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The Canadian Yost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, AUG. 8, 1884. EDUCATIONS A WONDERFUL THING.

"so John, your done with the college, And are back on the farm once more, With your boad as full of I ming

As a knark apple of core. It's cost a heap to learn you all-

To clother and Bzare and speak, And it's different work a-hoing corn from digging in Latin and Greek. So is it has, or is it pills You choose for your occupation? Or, touer still come settle down, And accept a D. D.'s station."

"Well, dut, f have thought of the law,

But they say its all overdone: An for pills, why everyone knows It's the hardest work under the sun-A parson's role would never fit On a men time is built like me: For how would it look on the best short-step

That plays in the B. H C.; So I'm engaged at two thousand a year. And signed the papers, too,

For the clab from Kalemazoo,

"I'wo thousand a year!" The old man stares; It makes his head to sing. And he just had sense to mutter aloud: "Falication's a wonderful thing!"

THE Mystery of Shifting Pool feeting them anxiously, and this dripping algebra open and she shivered as though a blast of death had struck her, as she

caught out of he self by this moment so worship that requires no teaching, he solemnly evect, so divinely still, break residuely himself to circumstances with all anddenly away from earth, and apringing sheer up to heaven's gate, pour her exalted song in at it is ean, with throbbing rapture her quencied for sorrow that she must return to the haunts of men, nor make her home in that cold, pure spiendor which for a moment her cages heart and winy have touched. That make voice breaks the charmt slowly above the horizon shows the blood-red disk of the rising sun, whose beams, arroys straight, pierce to the very beart of nature and lo! there is life in the air, there is colour in the landscape; like a choir led by an invisible hand uprise the million subtle sounds and scents of the morning; day has come, and with it unrest joy and sorrow; and we look to the fading jasper in you far-off sky with a dim mys-terious pain stirring at the heart, and the terious pain stirring at the heart, and the peans of praise around us ring in our ears like rude echoes of the worship that but now lay like an unuttered word twixt (ind now lay like an unuttered wo

of the rugged pile that cronched at the feoof the rock whence it sprung, its summit clothed with gorse that at sunset flung a blood red banner above the ancient house, so that far and wide it was known as Red He would be less than human could be Hell. But in the smile of the morning one detach those if the folded hands, cloud with thought less of the weim battlements than of the little flowers that crept between, and must surely put himself in the child's peep d over to those brighter sisters below that bloomed in the old court yard that had that bloomed in the old court yard that had once trembled to the thunder of a thousand feet; and even as Mr. Eyre gazed, there floated up to him a sound the most joyous note surely in the whole gainut of earthly sound, so pure, so silvery—the laughter of a very young child. It came as sudden, as a ve y you gehild. It came as sudden, as clear, as dropped notes of the skylark's song a mount and something flitted across the open -

Moving light, as all young things. As young birds and early wheat, When the wind blows over it

something that pattered barefooted over the stones as unconcernedly as rose-leaves sinking on moss; that held a nightgown up in one dimuled hand, and chuckled wisely as it went, never pausing till the garden was reached, where its tiny feet left

silvered grass.
Business was clearly in its mind, but, to a trunt of three or thereabouts there are drawn into an absurd reproduction of his father's frown, while Dody, made despermenting calculated to make him forget why he got up thus early; and it was not nod his small head at his his father, and ong before he fell in with a lame blackbird before whom he went down on his hands and knees, the two exchanging confidences without a trace of shyness on either side; and then there was a squirrer to be assumed in the fascinating cuty of washing her face, and a bird's nest to be peeped into—and kiss their mother, clasped hands and trotted down the corridor, sobbing bitterand then there was a squirrel to be assist- that neither child dared resist; they ran to from that by the flerce wistful eyes of the mother-birn; and two field mice to be put back into a hole; and altogether he wasted much valuable time, and brought down on

took him.

Ile was just trying to coax a butterfly to perch on his forefluger, when a slight sound in the distance made his heart sink like lead to where his shoes ought to have been. He set off running towards a certain rose-bush, but too late; the next moment something flashed past him, and the coveted flower, for which he had risen so early, was anatched from him by his pursuer's hand.

him.

'Good morning, sir!' she replied, wiping a tear away with equal spirit.'

'And pray,' said he 'is that tear due to my absence, or my return?'

To neither,' she said, sitting down by the open window, and looking up at the pale sky as if she sought and found her children's faces there.

'So that's over,' said Mr. Eyre, as he loosened his riding-cloak and threw it aside. took him.

hand.

'And me got up to yerly,' said Dody, too dejected even to hold his night-gown up, as he approached his brother. Me opied door all alone, and everythink!'

'You couldn't expect to beat me, you know, Dody,' said Doune, with contempt; and it's a pity you can't dress yourself—I

'You is not dressed proper,' objected Dodpy; your strings is hanging out.'
'Oh that's nothing; Josephine often does that when she's in a hurry. I say, Dody, I know something that you don't.'

'Now what would you say to going opwsliping this morning with mother?

Dody clasped his hands in momentary
setacy, then his face fell.

'Daddy wont let us, he said gravely;
'we've never been cowniping wis mummy
all our lives not never.

'All our lives! and Donne, with immense
contempt; 'why you're only four; I'm five,
and I went coweliping when you were a
baby eating pap and all that.

'You was a baby once,' and Dody, with
dignity; 'so was dady. Wonder if anybody
ever 'macked daddy, sh, Doony?

'Nobody 'ud dare, said Donne; 'he punishen everybody. I heard Josephine tell
Molly last night he was away punishing a
poor woman, and that's why we're going
to have a treat.'

poor woman, and that's why we're going to have a treat.

'Poor 'coman,' said Dody, shaking his head with much concern; 'rather not go cowsiping than hurt her, Doony. Wonder if he whipped her very hard?

'O'! he don't whip her' said Doune. 'I don't quite understand what he does, but he won't be back till breakfast time.

'O, my!' said Dody,' hugging himself all up together with delight; 'does 'co think mummy'll wake up soon, Doony?

'She'il have her cup of tea at seven, you know, and

know, and

'['s'] l take it to her, 'cried Dody, shouting
with joy, as he set of running towards the
house, his thoughts flying in and out of a
thousand golden bells that for him were
nodding out yonder, while his heart sped
before to the mother without whom cow-

slipping was no joy.
She heard that happy laughter in her sleep, and, waking, looked through her window, and saw the little brothers crossng the courtrard, so that when they came

ing the courtyard, so that when they came down the gallery on tiploe there was a wild cry of 'Mother! mother!' a rush forward, and then two fond arms closed upon the pair, and heaven was in their narrow compass; and even to Dody, earth, with its store of cowslips, was forgot.

Then, as you will see a young apple trae, overborne by the weight of its first fruits, hent proudly to the earth, content rather to break than to forego them, so sank this young mother with her treasures to the ground, where they clung about and kissground, where they clung about and kiesed her as though they could no more be awarry of her lips than she of theirs, till, our of breath, they kissed no more, but queezed her to them with all their little

tender might—the truest, foudest pair of lovers woman ever had yet. And to such lovers as these she never grows old, nor waxes their love chill twenty years hence, whether here or with God, she will be as dear, as beautiful in their eyes as now, while far away (whether here or beyond) in the innermost recess of her heart, she will cradle them warm, the tiny creatures whose tender feet had neither the will nor the strength to stray further from her side than her voice had

Power to win them back.

"Happy a year, mummy!" said Dody,
parting her face with a little velvet hand; its your fourflay, but I've got nothing for you, he added, his voice ruising as his heart swelled. 'He means many happy returns of the

day, said Doune, presenting the rose and atruggling out of his mother's arms; but he's so very little,, ou really must excuse "Thank you, my sweethearts," she said, and her voice might have painted her to a blind man as she stood, Dudy's pink toes curled like rose leaves at her waist, and on her young face such a glow as makes the

The holiest thing alive. 'But these cold wet feet,' she added, feeting them anxiously, 'and this dripping

wrapped her dress about him. Day e ung to her in almost as much 1 STORY OF COUNTRY LIFE IN fear as love when she carried him over the thresho, he was so rarely privileged to So will you see the skylark, as though saucht out of her self by this moment we

> You is a sweet little miming, he said framing her chestnut head in his hands, a iding, as one struck by a sudden recollection, would on like to hear me say my mainst me knows such pity werses, and on's never heard me say them—not never. these little hands in prayer, as rarely, in-deed, had she stood by her children to bless them as they slept; her husband's love overshadowed all her life, and de-manded of her en undivided allegiance in which her motherhood found no place.
> 'Oh, mummay!' he cried, his eyes wander

receives no greater shock to his unbelief than when he hears his child lisping out

at his mother's knee --Pity my simplicity. Teach me how to come to Thee.

detach those if the folded hands, cloud with doubt that innocent mind; as he listens he

then spying a brown nicle on her neck, and thinking it was something that hurr her, he leaned forward and pressed with devout faith his tender lips to it. 'to make it well, as she now and again had done for him in his child shaches and bruises, and for want of which he had often cried him-

them; and then turned aghast to ree the master of the house looking with a frown of strong disapproval at the group. a print of fairles' footsteps all along the silvered grass.

Susinces was clearly in its mind, but, to but the one stood motionless, his brows.

> remark:-'L's is going cowsiping wiz mummy!' 'Next year, perhaps,' said Mr. Eyre, dry-ly, and pointed to the door with a gesture

Good morning, madam!' said Mr. Eyre with trenchant emphasis, as the sound of those little fcotsteps died away, and still his own head the fate that presently over- Made up had not advanced a step to meet

aside.

'What is? said Madcap, looking round.
'No more than I can make shift to live without,' he said, as he sat down at some distance, and stooped to unfasten his

spurs.
'What could that have been? said Madcap, the mother in her eyes dwindling to two specks as she inscusioly approached.

him.
Only a sweetheart; not much when you get a besotted mother in her place; and then for the husband to object to be sunk

mothers, now men.

'Yes, she said, sitting down opposite him; a young light chape with bare arms crossed lightly on its knees, and upon brow and lipe something leveller far than the childish beauty so dear to lovers heart; for methers, like one. Have you ever thought of it; that I must love them because—because I am their mether?

He turned and looked at her keenly, for the first time in his life consciously regarding her as the mother of those mere unconsidered triffes that he called his children.

children.

An idolized sweetheart, wife, friend, and the little wild Madcap who, in electing to dance through life to the tune of his own sober footsteps, had come to him

Fill all the stops of life with tuneful breath;

he knew her well; but this motherhood—
there was to him nothing lovely or sacred
in it; on the contrary, a fleren pane amote
him as he realized that his sole undivided
right to her was gone, and that others had
an good a claim upon her as himself.
He snatched her in his arms, as though
her alizer force he would keep her still; then by sheer force he would keep her still; then put her from him, and heavily, with the fires of love suddenly grown chill in his

fires of love suddenly grown chill in his eyes, turned away.

"There—go, he said. "Forty years of my life I managed to live without you; the rest of my existence, as I told you but now, I'll eke out somehow."

For a mement she shrank from him—from this selfish virile love that swept

aside all, even duty, in its course; then, with an instant recoil of feeling, the woman's heart thrilled to the man's exacting devotion, and she approached him softly.

'Love has no second place,' she said; and could you live without me? 'she add ed, all the mother gone, and the sweerheart's airs and graces in full blow.
Indeed I could. It's living with you, and taking a second piace, that I won't en-

'You might do worse,' said Madeap sad-ly, and uplifting to him two such sweet mirrors of fatherhood as a man might look in and find himself ennobled, not de-

'And better,' he said. 'For instance, he might breakfust—' and he opened the His will carried him across the threshold:

but flesh and blood is sometimes stronger than iron, and somehow Mr. Eyre found himself led back to a chair, while Made p, in a mere accidental way, seated herself on 'And pray, ma'am,' he said coldly, 'what

do you do here?'
"Oh, I'm used to it, she said, nodding, as she clung to his coat lappel, to save hesself from slipping from the ungracious support afforded. 'Precisely,' he said. 'Mere habit duty

-what you will - not a spark of real inclination in it -a chair would do as well. Off with you, ma'am to the nursery; there thread your daisy chains, weave your cowslip balls, and be happy."

'And supposing I would rather stay here?' she said, twining an unwilling arm about his neck. 'Besides, you -you've for-

gotten something!'
'What's that?' he said, looking with cold and grudging eyes at the little mouth Where the untired smile of youth Did light outwards its own sighs;

*to wish you more years in which to see me grow oid? Your babies have done that. To kiss you? It was Madcap that I used to kiss and she's gone; it's a body without a heart that perenes so confidently on my

'Is it?' she said, suddenly clasping two round, young arms above his ebon head;

For a moment he did not stir, only looked hard in her eyes, where bit by bit he saw himself as detested parent disappearing, and the lover growing, in his own progether, their lips met in such a kiss as sus peuse had quickened into heaven. And you will love them a little -for my

sake l' said Madcap wistfully, as he releas-'No; you for theirs. And for me, Mad

Keep, therefore, a true woman's eye, And love me still, but know not why, So hast thou the same reason still To dote upon me ever.

If is cortain life that never could deceive him. Is full of thousand sweets and rich content; The smooth-leaved beeches in the field receive him.

With coolest shade till noontide's heat is spent.

His life is neither spent in boisterous seas O'er the vexatious world; or lost in slothful

Pleased and full blest he lives, when he his God Two little faces-one tear-stained, the other proud and angry—at nine o.clock saw the horses led to the door, and Mr. Eyre came out leading his wife who was

laughing at something he said, and some-how forgot to look up at the casement and kiss her hand to the children as she She remembered them too late, and then but for a moment; her husband filled memory and landscape alike, ruling her

every thought, and carrying her back to those days when, deprived of his company, she had tried to live without him and nearly died of the attempt. The inducentary coldness of the morning had in its something of that yearning sense of love being before, not behind them, rode with them as they went, and gave to the life around that subtle touch which brings the lowliest blade of grass equally with God's noblest handiwork, into sympathy with the heart's content.

ens and becomes a living joy; the mere hue of a flower seems to say, 'Do you remember?' and the note of a bird to cry, 'Have you forgotten?' when a sound a seent is as a word spoken by one to another; when if your beloved be at your side, in fancy you clasp hands and go back together to the remote beloved past; and when—ah, God!—if you have lost him, but when—ah, God!—if you have lost him, but not by death, he comes to you living and real as the grass at your feet—your very own, as when together you plucked the flowers that look up at you with clear eyes that remember both you and him. Strange, that the past should have such power over us, turning our present gold, as it were, to dross—dimming the summer that noint to a height to more reserved. hues that point to a bright to-morrow; reaching out to us from the past like a dear dead hand to hallow our living joys, as the good ship lying at anchor casts far

heyond her on the waters a silvery track of light that she berself shall never traverse.

Mr. Eyre's heart exulted in him as he bared his brow to the air, 'nimble and eweet, and looked around—Madcap, honor, fame, riches; all these were his—and what lacked he? Life held not one joy that he coveted, or did not hold in the hollow of his hand, and through the gathering years he saw himself as now, for love is immortal, and Madcap was youth, and with the twain ever at his side he might defy age. He had never before counted up his treasures thus—whence, too, came this odd sense of power and mastery over fate that awayed him as though he were unused to sovereignty, and must take the braggart's loud pitiful pride in it?

Dear to him were those peaceful breathings that, ascending from the village below, spoke of duteous toil, followed in its turn by grateful rest. Not sight or sound met eye or ear but spoke of happiness in the past, of sure coming peace in the future. Content was he to dwell among clods, so he might share the clods' noble portion of sir, sky and earth.

A sweet without a snare—a pleasure that brings no nain—to sow and plant in eweet, and looked around-Madcap, honor,

portion of sir, sky and earth.

'A sweet without a snare—a pleasure that brimgs no pain—to sow and plant in hope, waiting in the rainbow premise that harvest shall never fail,' he said, thinking half out of his own mind and half from a well-loved book. 'And there are those who pity us, Madeup—who smiled at this "rich attendance on our poverty," and who

The second of th

through spring showers upon whose banks the cases metandelusped hands, the bright young beauties of a month ago standing bravely up in their faded amocks side by side with the bold, gay newcomers, about whose akirts the breath of early summer clung. And these wistful eyes, that seemed to say, "Do not pass us by because we wear so happy a mien, but gather us for the sake of the yesterday in which we and you were so happy, and that perhaps will have no to morrow, are Madcap's, so that it was a tiny knot indeed that at length she placed in her breast.

'And I love to see you so,' said Mr. Eyre, with a simple flower in your hand, and your hair with only its own light to view to by. After all, what is every ornament with which a foolish woman thinks to adorn herself but an imitation of those natural ones that adorn our birds?"

'And how much less beautiful!' said Madcap, looking up to a gold-crested wren which sang at ease, swinging amidst the yellow tassels of the hazel: while hard by, as if is mockery at the tiny creature's soulless splendor, a russet thrush nouved. "O! a mere matter of business; it won't detain me again," he said, care-lessly, as through an open gateway they

heaven. as if in mockery at the tiny creature's soul-less splendor, a russet thrush poured out his song—the careful thrush who Sings each song twice ever, Lest you should think he never could recapture The first fine careless rapture,

and whose song, when we are happy, is the song of our own hearts, and it is the bird who is hearkening, and we who are pouring out that triumphant, throbbing What were you thinking, Madeap? said Mr. Eyre, struck by something in her

'That if I were not happy, such a song as that would ureak my heart!' She was trembling violently, and though he caught her in his arms she trembled still, then sat erect, and passing her hand

before her eyes, gazed around.

'What was it?' she said. 'Something—some one—and yet I saw only you—alone—hating all the beauty on which you looked because I was not beside you! 'That's true enough,' said Mr. Eyre: 'no a twig, leaf, or blossom pleased me on my way home this morning; all I saw was Madeap at the end of my ride, and I

'Something that could think of you, 'And so you are to die in spring, Madcap, he said, as he held her close, 'and, like Sir Thomas Overbury's milkmaid, have good store of flowers to cover you; well, you'll let me creep under the same coverlet, I hope—but no, not even for you will I submit to be made ridiculous. Two sculptured lovers weeping under a willowtree never inspired me with anything but disgust; they ought not to have died-had

But, before now, lovers have willed each other to die, said Madeap, dreamily; and all-for love!

they willed to live they must have done

'No -for jealousy,' said Mr. Eyre; 'and what a man has reason to be jealous of, is not worth killing—he should equally scorn to barm, as to detain her.'
And so you could not be jealous? said Madcap, some of the old color and mischief stealing back to her pale face.

'Not I! Do you mean to try me?'
'Look!' she said, as if in answer; and
they turned on the brow of the hill, and together gazed down on the vast woods of Lovel spread out below-woods upon whose brown surface the young green nad enroached little by little, like the sea upon a count set thick with little islets and promentories, till at length, growing bold, it had overspread all, and now lay pulsing in the sunlight—a tide whose ebb and flow bore mysterious whisperings with it, rising at moments with a soug more sweet and human than ever yet was reached by

ocean's lullaby.
'It is like a bird's variations on the one note that he has by heart, and expresses so perfectly, said Madcap dreamily, her eyes fixed on that exquisite green.

'And do you wish him back?' said Mr. Eyre, looking steraly at his wife.
Indeed I do! she said, looking towards the distant turrets that rose grayly out of that shimmering light. 'Not a day passes

but I think of him-poor Frank! 'And do you think he has stayed away these six years on your account? 'I don't know,' said Madeap, turning her head aside; 'only you see I was Frank's first, his only sweetheart!'
'And that is better than being a man's

'And why not first and last?' said Madcap, that spark of faithfulness in her eyes which, once lit in a weman, from however an worthy a source, is quenched but with her breath. 'Might not two people love each other in youth, and grow to each other in middle age, till at length they toddled down the steep incline more in love than ever?"

As you and Frank might have done said Mr. Eyre; and now I come to think of it, you seemed to love each other very much. That box on the ear, for instance

'He had been worrying me' said Mad-cap, hanging her head, 'and so I got on the ladder to count the plums.'
And are six,' said Mr. Eyre. 'I reckoned them as I stood at the bottom."

"You came three hours before you were expected," said Madcap reproachfully; and who would have thought of your walking straight to the kitchen garden?" You came down backwards, said Mr. Eyre, smiling at his recollections; "such a young shape, and such a slim foot and ankie, I wished the decent had been twice as long; and half way down you stopped, and said you would stay there till dooms-day unless I promised not to try and kiss

'And you promised, said Madcap, jog-ged by memory into flercer blushes than the actualities of life had caused her these five years. 'It sounded just like Frank's voice; but when I turned around and saw you - why had you got that look on your face? she cried, stopping short to laugh. Of course I boxed your ears-who could

help it? And so my acquaintance with Frank's sweetheart begin, said Mr. Eyres, thinking of his friend.

'Why did I go?' he added, as one thinking aloud. 'I loved the boy, and I suppose loved you for his sake before ever I saw vou.

But when did you begin loving me for myself? asked Madcap, coaxingly.

Let me see he said: 'was it when you tucked your skirts around your ankles and walked out of the room on your hands?

You had no business in the schoolroom, nor Frank either, cried Madcap, ashamed. 'I had forbidden him to come there; and and how do you know it was I, after ali?

No one could positively swear to another person's hee's!'

'And, when next we met, you walked demurely and wore boots,' said Mr. Eyre, gravely; 'yet I could have sworn to those shoes as the same that I had seen twink-

shoes as the same that I had seen twinkling down the ladder. No—I did not fail
in love with you then.

'But perhaps you had done it already?'
said Madcap, saucy, though abashed.

'Perhaps,' he said; 'and you?'

'You were so old, so grave, so—so respectable,' said Madcap, looking away.

'Do you know, I was so amazed when I
heard you had the reputation of being—
wicked.'

wicked.'

'Did Frank tell you that?'

'Frank! No; it was Lady Betty.'

'And what did you say?'

'That it must have been so long ago I wondered people hadn't forgotten it!'

'Did I seem such an old fellow to you as that Madcap?' said Mr. Eyre, laughing.

'Oh yes,' she said, gravely; 'you see Frank and I were so dreadfully young—and two of a kind never agree!'

'And so, as I was old, the tales of my wickedness did not trouble you?'

'No,' said Madcap, very low; 'only—when you stayed away so long—sometimes they would knock hard at my ears to be let in; and when Lady Betty

heart; he'll never come back' I began to the to the punished fust and hell you never shall. It was our first parting; would to God," he added, with sudden bitterness, "that I might never have left you for an hour since the moment that we first met."

"And yet you stayed away all yesterday and last night," said Madeap, as they left the high-road for a part of Mr. Eyre's estate that he rarely visited.

"O! a mere matter of business; it

Rode under groves that looked a paradise Of blossom, over sheets of hyacinth That seemed the heavens upbreaking through

for high above them closed vast apple-boughs, now all coral and white with biossom, while at their feet the hyacinth of her million bells had woven a carpet of azure across which now and again a bird swept low, as thinking that in seek-ing earth he had chanced to light upon

From overhead the busy coil of wing-ed life struck out a faint aromatic scent, penetrating as the wild, far-off sweetness of the blackcap's note. To an exquisite rhythm of sight, sound, and scent Madcap seemed to move as she passed down that long arcade, silent, yet no more dumb under her delight than is a flower whose language is her breath, or a stormy sunset who speaks

living words to us by its hues.

Mr. Eyre was no longer by her side, but he was close at hand; and there lies the soul of a woman's rest or unrest whether the man she loves be her reach or beyond it—and Madcap did not miss him as she went, counting her treasures up as poor mortals will, when all unknown to themselves the first quivering shaft of disaster threatens

"This apple-blossom looks well for the crops," said Mr. Eyre to the farmer who had joined him. "Well, sir, there's the late frosts yet; and Providence don't usually take much 'count of farmers."

"I suppose Providence is not responsible for all your gates being open." said Mr. Eyre, who had enjoyed the ride through half a mile or so of uninterrupted orchard, but blamed the earelessness that had made it practicable. "It's just that old Busby," said the farmer, scratching his head, "he must ride through here instead of by the high-road; he's scouring the country about the 'morial for the poor soul up at th' jail, and every unborn babe in the parish must sign it, or he'll know the reason why." "Have you signed?" said Mr. Eyre,

looking at the man keenly. "No," said the man, sturdily; "the woman drowned the child, and an ounce of fact is worth a pound of talk. Whether th' feyther was up at th' Tower or elsewhere—I beg your pardon, sir." he addded, stumbling in his speech; "and to be sure, you were married to the young mistress then; but somebody she come to look for in this village, that's certain, and who else could it be but the young lord?

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Eyre, with a gest-ure of disgust; "it's impossible."
"Young men will be young men,"
said the farmer, shaking his head; "they don't allus keep in mind Feyther Williams' advice. who

Thought of the future whatever he did. That he never might grieve for the past. But for: sir, what a sight of pleasant

things that old chap must have miss-Mr. Eyre joined for a moment in the farmer's hilarity, then rode forward to

rejoin his wife. He had scarcely done so, when he heard behind him the almost noiseless sound of horses' hoofs coming over the turi; he guessed that they were in pursuit of him, and, turning to her, cried—"One gallop, Madcap!" and a touch, the blood-horses stretched fleetly out almost to racing speed, and like winged creatures breasted the long low hill before them, while far behind, like dull, low echoes, came the pursuing feet. Had some of Madcap's own wild spirit leaped into Mr. Eyre's veins that day as they rode neck and neck, horses and

riders alike exulting in that masterful rush through the soft spring air? Of their own will the horses seemed to stop at the pris in gates of Marmiton, but before she could even cast a glance at the building, Mr. Eyre had seized her bridle, and turned her face and his own homeward. "So ends a happy day," he said, as at the end of the straggling town his keen

eye detected a mounted messenger approaching, who bore in his hand one of those yellow envelopes that in rural lives not infrequently cause a revolu-"No!" cried Madeap, still breathless, and all her young blood kindled in her

by the dare-devil ride; "it is only just begun!" Prince Charlie, who knew his mistress's every mood, and had carried her barebacked many a time in giorious spurt over hill and dale, tried to nestle his velvet nose in her hand, upon which she threw her arms round his neck. "O! Charlie," she whispered in one of his big, quivering ears, "don't you feel

ground to-day-just as we used to long ago?" Mr. Eyre read his message through twice; then tolling the man that there was no answer; asked Madcap if she were too tired to ride further. "For it is your birthday, Madcap; and we will spend it together; but tomorrow-to-morrow-" "To-morrow will be as happy as to-day," eried Madeap; but to this, Mr.

CHAPTER IV. He hoist up sails, and awa' sailed he, And sulled unto a far countrie!
And when he looked his ring upon,
He knew she loved another man.

He hoist up sails, and hame came be-Hanse unto his ain countrie:
The first he met on his own land,
It chanced to be a beggar man.

Eyre made no reply.

The beauty of Lord Lovel's woods was invisible to the man who after dark that night traversed them with now hasty, now lingering steps, inhaling with an odd sense of memory the crushed scent of the wild flowers that from time

to time he trod under foot.

No friendly gleam of light beckoned him toward the ancient house; no voice save a hireling's was likely to be uplifted in his welcome; and that sense of chillness with which we approach a place of which hearts once made a home oppressed the wanderer as he crossed his own threshold, and hearkened to the long reverberations of the great bell as it clanged through the lonely, deserted

At last a woman came; but, before she could ask a question, he had passed her, and was standing in the midst of the dining-hall, when, amazed at his audacity, lamp in hand, she had shut the hall door and evertaken him. [CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

The reason why "Nonsuch. Washing Compound" should be used in preference to all other washing preparations. First—It is perfectly harmless. Second—It saves mere than half the labor. Third—It is the cheapest in the market. Many more could be given but this should be sufficient. For sale by all grossrs.—72-tf.

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

L. O'CONNOR,

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHÆTONS, DEMA CRATS and FARM WAGGONS.

has on hand and will continue to have during the season all descriptions of the which cannot be surpassed for taste, design or durability, The subscriber has had the opportunity of visiting the neighboring states and is thereby to give the newest fashions to his numerous customers. All he wishes is a call, so 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 manufacture this section, which has been proved over and over again in all contests at the different vincial shows, showing that my practical experience of the last 35 years has not been

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

Baby Carriages and Express Waggons always kept in stock. Lindsay. March 12th, 1884.-72.

A. Higinbotham.

TURNIP SEED! TURNIP SEED!

Turnip Seed, Powdered Hellebore, Paris Green pur for Potato Bugs), Sponges, Chamois Skins,

Trusses, Shoulder Braces, etc. Agent for B. LAURANCE'S SPECTACLES

Doheny Block, Lindsay.

John Makins.

MILL MACHINERY.

WILLIAM STREET, LINDSAY, Iron Founder and Machinist

MANUFACTURER OF Saws and Shingle Mill Machinery, Flour and Mi

Have a large assortment of General Patterns for the above description of works Lindsay, Aug. 17th. 1882.-97.

Municipality of Ops.

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TRACTION OF THE PROPERTY OF TH

RY-LAW NO .---.

A BY-LAW to provide for draining parts of the Township of Op. rowing on the credit of the Municipality the sum of Two Time Hundred and Ninety-eight Dollars and Ninety-three Cents, for the same.

Whereas, a majority in number of the owners, as shown by the last revised Whereas, a majority in number of the owners, as shown by the last revised at of the property hereinafter set forth to be benefitted by the drainage, have perinded to the said Township of Ops, stating that there is a large tract or and what swampy in the Township of Ops, south-east of Lindsay, almost worthless, the proper system of drainage, could be made available for agricultural purposes, and those lands should be drained under the provisions of the Municipal Drainage Act And whereas, thereupon the said Council procured an examination to be in Smith, junior, P.L.S., being a person competent for such purpose, of the said local be drained, and has also procured plans and estimates of the work to be made by Smith, jr., and an assessment to be made by him of the real property to be beneficially as nearly as he can the proportion of benefit which, in his opiderived in consequence of such drainage by every road and lot or portion of lot the ment so made and the report of the said George Smith, jr., in respect thereof and drainage being as follows: frainage being as follows :-

GENTLEMEN.—In accordance with your instructions to me I have made an extended and the lands proposed to be drained in the Sixth, Seventh and Eighth Concessions of Ops. and have made a survey of the drains necessary to easily our your purporturnish you with a plan of such survey, together with a profile showing the letter same; also a specification of the work to be done in the construction of schedule showing, in my opinion, the proportion of benefit derived by every portion of lot of such lands so drained. My estimate of what the work should a specification of lot of such lands so drained. My estimate of what the work should a specific schedule showing in my opinion.

CONSTRUCTION OF DRAIN According to specifications (see details)..... Surveying expenses (see details).....

I have the honor to be, gentlemen, your obedient servant. GEO. SMITH P.L.S., Towns

Lindsay, July 15th, 1884. Lot or Part of Lot S hf 10 N hf 10 W hf 11 E hf 11 E hf 12 W hf 12

Lindsay, July 15th, 1884. GEORGE SMITH, P.L.S. T And whereas, the said Council are of opinion that the drainage of the locality

And whereas, the said Council are of opinion that the drainage of the locally desirable.

Be it therefore enacted by the said Municipal Council of the said Townshipe of to the provisions of "The Consolidated Municipal Act of 1883":

1. That the said report, plans and estimates be adopted, and the said drain and the nected therewith be made and constructed in accordance therewith.

2. That the Reeve of the said Township may berrow on the credit of the Comparation of the foundation of the said Township of Ops the sum of Two Thousand Seven Hundred and Ninety can being the funds necessary for the work, and may issue debentures of the Comparation of the said seven than \$160 each, and payable within tiffeen years from he with interest at the rate of five per centum per annum, that is to say, one of said including interest, to be payable at the Ontario Bank at Lindsay on the Fourteenable in each year for fifteen years.

3. That for the purpose of paying the sum of Two Thousand Seven Hundred 60-100 dollars, being the amount charged against the said lands so to be benefit on other than roads belonging to the Municipality, and to cover interest the room to the rate of five per cent, per annum, the following special rates over and above arrates shall be assessed and levied (in the same manner and at the same time as a upon the undermentioned lots and parts of lots, and the amount of the said spirit, rest assessed as aforesaid against each lot or part of lot respectively shall efficient equal parts, and one such part shall be assessed and levied as aforesaid in fifteen years after the final passage of this By-law, during which the said dependence.

Value of Im- To cover in er- Total Special A: provement. est 15 years. 120 61 211 17 265 78 S E pt 13 E pt 13 W hf 13 W hf 14 Whf Ehf 14 NW qr 11 \$2,708.60 \$3,911 60 Char geable to Municip ality for roads

For the purpose of raising the sum of Ninety 33-100 Dollars, being the total amount as as aforesaid against the roads of the said Municipality, and to cover interest thereon for years at the rate of five per cent. per annum, a special rate of Eight Ten-Thousandths fail in the dollar shall, over and above all other rates, be levied (in the same manner and same time as taxes are levied) upon the whole rateable property in the said Township of each year for the period of fifteen years after the final passing of this By-law during which said debentures have to run.

The above is a true copy of a By-law to be passed by the Municipal Conneil of the Townson of Ops, on MONDAY, the Eleventh day of August, A. D. 1884, at the hour of Two o'clock in the afternoon, at the Council Chamber, in the Tewn Hall, Lindsay.

J. O'LEARY, Clerk.

TAKE NOTICE that a Court of Revision will be held by the Municipal Council of Ops. 6 Monday, the 4th day of August, A. D. 1884, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, to hear any complaint the assessment set forth in the above by-law.

J. O'LEARY, Clerk

PARTIES APPLYING TO QUASH.

TAKE NOTICE that any person or persons intending to apply to any of Her Majesty's Subtice Courts at Toronto to quash the above By-law, or any portion thereof, must within tendafter the final passage of the By-law, notify the Clerk and the Reeve of the Municipality of the their intention so to apply, or failing to do so their application cannot be received by substituted the courts, and the By-law will thereafter be in full force and effect.

L. O'CONNOR, Corner William & Russell-st

A. HIGINBOTHAM, DRUGGIST

JOHN MAKINS,

Steam Engines and Steam Pumps.

Provisionally Adopted the 15th day of July, A. D. 1834.

To the Reere and Council of the Township of Ops :-

Streeying expenses (see details)
Passing work.
Solicitor's fees, drawing contract
Clerk's fees, drawing by-laws and striking rate.
Printing, advertising, etc.

Chargeable to Municipality for roads.

COURT OF REVISION.