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

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FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH."- It fegulates the howels, and invigorates the liver, cur-ing liquiduche, Costiveness, Piles, Jaundice

and all discuses of a biliary character. "Fountain of Health." It renovates the secretions, soother the mucous suffaces of the head, throat, stomach, howels, and bladder, expelling catarrh in all its forms,

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MOOD'S

Quinine Wine and Iron, A sure cure for billiousness, weakness, loss of apperite and impure blood, Price 75 cents. Prepared only by W. LLOYD WOOD, Toronto. For sale at the drug stores, Apl. 25, 1883.—38-28.

The Canadian Lost.

LINDSAY, PRIDAY, JULY 6, 1888. NATURE.

The bubbling brook doth leap when f. come by, Because my feet find measure with its call; The birds know when the friend they love is For I am known to them, both great and small: The flowers that on the lovely bill side grow Expect me there when spring their bloom has

And many a tree and bush my wanderings And can the clouds and silent stars of heaven; And can the clouds and sheat stars of neaven;
For he who with his Maker walks aright
Shall be their lord, as Adam was before;
His our shall each each sound with new delight.
Each object weige the dress which then it wore;
And he, as when creef in souther stood.
Hear from his Father's lips that all is good.

Jours Feel.

FATED FAIRFAX.

A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR. (Continued from last week.)

Chapter XXVII. A THAVELLER'S TALES.

'Stuff, rubbish, nonsense!' exclaimed Groffrey, contemptiously, Do you know what I heard the other day? but I need hardly say that I would not believe it; that you, linginald Fairfax. "Fighting Fairfax" as they call you keep the young try of the Seventeenth in Morious order. 'Set a thief to catch a thief,' I said. The benighted youths look upon you as a happy blending of Bayard and Sir Galahad. Lassured my informant that 'Still waters can deep' was a proverh made expressly to fit you, and that they little knew you."

'Much obliged,' replied Reginald, stroking his moustache to conceal a smile, 'We have a very nice set of boys in the Seventeenth and you might do works than exchange. I'll see that they don't bully you, and do what I can to smarten you up."

"Franks for your noble offer, but the Fifth could not afford to lose me. As to smartening me up it would be impossible: it would be painting the Illy. Don't you think so, Minn Farrage! Don't you think f am a very smart-looking young fellow? Just as cilicient, if not actually as blood-thirsty, as our host, who revelled in the name of 'Shultan' whilst in Afghanistan, It was a pretty little nickname given him by labes. You can guess what it means,' noeding across the table mysteriously.

Enough of these mutual compliments, exclaimed Holen. It was not Reginald himself but his horse that were called 'Shat-tat,' my good feoffrey, and the Afghana had something else to do than find nick-names for British officers,' 'By the way, Rey,' remarked feoffrey, caning back in his chair and adjusting his

eyeclass, and evidently stretching long legs still further under the manegany, with the sir of a man who has direct to his satisfaction, what's your opinion of the native of that part of the world, candidly and impar-

timily!"
"If you mean the Afridi of the period my candid, impartial opinion of him is that he is a dirty-looking fullan, who would rob his mother and cut his father's throat for the wike of two repeats

'Inhuman monster!' giaculated Helen, tragically. One old fellow told me himself that

there was nothing in life so pleasant as sit-ting on the roof of one's house and shooting at the way faters who came to drink at the well. He dwelt on the subject with mich pleasure that I have no doubt he look-ed back upon it as one of his happiest ex-

'Old brutel' muttered Geoffey, 'How I should have enjoyed a pot-shot at him! What more of shots were they, take them

"Not had, considering their weapons and ammunition—a long desail studded with brees, and rame" horns full of very doubtful powder. They are to use at a map shot, or in the open; but give them lots of time to aim and good cover behind a bit of frock and they generally pick off a fair share of attacklers. The first night we camped beyond All Musild we chose a bad place. shollow, and the light attracted swarms all around us. The bullets went everywhere, and the firing resembled nothing so much an a hot corner as a hattue,

in a hot corner at a metue.

'Awfully pleasant for all you fellows,' ejaculated freeffer.

'We had only two casualties, strange to say, though some of the tents were riddled with bullets. I need scarcely remark that we were more careful about the size of our

next camp.'
'No doubt you made yourpelves very ser cure and luxurious, when you were permanently fixed at Dabattler Helen inquire

"Comparatively speaking, I suppose we were more secure, sithough Varighan casists an Afrid in his tent one night. He heard a noise and putting out his hand to get hold of a revolver he caught the bare, shaven head of one of these beggers. He gave the slarm, and some of an rushed in and found him struggling with a powerful fellow, with the fiend's own expression and a lattle between his teeth. We made an example of him the next day so a warning to others. But it was day so a warning to others. But it was day so a warning to others. But it was day so a warning to others. But it was day so a warning to others. But it was day so a warning to others. But it was day so a warning to others. But it was day so a warning to others. But it was day as a warning to other should be a supplied that he was day so a warning to other should be a supplied to the same that the

grass-cutters and syces in the most barba grass-cutters and syces is the most barbarone manner, and sent us in our regimental
barber with both handscut off. He didnet
seem to mind that so much as eighty rupeen they had robbed him of, and he was
utterly heart broken about them—his savings, his little all. So I promised to make
up the money if he got well; and strange to
say he made a most wonderfully rapid recovery, and seems to get on capitally with
his two bare stumps."

'Poor creature!' exclaimed Helen.
'How horrible!' cried Miss Ferrare. 'I suppose it was all open country?' remarked Geoffrey; 'no roads, and like a bleak sort of common, I always fancy it; with a few hills and lots of stones and

rocks.'
'That was the case in some places, but fu others we had, after a while, a capital road - especially by the Kyber line, thanks to the sapers; and some wag in one place put up a finger-post with 'Madras to Cabul' painted on it in large letters; and the road itself was as good as you need wish to see; but in many parts we had no road at all, and it was terrible work for the artilery, especially when the country was cutup with lots of watercourses.'

'By the bye, Rex,' said Helen, helping herself to her second peach, 'how were you off for food!'

'Very hadly, indeed, sometimes; and I assure you that I now know what hunger means, from downright practical exper-

"Why, you had your rations and your mess, cried Geoffrey.

'A pound of meat a day for a hungry man who spends, perhaps, twelve hours in the saddle, with a bitter bleak wind to sharpen his appetite, was not much to boast of; and sometimes the ration was bad, or bone. When we had our permanent camp we far ed-well enough, and had a stew-a big pot into which everything was thrown: game, rations, coat, etc.; and as the pot was al-ways kept going it had a rich miscellan-cous flavor, difficult to describe, but most excellent.

'Do you mean that it was not made fresh every day! anked Miss Ferrars, a fair amateur cook, 'Every day something fresh was added,

the original stew was about three months old. Never cleared out, that was he beauty of it 'O-ohl' cried Helen 'how could you! how

'It was most superior, I assure you; our pot-su-fen was noted, I can tell you that, 'That will do. No more travellers' tales for me, Hex. 'Im going to see if Alice is

As the door closed ou the disgusted matron Reginald said: Helen may turn up her nose at our stew but if she had been in camp one week she would have appreciated it just as keenly as the most revenous among us." 'Had you a meastent!' saked Geoffrey,

solicitonsly.
Yes, a kind of one, when we were fix-tures; nothing very luxurious, I need say, and little or no kit. It was a sight once seen never forgotten to witness our fellows going to dinner; various figures in great coats and comforters solemnly approach-ing and each bearing in his hand his own drinking cup and plate and knife and fork. We lived in Spartan simplicity, I assure

'And how did you like it?' inquired Minn Ferruss! 'To be frank with you, not much,' return-

ed her host cordielly. The cold was simply a wful-had enough for us who come from a coldish climate, but for our poor camp followers and syces, natives of the broiling plains, it was, in many cases, death. I could not say how many cameldrivers and grass-cutters have been found 'But they had warm clothen,' said Mrs. Maybew, with the air of asserting an un-

blanket suit made to fit the million. And then you saw tall men in clothes barely be word, having already supped 'not wisely, their miserable knees, and little men shambling along, one huge wrinkle, These garments were better than nothing, that's

And did you feel the cold yourself?' asked Mark, with sympathetic interest, 'Sometimes; but I am a hardy fellow, and could stand it better than lots of others, Duck shooting of a winter's day at home broke me in pretty well, you know, 'And was your appetite equally well broken in!' asked Geoffrey, with raised

I am afraid not, returned Reginald, with 'Many a time I have gone to bed But you could always buy, said Geof-

frey, combatively.
Not slways. When the surrounding ountry was nothing but stones and brown grass, and there was no basear, no mess, nothing but our strictly silotted ration, I leclare I've sometimes envied my chargers who were pretty well off for hay. But of course these things were the exception, not the rule, he added, cheerfully. Mary gazed with blank, open-syed

amazement at her neighbor, and tries to realize that the nonchlant, handsome host of hers, who seemed to consider it father was surrounded by every luxury taste could devise or money could obtain, had been quite recently a cold, hungry soldier, hardship and war, and had ridden up un-daunted and had looked into the very face

Chapter XXVIII. THE HALL AT RUFFORD.

The evening of the ball found Alice arraving herself at her cheval glass, an admiring abigail was twitching and pulling at her dress she also admired herself in no small degree. The glass reflected an exnulsitely fitting white silk hell contume, rimmed with clouds of soft lace, talle and nilver it was not merely a dress, it was an inspiration. A thick collar of diamonds encircled her throat—Reginald's wedding sparkled in her hair; silver and dismond nangles, long white gloves, and a feather fun completed her tollet.

Mary in pale pink (her particular color) looked remarkably well; but Alice killed her; no one would look at her twice beside ner; no one would look at her twice beside such a dawning vision of loveliness.

Together they descended to the hall, and found Mr. and Mrs. Mayhow, Geoffrey and Heginald awaiting them, the two latter in the full splendor of their human uniform. Matrice, who had been allowed to sit up for once, against the great duly to appropriate the great duly to appropriate the great state. once, seemed duly to appreciate the great occasion, and viewed his father with pro-

found and unmistakable admiration; even the radiant apparition in white that came being down the staircass was powerless After an eight-mile drive the Monks wood party found themselves at the scene of action, and smid a throng of carriages and blaze of lights descended at the en-

'We shall have to sort ourselves now.

'We shall have to nort ourselves now,' remarked (leoffrey, as he sprang out with the hound of a kangaroo. 'You and Alice, lingy Mine Ferrare and I will follow—lead the way,'

On the table in the hall lay heaps of gilded programs. Sir Regina'd picked up two as he passed, and handing one to his wife said carelessiy:

'You will give me a dance, Alice, won't your

'Certainly,' she replied, secretly surprised at the request. 'I have promised Geoffray the second value; what will you have' 'The value after supper when the room is not so crowded. There seem to be hundreds here, glancing through the ballroom. 'Let me see,' taking her programs and looking set it for an inetant; 'Number fifteen,' 'Hrises des Nuits, I'll take that, thanks,' soribbling his initials and handing back the card. 'We had better move on now, the door is no longer blocked.'

They at last succeeded in making their way to Lady Restord, who reactive them with much empressement; and Alice, after exchanging a few words with her hostese, was caperly engaged for the ensuing inscore by a little Ruesias prince, who had clamorously begand for an introduction.

It is almost accellent to describe a large

family like sections there is a strong family like section. A good floor, good supper, Lidde's band, and flowers in all directions constitute the chief features. The But in that case unprecedented you may house party, the elite of the country, formed some portion of those present. There were pretty country girls with rather outre dresses; there were stylish young ladies

dresses; there were stylish young ladies who went to town every season and wore unimpeachable frocks, to these a ball was a very ordinary affair; and there were young men bored and blase, lounging up against doors and walls, and looking superior to the whole thing.

Alice and Reginald were personally but little known, and they overhead remarks about themselves of a highly laudatory character. For instance, during a pause character. For instance, during a pause in a value Reginald's lively partner, who was freely discussing the dancers, exclaim-

'Do look at that girl in white just opposite. There, standing next the pillar. How she and that boy are enjoying themselves! They seem too intimate for you to call it a flirtation, and not sufficiently tender for an engaged couple. Who can they bet have never seen them before.

Seeing her partner smile she added:

'Ah, I believe you know them!'

'I do,' he calmly replied. 'The boy, who would be extremely indignant if he heard you call him one, is Mr. Savilleof the Fifth

Hussars; and the young lady with him is his cousin, and my wife.'

'Your wife! you don't say so? You are joking! Is that really Lady Fairfax? She looks so preposterously young, and I could easily imagine this to be ner first bail.'

'Neguringless she has been married for more than three years.'

roung lady, gazing at her with all her eyes. Sevral people have asked me who she was, but I did not know. She is quite the belle of the evening. Don't you think so?' 'I always agree with a lady, especially when it is a question of taste,' was the evasive answer. 'Shall we take another turn

'Not very enthusiastic about his wife,' was his partner's mental observation as they once more joined the dancers.
'Who is the lovely girl in white?' was a question that half the room were asking each other. Alice is at last obtaining a social success, dozens of partners vainly

begging for dances. She is turning the heads of all the young men and filling the breasts of her own sex with the devouring Supper was served at round tables accommodating ten or twelve. Sir Reginald and and when Alice feit his arm firmly encircling her waist, and they plunged into the

at which he was a stranger to all the guests. A fat, red-faced man, who was voraclously gobbling down lobster-salad, remarked to his neighbor:

'Ah!' added a third, helping himself to ham, 'but there is no one that comes within the length of street of that girl in white, 'Quite agree with you,' returned the bor-ed one, in a tone of deep approval.

'Could not get a dance, though, another; 'card crammed.'

'But,' pleaded his partner, a young person with a figure and dress resembling a pink-and-white pincushion, 'although she is quite too lovely, she has a melancholy very best of terms. They were the hand-somest couple in the room; they were devoted to each other.' Such were the wils. Gordon is more taking, but not so strictly

'I think so too,' said another lady, 'Miss Gordon is my beauty.'
'You are welcome to her ladies,' respond-'You are welcome to her ladies,' responded the red-faced squire, 'none of the gentlemen will dispute her with you—we are all sworn admirers of Lady Fairfax. She's 'duty dance.' Not for an instant did his like a princess - a fairy princess. Let us drink her health, seizing a magnum of champagne and sulting the action to the

this particular table by his partner's wants—the demand of a locust-like appetite. 'Never so tiresome or so hungry a girl,' e thought, as he replenished her plate

time after time. What fun it is to hear them discussing your wife, she whispered; you should get up and return thanks. How taken aback I don't think I shall disturb their eqani

mity so cruelly,' he returned. 'But if you have quite finished we will adjourn. The next dance has commenced, and your partner is sure to be anathematizing me. As they rose and left the table some one

Who is the young hussar fellow with the in green? answered a quiet man, who had taken the vacant place and was critically

'Oh, that's Fairfax,' (Sensation at the fir Reginald having recovered his liberty was on his way to seek for a fresh partner when he came face to face with one of the Twenty-ninth who had been his host at Cheetapore. After a few brief expressions of pleasure and astonishment the dragoon asked the hussar where he was staying,

'I hope I shall have the pleasure of being presented to your wife. She is here, is she Yea, but she is dancing at present.' Point her out, please; I am most anx-

ous to see her. 'Coming this way, in the white dress, dancing with the Highlander.' ejaculated the dragoon when she had passed. An enormous amount of admiration was compressed in that one syl-

You are a lucky fellow, he added, mirveying his companion enviously. If I could get a wife like that Pd marry to-morrow. Has she selecter. 'No.' 'Han whe a countr with a family ilkeness' 'Don't be a fool, Carew,' replied Sir Regi-

"Fon't be a fool, Carew," replied Sir Reginald impatiently.

'I'm perfectly serious. There, she is sitting down now,' seizing his friend by the arm; 'come along and introduce me.'

But ere they had reached the ottoman another partner had claimed Alice and carried her away.

'Now the state of the Reginald correct.'

'Never mind,' said Sir Reginald cons come over to morrow and dine and That will be a much better oppor-for making the sequeintance of my

Meanwhile Alice was enjoying herself excessively. Her spirits, as Geoffrey remarked to her, were quite up to concertpitch, and she was spending a very plea-

sant evening.
'So was Sir Reginald,' she thought, as she observed him dancing every dance and selecting with much discrimination the value, number fourteen, came round. She had been in to supper with a young lord, who, anxious to retain the beile of the evening on his arm as long as possible, was parading slowly up and down entreating her for one more datice.

are not on the card.

'Let me look at your program, if you do not mind,' he asked with cool superiority.

She handed it to him unhesitatingly.

Yea, every dance was full!

'Who is this fellow R.M.F., who has got himself down for the next? Can't you just throw him over—forget all about it—and give it to a very deserving young man instead?

'How do you know that the other is not a very deserving young man also!' she asked with a smile.

'Who is he! He did not even give you his valuable autograph. Maybe he is not very keen about descing—ten to one he is at supper. Who is he! he repeated perti-He is my

But in that case unprecedented you may have the dauce with pleasure, rejoined Alice with a smile. 'You are not a bride, are you!' he asked anxiously, after a moment's allence.
'Oh, no; I've been married more than three years,' she returned with some dig-

nity.
'And may I ask if you always dance with your husband at balls?' 'Never, as yet, since we have been mar-ried,' she replied, looking down and sur-veying the toe of her slender satin shoe

with critical inspection.

'Well, mind you don't throw me over.

Let us sit down here at the end of the room till the band strikes up.'
Presently the strains of 'Brises des
Nuits' were heard, recalling wandering dancers.
'Look, Lady Fairfax! here's a good-looking young hussar coming over here. I know he is going to ask you to dance. Re-

member your promise.'
'Where is he!' she asked indifferently.
'There in the middle of the room. He has stopped to speak to that little artilleryman with the sandy moustache. Don't you see him? A handsome, determined looking fellow. I saw a fixed purpose in his eye just now, but you won't hear of it, will you'd here he comes." But he is my husband!' exclaimed Alice,

triumphantly. 'You see he did not forget the dance after all.' "Nevertheless she has been married for ourse than three years."

'She is uncommonly pretty,' returned the controlled by a gazing at her with all her eyes.

Sayral people have saked me who she was all the evening. Will you introduce was all the evening. Will you introduce was all the evening.

> Sir Reginald, stiffly.
> 'Yes, I think so,' she replied, rising with assumed indifference. Having presented her late parther, she took her husband's arm and joined the dancers; one step-two steps-and they

'I believe this is our dance Alice!' said

loated off. 'How well that couple waltz,' was re-marked by more than one. 'They are the best dancers in the room,' observed a man who considered himself a good judge and a still better performer.

Their step suited exactly, and they glided in and out among the bumping, revolving crowd, with a combination of ease and grace that justified his remark. Reginald's London season stood him in good stead; glddy vortex, she was perfectly confident that, so good was his steering, so quick his eye, and so perfect his step, that no matter what frantic or ponderous couples were 'Yes,' replied a bored-looking youth, with aftout, she would meet with no collisions. She could not restrain a pardonable feeling a patronizing drawl, 'good floor, lots of nice of pride as she saw glance after glance levelled at herself and her husband with unmistakeable approval. It was sometime pefore Steepshire society realized the fact that Fairfax was dancing with his wife. It was: 'Who is the pretty girl dancing with Fairfax?' or, 'Who is the hussar Lady Fairfax has got hold?' But when they had taken the idea into their minds they were dumbfounded. 'Where was the devorcee? voted to each other.' Such were the whispers that floated around; and Alice was rehabilitated as quickly as her friends could desire, and placed by public opinion on the the very top round of the social ladder.

> arm linger round her waist: not for a second did his hand press her's. If she had been the merest stranger he could not have grandfather, feil madly in love with my littreated her with more distant ceremony he paused to take breath for a few seconds and they came to a standstill just opposite a large mirror, which faced them right across the room. She looked over, and saw a tall slight girl in white fanning herself with a large feather fan; and it also reflected a very good leoking hussar, clad in all the pomp and panoply of his profession. His dark blue, gold laced uniform became him well. He was leaning against the wall, watching the crowd with au air of supreme indifference and a decidedly bored expression of countenance. 'Who would think that we were husband and wife! thought Alice, as she glanced once nore at that couple across the room - who indeed? I will make one more effort tonight if I have an opportunity. It will be my last attempt at making friends. If I fail

When the dance concluded Sir Reginald led his partner through the series of long rooms, in the wake of a multitude of others, not a few drifted aside into various sequest ered bowers of flirtation, but the mass of dancers kept on moving down the great corroider; their goal appeared to be the garden, and many couples were soon scattered over its grassy sward. Our hero and leroine found their way into the conservaory. It was a charming place; a dim religious light, distributed by Chinese lanterns, sufficed to show gigantic tropical plants, palms, pyramids of flowers and cunningly-placed crimson seats for two. Having found a vacancy in a retired nock, Sir Reginald threw himself into a corner of the sofa when Alice had seated herself at the other; a silence, broken only by the murmur of half a dozen adjacent listations and the splash of a fountain.

asted for at least five minutes, 'What possessed me to come here?' Sir Reginald thought to himself. 'Absence of mind? I forgot for the moment it was not old times. This is just the sort of place we used to affect before we were married. He looked at his wife—contemplated her with a grave critical scrutiny almost severe. She was leaning back in her corner, playing with her ian. The red background of the couch threw her slender graceful figure into bold relief. She was very lovely, certainly; and now he came to think of it, there was a melancholy look on her face when in repose.
'Reginald,' she said, sitting up and fac

'Reginald,' she said, sitting up and facing him, 'do you remember the last time
we danced together?'
'No, I think not!' he answered dubiously,
(I think you do, Sir Reginald.)
'It was at the Lancasters; we danced together half the evening.'
'Did we? Then we must have made ourasives wither your within a proposed or the state of the state

selves rather remarkable,' he replied, with a short laugh, breaking off a large bit of fern and critically examining its different fronds.
'Do you remember the ball at Burford

Considering it was at that very ball he had proposed to her, he could not well plead forgetfulness. 'I do, of course.' he answered, glancing at her quickly, and pausing in the act of dissecting the fern bit by bit. 'What is the good of calling up these reminiscences? There are some things which are best forgotten,' he added with cool judicial seren-

'Do you wish to forget that evening, Reg-inaid?' she asked in a tone of low reproach and raising her fan to hide her trembling

'Weil, no;' he replied slowly and with evident reluctance. 'Not yet; but I quite agree with Balzae that 'Life would be intolerable without a certain amount of forgetfulness;' and I am glad to say that I have forgotten much.'

have forgotten much.

'Why should you endeavor to forget!
Why are you so changed to me, Reginald?'
she asked with an enormous effort. 'What
makes you so stern, so hard to me? she
faltered, laying a timid little hand on his.
'Won't you tell me?'
He would—he will—he is about to speak
—he has thrown away the fern stalk, and
has taken her hand firmly in his own. Pracicely at this critical moment a well-known
voice exclaimed:

"In here you sen!" and Genffrey and dealy

Henry J. Keighley.

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STRAWBERRIES! STRAWBERRIES!

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KENT STREET, LINDSAY.

Lindsay, June 27, 1883.

your partners are literally tearing each other to pieces in the ball room, and unless you wish for bloodshed you had better be off-it's really serious!' offering his arm. You have five men waiting for the same

Oh, Geoffrey! Geoffrey! If you had only come five minutes later! Reginald dropped Alice's hand like the traditional live coal, and Alice shrank back into her corner of the sofa at the first sound of her cousin's 'I am engaged for this too.' said Reginald rising and looking at his program. 'You

will take Alice back to the ball room, I suppose, then?' he observed, with extraordin ary command of his countenance; and turning away, he sauntered off, ostensibly in search of his partner. The ball was over; people were leaving in crowds—the Fairfaxes among the first

'Alice,' said Geoffrey from his corner of the carriage, 'I am proud of you; you took the shine out of them all to-night. Now I can believe in the old duke's infatuation. hat duker asked Miss Ferrars. Have you never heard that the old Duke of St. Reno, old enough to be her great

tle consin when she was at Nice, and pro posed in due form? 'Genffrey, he quiet; you are really very provoking. Do leave me alone,' crossly. Don't interrupt; you know you are very proud of his scalp, though you would not be a duchess. Is not his proposal kept among the family archives to this day '(reoffrey! only I'm so sleepy I would box your ears. Meanwhile, permit me to remind you of one word, the mystic word,

Fancy, descending from a duke to a bar-onet? I am a deeply injured man. Only for your nonsense I might have been quot-'My cousin, the duchess.' You would have made such a sweet little nurse. I daresay you would have been spoon-teeding the dear old fellow by this time, whereas, with your heartless conduct, he has been hurried

to an early grave.'
'How foolish of you not to have accepted him, Alice,' put in Mary, with lazy inter-[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Simon Byrne.

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