Smyth & Lee

THE PALACE SHOE HOUSE

OF LINDSAY

# John Hors.

in preference to any other Machine.

lat.—Recause three-fourths of all sewing machine purchasers buy the "Singer," showing that a vast majority think it "the best." 2nd. - Because it is the simplest- needing less

3rd.—Recause when it does need repairing, it can be done at less cost than any other.

ith.—It is CHEAPER than any other first-class machine.

oth.—It has taken the First Premium over a pther machines more than 300 times. In short, it is the best machine to buy, to own I sell the Genuine Singer.

JOHN HORE.

### The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, PRIDAY, DEC. 11, 1885.

(Continued from 10th page.)

him. When old enough to understand that a certain box of sweetles had come from Mr. Gilchrist, she would drop it as if it burned her fingers, draw down the corners of her mouth, and remark, "Miss Momen is very much obliged:" sn observation which invariably sent Bootles and Lacy off into fits of laughter, at which the little and would fly open-armed to him and cry, But Michon Jores Bootles," But the fact remained the same, that Miss Mignon detested Gilchrist, who, indeed, was not a favorite in the regiment. Nor, indeed, did-Gulele ist seem to like Miss. Mignen any better, though be now and then brought his florings of toys and boulous, like the rest. In the face of Po tles' severe such about the two orious words he had applied to her, be was her live such a simplefold as to further rous or appoy the most popular man in the region at: yet if he could persolly east a slur on Bootles or on the child he did it. Never is his came the jet name "Miss Migbeitiont a sneer or a jibe; if he could by any see that the child was really his, he took at aever to lese the opportunity.

web, con , now," Preston eried one day attended being specing at Bootles and nev, who had just driven away with the good sort no mistake on that point. No aking hyperisy about him. It would be comps; but we are not. Gilearist, and, what

is more, we never shall be," "Oh to; but wikers is the mother of that

Her should I knew! or Bootles! I should a mind being my life that Bootles ther were site write such a letter as came with the child that night. Wolly good thing for this one if she was Bootles' wife, instead of being tied up to the hound who bound her to secreey and descried her. Perhaps she's dead, poer all Who knows?"

Feriaps she isn't," Gilchris sneerel.

Some prople never de." and distance and not very wise Preston stores at him, and Hartog lock I from beand his newspap r. agin-t'at the bitterness

"Good heaven , Gilcheist!" Preston criech care you wanting some body to me!" Gilchrist triol to lough, and succeeded very badly. He rose from his chair, knocking a few cat ered cigar asies carefully off

Well, I confess I should not be sorry to see that prating beat of Bootles out of the We stould perhaps get at the fruththen." And baying deavered himself of this feeling speech, he went out benging the

Well, upon my soni " exclaimed Fre-fonstore," and Harfeg, decidedly. "No man in his senses would talk such miserable pot as the". Always thought Chlebrist a crazy food myself but I'm sure of if now."

And how he sticks to it Miss Mignon is Bootles' own chilledes if it could be any got I for him to say she isn't if she is." No. I shall fill Bootles to keep apr eye on tidelnist. I say, what a comfort it would be if he would only exchange! I suppose. we can't manage to dazzle him with the de-

Nof very well. Besider, he lost ever so much seniorify by coming to us." "No such lick. It's queer, though, he ald be so passistent about Bootles and

Mes Migaon. I suppose he wants to danb by throws enough, some of it's sufe the it would with most men. owever, it don't in the least a liftle cad like Gilchrist chors to symbout a man like Bootles-& jenious little benef

Neither of them said any more about the matter, but linging took the earliest opportunify of teresting to Booties what "that said about seeing that prating brat of Bootles one of the road, and in consequence a kind of watch was as apon file cild. Not that Bootles, though he had a very poor opinion of Gilchrist and Colchrist's brains, was afraid for a moment that he would give Mis. Mignen polsoned bonbons, or fun off with her and drop her to the river; yet he did think it not improbe able that he might encourage an stresdy dangerous spirit of adventure, and of conse he absolutely blameless if she could get frample I by a horse's cruel hoofs, or crushed by one of the many traps going in and out

of harracks. When Bootles had taken his first long tenve after Miss Mignon's coming, he had left her at fillemineter in charge of her muse; but when long leave came round again and she must have been about two and a half, he decided to take her with him. One remore for this was certainly a tear of any pranks (tilchrist might choose to play, another that Lacy was taking his leave at the same time, and Bootles was affaid, in the absence of both, Miss Mignon might free herself into a fever, And, besides, he had bissed the child during a fortnight's desr-stalking in Scotland that autumn more than be would have liked to own.

Prom Blankhampton, therefore, they went to his place, Ferrora Court, where he was to entertain a rather large party for Christman, with a deter of his methor's, and

ory dear friend of mine, with whose I pent two wheters is Italy has suttend of peared, with a traveling companion and two makings paymers limit promised visit of at least two mentile. She is a Russian counters—a widow, like myself, and wishes. I finey, to improve her Rughish, which she strongly speaker-very well. Of course I am dreatifully disappointed, but cannot help to "

Now, it happened that Bootles had a very deep and grant respect and liking for Mrs. Smith, and not for all the willowed countemes in Runis was he willing to upset his plans; therefore he wrote off at once to Mrs. Smith, after a five minutes' consultation with Lady Marion, to log her to carry out her original intentions and bring Madame and her retines "along" Would she tele-

Mrs. Smith did so, the reply being, Yes. Moreover, see supplemented the telegram-by a letter, in which she mentioned among ther things that Mine. Gourbolska's traveling companion runt be treated in all ways as an ordinary guest, So, at the time originally appointed for

Mrs. Smith's coming, the party of sixthree ladies and three maids-arrived, Bootles himself went to the station to meet them. He found that Mine. Gourbolskawas young, not more than thirty, of the plump and fair Russian type, quite fair enough to hold her own beside Mrs. Smith, whose he regarded as the most beautiful women of his acquisitions. The third last. The chiral has a constant the Grace, was fair also, perhaps not so positively beautiful as either the English or the Russian lady, but fair-haired, fair-

skinned, with soft blue-gray eyes, intensely blue in some lights, as Bootles noticed diectly. Graceful she was to a degree, and as he watched her move across the little station he thought how wonderfully her

Mrs. Stath smiled at him as he helped her to mount to the top of the omnibus. the likeness wonderful?" she said, with one of those quick sight with which we speak of our dead; and then she said, "Poor Rosy." Bootles turned and looked at Miss Graco again, his mind going back to those dark days, past and gone now, when he and his best friend had been estranged for honor's sake. When he and this imperially beautifulwoman bad stood side by side watching ayoung life die out; had together som the secrifice of a heart, the martyr of love to

"Yes, it is very great," he said, briefly. That dead sister of Mrs. Smith had always been and would always be a not-to-b -broken bond of union between them, for the widow knew how gladly "that grand Pootles," as she always called him, would have tried to make up for the love she had lost, while to Rootles Mrs. Smith stood out from the rest of womankind as the sister of the only women he had ever wished or asked to marry

He helped Mer Grace up to the seat beside Mrs. Smith, and took his own place beside the Russian lady, who entertained him very well during the three miles drive between Begles Station and Ferrers Court.

"Oh, but what a paradise!" she cried as the carriage turned into the court-yard. "I am delighted that it pleases you," he answered, glaneing round to see what effect his ancestral home had upon Miss Grace.

"Lovely!" s'ie murmured to Mrs. Smith-In another moment they had drawn up at be great Go blo loor-way, and immediately the figure of state child dr. sed in white appeared on the top of the broad steps; kisssmall here is in token of welcome. "Go in dievely; you'll get colds Go in I

bitterly cald, and a few flakes of snow were falling. But Miss Mignon had a budget of news for her Bootles, and was not to be one out of telling it. "Lal has had a letter from home," she

piped out in her shrill voice. Lal was her ame for Lacy, and home meant Blanknapton Barracks. "And the St. Bernard s gotted two pupples-beauties-and I'm to have one. Lal says so. And Terry has broked his leg." Terry was one of Bootles' grooms, "And Maj. Ally's going to be

Bootles was so surprised that he forgot the cold and his order that Miss Mignon should go in.

"What!" he exclaimed, incredulously. Just then Lacy himself e me to the top of the steps with open arms, so to speak, and corried off Mrs. Smith into the house. Miss. Mignon fook advantage of the opportunity to run down the sters just as Bootles helped Mine. Gourbolska to the ground.

"I welcome you with much pleasure," he said, cordially-"Miss Grace also," as he gave her his hand to jump the last step. "L am afraid you are tired. You are very white.

"i am fired," she said, in a low voice, notlooking at bim, but at the child. "It is so bitterly cold. Don't stand a oment. Mignon, will you go in!" Miss Mignon skipped up the steps, and the Russian lady caught her in her arms.

"(the you little angel! and what is your "I'm Miss Mignon. You're a very pretty returned Mignon, critically. center to go to the stition, bur Bootles

raid it was too colde and Lal-"Mariame does not know what Bootles and Lat mean," interrepted Bootles,

"This is Bootles, and that's Lal," Miss Mignon informed her. "I'm Miss Mignon, and I belong to Bootles." "Oh, yes belong to Bootles. I am sure he must be very proud of you," Madame

"It telieve I'm a great Lother to him," Miss Mignon announced, in a matter of

fact fone, Bootles laughed, "Come to the fire, undame," he said. Then, furning to Miss Cheer. "I'm sure you are very cold-you are as white as a ghost. I'm sure," addressing Lody Marion, "Aunt Marion, wine would be anich better than this tea."

"No, not ten," they exist—at least the two chlor lating, for Miss Grace seemed to have no care for any one but the child. "Won't you speak to me?" she asked, presently, as Miss Mignon gravely re-garded her with her big blue eyes.

Mies Mignon went close to her imme-iately. "Dat Bootles let you drive? she Miss firace shook her head, and lifted Miss Mignon on to her knes. "I did not ask him,"



"Lavy," said B

"Oh! don't you remaine Allardyee! He's the great military betten! light!"

"And—ep—he wreally is an angle! duffah," remained Mis Mignon, in se cases and se muonectons an imitation of Lary's drawfithat hey Burers went off intents of langiter; and Miss Grace, classing hey close to her breast, hims and bissed the lumpriant on light cases.

golden curts.
"You're crying," and Miss Mignon-promptly, scauning Miss Grace's face with hastile, "Some people do cry when they laugh,"

Miss Migmon informed her, "Our colonel does. Now, Maj. Garnet always chokes, and then Bootles thumps him. I don't know what he'll do," she added in a tone of deep concern, "if he chokes while we are away." "I never saw such an original little piece of mischief in my life," cried Mrs. Smith. 'And how charmingly dressed-is she not, madame! So sensible of you to cover her up with that warm serge up to her throat and down to her wrists. Who put you up

"I famey we evolved the idea among us. You see, she runs in and out of my rooms, her own, and Mrs. Gray's, the adjutant's rife, that is," Bootles answered. "And larrack corridors are not exactly hotnouses. Benides our doctor keeps his eye on her, and he blames the wrapping-up for her never having a day's illness.

"I believe in it," asserted Mrs. Smith. "And I-oh! our married ladles tell me I am quite an authority on the subject. I can tell you we get fearfully chaffed about her, Lacy and L

"Why!" Miss Grace asked. "Well, because she goes about with us a good deal, and people seem to find the situation difficult to understand." He took it for granted that she knew all about Miss Mignon, and she did not press the question further. But half an hour later, when Mrs. Smith was thinking of dressing, Miss Grace tapped at her door and entered. Could you lend me a few black piner" she sskel. "Madame and Phave both forgotten

"Certainly, my dear-take the hox" But Miss Grace only took a few in the pink palm of her hand, "What a pretty child that is," she said "Did the mother die when it

"Oh, my dear!" crie ! Mrs. Smith, "she is not ('apt. Ferrers' child. No relation whatever. "Not Whose, then!"

That is a question." Then she briefly told Miss Mignon's history, ending: But he will never part with her now. He eso fond of her, and she adores him. "He is a fine fellow," said Miss Grace; foving with the pins in her hand,

"A fine fellow! He is a splendid character." Mrs. Smith cried warmly. "I assme you I have studied that man-and L have known him for years and I cannot find a fault in him. Years ago, when we were in great trouble, my mother and I. at the time my sister died, oh, he was so good, so-well," with a quick sigh, "I cannot explain it all, but he was such a comfort to us, and she died, poor darling, under very painful circumstances, especially for me. Oh, there are very few in the world like action as regarded that dear little child, for instance. His brother officers want d him to send her to the workhouse, but, as he wrote to me, Some day I may meet the mother, and how should I face her?" "Ab!" murmured Miss Grace, and Mrs.

"It was no small undertaking for a man bis position, for he has not left her to the ntire care of servants-she is continually with him and Mr. Lacy, who is also very fond of her. Do you know, he pays her nur e fifty pounds a year. In fact, she is just as if she were really his own child. But t is just like him."

"And they would have sent her to the orkhouse! "One or two of them-not Mr. Lacv. of

Hiss Grace was silent for a few moments.

"Well, I am detaining you, Mrs. Smith, and shall be late myself. Thank you very much. Then she went away, passing softly down the corridor, and entered her room, locking the door behind her. But once in that safe shelter, she flung the pins on the table and dropped upon for knees, burying her face in her hands, while the scalling tears force I their way between her fingers, and the great sols shook her frame, Some day he might meet the mother, she softher! " and how should be face he Oh, my chief, my little child, how shall isce him! How shall ! hear it! How shall I live in the same house with him without falling on my keers and blessing him for saving my little child from fod knows

CHAPTER VI.

A month and passed, and the three ladies still remained at Ferrors Course, though other visitors had come and gove, to of them. Lacy was still there also, and described in miking desporate love to the Busides lady, neterly ignoring two important fact-one that she only langhed a him, the other that the was three years bi - nior

But while all this t going on, Bostles had fallen in love at la. ... men and women only lall once in their lives, and of course the lady was Mme. Gourboleka's friend, Miss Grace-had he but known it, the mother of

But Bootles never suspected that for a moment. True, there was a likeness so strong as to proclaim the truth, and many a time Miss Grace wondered, when she caught sight of the chiki's face and her own in a right of she chik? I ace and her own in a giam, that all these people did not see it. Tet neither Bootles nor any one else did see it, and the game of love was played on with desperate earnestness on his side, and with equally desperate desire to prevent it on here.

But Rootles admired sky game, and Miss Grace's evident skyness made him only the more earnest; and not being troubled with more earnest; and not being troubled with that faint heart which never won fair lady, he had no intention of allowing Mine. Gourbookia to depart from beneath his roof without asking Miss Grace to return to it as its mistress. Therefore one afternoon, when he returned from hunting in much bespattered pink, and went into the fire-lit library, where he found Miss Grace half dreaming by the fire, he shut the door with the intention of catting it over at once. Miss Grace

from of getting it over at once. Miss Grace rose with some signs of confusion. "Don't go for a minute," said Boothes; "I want to speak to you. It seems to me that you have grown very fond of my little lignon. Is it not so?" Mins Grace caught at the enryings of the suken chimney shelf to steady herself, and her beart began to best hard and fast.
"Yes, I am very fond of her," she stam-

Since I tell you move Ok my during, my family, my famil



irds occupied in making desperate lore to the Russian lady. "Oh, tell me nothing-nothing!" she crie! with feverish haste. "Don't you understand it cannot be! It is impossible—quite impos-

"Impossible!" he echoed, blankly. "Why is it impossible! Not because you don't care, that I'll swear.

She said nothing. "Or, if that is so, look at me and say But Miss Grace did not speak, nor yet did

"Or will you tell me that there is some one else whom you like better!" he asked, regaining hope. No. Miss Grace did not seem inclined to

vouchesfe that information either.
"Or that the care of the child would be an objection!" "No!" she burst out, in an agonized tone. "Then what do you mean by impossible!" he asked. "It seems to me very possible

She looked at him, that proud, handsome, erect man, with a smile of expectant happiuess on his good face-and tried to take her hands away. "Oh!" the robbel out, "den't you think I

would if I could! I have not been so happy lines. that I would threw away such happiness as you could give me. Some day you may know what it costs me to tell you that it is quite impossible." "You give me no hope!" he asked in a dull

voice, and she saw that he had grown white to his very lip. "None," she returned; then added bitterly, "Oh, hope and I have had nothing to say to one another this long, long while." Bootles dropped her hand listlessly. "Then



she went away and left him alone. A flerce denial rose to the girl's lips, but she choked it down and suffered his words in silence. Then meekly, and with one imploring backward look at his tall figure, ahe stood, his head well up in spite of his dethen she roused herself as from a brown | feat, looking into the fire, she went away and left him alone.

CHAPTER VIL

So it was all over. This was the end of all bis hopes and dreams and wishes. This was the end! None of his bright hopes world ever be none of his golden dreams would come to pass. His wishes had no weight with the woman he loved. He had looked forward-like a fool, he thought hitterly-and had picture! her in a dozen different ways: at the head of his table, in the hunting field, in the middle age, and in the decline of life, as Mignon's mother, as his wife. But it was all over now. When madame's visit was over, she would go from under his roof, never to come back to it any He was still standing there when the door opened with some difficulty, and Miss Jiig-

non appeared on the threshold.
"Bootlest" she said inquiringly. Bootles!" she said impuringly.
Bootles turned round to her. "Well!"

Miss Mignon heard the misery in his voice nel ran to him. "Bootles got a headache!"

He dropped into a chair and took her is some "Such a heartache, Miguon!" Mine Mignon knew what Bootles' headwhen were, and drew his bead down upon her small shoulder with an air of protecting and comforting dignity, equally pretty and

about in one so young.
"Mit from lives Bootles," she whispered.
"Will Mignon always love Bootles!" "Always," was the confident reply. "Mig-



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cold, then the boy's parents cos the contag-

ion and elsewhere and then the hov cot the from the public in their rush to R. SMYTH's for the great barwains in Dry Goods and bought the boy some Frost Proof Clothing.

Next time this happens may A B there to A Liberal Meeting. A public meeting will be held every lawfri Business day from 7 a.m. till 6 p.m. and later off Saturdays in R. SMYTH'S Dry Goods, Millitary and Clothing Store. The object of the mosting is to meet the liberality of our rivals who are giving the benefit of great discounts in order to clear off new and seasonable goods.

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R. SMYTH.

Smith saw anything unusual between them. But trust Mrs. Smith. She walked into Miss Grace's room and taxed her with ittaxed her in so friendly a way that the girl began to cry miserably. Mrs. Smith fumed. "It is absurd," she cried, to refuse such a man—such a position—such—such—Oht it's absurb. I have no patience with you. You will never have such a chance again—

"Oh, never," she sobbed. "Why, then, throw it away? Let me go "No; tell him nothing. I have already told him it is impossible. Oh, Mrs. Smith!" she cried, passionately, "do you think any woman in her senses would refuse him if she could help it? Not I, I assure you."

"It is mesplicable," said Mrs. Smith, but she protested no further. So the next day they left Ferrers Court, Bootles driving them to the station. But is was all very different now very different, too, from the last time he had driven them anywhere. There was no laughter, no joking, no promise to come again. He was not outwardly angry, not harsh nor hard in any

way, but he was very polite; and politeness from him was heart-breaking. It was soon over when they reached the station a few minutes of that kind of conversation which people make when they are waiting for a carriage or a train, as they said the passenger of the London made while walking up and down quietly waiting for the end. There was a handshaking all round, the lifting of Bootles' and Lacy's hats, a fuse over Miss Mignon, and that was all. Miss Grace, on looking out of the carriage window with tear dimmed eyes, saw that they were together, the child's hand in his, Miss Mignon's last words were yet ringing in her ears: "Bootles has gotted such a head-

Then Mignon must be very kind to him," Miss Grace whispered. Ay, Miss Mignon had need to be kind, for Bootles had "gotted" such a heartache, too!

CHAPTER VIIL

A crowd of roughs, a lesser crowd of third-rate spectators, and a lesser gathering of fashionable ones were assembled on the Blankhampton race course, for it was the Scarlet Lancer steeplechases. On the grand stand were to be seen most of the rank and framon of the neighborhood,

and a goodly how of that class of people who are always to be found about towns who are always to be found about sowns which are also military stations—the class of people who have dayghters to marry, and not much money to ma, by them with.

There were all the Sca. iet Lancer ladies in full force, from the cole nels wife in blue veivet and sables to the quartermaster's lady in a hard felt hat, with long diamond and pearl earrings. These were officers in cords and boots, their sikes, finery hidden by Newmarkst coats. And there was the bride, Mrs. Allandyse, in pink, and gray, the major's racing colors—oh los! a "the fellows s.id when they saw her. And there was Miss Mignon, a little three-year old belle, get up in Bootles' colors—watch, to purple and gold—adapted in her small a "se to a warm frock of purple velvet, finally are to a jockey cap to match it. Utterly sh uris, most people said, but Bootles dish't men a to see it. Nor, for the matter of that, dish in Hignon herself. Held by Bootles, or, who herself. Held by Bootles, or, who herself like a queen in miniature.

It was a fine place for paire; yes, and a fine place for hearing, ton, as Lacy testified afterward in his own peculiar style of de-livery: which are also military stations the class of

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