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## the Canadian Los

LINDSAY, PRIDAY, JUNE 12, 1886. A SINGULAR MARRIAGE. A STORY OF AMERICAN SOCIAL LIFE.

"Well, he isn't, and he never will! am sure of him—as sure as that I sit here. Do you think I would have looked as him if I hadn't known he was a man of his word?"

"You have chosen him well, my dear," and Mes. Postico, who by this time was educed to a kind of bewildered ac-

"Of course I have chosen him well! In such a matter as this he will be perfectly splendid." Then suddenly: "Perfectly splendid—that's why I cared for him!" she repeated, with a flash of insongruous passion.

min!" she repeated, with a flash of incongruous passion.

This seemed to Mrs. Portice audactors
to the point of being sublime; but she
had given up trying to understand anytining that the girl might say or do. She
anderstood less and less, after they had
disembarked in England and begun to
travel southward; and she understood
least of all when in the middle of the
winter, the event came off with which,
in imagination, she had tried to familiarize herself, but which, when it occurred,
seemed to her hevond measure, shangeize herself, but which, when it occurred, seemed to her beyond measure strange and dreadful. It took place at Genoa, for Georgina had made up her mind that there would be more privacy in a big town than in a little; and she wrote to America that both Mrs. Portico and she had failen in love with the place, and would spend two or three months there. At that time people in the United States knew much less than to-day about the comparative attractions of foreign cities, and it was not thought surprising that alment New-Yorkers should wish to linger in a seaport where they might linger in a seaport where they might find spartments, according to Georgine's report, in a palace painted in freeso by Vandyke and Titian. Georgina in her letters omitted, is will be seen, no detail that could give color to Mrs. Portico's long stay at Genoa. In such a palace—where the travelers hired twenty gilded

that could give color to Mrn. Portico's long stay at Genoa. In such a palace—where the travelers hired twenty gilded rooms for the most insignificant sum—a remarkably fine boy came into the world. Nothing could have been more successful or comfortable than this transaction. Mrs. Portico was almost appalled at the facility and felicity of it. She was by this time in a pretty bad way, and—what had never happened to her before in her life—she suffered from chronic depression of spirits. She hated to have to lie, and now she was lying all the time. Everythingshe wrote home, everything that had been said or done in connection with their stay at Genoa, was a lie. The way they remained indoors to svoid meeting chance competities owns a Re. Compatitots at Genoa, at that period, were very sure; but nothing could exceed the business-like completeness of Georgina's precautious. Her nerves, her self-possession, her apparent want of feeling, excited on Mrs. Portico's part a kind of gloomy suspense; a morbid easiety to see how far her companion would go took possession of the excellent woman, who, a few mouths before, hated to fix her mind on disagreeable things. Georgina went very far indeed; she did everything in her power to dissimulate the erigin of her child. The record of its birth was made under a fulse name, and he was baptized at the nearest dissets by a Catholic priest. A magnificant Costadina was brought to light by the doctor in a village in the hills, and this birth was made under a fulse name, sand he was then sent back to her village with the buby in her same and sundry gold coin knotted into a corner of her pocket-haudkerchief. Mrs. Greene had given hie daughter a liberal letter of credit on a Lundon hanker, and she was able, for the present, to make abundant provision for the little one. She called Mrs. Portico's attention to the fact that she hept it all for the small pausioner in the Genoese Hills. Mrs. Portico behald these strunge doing with a stupe-lied these strunge doing with a stupe-lied these strunge Men. Portion's attention to the fact that she apent none of her money on futilities; she kept it all for the muall pausioner in the Genouse Hills. Men. Portion beheld these stronge doings with a stupe-faction that occasionally broke into pausionate protest; then she released into a broading some of having now been an accomplice to the end. The two latter went down to Rome-Georgins was in wonderful trim—to finish the second, and here life. Portice because convinced that she intended to abundant her offspring. She had not driven faits the scene, and here life. Portice because convinced that she intended to abundant her offspring. She had not driven faits the scene, and among such people. Men. Portice, it must be added, had felt the force of this plus—felt it as as regardle a plan of her own, given up after being hely according for a few hours, of due big dearthined for a few hours, of due big dearthined for a few hours, of due big dearthined for a few hours, and to be due big dearthined for a few hours in the continue has a participant there are no few hours and continued it are would become at the scene of a participant there are no few hours and continued in area to prove the faith area a location thing, are had become more clear to her overy day to her of the received a mortal drill. It becomes more clear to her overy day melite wife for factors

have the wastevery declarative, whom she had picked up in a poor villings in Italy—a village that had been devastated by brigmain. She would posture—she could pretend! Everything was imposture now, and she could go on to lie as she had begun. The histor of the whole business skinned her; it make her as gollow that she sourcely interherself in her glass. None the loss, to rescue the child, even if she had to be come falser still, would be in some measure an stonement for the treathery to which she had slowely lost hereaff. She began to hate Georgina, who had drawn her into such a criminal way of life, and if it had not been for two considerations she would have insisted on their separating. One was the deference siderations she would have insisted on their separating. One was the deference she owed to Mr. and Mrs. Greate, who had reposed such a trust in her; the other was that she must heep hold of the mother till she had got possession of the infant. Meanwhile, in this forced communion, her aversion to her compation increased; Georgina came to appear to her a creature of fron; she was exceedingly afraid of her, and it seemed to her now a wonder of wonders that she should ever have trusted her enough to come so far. Georgina showed no consciousness of the change in Mrs. Portice, though there was, indeed, at present, not even a pretense of deed, at present, not even a pretense of confidence between the two. Mins Gressis—that was another fie, to which Mrs. Portice had to lend herself—was Mrs. Portice had to lend herself—was best on emjoying Europe, and was especially delighted with Rome. She certainly had the courage of her undertaking, and she confessed to Mrs. Portice that she had left Raymond Benyon, and meant to continue to leave him, in ignorance of what had taken place at Genoa. There was a certain confidence, it great a said in that. He was now in

it must be said, in that. He was now in Chinese waters, and she probably would not see him for years. Mrs. Portico took counsel with herself, and the result of her cogitation was that she wrote to Mr. Benyon that a charming little boy had been born to him, and that Georgins had put him to nurse with Italian peasants, but that, if he would kindly consent to it, she, Mrs. Portico, would bring him up much better than that. She knew not how to address her letter, sne snew not hew to address her letter, and Georgina, even if she should know, which was doubtful, would never tell her; so she sent the missive to the care of the Secretary of the Navy, at Washington, with an earnest request that it might immediately be forwarded. Such was Mrs. Portico's last effort in this strange humans of Georgina's I relate. strange business of Georgina's. I relate rather a complicated fact in a very few words when I say that the poor lady's anxieties, indignations, repentances, preyed upon her autil they fairly broke her down. Various persons whom she knew in Rome notified her that the air of the Seven Hills was plainly unfavorable to her, and she had made up her mind to return to her native land, when she found that in her depressed condition malarial fever had laid its hand upon her. She was unable to move, and open her. She was unable to move, and the matter was settled for her in the course of an illness which, happily, was not prolonged. I have said that she was not obstinate, and the resistance that she made on the present occasion was not worthy even of her spasmodic onergy. Brain fever made its appearance, and she died at the end of three wasks, during which Gazarina's attentions. weeks, during which Georgina's attention to her patient and protectress had heen unremitting. There were other Americans at Rome who, after this sad event, extended to the bereaved young

## for she sent all her pocket-money, with the utmost secrecy, to the little boy in the Gencese hills. CHAPTER IV.

lady every comfort and hospitality. She had no lack of opportunities for re-

York. She selected, you may be sure, the best, and re-entered her father's

house, where she took to plain dressing;

"Why should be come if he doesn't like you? He is under no obligation, and he has the ship to look after. Why should be sit for an hour at a time, and why should be be to pleasant?"

"Do you think he is very pleasant?"

"Bate Theory asked, turning away her face from her sister. It was important that Mildred should not see how little the expression of that charming countenance corresponded with the inquiry.

The precaution was useless, however, for in a moment Mildred said, from the delicately draped seach where she lay at the open window, "Rate Theory, don't be affected."

The precaution was useless, however, for in a moment Mildred said, from the delicately druped counch where sie lay at the open window, "Rate Theory, don't be affected."

"Perhaps it's for you he comen. I don't see why he shouldn't; you are far more attractive than I, and you have a great deal more to any. How can he help seeing you are the deverest of the clever? You can talk to him of everything; of the dates of the different aruptions, of the status and brouses in the Maseum, which you have never seenpoor darling—but which you have move about these he does, than any one does. What was it you began on last time? O, yes, you pouved forth floods about Magna Greeche. And then—and then—" But with this Kate Theory paused; she felt it wouldn't do to speak the words that had risen to her lips. That her sister was as beautiful as a saint, and as delicate said refused as an angel—she had been on the point of saying something of that sort. But Mildred's beauty and delicatory were the fairness of mertal disease, and to praise her for her refinement was simply to intimate that she had the toroity of a consumptive. So, after she had checked hereof, the rounger girl—she was younger only by a year or two—simply kiesed her tenderly, and settled the lines of the less handlesselled that was tied over her head. Mildred inner everything he was younger only by a year or two—simply kiesed her tenderly, and settled the lines of the less handlesselled that was tied over her head. Mildred inner everything without every leaving here there we have a she had not an every large and here the fair was tied over her head. Mildred inner everything at large, at large, the fair was everything at large and here the well and the powers, which are the well and the powers, which he had here we the began to be paint that the develop and the powers in the large and here the well the large and here the well the large and here the well the large and here in was a large and here the well the large and here the well the large and here the well the large

Mildred Rhost, and if the poor girl had told her to put the door-mut on the diving table or the clock under the softs she would have obeyed without a negrous. Her own files, her personal tustes, had been folded up and put away, Rice garments out of season, in drawers and trunks, with complor and levence. They was not, as a general thing, for Southern went, he wever indispensable to comfort in the climate of New England, where poor Mildred had lost her health. Kate Theory ever since this event had lived for her companion, and it was almost an inconvenience for and it was almost an inconvenience for her to think that she was attractive to her to think that she was attractive to Capt. Benyon. It was as if she had shut up her house and was not in a position to entertain. So long so Mildred should live her own life was suspended; if there should be any time afterwards, perhaps she would take it up again; but for the present, in answer to any knock at her door, she would only call down from one of her dusty windows that she was not at home. Was it really in these terms she would have to dismiss Capt. Benyon? If Mildred said it was for her Benyon? If Mildred said it was for her he came she must perhaps take upon herself such a duty; for, as we have seen, Mildred linew everything, and she therefore must be right. She knew abut the statues in the Museum, about the excavations at Pompeii, about the antique splendor of Magna Gracia. She always had some instructive volume on the table beside her sofa, and she had strength enough to hold the book for half an hour at a time. That was about the only strength she had now. The Neapolitan winters had been remarkably soft, but after the first month or two-she had been obliged to give up her little walks in the garden. It lay beneath her window, like a single enormous bouquet, as early as May that year the flowers were so dense. None of them, however, had a color so intense as the splendid blue of the bay, which filled up all the rest of the view. It would have looked painted, if you had not been ableto see the little movement of the waves. Mildred Theory watched them by the hour, and the breathing crest of the volcano on the other side of Naples and the great sea vision of Capri on the horizon, changing its tint while her eyes rested. there, and wondered what would become of her sister after she was gone. Now that Percival was married—he was their only brother, and from one day to the other he was to come down to Naples to show them his new wife, as yet a complete stranger, or revealed only in the few letters she had written them during her wedding tour-now that Percival was to be quite taken up, poor prove—well, more satisfactory than her stters, it was a wretched prospect for Kate-this living as a mere appendage to happier people. Maiden aunts are very well, but being a maiden aunt was

only a last resource, and .Kate's first resources had not even been tried. Meanwhile the latter young lady wondered as well—wondered in what book Mildred had read that Capt. Benvon was in love with her. She admired him, she thought, but he didn't seem a man who would fall in love with one like that. The could see that he was on his guard:

he wouldn't throw himself away. He thought too much of himself, or at any rate he took too good care of himselfin the manner of the man to whom something had happened which had given him a lesson. Of course, what had happened was that his heart was buried somewhere-in some woman's grave; he had loved some beautiful girl -much more beautiful. Kate was sure. than she, who thought herself small and dark—and the maiden had died, and his capacity to love had died with her. His capacity to love had then with her.
He loved her memory; that was the only thing he would came for now. He was quiet, gentle, dever, humorous, and very kind in his manner; but if any one save Mildred had said to her that if he him as a witness of the little ceremony.

in the book; she had sometal or a and of course it was sould Milder's who had personaled her; through now that finte came to think of \$ Copt. Henyon had in his quiet, waiting way—he turned out to be waiting long after you though he had lot a thing you may good deal about the plane is waiting give him. Of course everything would give him of course everything would give plane use to a may see the way had not be not a supplement to be may be a supplement of the course way had not be not be

he called it mesey;

> in answer only that the vished her six per would marry the captain. It was in this familiar way that constant made him, for, in general, no one was more ceremonious than she, and the fulluse of her health had not caused her to relax any form that it was possible to keep up. There was a kind of slim erectness, even in the way she lay on her sofa; and she always received the doctor as if he were calling for the first

> Kate Theory said. "Dear Milly, if I were to do some of the things you wish me to do I should shock you very

"I wish he would marry you, then. You know there is very little time if I wish "You will never see it, Mildred. I don't see why you should take it for granted that I would secept him."

"You will never meet a man who has so few disagreeable qualities. He is probably not very well off. I don't mow what is the pay of a captain in the

"It is a relief to find there is some thing you don't know," Kate Theory broke in. "But when I am gone," her sister

went on, calmly, "when I am gone there will be plenty for both of you." The younger sister, at this, was silent for a moment; then she exclaimed. "Mildred, you may be out of health. but I don't see why you should be so

"You know that since we have been leading this life we have seen so one we liked better," said Milly. When she spoke of the life they were leading here was always a soft resignation of regret and contempt in the allusion—she meant the Southern winters, the foreign climates, the vain experiments, the lonely waitings, the wasted hours, the interminable rains, the bad foed, the ottering, humbugging doctors, the damp pensions, the chance encounters, the fitful apparitions of fellow-travelers. "Why shouldn't you speak for your-self alone? I am glad you like him,

"If you don't like him, why did you give him orangeade?" At this inquiry Kate began to laugh, and her sister continued:

"Of course you are glad I like him, my dear. If I didn't like him, and you did, it wouldn't be satisfactory at all. I can imagine nothing more miserable: I shouldn't die in any sert of comfort." Kate Theory usually checked this sort of allusion-she was always too latewith a kiss; but on this occasion she added that it was a long time since Mildred had tormented her so much as she had done to-day. "You will make me

hate him," she added. "Well, that proves you don't already,"
Milly rejoined; and it happened that almost at this moment they saw, in the golden afternoon, Capt. Benyon's boat approaching the steps at the end of the garden. He came that day, and he came two days later, and he came yet once again after an interval equally brief, before Percival Theory arrived with Mrs. Percival from Rome. He seemed suxious to crowd into these few days, as he would have said, a good deal of intercourse with the two remarkably nice wirls-or nice women, he hardly knew which to call them-whom in the course of a long, idle, rather tedious detention at Naples he had discovered in a lovely suburb of Posilippo. It was the American Consul who had put him in with them; the sisters had had to sign in the consul's presence some law papers. nitted to them by the man of business who looked after their little property in America, and the kindly functionary, taking advantage of the pretext (Capt. Benyon happened to come into the consulate as he was starting, indulgently, to wait upon the ladies) to bring towere kind in his manner; but if any one save Mildred had said to her that if he came three times a week to Posifippo, it was for anything but to pass his time (he had told them he didn't knew another soul in Moples), she would have felt that this was simply the kind of itting—usually so idiotic—that people always thought it necessary to say. It was very easy for him ts come; he had the big ship's beat, with nothing clue to do; and what could be more delightful that to be nowed across the buy under a bright awning, by four he buy under a bright awning, by four he buy under the text on their fluttering hat ribous? The hout came to the strength that ring, and give them a sense of protection. They had talked to the consul about the back out of the water. Kate Theory knew all about thest, for Capt. Benyon had persuaded her to take a turn in the bust, and if they had sully had shown her all over it. It leaked beautiful, just a little way off, with the American fag hanging losse in the Callan sir. They would serve; then Pervival would serve; then Pervival would serve; then Pervival would serve; then Pervival would serve; then he was not in the bust; also had insisted on it, and, of ourse for the insisted on it, and, of ourse it was really Mildred whe had persuaded her; though now that Kate persuaded her; though

E. 1885.

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# RAY & CO'Y

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Linear, June 5th, 1885.—43

HOW DESUNKARDS ARE MADE. The starthing statement copied below

from the New York Herald is deserving of "Now, you watch those children. They'll-

drink kaif that beer before they get home,

drink kaif that beer before they get home, and their mether will scold me for not giving a good pirit, and I've given nearer a quart," said the boartender of a down-town saloun yesterday, referring to two little girls of six and eight, thinly clad, who had come in for a pint of beer.

The reporter did watch the children. They had scarcely got outside of the saloun door when the one that carried the pail lifted it to her lips and took a draught. Then her companion enjoyed a few swallows. A little further on they entered a tenement-house hallway, and both again took a sip.

tenement-house hallway, and both again took a sip.

"I have lets of such customers," said the bar-tender, when the reporter returned to the saloen to light his cigar. "Girls and boys and wemen form half our trade. We call it family trade. It pays our expenses. Our profits come from the drinkers at the bar. But I tell you what—half the children who come here drink. That's how drunkards are made. Their mothers and fathers send 'em for beer. They see the old folks tipple, and begin to mate the beer

"Few of the children who come in for ale or beer carry a full pint home. Sometimes two or three come in together, and if you'll watch 'em you'll hear one begging the one who carries the pail for a sip. We must sell it, however, when their parents send for it. We are bound to do so. Business is business. We don't keep a temperance shop."

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From the vales of the east bursts the sun in Chasing away the dark clouds of the night

bringing us tidings of joy and of gladness.
Turning our serrows and tears into light.

After the trials and troubles we've berne

A giory, a bale of heaven's nure light.

s gilding thy form as the rays of the sun

When free from all care in life's joyous r

What joy once again after such a sad parting. Our dear friends to greet in our loved com mered Lord, your kind presence to day 'mid-

se of all that we owe your

L. O'Connor. DLAIN TALK TO FARMERS!

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L O'CONNOR.

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