

James Wetherup. SELLING OUT. SELLING OUT. HARDWARE. Having determined to dispose of my entire stock of Hardware...

J. T. Flint & Co. Lindsay, Ont., 1883.



DR. SCOTT'S Prepared Spice. The original and genuine made only by J. T. FLINT & CO. Rock Island, P. Q., and Derby Line, Vt.

Dr. Scott's Prepared Spice. For sale by A. HIGGINS & CO. Agents, Lindsay, Ont.

DR. SCOTT'S Prepared Spice. For sale by A. HIGGINS & CO. Agents, Lindsay, Ont.



Horses, Cattle, Sheep & Swine. Cures for Coughs, Colds, Inflammation of the Bladder, Swelling of the Glands, Roughness of the Hair, Bots, Scoury, &c., &c.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE. FOR SALE BY S. FERNIN LINDSAY, M.L.C.

The Canadian Post. LINDSAY, FRIDAY, JAN. 11, 1884.

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

CHAPTER III. (Continued from last week.)

It would be hard to define just how they conveyed this impression. And yet Claire frequently felt its weight...

But there were a few girls who met Claire on a perfectly equal footing, and left from their intercourse, at all times, the best feeling of respect and admiration...

But the hill seemed a sheer steep, defiant of any foothold. If she was eager to ascend, loath to rest, full of splendid activity, what mattered these favoring conditions when circumstances turned to mockery?

Sophie had several times frankly verified. She had once pulled the ear of her fellow-pupil, and again narrowly escaped expulsion by slapping another's cheek...

But before the summer holidays arrived, Claire had left Mrs. Arcularius's school for good. Twining had awakened having been grossly deceived by the reed on which he had leant...

"I ain't a bit surprised," she would declare, with one of her thin, acid laughs. "Merely, no! Don't mind me. I was prepared for it, Francis. So here we are over in Jersey City, and a pretty shabby part of it, too! Oh, why isn't bettern' keeping a peanant-stead, an' a how. You'll bring me there, some day; you're bound to. I ain't eaten a peanant in ever so long. I'm saving my taste for em'."

Twining secretly writhed under these thrusts. His meagre stock of money was slipping from him daily. But he was still cheerful. The tough texture of his optimism still refused to be rent. A few more years, and the severance must come, warp and woof, but as the sturdy fibres held good against every strain...

He secured another position at last. The salary, smaller than before, was at least regular. But the quarters in Jersey City, though humble and restricted, were too strong an aerial drain upon his limited resources...

This time it was of necessity a much smaller hazard. Only three hundred dollars had been accumulated. One day a sorrow, elderly man with a beard from disipation and clothes that hung glazed round a bony figure, fell in with poor Twining, and talked to him glibly about a miraculous patent. It concerned the giving of signals on railroads by an electrical process. It was to effect a sublime security against all fatal accidents of travel by land. A few primary steps were to be taken before this marvellous should obtain the endorsements of eager capitalists.

The fellow little man, in three interviews, during which he cleverly contrived not to smell too strongly of liquor, convinced Twining that he was a neglected genius. The money was given him, and a receipt for it was signed with a hand whose insecurity passed for grateful emotion. But this original might have been ascertained with more truth to the rheumatic man who filled the recipient's eyes when he placed a plump roll of bills within his broadbare waistcoat-pocket. Twining never saw him after that eventful conference. He died about three weeks later. It was his seventh attack.

This fresh blow levelled Twining. Not that his wife nor his child ever knew of it. But it struck into him a sort of terror at himself from which he never recovered. He had trusted humanity for the last time. He still remained amiable, genial, gentle. But despair had turned his heart to lead. Both Claire and Mrs. Twining saw the change, though ignorant of its cause. The Green-point epoch had now begun.

In Jersey City Claire had been sent to a public school. Here she met some genuine daughters of the people. Some of them were almost in rags; others represented thrifty home-surroundings; all were very different from the sleek children of wealth and caste whom she had known at Mrs. Arcularius's. At first she suffered torments of disgust. But by degrees the slow, continual process of habit wore away the edge of her distaste, and a constant, somewhat blinding rim of a shell, she absorbed herself in study, made rapid progress, and learned much that a fashionable school would have left untaught.

They could no longer afford to keep a servant; she had to help her mother in all menial domestic offices. She had to bake, to sweep, to wash, to sew. She hated the place; she hated the life. But she saw her father's hidden despair, and so hid her own. More than that, she trembled at certain signs that his health was failing. He would have seizures of sudden weakness at morning or night; she feared to ask him whether they also occurred when he was absent at business, lest he might suspect the acute nature of her anxiety, and so acquire new cause for worryment.

She loved him more than ever. In the dread of his loss would steal with ghastly intrusion along her dreams at night. She thought of her grim, acrimonious mother, and said to herself: "If he should die it would be terrible! I should be worse than alone!" Every thing that she gave him took a more clinging fondness.

He never spoke of his future. He never spoke of hers. She understood why. Each always met the other with a smile. There was something beautiful in their reciprocal deceit. They heard the dead leaves crackle under their footsteps, but they strove to talk as if the boughs were in bud.

And so the weeks went on. The bitterness of their second winter in Greenpoint had never yielded to the mildness of a second spring. But the vernal change brought no cheer to Claire. In the little yellowish-drawn wooden house where they dwelt, with lumber-yards and sloop-wharves blocking all view of the river, with stupid, haggling neighbors on either side of them, with ugliness and stagnation and poverty at every reach, she felt herself as much a captive as if she could not have moved a limb without hearing the clank of a chain.

CHAPTER IV.

One afternoon Claire said to her mother: "I intend to take a little holiday. I am going out for a little walk." Mrs. Twining and her daughter were in the kitchen when this very novel announcement was made. The elderly lady just taken her preliminary steps towards the getting of supper. She let her big knife remain imbedded in the side of a large, yellow potato that she was peeling and glanced up at Claire with her quick black eye. A long spiral of skin hung from the half-peeled vegetable. It seemed to denote with peculiar aptness the paralyzing effect of Mrs. Twining's astonishment.

"Going to take a holiday, are you?" she exclaimed, with the favorite jerky, joyless laugh. "And what am I jerking to do, if you please? Stay at home, no doubt, and slave over this stove till supper's cooked. Hey?" "I cooked the supper yesterday," said Claire, "and you vowed that everything I had done was bad, and that I should never make myself so smart again. I recollect your exact words—'make myself so smart,' continued Claire, with cutting fidelity of quotation. "I would readily do the whole cooking every afternoon on father's account. For he likes the food I prepare better than he likes what you prepare. There's no doubt about that."

"Oh, not a bit," returned Mrs. Twining, who could never cow her daughter nowadays, and avoided all open skirmishes with Claire, preferring to fire her volleys under cover of ambiguous sneers, being sure of rest in any fairly-fought engagement. "Not a bit, certainly. When he knows you're pottering away at anything, he'll eat it and smack his lips over it, whether it's roasted to a cinder, or as raw as a fresh clam."

"I'm very glad to hear you say so," returned Claire with a weary little smile. "It's pleasant to think father loves me like that."

Mrs. Twining vigorously resumed work on her potato, speaking at the same time. "Pity about both of 'em, I do declare," she retorted, lapsing into the vernacular with which she loved to accompany her worst gibes. "Pears to me that if he's so fond of you he might n't have made you the poor mean rag at nineteen that he's made of now, why, you might try and catch a decent husband, with a few dollars in his pocket, to raise up the family out of the mud and muck Francis Twining's got it in."

Claire's eyes flashed a little; but she was not specially angered; she was so used to this kind of verbal savagery. "Father never meant anything but good to either of us," she said, "and you know it. I don't want to hear you speak against him when he is away, and can't defend himself. I am able to defend him, if I choose. I think you know that, mother, by this time. I'm going out, as I told you. I shall be back rather soon, I suppose."

She left the kitchen, and presently the house as well. She might have stayed to wrangle; but she knew that would be for no purpose. She had stood up for her loved father so often, and always with the same result. Her wit was quicker than her mother's; she could thrust deeper and parry more shrewdly; but she was very tired of this aimless warfare, where she got wounds that she hid and gave wounds that it cost her only pain to deal.

Treasurer's Sale of Lands. COUNTY OF VICTORIA. IN THE TREASURER'S SALE OF LANDS. ON WEDNESDAY, 20th FEBRUARY, 1884, AT TEN O'CLOCK, A. M.

Table of land sales for Township of Kelley, including details of lot numbers, acreage, and costs.

Table of land sales for Township of Dalton, including details of lot numbers, acreage, and costs.

Table of land sales for Township of Eglon, including details of lot numbers, acreage, and costs.

Table of land sales for Township of Eglon, including details of lot numbers, acreage, and costs.

Table of land sales for Township of Eglon, including details of lot numbers, acreage, and costs.

Table of land sales for Township of Eglon, including details of lot numbers, acreage, and costs.

Table of land sales for Township of Eglon, including details of lot numbers, acreage, and costs.

Table of land sales for Township of Eglon, including details of lot numbers, acreage, and costs.

Treasurer's Sale of Lands. COUNTY OF VICTORIA. IN THE TREASURER'S SALE OF LANDS. ON WEDNESDAY, 20th FEBRUARY, 1884, AT TEN O'CLOCK, A. M.

Table of land sales for Township of Kelley, including details of lot numbers, acreage, and costs.

Table of land sales for Township of Dalton, including details of lot numbers, acreage, and costs.

Table of land sales for Township of Eglon, including details of lot numbers, acreage, and costs.

Table of land sales for Township of Eglon, including details of lot numbers, acreage, and costs.

Table of land sales for Township of Eglon, including details of lot numbers, acreage, and costs.

Table of land sales for Township of Eglon, including details of lot numbers, acreage, and costs.

Table of land sales for Township of Eglon, including details of lot numbers, acreage, and costs.

Table of land sales for Township of Eglon, including details of lot numbers, acreage, and costs.

Treasurer's Sale of Lands. FOR TAXES IN THE TOWN OF LINDSAY.

Table of land sales for the Town of Lindsay, including details of lot numbers, acreage, and costs.

Town Treasurer's Office, Lindsay, Nov. 12th, 1883.—JAMES B. KNOWLSON, Town Treasurer.

Miscellaneous. TINTED BLOCK ENVELOPES. A GREAT BARGAIN.—The Post Office New subscribers to the Post Office only one dollar. MISS MITCHELL. MISS MITCHELL. MISS MITCHELL.