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## The Canadian Post.

GINDSAY, PHIDAY, APRIL 27, 1888, FATED FAIRFAX.

A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR!

(Continued from last week.)

Chapter XIV

APPAIN HOM NOT ANNYER; HIM LIPS AND PALIS AND STILL. In spite of hard fare, no better than a trooper's in spite of being all day in the saddle and half the night on the alert, he had never looked better or chestier. His constitution appeared to be of iron, and he was perfectly indifferent to cold or heat, hunger or fatigue; or if not it was assumed that he was. His spirits and energy were untiring. The discomforts of camp life he treated as an excellent joke, and after dining heartily on ration best and dry broad, and having kept the company entertained with sailles, stories and toasts

of the junk the lores were under orders to set out that night. About one o'clock all the camp was astir. The moon had gone down, but the stars shone brightly nos sufficiently brightly, however, to make travelling pleasant, particularly for the cavalry, as the foad was out up by rarious watercourses and sullahs, in which more then one gallant husser come to erlof, and fished himself out with im-

erief, and fished himself out with impressions loud and deep.
After marching about eight miles the column came in sight of the enemy's free, and a helt was made till there was sufficient light to advance. As soon as the drest streaks of dawn became visible the cavairy were ordered to the front, and chiefly afterwards shots were heard, followed by a rush of hoofs betokening the fight and pursuit of the picket.

Two mi'es further on the force reached a kotal, from whence they could see the

krobe, from whence they could see the yelley beneath them, but not "amiling" it was aprintled with large bodies of the yelley beneath them, but not "amiling" it was aprintled with large bodies of the standards flying and drume beating, were evidently sounding the toots of war. The column halted on a ridge as they now the chimbs slowly advancing, and bringing their game to the front tried the effect of a few afielt. The result was excellent. The ownsy began to sheer of towards the hills, gandally retiring up the valler. Their movements were so rapid that the cavelry valuely manceuved to bring them to close queriers. They continued a steady but distinct retreat until they reached a large wiley emodded it hillocks and groves of churar trees. From rocks and other column of vantage a smart fire was opponed by the enemy. The Afaban Saider is by no means a bad weapon, and cartificate from the flaint filmer are not to be despited. Numerous isolated oragement attority from the rocks around the village made very good practice, but he main body of the enemy rounded the base of the hill and completely disappeared. It was generally supposed that they had already but their was stood from the ferringhess dearers to the village in order that they may not practice, but he main body of the enemy founded to be a mistake. It was senerally supplement that they are shown to be village in order that they shift was not from the ferring the second time it fired, a second hideous dearers to the village in order that they shift have the benefit of an enormous gun or kind of matchlook, fired from reste in the ground. The first time it was fired the ground. The first time it was fired the ground. The first time it was fired the ground of the Afghein wholy good inventions. They seemed to met had a fire and to the fall, were among them in a twinkling, and the affhir was soon the hill not the series of head to the safety of the first and select the first and regarded the first safety and as provended the first safety and as felicated the disc

tion, turned and waved his similard most incolently at the pittle force fellow, but a bullet from a Henry-Martini "dropped him" and put a fatai termination to him and his evolutione. The infantry spread all over the village and proceeded to five it. Several of the larger buildings were already in a blass, and many surrounding stacks of corn had been given to the flames when an incident occurred which nearly cost Sir Reginald his life.

An he was contaring down a narrow lit-

As he was cantering down a narrow lit-tle dusty lane, he observed two men with pickages standing in evident hesitation before the closed door of a large square

licining up his horse sharply he asked what they were about.
"Hes pardon, sir," repliedone of the men, saluting him, "but they say as 'ow the 'ouse is full of Hafghane, all harmed, and we are waiting for a party of the 207th before we venture inside, in case what they saw in tens."

"We will soon see," exclaimed Sir Regi-naid, jumping off his horse and giving the door a vigorous kick- au old rotten one it was and another kick sent it flying open. An ill-directed volley from several Jazaile greeted the intruder, and live Ghasis armod with tulwars, made for the street.

One of the shots had taken effect in Sir

One of the shots had taken effect in Sir Heginald's left arm, and parrying a desperate tulwar cut with his revolver, he closed with his assailant; but a frightful blow from the heavy stock of a native gun, delivered from belling, knocked him down insensible, and a Chezi was about to give him the coup de grace with a long Afghan knife when the sappers and infantry ourst in and oveverpowered the inhabitants, inaking short work of them with bayonet and revolver.

The struggle in which Sir Reginald had been engaged had not lasted more than half a minute, and when his mes came up to the scene of action and found him to all appearance dead their fury and grief knew no bounds. Two wounded Ghazis, who had been granted quarter, relinquished all hopes of life when they saw the many lierce and murderous looks which were at times turned upon them; and when the general, his side-de-camp and one of the officers of the humans came, calleding up It is Toxic, bracing up the organs of di-gestion. Dienretic, seting mildly but increasingly on the Kidneys. Larative, acting on the Liver. Stomach and consternation, they felt the gratifying conviction that at any rate they had killed a Kaffir of some importance.

He certainly looked as if he was dead as he lay in the narrow little street with his head resting on the knee of his brother officer. His eyes were closed, over his face the pallor of death seemed already to be creeping. His blue and gold uniform was torn and disfigured with dust and blood, and his left arm hung by his side in such a helpless, unnatural position that it did not need a second clange to see that it was not need a second glance to see that it was badly broken. However, he was not dead, only wounded and insensible. He was carried in a dhooly to the permanent camp (a two days' march) and theseveral doctors with the brigade held a consultation on his case, whilst his anxious friends, brother officers and men slike, hung around the tent and wated for the verdict. Great was the relief to hear that, if fever did not supervene, there was nothing serious to be apprehended, but that it would be many a lay before Sir Reginald would again lift

precarious, and many were the enquirtes that beset the medical officer inattendance on the patient. He was a short, round-about elderly man, with beetling brows and a gruff voice, but underneath his rough, rude exterior there lurked a really

An he was leaving the hospital one morning he was accosted by one of the "boys" of the Seventeenth, who overwhelmed him with enquiries, "How is Fairfax this morning?" ther subort in a breath.

The doctor rubbed his chin and looked he would turn in to his seven foot tent, at them reflectively; the two youths were wrap himself in his military cloak, and connected in his mind with reminiscences of them, who here the sobriquet of "But-tons," being about the cheeklest and coolest young gentleman he had ever come across, and both displayed an extraordin-ary aptitude for practical jokes. ary aptitude for practical jokes.

"He is not going to give you a step this time," replied the doctor, preparing to pass

"A step! I would not take it if he did," returned Buttons vehomently, standing in

returned Buttons vehemently, standing in front of the doctor.

"Oh, not you," retorted the medico, in a scornful tone. "Fairfax would—nay, if he has a relapse, will—give three steps. As things are now, a man must stand on his comrade's grave for promotion, and you are just the very last young gentleman to keep yourself in the background. You would take the step sharp enough if you got the chance and were not passed over."

"I don't know about stepping on Fairfax's grave, as you call it," replied Buttons quickly, his face crimson with anger; "but I know some people's graves I could diance on with pleasure," accompanying the remark with a look of the utmost significance.

"Ah, you don't really mean it? Why are rou all in such a desperate state about this fellow? Why is he singled out as an object of so much anxiety and attention? As a general thing, when a man dies up here it is not 'Poor So and so if dead—what kind of a kit had he? And away you all tear and bid for his body! Why such great concern about this young major? He has a first-class kit, as kits go, and a couple of good sound horses."

"You are quite a new-comer, Dr. Benactt," said the other hussar, who had not hitherto spokes.

"Only a recent arrival," very loftily, "or you would not talk like this."

"Fairfax keeps us all going:" then warming to his subject, "he is the best fellow in the world, always thinking for others, always doing the work of three, He looks after the men; he manages the mess; and he—""Ah, now I can understant asserts."

"Ah, now I can understand your anxiety," interrupted Dr. Bennett, contracting his fleroe brows. "The light breaks at last! The squalld feeding that is set before us, the horribly mysterious joints and leather steaks are now accounted for. The mess butler has it all his own way now that the mess president is sick?"

"You are quite welcome to adopt this view of the subject if you like," said husser number two, very angrily; "to some people their food is their only object of interest."

people their food is their only object of interest."

"Well, well," said the doctor, surveying the two wrathful young faces before him, and bursting into a loud laugh, "I must try and patch up this interesting patient of mine for many reasons, chiefly because he understands the art of snubbing bumptious boys and keeping them in their right places. I am sure it is a mercy that some one can control them, for it is a task that is utterly beyond me," muttered the gallant surgeon-major, as he walked rapidly away to his eagerly anticipated breakfast. There had been a struggle among Sir Reginald's friend's for the post of chief nurse; but his own man Cox would not yield the place to any one, and they found their would-be office a sincoure. An excellent, firm and gentle nurse himself, a worse patient than Sir Revisald could scarcely be found. So impatient of being kept in bed, so restless is it—toesing and tumbling to and tro, regardless of his wounded arm. Perfectly dear to all blandishments that induced him to take proper medicine and nourishment, he would him nurses to their wite' end and working himself into a fever.

One night, at the very height of hie illness, when he was lying in a kind of stuper, the dector came in on hie way from more and felt hie pulse and temperature. Standing at the foot of the camp-bed, he eyed hie patient dublously for some moments.

with grave isquiring eyes. To judge from his sorrowful and solemn face he thought as badly of the patient as did his human friends.

The two officers had not forgotten the doctors' injunction, and proceeded to search over the desk for keys, desk, letters and addresses. They found a small and most unpresuming little leather desk, which they turned out and ransacked. It contained paper and envelopes, some letters and a cheque-book, but not one of the letters was in a lady's hand or bore the signature of Fairfax. After some discussion they agreed to write to the Honorable Mark Mayhew, who seemed a frequent correspondent.

As they were tumbling out the contents of the desk they came upon a cabinet photograph, a half-length likeness of a slender garl in white dress, with a smile in her eyes, and a fox terrier in her arms.

"Hullol" exclaimed Mr. Harvey, stooping to pick up the carte from where it had

to pick up the carte from where it had fallen on the floor, face upwards. "I say, who is this?" regarding the treasure-trove

with wide open eyes,
"That is his wife!" replied Captain Vaughan, looking over his comrade's shoulder. "Is she not lovely?"

"Lovely indeed," replied Mr. Harvey, refusing to let the photograph out of his hand, and gazing at it with the eyes of a connoisseur. "I don't wonder now that fairfax turned up his nose at the pale-faced beauties at Camlabad. Now I can understand his contempt for our taste, and the commisseration with which he regarded

us when we talked of beauty."
"If anything does happen to him, poor fellow," said Captain Vasghan, nodding toward the patient, "I suppose it will be a terrible hard blow to her; but I must confess I can't make head or tale of his domes-tic affairs. You may be sure there is something queer about her or he would never stay out here alone; and he never alludes to his wife any more than if she

"You saw her on board the trooper, Vaughan; is she really as pretty as this?" murmured Mr. Harvey, still wholly absorb-

murmured Mr. Harvey, still wholly absorbed in the photograph.

"Much prettier," returned his companion briefly. "Here! you can't go on staring at that all night! We must set to work and write this letter, the mails go down tomorrow morning. I don't half like the job I can tell you; and if anything does happen to Fairfax," here he winked away an unusual moisture in his bold blue eyes—"I shall beffrightfully cut up myself."

The two officers having at length put their heads together, concocted the follow-letter to Mr. Mayhew:

"Dran Sir,—It is with much regret that I inform you of the very serious illness of Sir Reginald Fairfax, and I have been desired by the doctor in attendance to prepare

sired by the doctor in attendance to prepare for the gravest consequences. Sir Reginald was wounded by some Ghazis after the capture of a village, he having had the foolhardiness to enter their house alone, knowing it to be full of armed men. He has a broken arm, and is only clowly He has a broken arm, and is only slowly recovering from concussion of the orain caused by a blow ou the back of the head and latterly he has had to contend with a severe attack of malarious fever. I need hardly mention that he has the best attention of my brother-officers and myself, and everything that can be done for him in such an ont of the way next of the way. been most carefully carried out. We can only hope and trust that his youth and only hope and trust that his youth and vigorous constitution may yet a sert themselves and shake off the fever now wasting him away. I have been unable to find his wife's address; will you be so good as to break the news to her or forward this letfer to her residence. Yours faithfully, GRORGE VAUGHAN,"

No sooner had the above been concluded closed, and stamped than the patient sud-denly woke up in his senses. After lan-guidly gazing at his friends for some time, his eyes fell on the rifled deak and hiwife's photograph. To his gesture of amazement Captain Vaughan hurriedly

amazement Captain Vaughan hurriedly replied:

"Fairfax, my dear fellow, I know you think we have been guilty of the greatest liberty; but we had to ferret out vour friends' address by the doctor's ordera."

"Had you! Am I so bad as all that?" he asked in a low tone. Receiving no reply, he added, as if to himself: "I suppose I am, I feel very weak and queer; but I must write a line myself," he said, looking at Captain Vaughan gravely.

"Non-ense! It would be sheer madness. I won't allow it. One of us will write at your dictation."

I won't allow it. One of us will write at your dictation."

"No, no! Impossible!" he answered firmly. "Not to my wife. I must write to her at any coet," he continued, raising himself feebly; and taking her photo in his hand, he gased at it long sud wistfully, then laid it down with a sigh.

"Get me a draught of that fizzing mixture, please, and fix me up so that I can write."

ture, please, and fix me up so that I can write."

Having carried his point, as usual, he commenced, with great labor, to trace a few lines, the beads of prespiration on his forehead testifying to the effort they cost him. Ere he had written twenty words the pen dropped from his fingers, and he fell back on the pillow completely exhausted. "I see itsno use," he muttered to himself. Then looking earnestly at Cantain Vaughan he said: "You are going home; go and see her. Take her my watch and aw ord, they will do for the boy." He faltered, and his voice sank so low that his friends could hardly catch his next almost insudible words; they were: "Tell her I forgive her; tell her I loved her always; tell her —"Here his message came to an end, for he had fainted.

Great was the consternation of his friend,

iad rainces.

Great was the consternation of his friend, the wrath of the hastily summoned doctor, the smothered indignation of Cox.

The patient remained unconscious for a considerable time, and when he same to himself he fell into a deep, sound sleep, which lasted for hours. The crisis was passed; next morning he was a shade better, and from that day forward commenced

ter, and from that day forward commenced a slow but strady recovery. In six weeks' time, the regiment having been ordered back to India in consequence of the treaty of Gundamuk, he was invalided home, sorely against his will. Vafuly he begged to be allowed to go to Murree—to any hill station they liked; to Australia even—for a six months' tour. But the doctors were firm—Dr. Bennett especially so—home he must go.

"There is no place that will set you up like your navive land," quoth Dr. Bennet. "That pretty young wife of yours had a narrow escape of never seeing you again. I've a good mind to drop her a letter and tell her what a headetroug patient she will have to deal with,"

or not was left as open question, thing was plain. he must leave India, He reached Bomhay by easy stagus, completely restored by the sea young landed at Southampton a month I

without waiting for a reply of any kind,
It turned on his heel and departed.

Captain Vaughan and Mr. Harvey declared over any over again that they did
inot agree with the doctor, but each made
a mental reservation to himself; "Their
patient certainly was not mending." As
they glanced auxiously toward him, they
were more than ever struck by his worn
and sunken features, his hurried, labored
breathing, and the startling contrast between his dark hair said ghandly white
a agreat shaggy monster, something like a
coilie, with a dark grey coat and pointed
care, sat on his haunches, with his nose
resting on the bed, surveying his master
with grave inquiring eyes. To judge from
his sorrowful and solemn face he thought
as badly of the patient as did his human
Moonkswood was a good sized, reo brick the next generation but the house and demonstrations.

A succession of lucky speculations and prodent marriages had restocked the Fairlax purse, and Sir Reginald's grandfather, instead of gambling at Arthur schockford's or White's, as was the fashion in his day, being, on the contrary of a thrifty turn of mind, purchased Looton; which a cardplaying owner had brought to the hammer, and it became the family seat. Still all the Fairfaxee were at least buried at idonkswood, and during the season it was generally visited for wood-cock shooting, for which its thick woods were now famous. Moonkswood was a good sized, rea brick house, hideous and rambling, and inconvenient to the last degree. It was a rare collection of architecture on a a small scale house, hideous and rambling, and inconvenient to the last degree. It was a rare collection of architecture on a a small scale as a room had been added here, a window knocked out there, according to the sweet will of the reigning Fairfax. It was approached by a long drive, skirted on one side by a thick laurel cover, and on the other side by a broad open demesne, dotted about with some splendid timber, oak and copper beach in particular. The house was entered by a shallow flight of steps and heavy portice, leading into a lofty oakpaneiled hall, opening on one side into the drawing room and tea room, and on the other into the dining room and library.

The drawing-room side looked out on a grand old fashioned pleasure ground; the dining room "gave"—oh horror!—on the yard—a yard large enough for a barrack square, with a long range of loose boxes and deserted stalls and coach houses. A couple of saddle horses and Miss Saville's pet ponies, I weedle Dum and Tweedle Dee. revelled at least in pienty of room. Upstairs the house was still more old fashioned than below; fire-places in corners abounded; cupboards broke out in the strangest places; and there were various passages leading everywhere in general and nowhere in particular, as you angrily discover when, having followed one down to its source as you flatter yourself, you open a fine promising looking door, and find a set of empty

flatter yourself, you open a fine promising looking door, and find a set of empty shelves staring you in the face! On the other hand you are disagreeably surprised when, on bursting open the door of what you take to be a cupboard, you find your self precipitated down three steps into a large room. Huge four post beds and furniture to correspond were de rigneur, and and there was an old world feeling about the place attorner to the place altogether, as if it had gone to sleep one hundred years ago, and awoke greatly surprised to find itself in the present century. The furniture would have been the ne plus ultra of luxury in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

A. Campbell.

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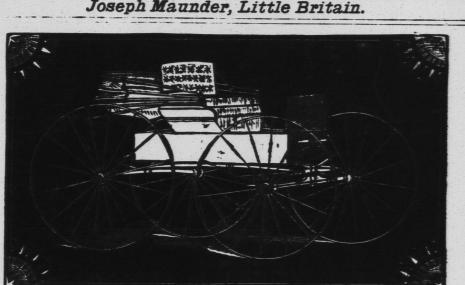
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