Edmund Gregory

CHEMIST and DRUGGIST.

age Dyes the best. Corks for Preserve Jars.

All Sizes.

Vegetine for Debility.

Rheumatine for Rheumatism.

Eno's Fruit Salt, a Pleasant Purgative.

Corner Kent and William Streets,

Aug. 10, 1885.-58.

The Canadian Yost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, DEC. 11. 1885.

BOOTLES' BABY.



CHAPTER I. It was considerably after midnight when

one of three officers seated at a whist table in the messroom of the Cavalry Barracks at Idleminster, where the Scarlet Lancers were quartered, called out, "Bootles, come and take a hand—there's a good chap." Capt. Algernon Ferrers, more commonly

known as "Bootles," looked up. "I don't mind if I do," he said, rising and moving towards them. "What do you want me to do! Who's my partner!"

The three other men stared at one another in surprise, for Bootles was one of the best whist players in the regiment, and in an ordinary way would as soon have thought of counting honors as of settling the question of partners other than by cutting, except in

"Why, take a card, of course, my friend," laughed Lacy, in a ridiculously soft voice. Lacy was a recent importation from the White Dragoons, and had taken possession of the place left vacant in Bootles' everyday life by Scott Laurie's marriage.

Ah vest to be sure-cut, of course, I believe," said Bootles, looking at the three faces before him in an uncertain way-"I believe I've got a headache."

"Oh, nothing like whist for a headache," answered Hartog, turning up the last card. "Ace of diamonds." However, after stumbling through one game-after twice trumping his partner's trick, a revoke, and several such like blunders-he rose to his feet. "It's no use, you fellows; I'm no good tonight-I can't even see the cards. Get some

one to take my place and make a fresh "Why, you're ill, Bootles," cried Preston.

"It's a devil of a headache," answered Bootles promptly, "Here's Miles—the very man. Good night."

"Good night," called the fellows after him. Then they settled down to their game, and Presti n dealt. "Never saw Bootles seedy before," said

Lacy.
"Oh, yes; he gets these headaches sometimes," answered Hartog. "Not often,

Meantime Bootles went wearily away, almost feeling his road under the veranda of the mess rooms, along the broad pave in front of the officers' quarters, and up the wide flight of stone steps to his rooms facing the green of the barrack square. Being the senior captain, with only one bachelor field officer in the regiment, he had two large and pieasant rooms not very grandly furnished, for, though a rich man, he was not an extravagant one, and saw no fun in having costly goods and chattels to be at the tender mercies of soldier servants; but they were neat, clean and comfortable, with a sufficiency of great easy traveling chairs, plenty of fur rugs and lots of pretty little

pictures and knick-knacks. The fire in his sitting-room was fast dying out, but a bright and cheerful blaze illumined his sleeping-room, shining on the brass knobs of his cot, on the silver ornamentations at the corners of his dressingcase, on three or four scent bottles on the tall, cretonne-petticoated toilet table, and on the tired but resplendent, figure of

Hedragged the big chair pretty near to the fire and dropped into it with a sigh of relief, absolutely too sick and weary to think about setting into bed just then. As Hartog had said, sometimes these headaches seized him, but it did not happen often; in fact, he had not had one for more than a

year-quite often enough, he said. Well, he had been lying in the big and easy chair, his eyes shut and his hands hanging idly over the broad straps which served for arms, for perhap, half an hour, when to his surprise he heards soft, rustling movement behind him. His first and not unnatural thought was that the follows had come to draw him, so, without moving, be called out, "Oh! confound it all, don't come boring a poor devil with a head rebe. By Jove, it's cruelty to animals, aeither more

The soft rustling ceased, and Bootles closed the sort rushing ceased, and boths closed his eye again, with a devout prayer that they would, in response to this appeal, take themselves off. But presently it began again, accompanied by a sound which made his heart jump almost into his mouth, and beat so furiously as to be simply suffocating.
It stopped—was repeated—"The-DEVIL,"

muttered Bootles. But it was not the devil at all-more like s little angel, in truth; for after a moment's tresolution he sprang from his chair and fuced the horror behind him. It really was a horror to nim, for there, sitting up among she pillows of the cot, with the clothes pushed back, was a baby, a baby whose stort golden curis shone in the firelight—a little child dressed in white, with a pair of wide-open, wondering eyes, as bright as sters and as blue as sapphir Bootles stood in dismay staring at it.
"Where, in the name of all that's won

"Where, in the name of all that's wonderful, did you come from?" he saked aloud, beeping at a sake distance lest it should suddenly start hewling.

But the little stranger did not hewl; on the contrary, as its bewildered eyes fall upon Pootles' resplendent figure, his gold laced scarlet jacket and gold embroidered waist-coat of white velvet, his gold laced overalls and jingling spurs, it stretched out its little arms and grief. "Bon hop hop." arms and cried, "Boo, boo, boo-!"

Bootles took a step back in his surprise, and his headache vanished as if by magic.

"By—Jove!" he exclaimed.

"Boo—boo—boo!" crowed the usurper of Due Stuffs, all kinds. Packthe cot, cheerily.

Bootles went a step nearer. "Why, you're a queer little beggar," he remarked. "Where did you come from, eh?"

The "queer'little beggar" suddenly changed its tone, and started another system of crowing more triumphant and cheery than the

"Chucka - chucka - chuck - chuck!" Bootles began to laugh. "Can't talk, hey Well, what do you want?" as it struggled flercely to rise, and stretched out its small arms more impatiently than before. "Want to be lifted up, hey? Oh, but dash it,"
scratching his head perplexedly, "I can't
lift you up, you know; it's out of the question—impossible. By Jove, I might let you
drop and smash you!"

"Chucka-chucka! Boo-oo-oo!" gobbled the baby, as if it were the best joke in the world.

Bootles positively roared. "You don't mind! Well, come along, then," approaching very gingerly, and won-dering where he should begin to get hold of it, so to speak.

The baby soon settled that question, holding out its arms towards his neck. Then, show, he gathered it up and carried it in doubt and trepidation to the big chair by the fire, where the creature sat contentedly upon his knee, the curly golden head resting against his scarlet jacket, the soft fingers of one baby hand tight twined round one of his, the other picking and wandering aimlessly about the scrolls and curves of the gold embroidery on his waistcoat.

"By Jove! you're a jolly little chap," said Bootles, just as if it could understand him. "But the question is, where did you come from, and what's to be done with you! You can't stop here, you know." The babe's big blue eves raised themselves

twined round his made a grab at his watch "Gar—gar—garr—rah!" it remarked, in such evident delight that Bootles laughed

to his, and the fingers which had been

'Oh, you like it, do you? Well, you're a queer little beggar; no mistake about that. I wonder whom you belong to, and where you live when you are at lome! Can't be a barrack child—too dainty-looking and not slobbery enough. And this dress"—taking hold of the richly embroidered white skirt-"this must have cost a lot; and it's all lace,

He knew what embroidery cost by his own mess waistcoats and his tunics. Then not only was the dress of the child of a very costly description, but its sleeves were tied up with Cambridge blue ribbons that were evidently new, and its waist was encircled by a broad sash of the same material and tint. Altogether it was just such a child as he was occasionally called upon to admire in the houses of his married brother officers; yet that any lady in the regiment would lend her baby for a whole night to a set of harum scarum young fellows for the purpose of playing a trick on a brother officer was manifestly absurd. And besides that, Bootles with the ladies of the regiment that he thought he knew all their habies by sight, and he became afraid that this one was indeed a little stranger in the land, welcome of unwelcome

Yet if it was the fellows' doing, where had they got it! And if it was not the fellows' doing, why should any one leave a baby asleep in his cot? The whole thing was in-

Just then the child, in playing with his chain, slipped a little on the smooth cloth of his overalls, and Bootles, with a "Whoa! whoa, my lad!" hauled it up again. In doing so he felt a piece of paper rustle somewhere about the embroidered skirt. "A note. This grows melodramatic," said Bootles, craning his neck to find it. "Oh,

here we are! Now we shall see." The nore was written in a firm, large, yet thoroughly feminine hand, and ran

"You will not absolve me from my oath of secrecy respecting our marriage, though now that I have offended you, I may starve or go to the workhouse. I cannot break my oath, though you have broker all yours, but I am determined that you shall acknowledge your child. I am going to leave her to-night in your rooms with her clothes. By midnight I shall be out of the country. I do this because I have obtained a good situation, and because when I reach my destination. tion I shall have spent my last shilling. I give you fair warning, however, that if you desert the child, or fail to acknowledge her. I will break my oath and proclaim our marriage. If you engage a nurse she will not be much trouble. She is a good and sweet-tempered child, and I have called her Mary, your dear mother. Oh, how she would pity me if she could see me now! Fare-

From that moment Bootles absolved "the fellows" from any share in the affair; but what to do with the child he had not the

"It is the very devil," he said aloud. watching the busy fingers still playing with

He gathered it awkwardly in his arms, and rose to look for the clothing spoken of in the letter. Yes, there it was, a parcel of goodly size, wrapped in a stout brown paper cover, and on the chair beside his cot lay the out-door garments of a young child-a white coat bordered with fur, a fur-trimmed cap, and some other things which Bootles did not quite understand the use of; white wool fingerless gloves (at least he did not know what else they could be), and some longer things of the same class, like stock-

ings without feet. Bootles shook his head bewilderingly. "Mother means it to stop; I don't know what to do," he said helplessly.

It occurred to him then that perhaps some of the fellows might be able to make a suggestion. He did not know what to do with the child for the night, nor, for the matter of that, what to do with it for the moment. He had the sense not to take it out into the chill midnight air, and when he attempted to put it back into the cot it rebelled, clinging to his watch-chain with

might and main. "Well have it then," he said, slipping it

The baby, pleased with the glittering toy, set up a cry of delight, and Bootles took the opportunity of slipping out. He entered the ante-room with a very rueful face, finding it pretty much as he had left it. Lacy was the first to catch sight of him. "Hello, Bootles, what's the mat-tah?" he

asked. "Is your head worse?" "My head? Oh, I forgot all about it," Bootles replied. "But, I say, I'm in a mess. There's a baby in my room."

"A what?" they cried, with one voice.
"A baby," repeated Bootles, dismally.
"Al—ive;" asked Lacy, with his head on "Alive. Oh, very, very much so, and means to stop, for it has brought its entire wardrobe and a letter of introduction with it," holding the letter for any one to take

who chose. It was anot who did so, and he saled if he should read it up.
"Ton, do," said Bootles, dropping figto a chair with a group. "Perhaps some one class will own to it."

Well own to fi.

So Lacy read the letter in his rifficulous drawl of a voice, and council amin profound sleepe—"To ab wall!"

"Well?" said Botles, finding no one-seemed inclined to speak. "Well?"

"Well," said Preston, solemnly, "if you want my opinion, Bootles, I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

A conveni langie followed, but Bootles. A general laugh followed, but Bootles

"Oh, don't imagine it's me. I've nothing to do with it. I shouldn't have come to you fellows if I had." "No, no, of course not," returned Miles, promptly, but with an air which raised another shout.

"Then it's a plant," announced Preston, is Now, as several of those present had known Lady Margaret Ferrers very well, that was a strong point in favor of Preston's assertion that the affair was a plant. The

chief question, however, was wnat could done with the little stranger for that night. Some woman, of course, must look after it, but who? It was them after 2 o'clock, and the lights had been out hours ago in the married people's quarters. Bootles did not know what to do, and said so. "Is it in your room now?" Preston asked.

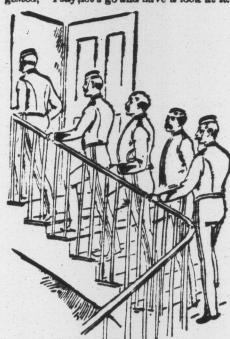
"Tes," "Where did you find it?" "In my cot." "The devil you did! I wonder you weren't frightened out of your very wits." "I nearly was," Bootles admitted.

"Did you see it atonce? Was it howling?" "Howling! Not a bit of it. Never saw jollier little beggar in all my life."
"Oh!" ejaculated Miles, blankly. "I say, you fellows, don't that sound to you very

much like the proud pap—sh?"
"You fellows" all laughed at this, even
perplexed Bootles, and Hartog asked a question.

"Did you see it directly, Bootles?"
"Oh, no; not for haif an hour or more." "What on earth did you do?" "Why, I looked at it, of course. What would you have done?" "Did you touch it?" Bootles laughed. "Yes, by Jove, the little beggar came to me like a bird."

"Great gods!" uttered Miles, "and you can doubt the fatherliness of that." "Oh, what an ass you are!" returned Hartog; then, as if by a bright inspiration, suggested, "I say, let's go and have a look at it."



very pwretty!"
"Yes, poor little beggar

"Let's see you nurse it," cried Hartog.
So Bootles, proud of this new accomplishment, lifted the child awkwardly in his arms, pretty much as he might have done if it had been a sackful of eggs, and he had made a wager he wouldn't break one of them. He carried it to the fire. "Just light the candles, one of you," he

"Twry to think if you can twrace any likeness to some carly love, who may have marwried—or, for that matter, not have marwried—some one else, and—er—wremem-bering your kind heart—for you have a dashed kind heart, Bootles, there's no deny-ing it—may have found herself hard up or too muck encumbered-for-er-you know, a babay is sometimes an awkward addition to a lady's belongings and may have twrusted to your—er—general—well, shall we say softness of chawracter to see it well pwrovided for-er-see?"

"No, I don't. Of course I see what you

mean, but I can't-" Lacy's four hearers positively roared, and the baby on Bootles' knee chuckled and



gr. 1 say, 1 so with you relieve would advise me what to do. How can I get any one to attend to it?

"Oh, roll is up in the bedciothes and sleep on the sell. It will go to sleep when it's tired," said one.

"With it's clothes on?" said Boothes, doubtfully. "I rather fancy they unchees inbies when they put'em to bed."

"I don't advise you'to try. Oh, it won't hurt for to-night."

inrt for to-night,"

"There's a Cal just driven up. I believe it's the Grays. I saw them go out dressed before dinner," said liartog. The Grays were the adjutant and his wife, who lived in barracks. "She would help you in a min-"Oh, go and see; there's a good chap,"

Bootles cried, eagerly.

Hartog therefore went out. He found that it was the adjutant with his wife returning from a party, and to the lady he addressed himself. "Oh, Mrs. Gray, Bootles is in such trouble—" he began. "In trouble?—Bootles?—Capt.

she said. "What is the matter? "Well, he's got a baby," Hartog answered. "Got what!" Mrs. Gray cried. "A baby. It's been left in his rooms, clothes and all, and Bootles don't know

what the de-, what in the world, I mean,

"I wish wom

are there. Well, eventually Mrs. Gray carried off the little stranger to her own quarters, and put it to bed. As for Bootles, he too went to bed, but during the whole of that blessed night he never slept a wink.

CHAPTER IL

When Bootles showed his face in the messroom the following morning he was greeted by such a volley of chaff as would have driven a more nervous man, or one less of a favorite than himself, to despair. Already the story had gone the rounds of the barracks, and Bootles found the greater part of his brother officers ready and willing to take Miles' view of the affair, whether in chaff or downright good earnest, he could not say. "Halloo! Bootles, my man," shouted one when he entered, "what's this story we hear? Is it possible that Bootles—our immaculate and philanthropical Bootles—Oh, Bootles! Bootles! how are the mighty fallen!"

"Hey?" inquired Bootles, sweetly. "I wouldn't have believed it of you, Bootles; I wouldn't indeed. Any other fellow in the regiment—that soft-headed Lacy grinning over there, for instance-but our Bootles-" He broke off as if words could not express the volumes he thought, but found his tongue and went on again before Bootles could open his mouth. "Our Bootles with an acknowledged wife sworn not to disclose her marriage-our Bootles with a baby-our Bootles a papa!" Oh lor!"

"Why didn't you manage better, Bootles?" cried another. "You might have sent her an odd fiver now and then. You have plenty.

"Is she pretty, Bootles!" asked a third. "Was there by any chance a flaw in the marriage!" inquired a fourth. "Do you think I'm a fool?" asked Bootles

pleasantly. "I tell you it's a plant. I know tothing about the creature." "Just my view," struck in Miles. "Just what I said last night. It's absurd, you know, to expect him to own it. No fellow would. Besides, does Bootles look like the father of a fine bouncing baby that goes 'Chucka, chucka, chucka' It's absurd, you

Even Bootles joired in the laugh which followed, and Miles continued: "The only thing is-and it really is awkward for Bootles-the extraordinary likeness. Blue eyes, golden hair, fair complex-I shoud say myselt"-looking at his comrade critically-"that at the same age Bootles was just such a baby as that which turned up so mysteriously last night."

"That's as may be. Any way, the youngster is not mine," said Bootles, emphatically "and what to do with the little beggar don't know."

"Send it back to it's mother," suggested Dawson. "But I don't know who the mother is, Bootles answered, impatiently.

"Oh, no; so you say. Well, then, the brat must have growed, like Topsy. If I were you I should send it to the police station." "The police station! Oh, no; hang it all, the poor little beggar has done nothing to start the world in that way," Bootles an-

"Did any one of you," asked Miles of the general company, "ever hear of a chap called Solomon!

"I—er—did," answered Lacy, promptly.
"His other name was—er—Fligg. The Reverend Solomon Fligg."

"Oh, we've all heard of him! But I meant a rather more celebrated person. There is a story about him—I rather think it's in

Proverbs' —eliciting a yell of laughter.
"Not Proverbs! Well, perhaps it's in the Song of Solomon. It's about two mothers. who each had a baby, and one of them managed to smother hers in the night, and finding it dead when she woke up in the morning, claimed the other baby. Of course the other woman kicked up a row, a regular shindy, and they came before Solomon to get the matter settled. 'Both claim it,' said he. 'Oh, chop it in half, and let each have a share—" But you all know the rest. How the real mother gave up her claim sooner than see the child halved. Now in this case, you see, Bootles hasn't the heart to send the child off to the police station, as he would

"Here's the colonel," said some one at this point, and in less than two seconds he

Why, Ferrers," he said, "I've been hearing a queer tale about you. "Yes, sir," said Bootles, dismally, "and where it will end I don't know! Here am I saddled-"

"Well, of course you know whether the child has any claim upon you-" the colonel "Upon my honor it has not, colonel," said

Bootles, earnestly.
"Then that, of course, settles the question," replied the colonel, with a frown at the grinning faces along the table. "I should send the child to the workhouse immediately." "The workhouse?" repeated Bootles, re-

flectively.
"I'll bet any one a fiver he don't," murmured Miles to his neighbors.
"Not ha. Mme. la Mere knew what sh

was doing when she picked out Bootles:
He'll get one of the sergeants' wives to look
after it; see if he don't."

After the chief had left the room Bootles
continued his breakfast in silence, considering the two suggestions for the disposal of the child. Now, if the truth be told, Bootles had a horror of workhouses. He had gone deeply into the "Casual" question, and pitied deeply into the "Casual" question, and pitied a tramp from the very immost recesses of his kind heart. It fairly made him sick to think of that bonny golden head growing up among the shorn and unlovely locks of a pauper brood—to think of the little soft fingers that had twined themselves so confidently about his own, and had picked at the embroideries of his mess waisteoat, being embroideries of his mess waistcoat, being slapped by the matron, or set, as soon as they should be strong enough to do coarse and hard word, to develop into the unnaturally widened and unkempt hand of a "Marchioness"—to think of that little dainty thing being nourished on skilly, or on whatever hard fare pauper children are fed—to think of that little aristocrat being brought up among the children of thieves and vagnished.

This time Buttles did not laugh; on the contrary, he looked up and regarded Miles with a grave and searching gaze, pather disencerting to that quizzical young gentle-

"Are you judging me out of your own bushel?" he asked,

"How? What do you mean?" Miles a "Do you happen to know anything of the matter?" Bootles persisted.

"I? Oh, no. On my honor I don't."

"Ah! As the colonel said just new, that

settles the question. You're a very witty fellow, Miles, very. I shouldn't wonder, after a while, if you ain't quite the sharp man of the regiment. Only your jokes are like the clawn's jokes at the circus—one gets to know them. They're in this kind of way: "Ever been in Paris, Mr. Lando?"

"'Yes, of course, Bell.' "Ever been in Vienna, Mr. Lando?"

"To be sure, Bell." "Ever been in Geneva, Mr. Lando? "'Of course I have, Bell."

"Ever been in jail, Mr. Lando?" "Of course I have, Bell-at least why, Mr. Lando, I saw you there.' "You saw me in jail, Bell! And what

"'Oh!' grandly, 'I was staying with the governor for the good of my 'ealth.'
"'And hadn't stealing a cow something to do with it, eh, Bell?

"Yah. Who stole a watch! "'A Jersey cow, eh, Bell?"
"'Yah, What time is it, Mr. Lande?" "'Just about milking time, Bell, my

"It's all very funny once, you know, Miles," Bootles ended, disdainfully. "But when you've been to the circus half a dozen times you don't see anything to laugh at,

For grace's sake Miles was obliged to laugh, for every one else roared, except Bootles, who went on speaking very gravely: "I know it's very amusing to make a joke of the affair, to say I know more about it than I will confess. I have told the colonel on my honor that the child is not mine, nor do I know whose it is. If it were mine I should not have made the story public property—it's not in reason that I should. My difficulty is what to do with it. The colonel suggests the workhouse Dawson the rolice station—one simply means the other, and I can't bring me to do it. It's an awful thing for the child of a tramp or a thief to be reared in a workhouse—and this is no common person's child. For anything I know it

may belong to one of you."
"That's true enough," observed a man who had not yet taken part in the discussion, except to laugh now and then. "But remember. Bootles, if you saddle yourself with the child you will have to go on with it. It will stick to you like a burr, and though we are all ready to accept your word of honor, the world may not be so. If you put the brat out to nurse in the regiment the story may crop up years hence, just when you least desire or expect it; and, you know, a story-mixed and confused by time and repetition-about a deserted wife may come to have a very ugly sound about it. Now if, as the colonel suggests, you send the child to the workhouse, you wash your hands of the whole business. Then, again, if the brat is brought up in the regiment, with the disadvantage of your protection, what will she be in twenty years' time! Neither fish, fiesh, nor good red herring. Far better the ob-livion of pauperism than the distinction among the men of being Capt. Ferrers'—

shall we say protegee?" "Yes, there's a great deal in that," Bootles admitted. He had at all times a great respect for Harkness, and profound faith in the soundness of his judgment. He say once that any plan of bringing the child up among the married people of the regime would not do, and yet—the workhouse.

He rose from the table and settled his forage cap upon his head. "I dare say you fellows will laugh at me," he said, almost desperately, as he pulled the chin-strap over his mustache, "but I can't condemn that helpless thing to the workhouse-I can't,



I can't condemn that helpless thing to the

workhouse. and that's all about it. It seems to me," he went on, rubbing the end of his whip on the back of a chair, and looking at no one, "it seems to me that the child's future in this world and the next depends upon the course I take now. And you may laugh at me—I dare say you will," he said, quite nervously for him, "but I shall get a proper nurse to take charge of it, and I shall keep it myself until some one turns up to claim it—or—or

for good." Just then officers' call sounded, and Bootles made a clean bolt of it, leaving his brother officers staring amazedly at one another. The first of them to make a move

was Lacy—the first, too, to speak.
"Upon my soul," said he, "Bootles is a
devilish fine fellow; and, d— it all," he added, getting very rel, and scarcely drawling, in his intense rage of almiration, "if there were a few more fellows in the world like him, it would be a vewry diffewrent place to what it is."

CHAPTER III.

As soon as Bootles had a spare moment he made his way to the adjutant's quarters, where he found Mrs. Gray playing with the mysterious baby. "Oh, is that you, Capt. Ferrers?" exclaimed. "Come and see your waif. She is the dearest little thing. Why, I do be-

lieve she knows you."

Bootles whistled to the child, which promptly made a grab at his chain, and when he sat down on the sofa on which it was sprawling, tried very hard to get at the gold badge on his collar. Shoulder badges had not then come in.

(Continued on 10th page.)

23.50 Will Buy a Persian Lamb cap at RITCHE'S.-69-2.

The Stek Bestered Free of Charge.
Ducture of the Great English Staff will visit the Bussen house, Lindany, on the 18th of December, and will remain until the 28th of December. These december charge nothing for their services or medicine. The only favor they ask of this gationts will be a recommend ofter a run, is offered. They will also visit the Grand Coulon, beta, Princherough, on the 4th December, all will remain until the 18th of Becomber, The december, over two months. Be-

THE POPULAR RENDEZVO

Christmas Presents

JOS. RIGGS'

SEE OUR LIST OF PRESENTS:

For Gentlemen. -- Superior lines of Pipes, (Meerschaum and Brier), Boxes Cigars, Tebaccos, Pouches, Cigar Cases, etc., etc. A fine line of Canes and Walking Sticks.

Por Ladies - Watches and Chains, Neck Charms, Lockets and Charms, Rings and Hand Satchels.

For Children.-Sleighs and Dolls of all kinds; an immense assortment of Toys of all kinds; Candies, Confectionery, Fancy Boxes and hundreds of fancy articles.

Buy Your Presents at RIGGS'.

A Special Line of MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, including fine Concertinas, Accordeons, Mouth Organs, etc.

LADIES' HAIR WORK A SPECIALTY. Fine assortment of Switches, Waves, etc., on hand or made to order promptly.

JOSEPH RIGGS. Lindsay, Dec. 10, 1885,-70-2.

Geo. Douglas .- Manilla.

HATS AND CAPS

CLOTHING AND OVERSHOES CHEAP.

At 50c.: Usual Price, 75c. to \$2.25.

G. DOUGLAS,

CLOTHING HOUSE

Winter Shorn of its

Terrors by

FRAID BROS.

If You Need.

Trouserings,

or anything warted in a Gentle man's apparel, give us a call.

Underclothing,

Furnishings,

If you Buy.

If You Want.

Overcoats.

Suits

A. B. Terry. Fraid Bros.

CHRISTMAS READY-MADE CLOTHING

Manilla, Dec. 2nd, 1885. -69.

GET YOUR HOLIDAY **COMFORTS**

COMING.

TERRY'S CONFECTIONERY.

THE FINEST CAKES, CANDIES, FRUITS, AND SWEETMEATS.

ERRY'S GET YOUR PRESENTS

KENT-ST.

MEN AND BOYS FUR CAPS.

We Offer Bargains, From Now to Christmas.

FROM FRAID BROS- STOCK Select Something Sensible and

BARGAINS DURING THE HOLIDAY WEEKS. FRAID BROS

Kent-st. Lindsay, Dec. 10, 1885. +70-2.

S. Perrin.



CREAT COUGH AND COLD REMEDY.

For Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma. Bronchitis. Influenza, Whooping Cough, Diffucult Breathing, and all' Throat and Lung

Diseases.

Ask your Dauggist for it. Sold by all Drug-

S. PERRIN.

SOLE PROPRIETOR



five resplendent figures it set up a loud "Boo-boo-boo-ing," followed by a Chucka—chucka—chucka—ing." Evidently it considered this was the land of Goshen.
"Seems to take after its mother in its love

for a scarlet jacket," remarked Miles, sententiously. "I've heard that the child is father of the man-seems of the woman, "Bootles," said Lacy, gravely, "isn't it

"It's the image of Bootles," persisted Miles. "Well, it isn't mine, except by deed of gift," returned Bootles, with a laugh. "Bootles," said Lacy, "look back over your past life—" Here he made a pause, "Well?" said Bootles, expectantly.

"Well-er-" Lacy broke in, "I-er-pew raps was not thinking so much of your case as of my own. You see," appealing to the other three, "the advent of this—er—babay cwreates a precedent, and—er—if it should chance to occur to my first love—it would be awkward—for me, very awkward. Her name," plunging headlong into a story they all knew, "was Naomi, and—er—she—er—in fact, jilted me for an elephan tine parson, whose reverend name was-er -Fligg, Solomon Fligg. Now, if Mrs.-er-Solomon Fligg was to take it into her head to pack up the—er—eleven little Fliggs and send 'em to me—it would be what I should call awkward—devilish awkward."

