

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Farmers wanting their Seeders repaired will do well to bring them in at once. We can relay the feet with net still he slumb steel and you can get them home with you the same day cious that a leading in all Bring in all your old Iron.

R. SYLVESTER

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Sulphur

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MIROUD ings will

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feeding locomotives and Stationary Boilers. Agent iddick, butch