The Great Herbal Tonic, Blood Purifier, and Constitutional Catarrh Cure.

-OFFER EXTRAORDINARY!-EVERY BOTTLE IS GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED AS FOLLOWS:-

ONE TO Two bottles will cure ordinary Constipation, leaving no other ten-dency to that condition.

ONR TO THREE bottles will purify the complexion from Sallowness and Pimples, sweeten foul breath and renovate a debilitated system.

ONE TO SIX bottles, by cleansing the blood improving the general health, and fortifying the system against taking fresh colds, will in all cases relieve and in most cases cure ordinary catarrh. Do not forget this fact.

ONE TO THREE OF four bottles will cure Rheumstism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Gout, Sait Rheum, licers and most Skin Discussor

ONE TO THERE bottles will correct all de-rangements of the Kidneys or Liver. It is Toxic, bracing up the organs of digention. Dieuretic, acting mildly but increasingly on the Kidneys. Laxative. acting on the Liver, Stomach and Howels. Nervine, just what everyone wants as a Spring Medicine.

Frice One Dellar. Sold in Lindsay by A SIGINDOTHAM, Dragger ... 1989- 17.

The Canadian Zost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1888. TOO BARLY.

Birdle with a 'roubled mate,
You have come too early:
Spring hath loitered now so late,
Winter's old and surly.

Winter is a landlord grim
To such early comers;
Cheerless are his chambers dim.

How you came to win her! Were you swift, another slow? Say, you lucky sinner!

Maybe you are not a spouse."
But a trickey wooer,
Who hath promised awaeter boughs
That another to her. Maybe youare bride and groom

On a wedding visit; Then the world is all in bloom, And an Eden is it. Maybe though the wedding-ring is a trifle rusty.
And the sharer of thy wing Grows a moment crusty.

Doth she with a cruel shrug Of a promise twit you! Bring a bit of happy slug.

Hirdie, don't you think we know Something of your pickle! How the brightest joke you grow Nover seems to tickle!

How the sweetest thing you do fath no sweetness in it.
How you're interrupted, too,
Every busy minute! Hirdie, keep your temper, dear. Humor all her humors! Spring is leitering so near,

lumor of her rumors. N. Y. Independent.

FATED FAIRFAX. A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR.

(Continued from last week.)

Chapter XVII. THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

It was all very well to say, "Say on," but new was she to begin! Now that she had coged her bird she began to realise the deleate tack that lay before her. She well knew that it was a proverbially thankless and dangerous mission to interfere beween husband and wife; and Regy, though had often stood a little boy at her knee, and come to her with all his grievances, Was now a man, known to be clever, disiguished and thoroughly able to think ed act, not only for himself but for others. well he looked in his mess-dress, so based, soldier-like and handsomer [than

classed behind his head, regarding her with lazy amusement.

She must begin, she thought, somehow, and forthwith broke the ice clumsily enough by earing: "Had you a pleasant even-

ing, Regy?

"A pleasant evening!" he echoed. "Why, you foolish old lady you never mean to say that you have sat up till nearly two o'clock to ask me such a question?

"No, not quite," she replied, laughing nervously. "The truth is, Regy—and don't think I am inhospitable, or want to turn you out, or anything—" And she paused.

"Well, and what is the truth, as you call it?" he asked, brusquely.

"Well, and what is the truth, as you call it?" he asked, brusquely.

"When are you going to Monkswood?"

"To Monkswood!" he repeated, suddeply atting erested and looking fixedly. "That is easily answered—never!"

"Oh, Reginald, you can't mean it! Do you not wish to see Alice or the boy!"

"We will not speak of Alice now, if you please," he said gravely. "I have nothing is say to her; but you must manage that I shall see the boy somehow, Helen. Could you set him up here for a few days! I am off to Norway with Fordyce the end of the mionth."

month."

"I am quite sure that Alice would never allow him out of her sight, and I will never have him here without his mother. Do you mean me to understand that you will not suffer me to speak to you about her?" she asked botly.

"I do. Not even with you, Helen, my mere than sister, will I discuss my wife—

"Then," exclaimed Helen, with rising indignation, "things are at a deadlock. After will not speak of you to anyone, you will not suffer me to mention her name, and nother of you will have anything to say to the other. I know I could reconcile you both were you not so inconceivably prope and stiffnecked."

"Look here, Helen," he said, rising and will animple to puce about the room, "I know you mean well and hiddly, but take my said the man well and hiddly, but take my said the man well and hiddly, but take my said the man well and hiddly, but take my said or best pairt. Our marriage was a tremendous blander; we both know that now. I have blander; we both know that now. I have midesvored to forget the I have ever had pwife. Alter and I are utter strangers, he has guardian I have taken excellent fare of his histories as far as if he in my lawrer; but as her husband I have done out his place.

white hands toward him with a gusture of

Are you mad, Regimild, to talk like this? You do not know what you are mying. It is very easy to repudiate your wife to me; but when you do it publicly what will people say? Have you thought of that? What would you yourself say of a young couple who married for love, separated almost in their honeymoon, the husband to go to India, the wife to shut herself up in the country?

"I would say nothing," he interrupted 'Why should It"
"Wait! I have not finished," she coutled
and hastily. "The husband, after an absence of three years, returns; comes to London, mixes freely in society, but never goes to see his young wife. You must remember that you are Alice's guardian as well as her husband; she has no father or mother, nor any relation in the world to protect her good name except yourself and leoffrey, and he is only a boy." "Geoffrey!" he exclaimed, contemptuous-

"You don't know what you are doing, Regy," she pleaded. "If you go abroad, as you have arranged, without seeing Alice

you have arranged, without seeing Alice you will do her a great injury in the eyes of the world. Your friends know there is an extrangement between you; at least, for the sake of appearance, patch up a truce at any rate."

"I am not a hypocrite, and I will do nothing of the kind," he muttered angrily, drawing back and endeavoring to release himself from his cousin's grasp, for she had actually button-holed him.

It was useless; she was a pertinacious woman, and she would be heard.
"Do not go," she entreated. "I never see you alone now, and I must gain my point
I must indeed. You will hear me. It is all very well to say you have ceased tolook on Alice as your wife—which I do not be lieve—but at any rate you cannot forget that she is the niother of your child, can you?" she select, with an emphasis that would not have disgraced Mrs. Siddons.

No reply. "Silence gives consent, I see, she added triumphantly as she continued, "and as the mother of your child surely you would wish her to be honored and respected, if not for her own sake at least for his?" An impatient gesture of assent was his

eply. "Think of the life of retirement and se clusion she has lead; surely that has been

'Who is talking of punishment?' he ex laimed, forcibly removing Helen's hand. "She has never left home nevertheless, in spite of all our invitations, with the exception of a short visit this spring. You don't know the furore she created; we used to be quite mobbed walking in the Row."

A very unamiable scowl was the only no-

tice he deigned to this remark.
"You have no idea how lovely she urged impressively.
"Have I not?" he replied dryly.

"No; how can your-you have not seen her for ages. She is greatly changed in every way; no longer the giddy impulsive member. If you only knew how distracted she was when you were so dan-gerously wounded."

"Pray how can you tell!" he asked with raised howe and a certain amount of sarcastic incredulty in his expression.
"I know all about it from Miss Saville. She told me that during the week that followed Captain Vanghan's letter Alice fretted away to half her size, and that her great grief and misery were painful to wit-Perceiving that he was gradually waver-

ing, she urged:
"You will have to go down to Monkswood, my dear Regy, if only for the sake of public opinion. Go as her guardian at any rate; putting your wife aside, it is your duty to go and see your ward. You will go, if only for a few weeks," she entreated

"Yes, I will go," he replied slowly and with an evident effort. "I never looked at the subject from your point of view before. I see that it is necessary for me to study appearances, but I only go as her guardian, recollect. You are very eager in the matter, Helen, and very pressing; but Alice is by no means so anxious to see me as you

imagine."
"She is! she is!" cried Heien, in whose case the wish was father to the thought. "And as for you," laving her hand affec-tionately on his shoulder, "you know you are very fond of her all the time, and that in your heart you are dying to see her-

in your heart you are dying to see nernow are you not?"

"What would be the good of telling you?" he replied evasively. "At any rate, Alice does not care two straws about me. I know her far better than you do, Helen, wise as you think yourself. I know her private opinion of me; but confidences between married people are sacred," he added with a bitter smile. "I suppose she knows that I have come home?" he asked abruptly after a short allence. fter a short silence.

"Ob, yes; I wrote and told her of your "And what did she say?" he said with

unconcealed eagerness.
"Well, strangs to say, Regy, she never answered my letter. But then, you know," she added with an awkward laugh, "what a very bad correspondent she is."
"A very bad correspondent, as you say," he replied, with such emphasis that Helen looked amaged.

he replied, with such emphasis that Helen looked amazed.

"Tell, me, Regy, has she never written to you?" she enquired, with solemn eyes.

"Then to-morrow or next day I shall start for Monkswood," he observed, completely ignoring her question.

"Do, my dear boy," returned Helen, with effusion; "you don't know how glad I am to hear you say so. Mark and Geoffrey and I will follow you the end of the week and pay a visit to Alice, which your arrival has somewhat postponed."

"Well, now I suppose I may go to bed?" said Reginald, taking up his candle and looking at his cousin interrogatively. "You have said your say and carried your point, have you not! I am not at all sure that you are not sending me on a fool's errand, Helen."

"I am very sure that I am not, Regy.

"I am very sure that I am not, Regy. You will be grateful to me some day, though now I dare say you think me a tiresome, meddlesome busybody. You look awfully tired and fagged, so I won't keep you any longer. Good-night!" she con-cluded, holding up her cheek to be kiss-

As the door closed on him a triumphant smile broke over her face. "He is all right at any rate. If Alice were as easily managed or talked over all would be as it ought to be in no time. I am only sorry that I did not make this opportunity before," said Mrs. Mayhew aloud, as she turned to seek her well carned repose, firmly persuaded that she had achieved a triumph.

Sir Reginald kept his promise and went down to Monkewood, "solely in the character of Alice's guardian," he kept telling himself. "Perverse girl, never would be own her as his wife, until she has made complete submission." And yet in his heart of hearts how ardently he longed to see her? How he recurred again and again to what hise Saville had told Reien! If they met alone who could tell but that she would encircle his neck with her slim fair arms and wheper a petition for forgiveness, for pardon—if she only knew how readily, how eagerly he would grant it?

The nearest station to Munkewood was Manieter, a cathedral and garrison town five miles on. Here he procured a fly, and with Cox and a pertmantesu started without delay.

out delay.
Arrived at Monkewood he told the driver Arrived at Monkewood he told the driver to go round to the yard and get refreshment will and hiddly, but take my read on the yard and get refreshment will never alone. We get outlest for man and best, and destring the service to for met and he off room who for mether was a transmission by the steps. The service to forget the finance over med to forget the finance over med to forget the finance over med to for any it is in my repetitive and her dress taken and souther and happiness are far as it is in my forget he had been watering up and the repetitive and beckengt her visitor into the literary overwhelming has withing up and the repetitive and beckengt her visitor. In reply to care of his she and that Alice was still in from rebust, or no particular and the project of her his and beckengt her visitors. In reply to care of his she and that Alice was still in from rebust, or no particular and before his she and the first his she and that Alice was still in from rebust, or no particular and the first his she and the firs

"Yes, she heard of your arrival some days ago; but I think she scarcely expected to see you here," replied Miss Saville.
"Did she not! And why not, may I en-

quiref"
"Bo not suquire of me; Resimilé—you and Alice are the best judges of your affairs. I have never interfered finant way, as you are aware. Alice if the proper person answer your question. Naturally, son to answer your question. Naturally, she is deeply hurt—I can see that. You

A footman who had just entered was quietly motioned away during this conver-sation, and went down stairs in great ex-

"Well, I'm blessed, Mrs. Morris, if there isn't a strange young man in the library, and the old lady holding a-forth to him like one o'clock, and he signs me out of the room as cool as you please!"

"What is he like!" enquired a chorus of

naid-servants. "Oh, he's a tail, dark swell, that looks as if the whole place belonged to him."
"And so it does," said Cox, his man, coming in and banging down his dressing-case. "If he is not master here I'd like to know who is "

"Lor', Mr. Cox, what a start you have give us! And is it really Sir Reginald himseiff" cried Mrs. Morris, rising. "You can use your eyes, Mrs. Morris. There he goes down the steps." An immediate rush was made to the

vindow to catch a glimpse Yes, sure enough, there he was, walking owards the pleasure grounds with Miss

Saville.

'Thank God, he looks well and strong!"
said Mrs. Morris with fervor, following his
retreating figure with tears in her eyes.

'My! what a handsome gentleman!" exclaimed the enthusiastic housemaid. 'If ne does not suit her she is hard to please, an't she. Polly?"

"Brown, please to remember yourself," said Mrs. Morris, sharply.
"Not but that," she added, relaxing, "all the Fairfaxes are good-looking. Many a time I carried him in my arms the same as

do Master Maurice. Ay, it seems but the other day. "I little thought that you would ever see him again alive, ma'am; it was touch and go with him once, I can tell you," observed

ox, gravely.
"I must go now and see about dinner," seizing her keys and bustling about, "but you will tell me all about it when you dine with me by and-by, Mr. Cox," said Mrs. Morris, as followed by the footman and nousemaid she hurried from the room.

Chapter XVIII.

"MARY, IT IS MY HUSBAND!" Alice and Mary were to be found under the cedars, a very favorite resort of theirs those August evenings. A round wicker table stood between them, upon which were all the requirements of afternoon tea. Alice, leaning back in a low garden chair, was reading to Mary, who was knitting, "A Princess of Thule." How pretty she looked! The sun glancing through the sombre branches fell in stray flecks on her with quantities of lace and knots of pale-blue ribbon. She was twirling acarnation in her fingers as she read. But there was a grave, melancholy expression in her face ad to see in one so young. Coming to the end of a chapter she paused and exclaimed,

"Well, I must confess, the Princess of small provocation. Don't you think so. Molly, instead of replying, said, as she gazed intently over Alice's head:

"Why, who is this young man coming over here with Miss Saville "Young man!" echoed Alice indifferent-ly, and without turning her head; "oh, it must be the postmaster. Auntie promised him a quantity of geranium and carnation cuttings

"Does the postmaster wear well-cut garments and a dark moustachef Is the postmaster a gentleman?"

"No, you ridiculous girl," "turning and looking over her shoulder. After a minute's dead silence, "Mary," she gasped, "it is my husband." Her face was deadly pale as she raised it to her friend's, and letting the book slip from her knees she rose and leant against the tree with both her hands pressed to her heart. The cedar was between her and the house, and she had time to recover herself As he approached she looked at him keen-ly. Had he borne the traces of his recent wounds and fever, and looked a war-worn invalid, her woman's heart would have in-stantly melted, but as he came across the grass his step was as buoyant, his eyes as keen and his bearing as gallant as ever. A thousand thoughts seemed to crowd to her brain, her heart beat as though it was about to choke her, she was trembling from head to foot as, with all the composure she could muster, and without meeting his glance, she gave him her hand in sil-

Miss Saville promptly introduced Mary "You and I ought to be friends, Miss Ferrare; I was your brother's fag at Eton, and many a thrashing he gave me. Don't you think that that constitutes a tie be-

ween us! He made the above speech in order to give Alice time to compose herself; and self-possessed as he seemed, his heart was bounding wildly, too.

"I hope you are now quite strong, Alice," he said, looking at her with evident concern, for her face was as white as ashes.
"Quite, thank you," was her laconic reply as she seated herself. Her knees were trembling so that she dared not and could not stand any longer.
"Give us some tea, my dear," said Miss.

Saville, who fortunate appeared to grasp the situation, and tea was made; and as it was handed about a certain amount of convergation began to circulate. London and Reginald's visit so the Mayhews, his pas-Reginald's visit so the Mayhews, his passage home, the latest news from the east, formed in turn, topics of discourse. Alice scarcely opened her lips. Sir Reginald might have been a casual visitor who had just dropped in for all the warmth, symathy, or interest displayed by his wife. A more uncomfortable quartet seidom took testogether. No one would suppose that the pale haughty looking girl and the dark broused young man, so leisurely sipping his tea, were husband wife, and had only met within the last ten minutes after a separation of years.

within the last ten minutes after a separation of years.

Mary Ferrars gazed from one to the other
in silent amazement. Although outwardly
calm, conflicting emotions were waging
war in their bosoms.

She was thinking: "If I don't manage
to get away I shall disgrace myself—I shall
burst out crying. This lump in my throat
will choke me." He was thinking: "Helen
was dreaming. This notion of hers was
one of her most superb flights of imagination. I was a fool to listen to her. She was
dreaming," he repeated, as he looked at his dreaming," he repeated, as he looked at his wife; and certainly in that pale set face there was no sign of either welcome or re-

These thoughts were interrupted by their merry, beld faced boy, who trotting past Sir Reginald, far ahead of his grave and stately nurse, rushed up to Alice saying: "Tve come for cake."

"Yes, yes, my darling!" replied his mother, stooping over his dark curis. "Presently. Go over first and speak to that gentleman, and kies him."

"Who is he, mother?" he saked, turning round and gasing at Sir Reginald with the facsimile of his own eyes—in fact the child's face was such a, striking reproduction of his own-that he himself could not help seeing the likeness. He was a splentid her, of whom the father, were his a line. tion of his own that he himself could not him seeing the Histories. He was a splentlid key, of whom his figher, were he a king, might well by prove he a king, make well by prove he a king, his upwise little prove against after, and the owner has he was a little prove against

"He is your father," she faltered. and speak to him, Maurice." She could not refrain a glance of mother ly pride as she pushed her hoy with gentle force toward his other parent. But Mau-rice, who had inherited all his father's de-likem; ion and decision of character, calmly

much pride, and hand, stuck in his blouse, is a soldier, and rides a horse with a long tall, and wears a sword and a red coat, and fights people. You," said he, nodding his head towards Sir Reginald, "are just like any body else."
"Come here, air," said his father, stretch-

out an arm; and, much to every one's amazement, the boy went quietly over and stood at his knee.

"I am a soldier; but I have got a holiday.
You don't know what that is yet, do you?
I have done with soldiers for awhile, and have put away my sword and my red coat, out I'll show them to you some day, if you

"Will you?" said the child, with awe-struck eyes; "and will you lend me your sword to play with, for I'm going to be a soldier, too, some day?"
"Are you, indeed? I'm afraid I can't lend you my sword, but perhaps I might ouy you a little one instead. Suppose you come and sit on my knee and tell me all about

yourself?"
So Master Maurice, nothing loath, climbed up; and Alice, with a beating heart, saw her child in her husband's arms for the first time. The two faces were so much alike, and yet so different; she could now compare together, if she dared, but ahrank from meeting her husband's eyes.

Maurice was completely fascinated by the strange gentleman, and regarded him

with mingled curiosity and delight.
"Are you my father?" he asked, incred-

"And why did you not come to see me before!" Here was an embarrassing question. "Because I have been in India," was the

evasive reply. "And are you come to stay at home now!" Momentary pause. Without waiting for a reply, he pursued: "I've seen your picture often. Alice keeps it in a locket, that one," pointing a firm brown finger at his unfortunate mother, and raising a scorching blush to her hitherto pale face. 'She says I am to love you very much-as

"Do you love her!" continued this pitiless innocent; "do you love Alice?"
Reginald, painfully embarrassed, cast about for a reply. In desperation he ans-

"Of whom are you speaking, Maurice? It is not possible that you call your mother "Yes, sometimes; and so do Aunt Mary and Miss Ferrars."

"Well, you are not to do it any more, re-nember. Now tell me your name?" said his father, catechising in his turn. Maurice Regi - naid Fairfax. So he had not been wholly forgotten

'Past two, long time. How old are you?" "Past twenty this long time. Are you a good boy, do you think?"
"Alice knows," he replied, nodding with easy confidence towards his mother. 'Yes, Alice knows," said she, rising quickly and stretching out her Alice know's that it't your bedtime, so say Good-night,' and come along." "No! no! no! not yet!" he cried, clinging tightly to Sir Reginald and burrowing

"And how old are you?"

"Maurice, listen to me." said his father gravely, setting him down. "You told me just now that you intended to be a soldier,

"Yes," returned Maurice eagerly.
"Well, you will never do for a soldier if you go on like this; his first duty is obedience. Now give me a kiss, and go with your mother at once. Maurice, whose forte was certainly not

obedience, raised his eyes and looked at his father. Seeing that he was perfectly in earnest, he climed once more on his knee, imprinted an experimental kiss on his moustache, and reluctantly departed with many regretful backward glances, Reginald watching the retreating pair till they were out of sight. Were they really his wife and son! He could scarcely believe it; for, after all, he had had a very few months of married life and twenty-seven years of bachelor liberty. He felt much more like a bachelor than a Lenedict.

Miss Saville, following his eyes, said: "You may well look proud of him. Is he not a splendid boy? But he wants a father's hand over him sadly. Alice is his slave and has been so ever since he was born. She gives up to him in every way, and he treats her more as his play-fellow—as you may see—than his mother.

Alice, having deposited Maurice in the nursery, ran quickly down to her own room, to be alone for a little time to think and compose herself She lent her bot forehead against the frame of the open widow and gave way to a feeling of utter and undivided joy-joy that he was home, alive and well and under the very same roof as herself—at least within earshot. She paused as she heard Mary's gay musical laugh. They were all walking about the grounds; she could see them. He was standing on the gravel path,

telling them something very amusing evidently, for as he concluded Miss Saville and Miss Farrars both laughed immoderately. With this laugh came a revulsion of feeling. "He could joke; he could be exceedingly entertaining. This meeting was not to him. He had not shown the lightest sign of emotion or agitation. He had merely come to see if she was suffic-iently meek and humble to be reinstated in iently meek and humble to be reinstated in his good graces. "No, she was not," she said to herself, as she thought over the utter neglert with which he had treated her for the last three years. "He thinks he has only to extend the top of his sceptre and Ishall be only too thankful to approach. But he is mistaken; I shall be 'Vashti' to the end of the chapter. I shall be 'ashall'. to the end of the chapter. I shall never humble myself again. Pleased as he is with Maurice new, he has never taken any direct notice of him all these years.

Alice dressed rapidly, hardening her heart with bitter recollections at every moment. Just as she had completed her toilet, and was arranging some flowers in her dress, the door opened and Mary hur-

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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ans at the old place. Hent-at, cost, next to sedler & Sadler's Mill, prepared to fill orders rgeneral jobbing of all kinds. Weggens, Cas-gevent Sjotgin, of 127 own-numbe said of day. ed in Lindso On hand and mude to order. Give me we wealt.

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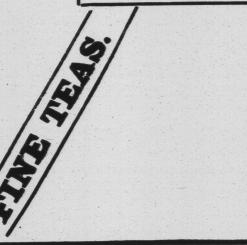
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Swatt & Killen.

Lindsay, April 26th, 1883.



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