

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. An Old Soldier's Experience. I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

James Hamilton. SLEIGHS & CUTTERS. KNOCKING THE SPOT OFF. Any SLEIGH or CUTTER Maker in the County of Victoria.

THIS IS THE SEASON. To buy your Sleighs and Cutters. I've the Stock you've the money. A mutual exchange will be to the advantage of both.

IS IT A CUTTER. You propose buying? That's right into my hand. No finer stock of Cutters in the province.

JAMES HAMILTON. Hamilton's Carriage Works, Lindsay.

The Canadian Post. LINDSAY, FRIDAY, DEC. 28, 1883.

AN AMBITIOUS WIFE. A STORY OF LIFE IN NEW YORK.

evening, while she sat with her parents in a small lower room opening directly off the kitchen. A weary maid, whose face flamed from the meal she had just cooked, was patiently serving it. Mrs. Twining, who had not a light hand to the Monday's washing, was in the act of distributing a somewhat meagre breakfast, which fate and an incompetent range had conspired to cover on both sides with a layer of thick, sooty black. Mr. Twining was waiting to get a piece of the breakfast; he did not yet know of its disastrous condition, for a large set of pewter casters, reared its uncouth pyramid behind himself and the maltreated viand; but although such calamities of cookery were not rare to his board, he was putting confidence, as usual, in the favors of fortune, and preparing himself blandly for a fresh little stroke of chagrin.

next time I see her I'll tell her we're poor unfortunates. We'll compare our 'better days' together, and calculate who's seen the most.' Twining gave a faint sigh, and looked down. Then he raised his eyes again, and a new spark lit their mildness. Something to-night had made him lack his old patient tolerance. 'I'm afraid Mrs. Carmichael would have much the longer list,' he said. 'Oh, you think so?' 'I know so.' Mrs. Twining tossed her head. The glass was still on her dark hair, whose gray threads had yet to come, later, as the frosty days. She was tall, as the phrase goes, a fine figure of a woman. Her black eyes had not lost their fire, nor her form its imposing fullness. She raised herself a little from her chair, as she now spoke, and in her voice there was the harshness that well fitted her bristling, aggressive mien.

'Oh! you know so, do you?' she said in hostile undertone. 'Then her next words were considerably louder. 'But I happen to know, Francis Twining, Esquire, who and what I was when you took me from a comfortable home to land me up here at the end of the world, where I'm lucky if I can get hold of a yesterday's newspaper to-morrow, and cross over to the cars without leaving a shoe behind me in the mud!' 'The least flash thing Twining's pale cheeks. He looked very steadily at his wife all through this speech. And when he now spoke his voice made Claire start. It did not seem his. 'You were a poor girl in a third-rate boarding-house, when I married you,' he said. 'And the boarding-house was kept by relatives who disdained and wanted to be rid of me. Do you see how you have fallen one degree lower since you became my wife. But if you think that you have so fallen, I beg that you will never taunt me with idle sneers, of which I am sick to the soul!' Mrs. Twining rose from her chair. Her dress was of some dark-red stuff, and as the stronger light struck its woof the wrath of her little nose seemed to gain a lurid augment. She had grown pale, and a little mole, just at an inch or so to the left of her assertive nose, had got a new clearness from this cause. She did not speak, at first, to her husband. She addressed the heated and fatigued maid, who waited to hand Twining his share of the doleful breakfast—in this case a true burnt-offering.

'You can get into the kitchen, Mary Ann,' she said, with a look that had a kind of rumble, like the beginning of a large thunder-peal, before its threat has become fury. 'See to the range, you know. Dump all the coal out, and then sit it.' Mary Ann went meekly toward the door. She understood that this order thinly masked a bluff command for her absence. Mrs. Twining slowly turned her head, and followed the poor factory girl, and she had a look that she had not had before. 'I've stood a good deal from you,' she said, pitching her voice in a much shriller key, 'but I ain't going to stand this, Francis Twining, and it's time I told you so.' Twining rose. He did not look at all angry. There was a weary distress on his face, mixed with an unwhimsical firmness. 'What have you stood?' he asked. 'Being browbeaten by you, sir, because I see it to talk out my mind, and ain't the weak-spirited goose you'd like to have me!' retorted Mrs. Twining, all rage and outcry. 'I don't want a quarrel,' said Twining, calm as marble. 'God knows I don't, Jane! But the time has come for me to speak plainly. I have never browbeaten you. It has been quite the opposite. I have already done too much from you for the sake of peace. But no peace springs from that course. So now I mean to try another. You and I must live apart, since we can't agree.' He turned to Claire, at this point, and reached out one hand, resting it on the girl's head. 'Let our child choose which of us she will go with,' he added.

Claire started up, sprang to her father's side, and nestled herself against him, catching his hand in both her own and drawing his arm about her neck. She was trembling with what seemed sudden fear as she looked up into his face. 'Father,' she cried, 'I'll go with you! I couldn't live alone with Mother. If you go, take me with you! Promise—please promise! Mother isn't good to me a bit. I couldn't live alone with her! She is cross nearly all the time, when you're not here, and she struck me yesterday, and she often does it, and I didn't ever tell you before, because I knew it would trouble you to know it.' These words were spoken in a high, pleading, plaintive voice. The child's sad little secret had been wrung from her by sheer terror of desertion. There was no accusative resentment in her tones; she might have gone on for a long time hiding the truth; it had leapt to her lips only in the shape of an impetuous argument against the dreaded change of being left behind, should her father's momentary departure be come fact. Mrs. Twining moved from her own side of the table to where her husband and daughter stood. She looked persistently at Claire, during this action, and had soon drawn very close to her. 'You silly young vixen!' she exclaimed. Her cry had a husky note, and she raised one hand. It was plain that she meant wicked work to Claire. Twining moved toward Claire, and she raised her hand, as if to ward off his touch. 'You shall never strike that child again!' Then he released his wife's wrist, and half turned, putting his arms round Claire, while she again nestled at his side. 'I will do it for you, if you want it,' but neither she nor I shall live with you after to-morrow. It was bad enough to have you make things hard for me, but you shall spoil her with your own coarseness.' The next moment he turned to Claire, wrapped her still more fervently in both arms, and kissed her twice or thrice on the upturned forehead.

prepared for it. Personal defiance in Twining might merely have quickened her own long-petted sense of grievance, which had grown morbidly dear, as we know. But a fresh experience fronted her; she found herself repelled, so to speak, by the revolt of an insensate fatherhood. It was a very serious rebellion, and she felt its force. Past concessions from her husband gave the measure of his present mutiny. He had never been humble to her, but he had yielded, and she had grown more used than she realized to his pliant complaisance. This abrupt change shocked her with an actual fright. Her ready little-guard of taunts and innuendoes fled her usual summons. The despot stood deserted; not a janizary was left. She saw, in quick, startled perspective, her own future, unaccompanied by the man whose supporting nearness her bitter gibes had so often slighted. But apart from merely selfish causes, a thrill of human regard for her child and the father of her child lent force to her alarm. It was like the tremor wrought in a slack harp-string, or one rusty with disuse, but it was still a definite vibration.

She succumbed awkwardly, like most overthrown tyrants. Tears would have looked incongruous had they left the chill black of her eyes, just as there are tears in them as phenomena. But her brows met in a perplexed frown that had no trace of ire, and she made a hurried upward gesture with both hands, receiving several steps. When she spoke, which she promptly did, her native idiom forgot the slight garb of chivalry that marriage and nice association had lent it, and stood forth, stripped by agitation, in its grand old and dignified 'Mersey man, Francis,' she exclaimed, 'you ain't talking as if you was a sane man at all. You'll quit your lawlily wife, sir, 'cause she's boxed her own young one's ears? Why, that child can put on the airs of any six, when she's a mind to. I ain't punished her half enough. Do set down and cat your supper and stop being a fool.' These choiced words have the effect rather bald commonplace it is true; but to the man and the child who heard them an apprehensive whimper, a timorous dilation of the eyeball and a flurried quiver about the severe month were accompaniments that held piercing significance. Such token from their domestic autocrat meant surrender, and surrender was hard for both Twining and Claire to join with past impressions of rule and sway, of command and authority, from the very source which now gave forth their direct opposites. Both father and daughter still remained silent. Claire's head was still nestled against his breast; Twining's arm still clasped her slight frame, as before. Neither spoke. But Mrs. Twining soon spoke again, and she moved toward the door as she did so: 'Oh, you won't set down, eh?' she inquired, and there was a sullen frown both in her manner and tone. 'Very well. Praps you'll eat your supper when I'm gone. I've always heard crazy people must be humored. Besides, 'tisn't safe with so many knives and forks around.'

After that she left the room, going up stairs into the little hall above the basement, where she could have seen her breath freeze if economic reasons had not kept her lamp, pendant gas-burner still unlighted. She had beaten a positive retreat. Her exit had been a distinct concession. Twining turned his gaze toward the vacant threshold after she had passed it, as if he could not just realize the unworldly humility of her leave taking. 'Claire,' he said, again kissing the child, while she yet clung to him, 'you should have told me before that your mother struck you. You should have told me the real story. I'd have told her she'll never do you any harm. Since she was a baby he had always treated her, and now that defeat and disappointment dealt him such persistent strokes, his love grew deeper with each disastrous year. Claire's presence in his life had gained a precious worth from trouble; it was the star that brightened with sweeter force against a deepening gloom. He leaned down and slowly passed his hand over her silken hair, just where it curls flowed off from one pale temple. 'Oh, my little girl,' he said in a voice whose volume and feeling had both plainly strengthened, 'I hope that happy days are in store for you. I shall do my best, darling, but if I fail don't blame me. Don't blame me.' He appeared no longer to be addressing Claire. He had lifted his head. Both his arms caught her as previously, but his eyes, looking straight before him, were set on his wife with meditation. Claire gazed up into his face. 'Father,' she cried, 'I shall be happy if I am always with you. Don't look like that. Please don't. What does it mean? I have never seen you so sad before. It frightens me. Father, you are so strange and different.' He smiled down at the child as her high, pained appeal ended; but the smile soon fled again; a gloomy agitation replaced it. She felt his clasping arms tremble. 'You cannot always have me,' he answered. 'I love you very much, my little one, but some day I must leave you; my time will have come, and it may come while your life is yet in its first flower. Then I want you to be wiser than I. Listen to what I say. I am in a dark humor now, but it will soon pass. For I can't help being cheerful, as you people think, but I have a good deal more sun than shadow in me. But just now I am all shadow. I feel as if I should never be successful Claire. That is a queer word to your young ears. Do you recollect, when I took you for that one day to the country, last summer, how we set out to climb the large hill, and were sure, at starting, that we should reach its top? But half way up we grew tired and hot; there was no breeze, and the hill was rough, so we sat down, didn't we, and rested, and then went home? You have forgotten? Well, success means to do what you set out for, darling. It means to climb the hill—not to get tired and go home. That is what everybody is trying to do. But only a few of us ever reach the top. And to reach the top means to have many good things—do you like the grand people who were once Mr. Carmichael's friends. Do you understand, Claire?' 'Yes,' said the child. Her lips were parted. A gloom had clouded the blue of her eyes; they seemed almost black, and two unwonted gleams pierced them. She was alarmed yet fascinated by the

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(Continued next week.)

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MIDLAND RAILWAY OF CANADA. ON AND AFTER Saturday, December 1st, until further notice.

TENDERS FOR CORDWOOD. Tenders will be received by the undersigned until THURSDAY, 3rd JANUARY, 1884.

SEALED TENDERS. Will be received by the undersigned until noon on Tuesday, the 22nd of January, 1884.

FARM PROPERTY. Under and by virtue of power of sale contained in a certain mortgage, which will be produced at time of sale.

ORGANS. As I am giving up travelling they must be sold at once.

UNDER TAKING! In all its details carefully carried out by the subscriber.

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE! A large and well assorted stock of Household Furniture always on hand.

PLUGHS! PLUGHS! SEEDS! SEEDS! SOUTH BEND SULKY & PLOW.

WILKINSON PLOUGH. Repairs for Ploughs and Reaping Machines.

JAMES KEITH. Has on hand the very best Seeds of all descriptions.

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Miscellaneous. \$1.00 FROM NEW SUBSCRIBERS. MIDLAND RAILWAY OF CANADA.

PATENT FLOUR—NEW PROCESS. Having introduced the new process for the manufacture of flour they are now prepared to fill all orders for the patent article.

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CURE SICK HEADACHE. Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to biliousness of the system.

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FARMERS, THRESHERS, MILL-OVERNERS should use McCOLL BROS. & Co's LARDINE MACHINE OIL.

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YOUR FORTUNE! If you will return this slip with 25 cents in three-cent stamps, we will send you a postal note containing a beautiful Chrono-Casket containing 100 FAST SELLING ARTICLES.

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