IT LEADS ALL

Aver's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a luriCRRIFILA AVER'S SARSAPARILLA WIR
delodge it and expet it from your system.
For constitutional or serofulous Cataerth,
CATAGRIL AVER'S SARSAPARILLA is the
gumberless cases. It will stop the nauseous
catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications
of scrofulous origin.

"Hutto, Tex., Sept. 28, 1982. "Hutto, Tex., Sept. 28, 1822.

"At the age of two years one of SGRES my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore. SGRE EVES Physicians told us that a powders swollen, much inflamed, and very sore. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few does produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrotulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.

Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON,"

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& Ge 11 10 Indian Medicine, composed of Roots, Barks and Herbs, for the Pormanent Cure of Dysospels, Sick Meadache, and all attlictions of the Liver and Stomach,

Dollar ha will give you Twolve Pints of BFFFERS. A single trial has often resulted

Manufectured one by the CAOWFOOT ENDIAN WESTERNE Co., Mesterd, Ont. Sold by A BENTNBOTHAM, Lindsay,

The Canadian Post.

. 05 . Y, FRID . Y, JUNE 13 1884. AN AMBITIOUS WIFE.

A STORY OF LIFE IN NEW

CHAPTER XX. (Continued from last week.)

Claire had grown very pale, but ner eyes sparkled vividly. "I am debtor for these tidings," she said. drew a deep breath, and he surmised that under the soft curve of her joined lips she had for a brief moment set her teeth closely together. " I thought the lunch would be a hard ordeal, even as matters stood," she went on, "and that I would need my best nerve and courage to get through it all right, with proper coolness and dignity. But now the task looks far less easy, Still, I shan't flinch. I wish you were to be here; but that is not possible."

Just then a clock on the opposite mantel gave one little silver stroke that told it was half-past twelve. Claire rose as she heard the sound. "I must leave you now," she pursued. "I have only an hour left for my toilette, and I shall need it all." She threw back her head, and a dreary smile gleamed and fied all along her lips. "I mean to meet all these grand ladies without one sign of defeat. I shan't wear my heart on been my crowning triumph. It proves my funeral feast in its way, but they shan't find me playing chief-mourner. intend to die game, as the phrase is." She gave a slight shudder, drooping her " It will be as though I stood in a house whose walls might crumble all about me at any moment-as if I could

hear the crack of plaster and the creak of heams. But I shan't run away; shall stand my ground very firmly, de-pend on it, until the bitter end. When the crash comes nobody will be buried in the ruins but myself—that is certain,

Here her joyless laugh again sounded, and Thurston, swayed by an irresistible mood, caught one of her hands, pressing it hard within his own,

' You shall not be buried in the ruins,' he exclaimed. " Take my word for it, you shall not! It will all only be the beginning of a new and better life. You shall have learned a hard, yet salutary

lesson—that—and nothing more."
She shook her head, meeting his carnest eyes. "You are my good genius," she said. "It is too bad you have not had more power over me." "Who is your evil genius?" he seked, with slower tones, while she drew her hand from his.

'Myself," she answered. "I quite willing to concede it." appeared to muse for a little while. "I shall have one true friend here to day," she soon continued. "I mean Mrs. Diggs. She is loyal to me; she would do almost anything I should ask. You don't like her, or so she tells me, but I

hope you will like her better than your other cousin, Mrs. Les." "I respect her far mere. I have never doubted her goodness. But she gives me nerves, as the French say. She is at such a perpetual gallop; if she would only break into a trot, sometimes, it would be like anybody else's walk.

You think you can trust her as an ally forder 2"

fate had in store for her.

Mrs. Diggs kept her promise, and was shown into Claire's dressing room a good quarter of an hour before the other guests were due. The lady started on seeing her friend, whose tolletts was now completed, and whose robe; worm for the first time, was of a regal and unique beauty. It was chiefly of white velvet, whose trailing heaviness blent with purple lengths of the same lustreless and sculpturesque fabric. The white prevailed, but the purple was zichly manifest. In her hair she wore aigrettes of sapphires and amethysts shaped rettes of sapphires and amethysts shaped to resemble pansies, and while the sleeves were cut short enough to show either arm from wrist almost to elbow, and permit of bracelets that were two circles of jewels wrought in semblance of the same flower and with the same blue and lilac gew i, her bust and throat blue and lilac gew, her bust and throat were clad in one cloud of rare, filmy laces, from which her delicate head rose with a stately yet aerial grace. Extitement had put rosy tints in either cheek; the jewels that she wore had no sweeter splendor than her eyes, and yet both by color and glow in a certain way aptly matched them. A gear of velvet is dangerous to women in whom exuberance of figure that the least assertive ance of figure has the least assertive rule. Velvet is the sworn enemy of embonpoint. But Claire's figure was of such supple and flexile slenderness that the weight and volume of this ap-parel made her light step and siry con-tour win a new charm and a new vi-

"It is all perfect—quite perfect," said Mrs. Diggs, after taking a rapid survey of Claire's attire. "But, my dear are

friend hesitated. "Well . . . that it is just in good taste, don't you know? I mean, under

the circumstances."

"What circumstances?" she exclaimed, putting the question as though she did not wish it answered, and moving a few paces away with an air of great pride. "I intend to fall gloriously. The end has come; the fight is lost; but I They shall see me at my best to day, in looks, in speech, in manner. I'm glad you like my dress; I want it to be some-

" You say that with a kind of brava-"You say that with a kind of bravado, Claire. There's a bitter ring to your
mirth. Oh, I'm so sorry for you! That
lovely dress hides an aching heart. You
will suffer, poor child. This lunch will
be a positive torture to you."

A moment after these words were
spoken, Claire was close to Mrs. Diggs'
side, holding one of her hands with firm

"You don't know how much of a tor-"You don't know now much of a tor-ture it must be," she said, "and for what reason." She immediately re-peated all that Thurston had told her. When she had finished, Mrs. Diggs was in a high state of perturbation.
"I haven't a doubt that Beverley is

right!" she exclaimed. "If there was any plot Cornelis Van Horn was in it, too, and her brother has made her throw away her weapons. But Sylvia Lee intends to deal the blow alone . . What can it be? I'm at my wit's end to guess. There's but one thing to dokeep a continual watch upon her. Claire, can you be, by any chance, in that woman's power?'

"Her power?" faltered Claire. . 'I hope not," she said. . . "I know not," she said, as the full sense of Mrs. Diggs' question struck her, and using a tone that was one of surprised af-

" Now, don't be offended, my dear. I merely meant that Sylvia isn't a bit too good to magnify some slight imprudence. or twist and turn it until she had got it langerously like an actual crime. . . But nous verrons. After all, Beverley's fears may be groundless. With all my

Not long afterward Claire was receiving her guests. All the great ladies caine, except, of course, Mrs. Van Horn. The last arrival was that of Mrs. Lee. She contrived to make her entrance a very conspicuous one. She was dressed with even more fantastic oddity than usual, and she spoke in so shrill and peculiar a voice that she had not been in the drawing-room more than five minutes before marked and universal attention was directed upon her.

"Sylvia is in a very singular state of excitement," Mrs. Diggs murmured to Claire. "I know her well. That slow drawl of hers has entirely gone. She acts to me as if she were on the verge of hysteria. I don't know whether you telt her hand tremble as it shook yours. but I thought that I plainly saw it tremble Just watch her, now, while she talks with Mrs. Vanvelsor. She has a little crimson dot in each of her cheeks, and she is usually quite pale, you know. There's something in the wind—Beverley was right."

" Her place at the table is rather distant from mine," said Claire, with a scornful, transitory curl of the lip. "So there is no danger of her putting a pinch of arsenic into my wine-glass. "You are not nervous, then? I am.

I don't know just why, but I am." "Nervous?" Claire softly echoed. No, not at all, now. I've other more important things to think of. What could she do. after all? Let her attempt any folly; it would only recoil on herself. . . Ah, my friend, I'm afraid I'm past being injured. This is my linale. I want it to prove a grand one."

"It will, Chire. They have all come, as you see. They have met you with perfect cordiality, and you have received them with every bit of your accustomed grace. I dare say that some of them are stunned with amazement; they no doubt expected to find you shivering and color-

The repast was magnificent. There were more than thirty ladies present, and these, all brilliantly attired and some of striking personal beauty, made and the soft music pealing from the near hall just loudly enough not to drown conversation while it filled pauses, pro-duce an effect where the most unre-strained hospitality was mingled with a faultless refinement.

Claire's spirit seemed to rise as the Claire's spirit seemed to rise as the decorous yet lavish banquet proceeded. Her laugh now and then rang out clear and sweet, while she addressed this or that lady, at various distances from where she herseif sat. Mrs. Diggs, whose place was next her own, observed it all with secret wonder. She alone knew the bleeding pride, the balked aspiration, the thwarted yearning, which this nathetic and fictions heree.

faith in the tale of her husband's ruin. They were all women of the world, and they all had the tast and breeding to perceive that their hostess, now if ever, merited their best courtesy. They could all have staid away at the last moment; Mrs. Van Horn held no exclusive claim to the possession of her headache; its right of appropriation belonged elsewhere. But they had not availed themselves of it; they had chosen to sit at Claire's board, to break her delicate bread. Hence they owed has their allegiance to-day, even if to-morrow they should find: expediency in its hardest-opposite. But it now appeared to them as if "she were refuting the wide-spread rumor of her husband's misfortunes; her own equipoise and seintillance bespoke this no less than the irrepresentable chic of the entertainment to which she had bidden them.

Mrs. Lee was not very far away from

Mrs. Lee was not very far away from Claire, and yet the latter never ad-dressed or seemed to notice her. But Mrs. Diggs noticed her; she indeed maintained a vigilant, though repressed, watchfulness.

"You have quieted her," she found a chance to murmur in Claire's ear, sure that the indefinite nature of the pronoun that the indefinite nature of the pronoun would not be misunderstood. "She is still looking excited and queer, but she has almost relapsed into silence. Perhaps she really wanted to poison you, and feels hurt at the lost opportunity." Mrs. Diggs had had several sips of good wine, and felt her anxiety lessened; her jocose ebulition was the result of steadied nevers. "I never see you so steadied nerves. "I never saw you so spirituelle, Claire," she went on. "You have said at least eight delicious things. I have them all mentally booked, my dear. When we are next alone to-gether I will remind you of them."

"Pray don't," Claire answered, put-ting the words into a still lower aside than her friend's. "I shall have hard enough work to forget, then. I shall want only to forget, too."
She had just finished this faint-

spoken sentence when one of the servants handed her a note. As she glanced at its superscription the thought passed through her mind that it might be some dire and alarming message from her husband. But the next instant a flash of recollection assailed her. She emembered the handwriting-or, at east, in this festive and distracting environment, she more than half believed

that she did so.

Her hands, while she swiftly tore open the envelope, were dropped upon her lap. She read several lines of a note, and then crushed it, quickly and covertly. As her eyes met those of Mrs. Diggs she had a sense that she was

"What is it?" whispered her friend. "Oh, nothing," she afterward remembered saying. The servant was still close at her elbow. She turned her head toward him. "Let her wait." she said. "Tell her

that I will see her quite soon."

The whole affair had been very rapid of occurrence. No one present had given a sign of having observed it. "If I had only not grown so pale,"

The paper was still clutched in her left hand, and she had thrust this halfway beneath the table-cover. With her right hand she began to make a play of eating something from the plate before her, as she addressed the lady on her other side. What she said must have been semething very gracious and pleasant, for the lady smiled and answered affably, while the servants glided, the music sounded, the delightful feast progressed. Everything had grown dim and whirling to Claire. And yet she had already realized perfectly that Mrs. Lee was striking her blow. It had come, sudden, cruel direct. Her blurred mind, her weakened and chilling body, did not leave that one act any the less clear. She understood just what it was, why it was, and whence

The note had been from her mother. It was half illiterate invective, half threatening rebuke. Its writer waited sutside and demanded to see her. "If you don't come," the ill-shaped writing ran, "I will come to you." Claire knew that this thing had been Mrs. Lee's work as well as if a thousand witnesses had averred it. The missive contained no mention of Mrs. Lee, but she

mevertheless had her certainty.

"I must go," she told herself. "I must go and meet her. Can I go? Can I walk, feeling as I do? Should I not fall if I tried?

She always afterward remembered the food that her fork now touched and trifled with. It was a sweetbread croquette, with little black specks of chopped truffle in its creamy yielding oval, and the air that they were playing out in the hall was from a light, valueless opera, then much in vogue. She always afterward remembered that, too. So do slight events often press them-selves in upon the dazed and dilated vision of a great distress.

"Can I rise and walk?" she kept thinking. "Should I not fall if I tried?"

CHAPTER XXL

It is doubtful if any guest save Mrs. Diggs and one other had seen Claire either receive, open or read her note. The constant movement of the servants hither and thither, and the little conhither and thither, and the little conversational cliques formed among the ladies at this central stage of the entertainment, would have made such an escape from general notice both natural and probable. But Mrs. Diggs, who had thus far kept a furtive though incessant watch upon Mrs. Lee, soon felt certain that her cousin had not merely seen what had passed; she was visibly affected by it as well; she could not help regarding Claire across the considerable space which intervened between them. Her expression was a most imprudent betrayal; it clearly told, by its acerbity and exultance, that she held the present occasion to be one of prodigious and triumphant import. No one except Mrs. Diggs was watching her, and she was many af even that

just now the force of malign joy swept saids prudent central. Before Mrs. Diggs's exploring search of it ended, her last doubt had fied."

"I never now her look more like the snake that she is," Claire's friend had thought. "The mischief—the deviltry, it may be—lies in that letter. Claire has grown as white as its paper; but nobody notices that, thank Heaven! She won thank—she isn't of the fainting sort."

"Claire, she new said aloud, yet in tones which the most adroit of eaves-droppers could not have more than just

vaguely overheard, "did you get any bad news a minute ago?"

Claire was no longer addressing the lady at her side. "Why do you ask?"

she responded. "Do I look pale?"

"Not at all; not the least in the world; I've never seen you more com-posed," returned Mrs. Diggs with enor-mous mendacity, hoping that her chari-table lie would bear reassuring and tranquilizing results.

It did, as soon became apparent. Claire's condition was that in which we grasp at straws. Perhaps she grew several shades less pale on hearing that she was not so.

"I must leave the room," she said, pronouncing the words with the edges "Are you unwell ?"

"No-yes-it isn't that. I must go. Could I do it without-without-?" She paused here: she had not enough clearness of thought, just then, to finish her sentence coherently.

"Without causing remark?" gently broke in Mrs. Diggs. "Why, of course you could, my dear. Are you not hostess? A hundred things might call you away for a little while. No one would

dream of thinking it in the least strange. Why on earth should one?" There was a light nonchalance about this answer that Mrs. Diggs by no means felt. She knew that something had gone terribly wrong. Her rejoinder had been a stroke of impromptu tact, just as her recent glib falsehood had

Its effect upon Claire was immediate. Her friend was doing her thinking for her, so to speak, and was doing it with a rapid, unhesitating aplomb.

"You don't know what has happened,

do vou?" she now said. Mrs. Diggs at once felt the helpless disability of mind and nerves which this last faltered question implied. "Give me your note," she said. "Slip it under the table, you will not be

Claire obeyed. Mrs. Diggs had long ago learned how and why her friend had left home, before that episode began of her residence with the Bergemanns. She read the note like lightning, and digested its contents with an almost equal speed. The sprawl of its writing was uncouth enough, but not illegible.

For a slight space horrified sympathy coolness and placidity that did her credit, considering the cause in which she employed them:
"I would go at once. You can keep

everything quiet. Of course you can. I will follow you shortly. I will make a perfect excuse for you. You are feeling a little unwell—that is all. No one has noticed; take my word for that; I am simply certain of it. When you return
—which I promise you you shall do quite soon—scarcely a comment will have been made on your absence. Go. by all means. Go at once, as I said."

Some of her color has come back.' at the same time passed through Mrs. Diggs's anxious and agitated thoughts. "I knew she wouldn't faint; it isn't in her. She will see that I am right in a minute. Her wits will begin to work.

She will go."

Claim did go. She had no after recollection of how she left the great
dining room. But she had indeed moved from it in so silent and so swift a way that her chair had been vacant several seconds, and her skirts were sweeping one of the thresholds of exit, before the fact of her departure became even half perceived among the guests. Once in the large, empty drawing-room immediately beyond that which she had quitted, she felt her leaping heart grow quiet, and her bewildered brain clear. It took only seconds, now, to restore in a great measure her selfpossession and her courage.

She passed into the further drawingroom. Both were as void of human occupant as they were rich and stately in their countless beauties of adornment. Her visitor was not there. Then she remembered the smaller reception-room which opened off from the main hall. She directed her steps thither. They were firm steps; she had grown sensible of this, and of her newly acquired

Two breadths of Turkish tapestry hung down ever the doorway of the reception-room, thus obscuring its in-terior. As Claire softly parted them and entered, she saw her mother.

Mrs. Twining stood near a white-and-gilt table that was loaded with choice ernaments. The chamber was one of great elegance and charm. It was all white and gilt and pink; there were cherubs on the ceiling throwing roses at each other; its hangings were of rose-color, and its two or three mirrors were framed in porcelain of rare design. A connoisseur who was among Claire's admirers had once assured her that this little room was exquisite enough to stir

the dust of Pompadour.

Mrs. Twining did not look at all as though she might have been any such famous ghost. Not that she did not present a ghostly appearance. Her black eyes seemed to be twice their former size, so lean and haggard was her altered face. Its cheek-bones stood out with decent; she did not seem to be a beggar; no runty and shabby poverty was manifest on her person. She had refused stoutly to wait in the hall, and the servant who had admitted her, being hurried with other matters, had yielded to her insistence, yet deputed an underling to keep watch on the reception-room after showing her thither. Claire had not seen the sentinel, who was stationed at a little distance up the hall, and who joined his fellows when sure that the hady of the house had condescended to meet her unpleasant visitor.

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We charge for Manufacturing: Grev Full Cloth.

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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

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J. W. WALLAGE.

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has on hand and will continue to have during the season all descriptions of the above vehicles 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 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 manufacture? 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.

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BOOTS & SHOES just arriving, at Prices which cannot be beaten in the Dominion.

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