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The Canadian Lost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, AUG. 15, 1884.

Mystery of Shifting Pool

A STORY OF COUNTRY LIFE IN ENGLAND.

Chapter IV.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.] "I want Job," he said; "will you send him to me?" And his voice and man-ner being of that sort which wins princess and peasant mine por, after all, a princess, however finely she laces her podice, can do no more than have a woman's heart inside it), she departed, and presently an elderly serving-man entered, who looked scrutinizingly at his visitor's back, at that moment turned For a moment he stood, his pulses

beating between doubt and hope; then, as the other turned in his walk, he ran forward, and seizing the young man in eried out in a paroxysm of "So you've come home at last, my dear, dear little Master Frank!"

"Yes, Job; come back at last," said his master, laying his hand on the old man's shoulder; "and come home to stay please God."

"That's good hearing," said Job, re-treating a step to gaze at his new-found treasure: "but what brought you home so sudden-like?" he added, certain misgivings darting painfully through his

"I got home-sick," said the young fellow, still resolutely fighting off a certain thought that had beset him ever since he set foot on English soil; "and, perhaps, I was tired or playing schoolboy, and wanted to be my own masterand yours, too, old friend," he added, wringing Job shand, as though he found in that honest palm all the welcome man could desire.
"God bless 'your little heart!" said

Joh, to whom the birth of Fran was a mere matter of yesterday, and this stalwart young soldier no bigge than the toddling child whose steps has so of an guarded from danger; has

daybreak I must be hungry," said Frank, seizing the candle, "Come along, Job. I've ransacked the larder too often not to know its whereabouts.'

Job, as he followed those light heels, thought how bright the house had all at once become with that sunshine which his young master carried with him everywhere—in at the chinks of men's hearts, and lonely places that the sun had forgotten, and, in short, into every nook and corner where his eye glanced, and his step came. And travel stained as he was, he yet made one of those lovely figures that no man nor woman either could look on without admiration of that sort which leans to

"A poor home-coming!" said Job, shaking his head, as he served his master at the kitchen-table; "and you've come a bit too early or a bit too late," he added below his breath, wistfully searching Frank's face for the wicked-

ness nowhere to be found in it.

The young fellow caught the look, and colored. He too longed, yet feared to ask a certain question, but it was unasked still when at midnight he stood alone in his chamber, and, drawing aside the curtain from his mother's picture, answered in words to the mute

welcome her lips seemed to speak.
"I've come home, mother," he said, simply, just as though she heard him; "and you'll help me;" and perhaps she did hear her boy, and did help him did hear her boy, and did help himafterward—who knows? Sleep was impossible to him; here, under his own roof-tree, he realized what his future life must and should be, as his father's had been before him. All that he looked on, all that he touched, spoke to him of duty, and the noble traditions of an unstained name; and, as he threw the casement wide, and hearkened to the night wind as it rustled like a sight through the woods below, his heart swelled within him, and he swore that he would be a faithful steward to the hundreds of sleeping souls intrusted to his care. The morning sun was shinhis care. The morning sun was shin-ing in his eyes when he awoke and de-scended to the library, where Job, no longer the transported friend, but the faithful domestic, awaited him with a breakfast was the product of a sieepless

"I don't s'pose you've seen saything since you went away to best flat," re-marked Job complacently; "but, for, what can you expect out of England, Master Frank?"

Frank laughed, and his laugh was something to remember, for its delightful ring, and the suggestions of happiness both to himself and others that it unconsciously brought.
"And yet there are some fine sights abroad, Job, as you would say, if you could see them."

"And you liked 'em so well you could stay away these six years?" said Job

reproachfully.

"There was work to do," said Frank, the color rising to his face (and this was one of those traits that warmed men's hearts to him, as showing that in his mind still lurked the ingenuousness of earlier years). "A man does not run away home when his comrades are fighting; and I was wanted, Job, and nearly got my billet here," he added, laughing, as he touched a scar on his left temple that gave earnestness to the almost boyish beauty of his face. ish heauty of his face.

"So it wasn't a bit of foolishness that kept you abroad all these years?" cried Job, triumphantly. "Love's all very well, but fighting's better; it warms the cockles of one's heart, and when all's said, it's the real work a man's done, not the times he's made a fool of himself to think of when he's got the blues, and you'll have work enough to do about the estate, without thinking of any love-

making this ever so long."

"I'll leave that to the squire," said
Frank, laughing. "Is he as bad as ever?"

"The squire has left the Hall," said
Job, putting on a deceitful air of innocence as he poured his master out a cup of coffee. "He's eating frogs this blessed minute, no doubt; though I'm much mistook if Nancy of the Mill cottons down to 'em along with him."

Frank, pushing back his plate.
"To be sure," said Job, with an elaborate appearance of unconcern; "it must be nigh on five year and a half ago that the county folks made up their minds that they couldn't stand Miss Nancy, and so-

"The old squire has left Lovel?" cried

"And so the Red Hall's empty!" exclaimed Lord Lovel, starting up from his seat; "and I've been thinking of that old reprobate as holding his court there, and setting a bad example to the neighborhood—an influence that would dwarf mine so hopelessly. Job, that I could make no way against it."

"Well—well," said Job deprecatingly, "ne were a rare bit of human natur", to 'ne were a rare bit of human natur', to

he sure; and human natur's lively and interestin'. Master Frank, while the Ten Commandments in the main is "But they don't bring disgrace in their train," said Frank, walking to the window and looking out. "Who was it you said was living at the Red Hall

"His son," said Job, in a tone of suspicious mildness, as he busied himself about the table; "he's been here for years, and a new order of things it is up yonder-church and children, and sweethearting—but always with his own wife; they ride by here often, and I wonder how long it will last," added Job, with a smile.

laurington Eyre is married!" cried Frank, advancing; "then what became

"Mr. Barrington was killed in a duel. said Job, inwardly marveling at his master's ignorance; "it's young Mr. Eyre that's living up at the Hall now." "Young Mr. Evre!" starting back as though a bullet had struck him-"old Mr. Eyre, you mean, and he is here-here-impossible!" "Well, he ain't a chicken, to be sure," said Job impartially, "that's why I've got some hopes of him yet; when folks of his age takes a moral turn, it gets fixed into a sort of habit with 'em.

"Then he has turned over a new leaf!" exclaimed Frank involuntarily.
"Lor, Master Frank, I wonder if he knows his own face in the glass, he's that altered; he's a justice and a magistrate, and punishes folks for being wicked instead of making 'em so, as he and all the Eyres did afore him. But it's deadly dull in the village now," added Job regretfully, "or so the women say; all the pretty chincks hereabouts go unchucked, and if there's a bit of beauty growing up in the place, there ain't a soul in life to discover it."

"Would you have him as bad as his father?" burst out poor Frank in a rage, and still pale with the shock of finding

and still pale with the shock of finding Madcap living at his very gates.

"Well," said Job, in a tone that befitted his name, "I hope it may last; but there's no reckoning on them Eyres; and though he just dotes on her now—women cloy, even the best of 'em—God a'mighty mostly makes 'em too sweet or too sour, and there's few a man can sun of every day and not wish force. sup of every day and not wish for a change once by whiles, Master Frank." But the latter part of Job's dissertation was lost on Frank, who escaped through the open window, and was striding down the central avenue as for

This sudden knowledge of her nearness for the moment overcame him-it was as though a picture he had been gazing at from a distance had stepped out of its frame to stand beside him, and he must take its flesh-and-blood hand in his own, and change the likeness of his face toward it * for while in his memory, and afar off, she was still his sweet little Madcap, his tyrant, his love * here at his gates she was wife to his friend only—his friend who had stolen her from him, but who had made

He looked around him-that exquisite sense of newness with which the old country ever strikes us after long sojourn in burning climes, gradually stole upon and soothed him; and the pride in his own soil, that every true man knows, awoke and prompted thoughts of an existence apart from love. With a sudden backward movement of the shoulders, as though he shook some weight from them, he stood for a moment to watch the woven dazzle of light and shadow above—a shaft of sunlight fell full on the young, beautiful face, refined almost to sternness by its absorption of thought; but, like magic, the look faded, as almost at his gidather hand here. as almost at his side there broke forth reached a portion of his estate that adjoined Mr. Eyre's, a tall hedge forming

the boundary between them.

He was turning to retrace his steps when a woman's voice, following on the coming, holding up her gown with one rounded arm, a basket in her hand, and a child on either side, tripping over the cowslip's head, with a footfall light as a shadow, quick as a sunbeam,

A woman perfect as a young man's dream, And breathing beauty and the old sweet air Of the fair days of old, when man was young And life an epic.

It vexed the old man that his master would look through the open windows instead of at his plate; and yet who could take his eyes from those three avenues each above a mile in length, through whose fretted aisles, like a magnificent burst of melody from an unseen source, had swept the tide of God's sternal green?

And life an epic.

Heavens, how he had forgotten her! Memory's colors had no more power to paint her as she lived and breathed than an echo is able to repeat the tone of a weil-loved voice; and if but a moment ago he had thought of her as happy, how poor and pale a thing that happiness seems ource, had swept the tide of God's glowed with color, life, and song! And

above, and thrust it down.

"Look," she cried, "here and here, and here!" and at each word stooped to pluck a cowslip from its stalk, yet found time between to kiss the little eager faces to near her own and to here. faces so near her own, and so for the first time brought her motherhood home to Frank's mind; for perpetually as she had dwelt in his mind all these years, Madcap as a mother had never for a second presented herself to his imagination.

magination.

His heart throbbed; inexpressibly sacred and more dear to him in this most moving, pathetic situation a woman can fill in the eyes of the man who loves her, was Madcap then. Her voice came to him like a revelation as she dropped her basket to throw an arm round each child's neck and call them her little loves her sweethearts—after round each child's neck and call them her little loves, her sweethearts—after all, might not the secret of her happiness lie with them, not with Mr. Eyre?

"And now for the cowslip ball," she cried, and came all breathless to the brook, and sat down beside it with her lapful of gold—"God's gold," as Doune, who was beginning to understand what his prayers meant, with some condescension informed Dody.

"But me know sumfin' too," said Dody, who was watching the fall of each cowslip's head with absorbed attention—

"A wobin and a wren are God a'mighty's cock and hen.

Did 'oo know zat, mummy?"
"No," said Madcap, laughing; "but
Dody knows lots and lots of things that mummy doesn't!"

"Me'll seep wiz 'oo to-night," said Dody, with a royal nod, "and then me'll tell 'oo." "Josephine won't let you," said Doune, who looked upon such talk as a frivolous interruption to cowsliping, and whose love for his mother was rare-

ly shown in outward expression.

"His father's son," thought Frank, as he looked at him with a momentary throb of aversion; then away from him to Dody, who in feature and coloring equally resembled Mr. Eyre, but carried a subtle look of Madcap in his every look and gesture that won Frank's heart on the spot, as later on, Frank won his
—and kept it, too, to the last. To the young fellow, the making of that cowslip ball was an idyl, and never sure was a string more prettily held than by this little pair of lads, so serious, so in-tent, so fearful lest even by a wandering glance after a butterfly a shake should be engendered and a blossom spilled; while between them knelt Madcap in her white gown, swinging those golden bells as one who weaves in with each a hidden joy, a sweet content, that made the wreathing of this child's plaything as true an index to her life as though Frank had followed it, day by

day, for the past six years.

"Eeny more f'owers, mummy?" said Dody, speaking for the first time since the ball had been commenced.

Yes! there was one more; it was be-tween Madcap's fingers then. She was looking into its heart, cinque-spotted but she saw not the flower, she had for gotten her children; adark beloved face. eldom an hour absent from her side. had risen before her, and in spirit she had leaped to it, and was crying out— "Yesterday, I wished you away; but, to-day, I wish you here!"

"Me knows me'll drop it," said Dody, in a voice of grave rebuke; and then Madcap came to herself with a start, and swung her cowslip, and with much squeezing of certain little fat hands inside it, the ball was tied and tossed high in the air, with the magic invocation— Tisty-tosty, fair and forty, How many years shall I live?

Down slipped the golden ball through Madcap's fingers, and with a shout of joy was seized on by the children, who held it up for her small—velvety, voluptuous, like a full rich draught of summer after the wayward sips of sweetness that lurk in the pale cups of primrose and anemone! As the children ran away with their treasure, Madcap cast a quick look around and drew from her bosom a letter, that she first kissed, then held a moment in her hand, as a child will delight to abstain for a moment from its coveted cake; and Frank wondered what could be on the page to bring such lovely lights and shadows to her face as she read. Was it, then, Mr. Eyre's habit to write his wife a loveletter every time she took a morning walk without him? She had found it on her piffow that morning when she had awakened to find Mr. Eyre gone; and this was his letter.—the first love-letter Mr. Eyre had ever written his

"Madcap," he said, "I go to my father, who is dying. This is our first parting, the first in six long happy years, and I leave you thus rather than that the word 'Farewell' should be spoken between us; it is a word that must not, shall not, hold any meaning for you and me. In three days, at latest, I will return, or summon you to my side. I would take you with me but such side. I would take you with me, but such associations, are not for you. Wife—sweetheart—joy of my life, write to me the moment you receive this—and every day, do not let those rogues delay you for one moment. Pshaw! I know thou lovest me in thy real heart better, I think, than those pretty hove I gave thee thy real heart better, I this pretty boys I gave thee.
"I am, now and always,
"Your loving, faithful husband,
"Eyre."

"I didn't think it of you, Master Frank; no, that I didn't," said a re-proachful voice at Frank's elbow; "let alone the Bible, I never know'd no good as ever come to a Peeping Tom;

they mostly peeps after petticoats, and petticoats bring misfortins."

"What is it?" said Frank, whose color announced him fully alive to the meanness of the action in which he had been caught. "Was that letter from him?"

he added mentally.

"Whys Colonel Busby's asking for you; sure you don't forget him, Master Frank, the biggist fool in these parts." "Confound him!" cried Frank, heartily. "Well, I hope the callers have begun early enough."
"It's not a call exactly," said Job,

"it's hot a can exactly," said Job,
"it's business. I s'pose they want you
to sign the 'morial they're getting up
for that poor soul up yonder;" and he
pointed in the direction of Marmiton.
"What poor soul?" said Frank, for a
moment the thought of Madcap swept

"The woman what's condemned to

"The woman what's condemned to death for drawning a child in the Shifting Pool," said Job, speaking slowly and watching the effect of his words.

"Poor wretch!" said Frank, absently; "by the way, Job, do you know if Mr. Eyre is from home?"

"What made you think of that?" said Job, with a shrewd suspicion as to what his master had been peeping at; "well, he is—I heard it just now—the old squire is dying at last, and Mr. Eyre he was telegraphed for yesterday, but wouldn't go cos 'twas his wife's birthday; but, lor, Master Frank, don't 'ee go in for looking through Mr. Eyre's hedges; he's a bad one to meddle wi', an' David ain't the only one as got into trouble through a spying after what warn't his'n."

"Ah, how do you do, my dear Lovel?" said Colonel Busby as Frank entered the library by the window; "rejoiced to see you

bright and well; you have come, too, in the very nick of time to render me a most valuable assistance. For some reason, Eyre has set himself from the first against that unhappy woman the jail, and will cut of her last ch of life if he can; but with your signa-ture"—and he suddenly unfuried before Frank's astonished eyes a scroll on which were inscribed names varying in dignity from that of a lord of the manor, to a tiller of the same—"we hope to de fact him yet."

"What is it?" said Frank, passing his hand over his mouth to hide a smile, Colonel Busby's little fat form and extended scrole irrepressibly suggesting the personage who in a pantomine is always striving to get a hearing, but

"Have you not heard?" said the Colonel, who thought himself the pivot on which the world turned; "it's the memo-

which the world turned; "It's the hieldrial to the Home Secretary."

"Of course," said Frank, apparently
waking up, "it's about a cowslip—I
mean a man—no, a woman—"

"A woman," said Colonel Busby, in a
tone of stern rebuke, "who now lies under sentence of death. A woman," he
reneated, "who must be saved." repeated, 'who must be saved."
"This won't do," thought Frank, and compelled himself to thrust the thought of Madcap aside, and take the memorial

The first few lines carried little meaning to his mind, but as he read on a change passed over his face. "A stranger to the place," he said, still looking at the paper, "and she came here in

search of some unknown person?"
"Yes," said Colonel Busby, nodding,
"the father probably—there have been
suspicious, he went on, "but it's odd
that none have pointed in what I'd
swear is the right direction," and he
made a significant made a significant gesture toward the

"What!" cried Frank, his bright face suddenly growing pale as death. Colonel Busby nodded. "To be plain with you," he said, "and it's more than I dare to be with any other soul, for Eyre leads the whole country by the nose, you're suspected of what I firmly believe he is guilty of. You see, it happened five and a half years ago, and we all know what his life was before his marriage— and there's not a doubt the woman came

in search of the father."

Frank's hand suddenly closed on the parchment—for a moment sight failed, and he felt as if the life were going out of him in agonizing convulsive throbs; then, as the necessity for self-control smote him, he drew himself erect, and appeared to be reading what was in reality a blank to him.

"If the murder was committed five and a half years ago," he said, "how comes it that the mother is only now

"It is not the mother," said Colonel Busby, staggered in his previous con-victions by Frank's manner; "it's supposed that this was her servant, and that the crime was committed unknown to the parents." "Is she a small sandy-haired woman hordering on middle age?" said Frank,

the words escaping him involuntarily.

"To be sure," said Colonel Busby,
more and more depressed by his conviction of Frank's guilt; "a mean-looking creature." "Thank God!" cried Frank, in a more natural voice, his mind relieved of at least one terrible fear. "And her mistress, has she been here? Is she in the

place?"
"We don't know that she has a mistress," said Colonel Busby, staring at the young man; "it's a mere guess, but she seems in mortal dread of some unknown person coming before she dies. and it looks suspicious.

"Then she has confessed nothing?" said Frank eagerly.

"Nothing, publicly. What she said to Mr. Eyre in private we don't know. She asked for him directly after the trial was over, and they were closeted together some time. It was he who committed her to prison on mere sus-picion of the deed, and, in fact, from first to last has shown an extraordinary interest in the case and the woman." An exclamation burst from Frank's

lips; but calming himself by a great effort, he said, "Mr. Eyre is absent from "Yes; but before leaving he wrote to town. You know his influence in high quarters, and this influence he is using

What!" cried Frank, recoiling a step.
"He could save this woman's life and

Colonel Busby nodded. "You know what he is," he said; "immovable when he has once made his mind up. 'Guilty she is, and hanged she shall be,' that's the way he talks.

But you'll sign, of course?"

Mechanically the young man took the pen thrust upon him, and signed his name; but, having done so, his eye was name; but, having done so, his eye was arrested by the signature immediately above his own—"H. Clarke."
"Hester Clarke!" he almost shouted. "Who signed that name? You said that

she was not here; that-that-"I see no Hester Clarke there," said Colonel Busby, looking over his shoulder; "that's the signature of Clarke, the butcher, Christian name, Henry. Is that the name of the mother?" he added sharply, and with bitter disappointment in his heart that the public pillory was not for Mr. Eyre after all—but Frank, pale to the lips, did not reply. The question he had never dared to ask through all those years of absence had answered itself almost in the hour of his return, and the matchless beauty of his words smote him with a cruel sense of pain as he looked out upon them.
"Well, well," said Colonel Busby,
"don't take it to heart; it may blow

over, and it might have happened to anybody, you know; but, of course, it will make you anxious to pull the woman through.

"What!" said Frank, with so much haughtiness, that Colonel Busby took an involuntary skip to the door, and with a hurried good morning, closed it behind him. "And I could have sworn," he mut-tered, venomously, as he seized his hat, "that the father was to be found at the

Red Hall!"
"I'm sure of it, sir," said Job, appearing, and handing the angry gentleman his stick; "and what's more, we'll prove it. It ain't in a Lovel to do a mean ac-

"So you've been listening at the key-"So you've been listening at the keyhole, hey?" said Colonel Busby, unconscious of missing an opportunity.

"I have the honor of my master's confidence, sir," said Job, dryly; and Colonel Busby, reflecting too late that this
man might have been valuable to him,
found the door gently but firmly closed
in his face.

in his face. m his face.

"Bless you for an old bumble-bee!" said Job fervently from the other side.
"Seems as if fools like you was born just to teach wise folks like us patience; and when God A'mighty thinks you've taught us enough. He just lets you crack your own empty head against a window-pane; but you went bumbling and buzzing into the right jam-pot when you said the father was up at the Red Hall, and not here."

CHAPTER V.

At about the time Madcap was sitting lown to write Mr. Eyre a letter, he was entering the courtyard of a private hotel in the Rue Rivoli, a quick glance at the windows assuring him that he had not arrived too late.

"My master is very ill, sir," said the old servant, who had hastened down to meet him: "but he has just rallied in a wonderful way, and is talking quite like

"Is that you?" said old Mr. Eyre, whose voice and eyes seemed the only living things about him, as he lay on his bed a ghastly, stricken shape, incapable of movement. "I did not expect you. Does the Izaak Walton business, combined with matrimony more a tricken. combined with matrimony, grow a trifle

combined with matrimony, grow a triffe wearisome, after all?"

"We will discuss my private affairs when we are alone," said his son, with a glance toward the be-ribboned, be-jewsled person, who boldly kept her place by his father's side.

"You can go, my dear," said the old man, turning his eyes on her sarcastically, "and amuse yourself by putting on a few more gewgaws. You will cut a fine figure in 'em when I am gone, and, if you play your cards well, may even marry—my courier!"

The door closed with a bang on a petticoat, that on the way to it had con-

ticoat, that on the way to it had con-trived to overturn a table laden with bottles and other paraphernalia of sick-

aess.
"A sweet creature!" said Mr. Eyre, dryly; "her playful spirit has kept me alive these five years. There's no damned iteration' about her; but, on the contrary, a never-ending varietyand she nurses me devotedly. There's time yet to put a codicil to my will." He smiled sardonically at his son's back; but that gentleman had moved away, and was looking out of the open

"And I really am not difficult to please," he went on. "I think it was Byron's servant, Fletcher, who remark-ed that he never knew a lady who could not govern his master, except his wife; but I have omitted to inquire for the health of my daughter-in-law, whose acquaintance, by the way, I have never

"She is well," said Mr. Eyre, briefly.
"She must be be a wonderful creature," said the old man, a sneer lifting his hard mouth; "in short the whole race of women-epitomized. I am told she is handsome.'

Mr. Eyre half smiled in scorn of such a description of Madcap—Madcap of whom, with Sir Thomas Overbury's milkmaid, might be said. "all her excellencies stand in her silently as if they had stolen on her without her knowledge."

"But so were the others," continued old Mr. Eyre; "and though I could understand your remaining so long in a coin du feu to which you were not legally tied—a great charm that, and one that has kept many a man in it for life out of pure contradiction—this married business of yours is beyond me. 'O! mirth and innocence! O! milk and wa-

"Did you summon me here solely to discuss such topics as these?" said his son, pausing a moment in his walk.

"I didn't send for you to preach to me," said the old man, with a snarl;
"keep your damned moral airs for Arcadia; and as to dying, what's life—what's death? The one breeds awon, I that other feeds it; and, like Byron, I have it is no sin to langh at all things. hope it is no sin to langh at all things; for, after all, what are all things but a show? But you'll stay here," he added, in a different tone, "whether it's three hours or three weeks to the end."

"No," said Mr. Eyre; "I can remain here but three days.' "Be sure I'll not detain you a moment longer than I am obliged," said the old man, drylv. "Why didn't you bring her?" he added, sharply; "there's no knowing what Bluebeard's closet she mayn't be peeping into in your absence, -so much innocence requires a deal of watching over.'

"Oh, I'm not afraid," said Mr. Evre. indifferently. "You are fortunate," said the old man; "I never tried so risky an experiment. My idea of happiness has been independence of everything and everybody,-and that you can't be, when you see the direct effect of your every deed, good or evil, upon those you love. Pshaw!" he added, as though ashamed of the momentary touch of feeling; "what do I know of love? Love with old men, as a great authority takes care to inform us, costs trente mille francs a

Mr. Eyre turned away, and the old man's eyes followed him, as with firm

step he walked to and fro. "The life suits you," he said suddenly; "you look years younger than when I saw you last—clearly respectability has its gains. I don't know why it should not, if it pulls with your inclination; besides, you sacrifice nothing to it, and there you show sense. After all, can appearances and the world's good can appearances and the world's good can appearance single thing worth opinion give you a single thing worth having? Health, sleep, appetite, freedom, friendship—it's curious how little all these are affected by what people

say,"
"Good name in man or woman," said
Mr. Eyre absently, his soul and thoughts

"Pooh!" said the old man, "that's if their name is their living, not otherwise. You like your present life because your wife suits you; if shedidn't. you would think twice before settling among those dullards and make your-self one of them. And to be sure, when you die," he went on, reverting to his usual tone, "there will be much lipservice, but not a real tear among those who follow you—your burial may be more decorous, but it won't be half as well attended as mine. To be really loved by your neighbors, you must am in life from their point of view, and they must pity you; to be aware of the secret difficulties and backslidings of your friends is to love them, while to hear perpetually of their virtues and success is to avoid their very mention.

Now, in the country you will always be a Greek quotation that nobody understands, a standing reminder to folks of their ignorance, and detested accordingly; but in town there's a great field open to you; in Parliament you will have full scope for your abilities, and since you feel the disgrace of our name so keenly, you might even have the oppor-tunity of being the founder of a new

"I have thought of it before," said Mr. Eyre, carelessly; "but I won't quit my country life. Ten years ago, perhaps, I might have thought of it, but [CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

The Post Club List. The Post and Weekly Globe, one year, for new subscribers to Jan. 1885...... 22 The Post and Western Advertiser..... 2 00

-Country merchants, business men and traders can have suitable receipt books printed and neatly bound at low rates at THE POST' job printing department. Orders by mail promptly

L. O'Connor.

SPRING AND SUMMER, 1884.

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

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Baby Carriages and Express Waggons always kept in stock.

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INSURANCE.

Lindsay. May 27th 1884.-90

THE CANADA LIFE. Annual Report for 1883.

Interest on investments - \$335,906. New policies written - - 2,178. Amount of new policies - \$4.534,000. Death claims paid - - \$289,650. Premiums received - \$812,889. It will be noticed the interest on investments

Twill be noticed the interest on investments more than pay the death claims.

The Canada Life is a home company and has been doing business for 37 years.

Its rates are moderate while its profits are larger than those of other companies.

Policies indisputable after two years.

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premiums.

Those insuring now will be entitled to two year's profits in 1885. The profits will equal if not exceed those of any previous DIVISION.

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Lindsay, Feb. 23 1884. Agent Tindsay. S. Corneil.

MR. S. CORNIEL,-Please convey to the Directors of the LON-DON MUTUAL my thanks for paying for my dwelling through kind consideration for a widow, my policy having lapsed on account of the building having been for

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E. Gregory.

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