farsaparilla and other blood-parifying shim and from and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-surface that can be used. It invariably expels all blood potsons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power, It is the best known remedy for serofale and all scrotnious Complaints, Erysipelan, Ferema, Magworla, Matches, North, Hotte, Tomore, and Francisco of the Artne us also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, of coffupted, condition of the blood, such as Theumatians Neuralgia, Kheumatic Gont, General Debility, and Scrofalous Cutarrier

"AVER'S SARRAPARTIAL HAS cured me of the Inflammatory Sheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years. W. H. Mooran!

Drufham, Iar, March 2, 1882. PREPARES BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Macc. Sold by all liringulate; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

J. T. Flint & Co.



J. T. FLINT & CO., Pharmacists Rock Island, P. O., and Derby Line, Vi-NOT Sain by A. HIGH BUTHAM, Agent,

The Canadian Yest

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, MAY 30, 1884. AN AMBITIOUS WIFE. A STORY OF LIFE IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"No doubt," replied Mrs. Van Horn. with frigid dryness. "But you must do it all alone to morrow, Sylvia. I have come to tell you so. I can have reformation which her biographer has no part whatever in the proceeding already chronicled However it is carried out whether you bring Men. Hollister face to face with her plebeian parent or no. I shall be ab-It is true, I necepted for the lunch. But I shall be ill at the last moment. I withdraw from the whole ingenious plote I shan's see the little coup de theutre at all. I wish that I could. You know I have never forgiven the refusal of Heverley may more than you have forgiven. . . . well some thing clse, my dear sylvia. But I must romain alonf; it is notiled! there is no

Mrs. Lee opened her his black aven very wide indeed. "Have you lost four senses. Cornella?" she queried, with her grotesque unfailing drawle "What! After my wonderful meeting with Mrs. Twining at the hospital After your exultant conclusion that we had far better fix the stigms of ingratithe and desertion upon her shameless her with as much publicity as possi a After our talks, our affange-

this, you are not going to morrow! I don't understand. I am sure that Linuar " Let me explain then," said Men. Van Horn, with a quiver in her usually serious tones that was a residue of last

evening's dramatic defeat and surrender. found my match, I have failed to hold my own, I have been ignominiously beaten. And the victor is my own

brother, Heverley."

She went on speaking for some time longer, with no actual interruption on the part of her companion, though with very decided signs of disapproval.

"Oh, Cornelin, it is too bad!"

claimed Mrs. Lee, when the recital was finished. " He couldn't have meant that he would cut his own sister! What is to be done? Well, I suppose it raust all be given up. And it would have been such a triumph! And she deserves is so — rinning away from her ownmother whom she had slways hated
and disoboyed! We have that poor,
horrid, common but pitiable Mrs. Twising's own word for it you know. And
she would have been such a magnificent she would have been such a magninocus spectre at the banques! She would have risen up like Hanque, ill-dressed, haggard, rheumatic, pathetic. Everybody would have denounced this unnatural daughter when they saw the meeting. from't realize that you was could les is all be appeal in the bad!"

"It isn't all nipped in the bud, Sylvial" said Mrs. Van Horn sharply,
"Has it is! Why isn't it? You cer. tainly don't expect the to carry if out

Mrs. Van Horn decisively nodded.
"Yen, Rylvia," she answered, "that is just the point. I do expect you to carry if our alone. You are clever enough, fulle clover enough, and". . . Here the speaker passed for a moment, and then orisply, emphatically added: "And after all is said, remember one thing. It is this: You have a much larger debets

She had passed a despect stages awing gone to bed without seeing. Helister. In the magning she had avoided meeting him. She had se convert to administer, no reparation to offer. The mask had been stripped from her face; the comody had been played to its end. She had a sense of worthleseness, depravity, sin. At the same time she recklessly told herself that no atomoment was in her power.

A woeful weakness, which teek the

A woeful weakness, which took the form of a woeful strength, overmastered her as the hours grew older. Her thirst for new excitement deepened with her misery and anxiety. But she sat in her dressing room, or pased the floor till past three in the afternoon. There were numberless people whom she might have visited; there were several receptions that afternoon, at which her presence would have been held impertant by their respective givers. Even the known jeopardy of her husband's position would have heightened the value of her appearance, adding to her popularity the spice of curiosity as

More than once she said to herself: "I will go to one of these places. I will show them how quietly I bear the strain.
If by to morrew no crash has come, they will admire my perve and conrage. For if I once went, they should never discover a trace of worriment or suspense. I think the fact of my being closely watched would even make me

closely watched would even make me talk better and smile brighter The west and tear of the whole thing might make me forget a little, too. And I want so to forget, if I cam!"

But she did not go. The morning papers lay our a near table. She read every word that they had to tell her of the fierce financial tarmoil. Some of the maken, floures that they quoted made. the stern figures that they quoted made her heart thatter with a right; some of

her neart inities with airight; some of their omisous and snarling editorials wrought an added discomfort.

If Hollister weathered the storm, she decided, all would remain as it had been before. Or, if not precisely that, the general outward effect would continue quite the same. She would shine among her courtiers; she would densie and rule. He would feel his wound, now that he knew ber indifference, but he would make the engrossing ventures of his business life drown its pain until this had perhaps ceased forever. They would driff further apart than they had ever done in recent months, but to the eye of the world there would be so severance. It was possible that he would ver her with no more reproaches. It was probable that as time passed he would forget that he ever had any reproaches to offer.
While Claire's reflections, zervous and

fitful, took by degrees some such shape as this, she found a desperate, yearning pleasure in the hope that she might still drink the rin capitana of success. She almost felt like flinging herself on her knees and praying that the delicious cup might not forever be dashed from her lips, 'Fo this stage had her triumphs brought her,

woman whose conscience had smitten her with a sense of higher and purer things when the farewell of Thurston warned her by such appalling remonstrance, and when she found herself confronting her father's placid temb amid the solemnities of Greenwood. And yet how abyamal was the difference between then and new! The hance of radical change in heart, aim and ideal had been given her; but now all thought of such change woke only awillful, imperious dissent. Her vision turned upon her own soul to-day, and showed its nighty lapse from grace, its supine and and incapable droop. The debasing spell had been woven; what

counterspell was potentenough to break it? Occasional flashes of regret and aspiration might well assail her spirit, or of recognition that she had lost a high contentment in gaining & low one. This was natural enough. It has been aptly put into metaphor that the saddest place in Purgatory is that from which the walls of Paradise are visible. By four o'clock Hollister had not re-

turned. But Mrs. Diggs had made her abpearance instead, and Claire welcomcil it as a happy relief from the torment of her own thoughts, "My dear," said this lady, "there has been nothing so dreadful in Wall street since the crisis of the famed Black Friday. My poor Manhattan came home at three o'clock utterly jaded out. I made him go to bed. He could scarcely speak to me. I asked him about your husband's affairs, but he gave me only mumbling answers: excitement had put him into a kind of stuper, don't you know?"

" Yers," nasented Claire, understand. ing the nature of the collapse perfectly. "So he told you nothing of Herbert's affairs? Nothing whatever?"

" Nothing that I could really make offer I should be in a wild state, and have a feeling about the soles of my feet as if I were already going barefoot, don't you know, if I hadn't long ago insisted upon Manhattan's putting a large and comfortable sum safely away is my

Claire thought of the house that had been assigned to her, of her jewels, of her costly apparel. But to remember these only aggrevated her distress. What a meagre wreck they would leave from the largess of her past prosperity!

" I wouldn't be awfully worried, if work you." continued Mrs. Diggs. "If the worst should come, your husband will be sure to save something handsome. These great speculators always do. Some odd thousands always turn up after the storm has blown over. Forhaps he will begin again, and do grander things than ever before." " I'hat is cold consolation," said Claire with a bister smile.

"I know it is for you. Claire, dear, who have been toesing away hundreds to my direct. I night say horrid things, but I won't. I might talk of this: You have a much larger debt to pay her than I have."

A making look usole into Mrs. Lee's black eyes. The was thinking of the man the har passionately loved—whom she had beingth replied, in her unusi propagation in the she upoke, into one of her man had loved one of her she had never looked more serpentine that you are the one woman of all other fets on the same day, the cauting from the same to prove the man protext by four in her single for same protext by passion on the moreon. Her passion the passion on the moreon. there were presented your world to what a find of how role you make of it, don't you know? And whatever should come, Claire, diveys recollect that I'll stick to you, my done, through thick and

The vernacular turn taken by Mrs., Diggs during this eager outburst gave it a spontaneity and naturalmose, that more than once brought the mist to Claire's eyes. She felt the true ring of standing and the standing of the s Claire's eyes. She felt the true ring of friendly sympathy in every word that was spoken; the touches of slang pleased her; they were like the augularities of the lady's physical shape, severe and yet not ungraceful. She was sorry when her visitor rose to go, and had a sense of dreary loueliness after she had departed.

It would soon be the hour for dinner. First she good not disner. Sinc knew that

But she could not dime. She knew that the decorous butier who waited on her would perceive her efforts to choke down the proffered food. Perhaps he would tingle with secret dread regarding his next wages. He read the newspapers, of course; everybody read them newadays; and her husband's impending ruin had been their chief and hideous As the chill winter light in the room

turned blue before it wholly died, she turned blue before it wholly died, she sat and thought of how many people would be glad to hear the very worst. They seemed to her a pittless legion. Them, as she thought of how many would be sorry, three names rose uppermost in her mind: Mrs. Diggs, Thurston, and Stuart Goldwin. Yes, Goldwin surely would have no exultant feeling. He was full of arts and falsities, but he could not full to recent any calamity. could not fail to regret any calamity that brought with it her own sharp dis-

"He has lately been Herbert's rival in finance," she teld her own thoughts. "Circumstance has in a manner pitted them against each other. Herbert rose so quickly. They have not been enemies, but they have stood on opposite sides in not a few matters of speculation. Still, I am sure he will lament the downfall, if it really comes. He will do so for my sake, if for ne other reason. I should have questioned him more closely last night at the opera. I am sure he wanted me to speak with more freedom of the threatening disaster. I should have asked him "-And then Claire's distressed rumina-

tions were out short by the quiet en-trance of her husband. The door of the chamber had been star. Hollister simply pushed it a little further openand crossed the threshold. The dusk had begun, but it was still far from making his face in any way obscure to her. As she looked at it, while slowly rising from her chair, she saw that it had never, to her knowledge, been so wan and worn as now. He

pansed before her, and at once spoke. "Have you heard?" he said-She felt herself growcold. "What?"

"I'm cleaned out. Everything has gone. I though you might have seen the evening papers. They are full of it. Of course they don't know the real truth. Some of them say that I have five miland the laugh was bleak though low. But I tell you the plain truth, ('laire-there's nothing left? The truth is best: don't you think so?"

He was steadily watching her as he thus spoke, and the detected irony of his words plerced her like a knife. A wistful distress was in the drank blue of his eyes; they seemed to reflect from her own spirit the wrong that she had done

"Yea, Herbert," she answered, still keeping her seat. "I think that the trith is always best."

A great sigh left his lips. He put both hands behind him, and began slowly pacing the floor, with lowered head. While thus engaged, he went on speaking. "I can't think how I ever shot up as

I did. I never was a very bright fellow at Dartmonth. I always had pluck enough, but I never showed any very great nerve. Wall Street brought out a new set of faculties, somehow. And then everybody liked me: I was popular; that had a great deal to do with it. suppose that and a wonderful run of luck at the start. And then there was one thing more-one very important dous incentive it really was. I mean your wish to rise and rule people. If it hadn't been for that, I'd have let many

a big chance slip."
He passed now, standing close beside his wife's chair. "I was always weak where you were concerned," he said, reways; I let you wind me round your finger—I was so fond of the finger. It you had said, 'Herbert, do this or that folly,' I'd have done it, and it wouldn't have seemed half so much a folly becanse of your leved command. Is not this time?"

He came still closer to her after he had attered the last sentence. He was so close that his person graced her

Claire was very pale, and her eyes were shining. "It is perfectly true," Hollister's tones instantly change

They were broken, hoarse, and of fervid melancholy. "Perfectly true. Yen, you admit it. You know that I am right. I gave you everything—love, interest, energy, respect, obedience. And what did you give me? Your marriage yows, Claire!—were those falchoods? Speak and tell me! I never thought so till yesterday. Good God, woman! I never thought about it at all. You were my wife; you were my Claire. You were my wife; you were my Claire. You were stronger in nature than I, and I loved your strength. I loved to have you lead, and to follow where you led. But your love—oh, I counted on that as seyour love on, I counted on that as securely as we count on the sun in heaven. And yesteriay the truth burst on me! It wasn't I that you cared for. It was the high place I could put you in, the dreams and diamends I could buy for

you, the manufacture of the protection of the stickers the state of the stickers that are never or his visage, his voice, his whole manner. Whether from pair or wreth, it seemed to her that his eyes had taken a much durier that, and that are anyouted spark, chill and hear, lit them.

"If it all is true," he went on, speaking much more should, and like

Any street more strong, and the same wife income and street with the same strong and street with the same street w

denial. At such a time she felt the infant, even the face of lying to him. And how could she respond with any sufficiency, any gleam of comforting assurance, unless she did lie?

"You say that I led you into this disaster, Herbert," she presently responded, with an effort, and more than a successful one, to steady her veice. "I don't deny it, but at the same time remember that my forethought provided for usboth in a case of just the present sert. I have the other house, you know. Its sale will bring us something. And then

there are my jewels—and "—
His eyes flashed and his lip curled. "You take in that business like style," he cried, "when I am asking you if you ever really loved me! Is your evasion an answer, Claire? Were your marriagevows falsehoods ?"

His hand grasped her wrist, though not with violence. She rose, unsteadily, and

shook the grasp off.

"Oh, Herbert," she said, "I never saw you like this before! Let us think of what we can do in case all is really at we can do in case all is really

He withdrew from her, bresking into shollow laugh. He stared at her with dilated, accusing eyes.

"You don't dare to tell me. But I read it, as I read it yesterday. . . What can we do? Ah, you're not the woman to live on a thousand or two & year. You want fine things to wear and eat. You want your jewels, too—don't sell them for you couldn't get along without them new." He kept silence for a moment, and then hurried with quick steps toward the door, again pausing. A kind of madness, that was born of agony, possessed him and visibly showed its sway. "Get some one else to put you back into luxury," he went on lifting one hand toward his throat, as though to make the words less busky that were leaping from his lips. "Get Goldwin to do it. Yes, Goldwin. You've only to mod and he'll kneel to you—as I knelt. Perhaps he's got from you what I never could get. You know what I mean—I've told you."

He passed at once from the room. flinging the door shut behind him. The room was in dimness by this time. Claire almost staggered to a lounge, and sank within it. His wild insult had

He had not meant a word of it. He was tortured by the thought that she had never cared for him. He had used the first fierce reproach that his sorrow and exasperation could hit upon. He went to his own apartments, dressed, and then left the house. He forgot that he had not dined, but remembered only that there might be some sort of forlorn financial hope discovered by a certain assemblage of men less deeply involved than himself, yet all sufferers in a similar way, which would take place that evening at a popular hotel not far distant.
All recollection of having suggested an infidelity to Claire quite escaped from his perturbed and over-wrought brain. The piercing realization that she had never loved him still continued its torment. But he failed to recall that the desperate sarcasm of his mood had ever hurled at her the name of Goldwin. A knock at the door of the darkened

room waked Claire from a kind of stupor.. The knock came from her maid, and it acted with decisive arousing force. Lights were soon lit, and dinner, that evening, was ordered to become a canceled ceremony. "You may bring me some bouillon, Marie," Claire directed. "That, and

She drank the beverage when it was brought, and changed her dress. The glass showed her a pale but tranquil

"I would have clung to him if he would have let me," incessantly passed through her thoughts. "But now he tells me that another can give me the luxury that I have lost. He is right. Goldwin will come this evening; I am sure of it."

(ioldwin did come, and she received him with a mier of ice. Underneath her coldness, there was fire enough, but she kept its heat well hidden. "I came to talk intimately with you," he at length said, "and you treat me as

if we had met once, somewhere, for about The smouldering force of Claire's inward excitement started into flame at these words. "I know with what in-

that you can set Herbert right with his

You should have gone to him." "Why?" he asked. "Why?" repeated Claire, breaking into a sharp laugh. A moment later she tossed her head with a careless disdain. "I'm not going to tell you why. You know well enough. See Herbert. Ask him if he will let you help him."

"You are very much excited." "I have good reason to be." "You mean this dreadful change in your husband's affairs?" "Yes. I mean that, and I me

You mustn't question me."

"Very well, I won't."

But he soon did, breaking the silence that ensued between them with gently harmonious voice, and fixing on Claire's half-averted face a look that seemed to

brim with sympathy.
"Would Hollister take my help if I offered it? Does he not dislike me? I

what shall I call them? represented, impertmences? You have had a quarrel—a quarrel that has been wholly on his side. He accused you of not caring at all. Of course he has dilated on your lave for the pomp and glitter of things. As if he himself did not love them! As if he himself has not given all of us proof that he laved them very much! Well; let that pass. You are to renounce everything. You are to dine on humble fare; dress is plain clothes, sink into obsurity. This is what he demands. Or, if it is not demanded, it is implied. And for what reason? Because he still sees you are beautiful, attractive, one woman in ten thousand, and that having quambled away every other pleasure in life he can still retain you." AFFExcept on Saturday evenings, when Steamer will leave Lindsay at 7.45, instead at 6.00 p.m., for the convenience of passes coming by evening trains from Toront

LINDSAY WOOLEN MILLS

Having bought the above and got them entirely under my own management, I am determined to make them THE PLACE

To self or trade your weel. Our goods will wear better and are a great deal cheaper than the usual market goods, as we use all good wool and not one ounce of shoddy at all, while market goods are almost always stuffed with shoddy.

MANUFACTURING.

We charge for Manufacturing: Grev Full Cloth. 35c. per yard. - from 40c. to 50c.

Tweeds. -Twill Flannel, yd. wide, Cotton warp, white Check Flannel All Wool, Check Flannel, plain 25c. Our celebrated 10 lb., all wool White Blankets, \$3.00 per pair.

Union Blankets, white, all weights, \$2 to \$2.50 Grev Blankets. from \$1.50 to \$2.50 Stocking Yarn, two or three ply, twisted, 20c. per lb. Weaving Yarn, single reel. And other goods equally low. In order to induce customers to leave their wool and orders in early. I

will allow a discount off the above list of 5 per cent. on all orders that are booked before the 1st of August. I do this in order to find what is wanted, so as to be able to have all orders filled promptly. Our Terms are CASH when goods are taken away; but, as usual, customers can take part any time, and settle for all when balance is taken.

Custom Carding, Fulling, Dyeing, Custom Weaving and Cloth Dressing done as usual.

I will pay freight on all lots of wool 40 lbs. or over when to be manufactured. This does not apply when to be carded only, Thanking my many friends for their very liberal support in the past, and soliciting a continuance, I

J. W. WALLAGE.

w me Sen done I am He taun Tree E. drug \$4. MEI

and

tion

with

chang

o'cloc Nobie at \$30

J., wh

ten th

throu

gaol, da local

- M

Capta for 8

- M broke He wa

some d struck ing the

"Maid makin

church

woman his wil

selve-

repub meet i candid are the

Back;

-Tw

McColl Bros. & Co.

EVERY FARMER.

Lindsay, April 21, 1881.-85.

THRESHER AND MILL-OWNER

LARDINE MACHINE OIL.

MANUFACTTRED BY

TORONTO.

Guaranteed the Best in World. Sold by all dealers.

Toronto, March 18th, 1884,-80-39

Miscellaneous.

CARDS of all sizes, styles and designs from a visiting card to a large invitation card at THE POST PRINTING OFFICE. RITCHIE & LYTLE, BRECHIN,

Reaper's and Mowers J. O. Wisner's Seed Drill and Rake, New Brantford Fanning Mill. McPherson's Climax and Minnesota Chief Threshers, and any kind of farm Engines. The Wanzer Sewing Machine and the best Organs Manufactured. All repairs kept at Mr. Lytle's shop Brechin. The above named will take back water from no agent in the county. Brechin, March 25, 1884. - Sl-ly.

COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED . . If you wish for safe insurance and good investment combined, take an All-life rate, Ton-line policy in the New York Life.

timate feelings you came," she replied, meeting his soft glance with one of cold opposition. "You want to tell me and Citizens Accident Insurance Coe. Lindsay, April 9, 1884.—83-13. MOSSOM BOYD & Co.

LUMBER YARD CORNER OF BOND AND LINDSAY-STS LINDSAY.

SAMUEL WALKER AGBNT.

Lumber, Lath, Shingles and Pickets of all Grades. Also BONCAYGEON LINE IN Bor and IN Bulk, and CORDWOOD for

Lindsay, Dec. 26, 1884.-68. TRENT VALLEY NAVIGATION COMPANY

Str. "Beaubocage WATERCE LANE, Capte

Arrive, Linds

The Str. BEAUBOGAGE has been leased by the T. V. N. Co'y to rue as clove until the new Str. Stunction new being built for the Company by Messra. Messas Bayd & Co., of Belonygeon, is ready, which will be about the lat of July, where a new time-card will be issued,

L. O'Connor. CPRING AND SUMMER, 1884.

L. O'CONNOR,

GARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHÆTONS, DEMO-CRATS and FARM WAGGONS.

has on hand and will continue to have during the season all descriptions of the above vehicle which cannot be surpassed for taste, design or durability, The subscriber has had the opportunity of visiting the neighboring states and is enabled thereby to give the newest fashions to his numerous customers. All he wishes is a call, so that his work may be compared with others who are always loud in their own praise. What I say is, I can turn out any article in my line superior to any other manufacturer this section, which has been proved over and over again in all contests at the different provincial shows, showing that my practical experience of the last 35 years has not been altogether

Any person requiring anything in my line, whether they purchase or not will be welcome a inspect the work and see the quality of material and any portion of work used in the manufacture of my carriages, etc. All wood is thoroughly well seasoned and every branch of the business is under my own supervision. Repairs at all times done with every care and attention and at all times with due regard to

L. O'CONNOR,

Corner William & Russell-sts. Baby Carriages and Express Waggons always kept in stock. Lindsay, March 12th, 1884.—72.

Isaac Whitlock.

ISAAC WHITLOCK

respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has bought out the business of Whitlees & Halliday, Janetville, and will carry it on as manufacturer of Carriages and Waggons, and General Blacksmith. I have acquired the right to make the PATENT ONTARIO HARROW and BAMBRIDGES BUGGY. (Patented). These buggies are made of first-class stock and will be sold for \$90 for open buggy and \$110 for top buggy. The wheels are Indianapolis wheels, with Sweet's steel times hickory side-bars, and best cast steel end springs. They are very neatly trimmed and well finished throughout. First-class waggons from \$60 to \$70. HORSE SHOEING is one of the horses and give us a trial. REPAIRING promptly done at reasonable prices. I respectfully solicit a share of public patronage and will do my best to merit a continuance of the business of the old stand.

ISAAC WHITLOCK, Janetville Janetville, May 3, 1884.-87 6.

John Anderson.

NEW AND ARTISTIC FURNITURE JOHN ANDERSON'S.

AND RESOLD offers you your pick of a large variety of Lounges at almost your own prices.

Try ANDERSON, Kent-st. Lindsay, April 23, 1884. -85.

W. R. Skitch.

PSTABLISHED OVER SIXTEEN YEARS. WM. SKITCH

CARRIAGES, WAGGONS, DEMOCRATS, BUGGIES

and PHATONS, that for style and durability of workmanship cannot be excelled. All workmanship cannot b WM. SKITCH.

Next door to the Salvation Army Sarracks and opposite the Gas Works Lindsay, March 28, 1884-81-10. McLennan & Co.

Thorold Cement

CISTERNS AND OTHER PERMANENT WORK, By Caricad and Barrel, at very Low Prices.

McLENNAN & Co.

MILL MACHINERY.

DEM BRYV

JOHN MAKINS,

WILLIAM STREET, LINDSAY, Iron Founder and Machinist MANUPACTURER OF

Sames and Shingle Mill Machinery, Flour and Mil,

boys. farm h blacks

The storm st