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a a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe
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wonounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine. . EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford. Sold by S. FECKLY, Lindsky; and R. P. OTLER, Oakwood. 76-13.

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ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES

FOR THE COUNTY OF VICTORIA.

The Canadian Lost.

LINDSAY, PRIDAY, JAN. 20 1898. THE BELLE OF MULKAPORE. A STORY OF MILITARY LIFE IN INDIA.

By the Author of "Fated Fairfax." We must all follow when Fate puts from the

(Continued from last week.) Chapter XI.

To 'shake off dul sloth and early rise' was and had the privilege of opening the postbag in con-equence. It rarely ever contained anything to- Miss O'Notll. Deb was my only correspondent and a very bad one too. In turning over the letters one morning, about two months after my return home, I found to my erest amazement, a Mary made a great clatter am thin foreign envelope, half covered with green and blue stamps, addressed to me in

Who in the world could it be from? I thought, nervously tearing it open. It ran as fullows:--

an old-fashioned Italian hand.

MULKAPORE, June 5 h. 'My DEAR NIECE, . I have heard of the death of your grandfather, Mr. Beresford of Gallow, and am sorry to learn that he has made no provision for you, but has left you absolutely penniless, living on the bounty of his hoir. I know all these par-Houlers are facts. Your grandfather's solicitor is my informant. Perhaps you have never heard of me: I am your own sunt vour father's sister. I came out to Indian years before you were born. My Eusband, Colonel Neville, is the cantonment magistrate at Mulkapore, a very healthy station, so I have no healtation in asking you to come out at once, and make your home with us. We have no children, and you shall be as our daughter, and take our name. Write to me by return mail, and sail that you are coming, and your uncle while ladge the money for your outlit and per agent Grindlay's without delay. Jon can start the better we pleased.

'As us as your grandfather lived, we sture it held aloof from you, but now had been gone, and has left you unproit some tame that your natural ith us your nearest of kin, who will what y welcome you as a daughter, and do di la their power to make you hap-

1 remain your affectionate aunt, 'Manganer Nev 'MARGARET NEVILLE.'

I read this letter over two or three times before I quite took in the meaning-plain enough although it was, After sitting before the fire for nearly half an hour, in profound reflection, I made up my mind to keep the news of my new found relatives to myself (for the present at any rate); to say nothing to Mess Fluker, who would retail the information to the Misses Curry, as a choice morsel of news, but who would feel no real interest whatever in the matter. I kept my secret-I had, unfortunate. ly, an undeveloped falent for a certain kind of silence—and wrote to my aunt the following mail, thanking her for her letter and teiling her I was provided with a home, and had no wish to leave Gallow; but that I hoped to see her some day, and begged that she would not loose sight of me sgain, se I was only too glad to eign myself her very affectionate nices, Norsh O'Neill.

Since I had returned from Dudlin I observed that Mr. French very frequently found his way up to Gallow. I remarked upon his way up to Gallow. I remarked upon his constant calls, quite unsuspiciously, to Miss Flucker, declaring that he was becoming quite sociable, and fond of ladies society. All the answer she vouchasfed me was a superior smile, and gradual drooping of the cyclide; from which I inferred that these parochial visits were not the extraordinary novelty that I imagined!

He professed to be anytone to bear how

He professed to be anxious to know how I was getting on, and to be the bearer of various messages from Rody and Deb; but I did no lister myself that the visits were wholly for me. I observed that whenever list thin, black-coated figure was seen coming up the avenue Miss Finker would rush to the swing door at the top of the kitchen stairs, and deliver orders for a liberal meal. Then she would fig up to her own from, and heat collar and cuffs. She was a rapid dresser; for Mr. French would hartly have relieved himself of his intend stick, before the would come salling into the room, all made and beaming countenance. The way in which the could change her face and mounter was despit marvellous! She put of her round distinction, overbearing expression door with her did brown motion, and left it appears. He professed to be anxious to know how

brought me up that pamphies of your your promised to let me east I have been thinking of nothing else, over since you teld me about it? she would say, moving her chair closer to him and looking at him rapturously. Then from an obscure pocket, Mr. French — overdious Mr. French!—would produce a blue-backen treatise on the defunct Irish tongue, and hand it over to his fair friend, who would receive it with almost religious reverence, and commence to discuse this animating subject with well-feigned enthusiasm. Within haif an hour after Mr. French's arrival tea generally made its appearance—quite a little impromptu meal! Hot cakes, fried ham, buttered toset, preserves and houry. No wonder Mr. French was fond of coming up to Gallow! To do him justice, I do not think the prospect of a 'high tea' was the chief attraction. His own home was empty and lonel; at Gallow he was received with enthusiasm—a perennial welcome awaited him; he was deferred to, courted and made much of.

Men are but mortal, and I am sure it was sweet—even to elderly, hatchet-faced Mr. French—to know 'there was an eye that marked his coming and looked brighter when he came.' To have Mise Fluker looking amiling salisitans and awast, hanging ing smiling, solicitous, and sweet, henging on his words, and consulting him about the smallest matter connected with the place or me, was not a little flattering to his amour-propre. I was discussed as if I were not present, and Miss Fluker always always alluded to me as 'her special treasure,' and her 'dear young friend and com-

aure, and her 'dear young friend and companion.'

Mr. French's visits were of a bi-weekly occurrence all winter and spring. Rody was preparing for the army; and Deb was with her grandmother at Torquay, as Mrs. Weat had been ordered to the South of England on account of her health. Consequently, our rector fell back on Gallow as some relief to his loneitness. Each week he and Miss Fluker became more friendly and confidential. She consulted him about the servants, about her-little investments, and, in short, on every possible subject.

(fallow, with the exception of the garden, was let up to the hall-door. We had no horses, no trap of any kind; two cows, and an ancient donkey for drawing turf, were all our live-stock; and yet out of these meager materials, Miss Fluker made enormous capital for 'consultation.'

'One of the cows was sick—would Mr. French come and look at her?' The cattle on the land were breaking down the young plantations—she would like te show him the damage they had done.' Thus tete-attet strolls ensued, for I had not the hardihood to thrust my society upon them. Young as I was, I had 'already heard the

hood to thrust my society upon them. Young as I was, I had already heard the proverb, "I wo is company," etc., and young as I was, I could see very plainly that Miss Fluker intended to marry Mr. French. She talked to him and flattered him in a manner that completely entity to make the completely entity to the completely entity the completely entity to the completely entity the completely entity to the completely entity the completely entitled entity the completely entity the comple ner that completely captivated my deluded guardiav, while I looked on, an indignant and passive spectator, seeing only too clearly the destiny that awaited him. I had given Deb several hints of the state of alf-irs, and actually gone so far as to set before her what even my inexperienced eye saw looming in the distance; but it was not of the slightest use, my intelligence was laughed to scorn, and replied to by heets of amusing nonsense. Soring had given place to summer, and

atili my prophecy remained unfulfilled; but now the least intelligent looker on could see that affairs were rapidly approaching a crisis.

Faix, it will be a match, said big Mary, looking over my shoulder out of the dining room window, as I stood watching the pur walking down the avenue, en route to inspect the ledge chimney, accompanied by Snap, who was taking his evening rus—on no effort to me. I was always an early bird, tucked up. 'He hasn't a chance with her, 'Hush, Mary, don't!' I hastily expostu-

'Well, Miss Norah, I won't,' she auswered indignantly; 'but oh, holy fly! what will Miss Deb eay? She won't thank you for the step mether she's getting.'

I stood in the window in silence while hings, and mentally resolved to write to Deb the very next day and to tell her that she must come home. But my good intenions came too late; my meditations which lasted long, were interrupted by the entrance of Miss Fluker with visible triumph n her gait and sepect

Tossing her hat off, she stood leaning sgainst the table, looking at me with a malicione smile on her face. I knew what was coming perfectly.

'Well!' whe said at last,
'Well?' I repeated, in a tone of defiance I
found it impossible to suppress. 'Mr. French proposed for me this even-ing, and I have accepted him.' I was sitting with my back to the light. and she strove in vain to see my face-it was quite in the shadow, whereas the full

glare of the setting sun illuminated her 'Have you nothing to say?' she asked

'Nothing!' I answered pointedly.

She was manifestly disappointed, I am certain. She expected expostulation, argument, anger-in short 'a scene.' After a moment's rilence she walked over to her favorite arm-chair, into which she cast her self with a long, contented sigh, as of one whose lab r is accomplished; and, indeed, had been a tedious business. For nearly a year Mr. French had visited at Gallow before he succumbed; he had a year's grace. e he succum bed; he had a year's grace Name succum oee; no nan a years grace.
Naw he had spoken, it was all over with
him, poor man. After a time lights were
brought in, and Miss Fluker set her desk
on the table, and commenced to scribble off
a letter at railroad speed. I watched her
intently a suite, she did not extend to intently; a smile, she did not attempt to fourtain, decked her thin red lips, as she wrote rapidly.
She read over the first two pages

then jumped up.
'After all,' she exclaimed, 'I will go

self.'
'Go wheref' I asked brusquely.
'Just down to Kilcool to tell the Curry's.
It's a fine night, and they will be so well pleased,' she added emphatically, as she thused about seeking her hat and gloves.

I matched has harming down the assure. I watched her hurrying down the avenue and then I went out and sat on the steps with my elbowe on my knees, sud wondered at Mr. French, and at what Rody and Deb would say, and what was to become of me. As the evening became coel and chill I took my candle and went to bed,

As far se Mrs. West and Deb were concerned, my mind was soon set at rest. Mrs. West's indignation was unbounded. She refused to allow Deb to return to Kilcool, a refusal that sat very lightly on Mess Finker—if Mrs. West liked to take her step-daughter off her hands, so much the better and wholly declined to have anything to say to her son-in-law's second choics, having imbibed a rooted aversion to her during a visit she had paid the rectory

two years previously.
It was cettled that I was to step into Deb's shoes and take her place at home, and Gallow was to be completely shut up.
This much was imparted to me by Mr. French himself. The engagement was very soon publicly announced (the Misses Curry having proved themselves better than any advertisement), and the fact was immediately known all over the country, far sad wide.

Mr. French, of course, now spent more time than any at Callen was pent more time than one of the course, now spent more time than one of the callen was pent more of the callen was pent was pent more of the callen was pent was p

Mr. French, of course, now spent more time than ever at Gallow, and I had my mornings as well as my atternoons of ly to myself. I wandered simlessiy ly to myself. I wandered similersly about the gardens, the fields and the bogs. A cest on a stile leading to the inter was a favorite resert of mine, with a book on my lap, and a long vists of stort grass, clumps of golden furne-busines, and a wide on of purple heather strutching for away to the very edge of the horizon. Here I would spend the whole happy, suitarry afternoon, and sturied by aught save the groups and the curiew. One evening I was interesti-

Sweetliget' I said, jumping lightly down and escorting the see and car, for lack of

and eacorting the ass and car, for lack of something else to do.

'Begorra. I'm misdoubting 'tis but little you know for your years,' returned Sweet lips rudely. 'Twas your mother, Miss Beresford, that was the elegant scholar, the learned young lady!'

'How do you know that I'm not a learned young lady too!' I asked, smilingly.

'Faith, and it would be hard for you; sure you were always gallivanting and tearing mad about the place till just the other day!' Its little schooling you know, I'm thinking,' he concluded emphatically; spitting on the palms of his hands, and commencing to load the donkey car with immense energy.

After working away for some minutes he paused, and surveying me with a meditative frown, wheered out:

'See now, what's to be done with you,
Miss Nora, bates me entirely.'

Whereupon, in a few terse sentences, I told him it had been settled that I was to live in Kilcool, and that Gallow was to be shut up. When he heard of this latter arrangement his meant of the latter arrangement. shut up. When he heard of this latter arrangement his rage was unbounded; his irritability developed from incredulous croseness into outspoken passion; he favored me with his opinion, gratis, of 'schamers;' and, as he denounced Mr. French and his folly, he became absolutely eloquent. He hated Miss Fluker with a cordial dislike; he held her in profound contempt. His sentiments were probably based on more ary transactions, with repased on more ary transactions, with regard to fruit and vegetables. Any way, for once he relieved his mind; he told me what he thought of her and her 'goings on.' Seeing that he was in an exceeding bad humor, and not caring to stay and here him abuse-ing my governess (little as I liked her), I made some kind of remonstrance, and strolled away; but, as I walked off with my book under my arm, I could still hear Sweetlips raging away to himself, and the epithete, 'no lady,' and 'old fool,' were car-

ried to my ears by the breeze.

I soon discovered a comfortable seat, and my book was so interesting that I quite forgot the flight of time; and it was long past six o'clock when I entered the dining-

I found Miss Fluker graciously dispensing hospitality to the two Miss Curry's, presiding over a dainty little meal such as her soul loved. They had evidently been talking of me, I could see, for the conversation suddenly subsided from an animated buzz to a dead silence as I entered; and various highly intelligent glances. highly intelligent glances were mutually interchanged. Politely greeting the two lady guests, I took the seat at the table and looked for a cup of tea.

'Nora,' said Miss Fluker authoritatively, 'the next time you was see unnumbered. the next time you are so unpunctual I

shall send you straight to bed." To this pleasant remark I made no answer, but reaching for the loaf, began to cut yself some bread and butter. I was too late for the hot cakes and ham. 'Did you hear me, miss?' she exclaimed,

raising her voice.

'Yes, Miss Fluker, I heard you,' I replied.
I felt all there were exchanging looks; I felt the hot Beresford blood mounting to my face; I feit that I was seventeen, and no longer a child, and no longer disposed to he treated as one.' 'Keep your temper,' she said, glaring at me angrilly; 'your face at this moment is scarlet with passion.'

I raised my eyes and glanced at her in-Don't dare to look at me like that, you nsolent siril' she cried, with unusual ani-

mus in her aspect.
I knew that I was being baited for the amusement of the Misses Curry, and I was resolved to afford no sport; so with an extraordinary effort I restrained my ever-ready tongue, and applied myself to my teacup. But I was not to escape. After a little despitation little desultory conversation about the price of black silks and sealskin jackets, with the Misses Curry, Miss Fluker again

'I have been now engaged nearly three months,' she began, in a high, acrid tone, 'and it is a curious thing that of all my many friends and many acquaintances the only one who has not wished me joy is you, Nora! The Misses Curry,' with a compre hensive wave of her buttered toast, 'were just saying how extraordinary it was'-and a great deal more besides—'when you came in. It does not meet with your approval, hap." with bitter iron. I made no answer—silence is golden.
'Why, may I ask? How is it that we have

unfortunately failed to to secure your approbation? with another sneer.

'I prefer not telling you, Miss Fluker; at any rate not at present,' I replied quietly, 'my opinion is of no consequence.'

'I inelet on an answer to my question,' she returned, drumming rapidly on the tray with her teaspoon. 'Do you hear?' she proceeded; 'either answer me this instant or leave the room. I will be obeyed and not defled by you, you great, gawky, impertinent girl!

This was the last straw on the camel's back. I could restrain myself no longer.

'I shall certainly not leave the room,' I boldly replied, 'and I will answer your question, since that is the only other alternative, and you evidently think so much of my opinion.'
'Do you hear her, Selina?' said Miss Fluker, appealing to her friend.

My heart was beating fast, and I held my trembling hands tightly clasped in my lap. I knew that I stood one against thre, but. I was determined to strike a blow for truth and, if possible, for freedom.

'I think,' I said, in a low but perfectly distinct tone, 'that it is a wretched marriage for Mr. French.'

'Oh, really; dear me, you don't mean to say so!' recorted Mies Fluker, struggling to smile superior, but in reality almost hysterical with passion.

Well, upon my word!' chorus of Currys in a key of consternation.
'Yes,' I proceeded, warming with the subject; 'and every one far and near thinks

the same.'
'It's a lief' cried Miss Fluker, hoarsely. 'utterly false, you mean, spiteful, untruth-ful gir., glaring at me in a manner fearful to witness, as she piled these choice epithese on my unprotected head. 'At any rate,' she went on, 'Mr. French proposed for me of his own second and of his own free will; and no one will deny the fact,' with great emphasis, and standing up to make the assertion.

It struck me that I might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, and relieve my mind once for all.

'I am not quite so sure of that,' I retorted so foolishly.
'Whati' she screamed, springing towards

me and seizing me by the shoulder, and shaking me backwards and forwards like a My courage had now risen to rashness. I said it again.

'Impertinent minx!' still shakingme, and wholly beside herself with passion. 'You to dare to say such a thing to me, when all the world knows how Maurice Beresford, poor hoy, was forced to promise to marry

you!'
'Explain yourself! What do you mean?'
I cried, suddenly wrenching myself from

her grasp.

'When you were left a beggar,' she continued, excitedly, shaking a furious finger in my face, 'your grandfather told Maurice that he must stop his mother's allewance, all she had in the world, in order to save something for you, unless Maurice agreed to marry you. He had no choice; he could not let his mother starve, and he agreed. But let me tell you that he hates you, detests you! with venemous emphasis. 'He did all in his power to get out of it. He even offered half of Gallow; but it was no use. He was forced to make a science promise to marry his beggar count; and you reduce to hint to me that I have angled for Mr. French. Mr. French, who has been at my feet for the last five years!

weak Mr. Franks, Whave similars in the and now she had told me, of all people the, last to whose care it should have come! However, the deed was duse; she had burned her boate! No glossing over, no explanation, could recall the words that, in a anoment of unbridled passion, she had suffered to compe from her lips. I could use a certain amount of consternation depicted in her counternance as she answered with biting emphasis:

"Many mind who told me to it much."

'Never mind who told me, it is truth.'
'No, it is not much matter,' I returned in a low and tremulous voice, that I vainly endeavored to steady, as I almost unconsciously resumed my seat, and rested my head on my head. Once again has the time

onely resumed my seat, and rested my head.

The blow to my pride and to my feelings had been so heavy and so sudden that for some moments I felt completely atunned. I sat motionless before my untasted tea and bread-and-butter, morally everwhelmed. I dared not even raise my eyes, so shattered was my self-respect. At length M as Selina Curry ventured to bridge over the awful silence with some bald, commonnlace remark, made in a lofty, company come for renewing subscriptions for another year, and THE Post confidently the awful silence with some bald, commonplace remark, made in a lofty, company
tone of voice, and the entrance of big Mary
with a fresh consignment of hot cakes
created what seemed to me a heaven-sent
diversion. I made one grand supreme
effort, and pushing back my chair, rushed
precipately out of the room, leaving Mies
Fluker completely mistress of the field—
sitting behind the tea urn, her face actually mottled with passion—and the two
Misses Curry looking benevolently concerned and sympathetically indignant! I
am quite certain that they enjoyed the
whole scene with the gusto of professional
goesips. A real fracas was an unexpected
treat, and to see two combatants descend expects that once more friends and readers, many of them being from ten to twenty years standing, will continue the relationship for 1886. The past year has been a satisfactory one; and the incoming year treat, and to see two combatants desceito the arena before their very eyes was rarely-prized mental refreshment. promises steady progress, and as fair a share of pros-

When I had gained the retirement of my own apartment I slammed and locked the the door, and, throwing myself on my bed, gave way to a torrent of tears—tears of anger and mortification, tears of wounded pride and passion—but very, very bitter tears all the same.

How blind I had been not to have recognized my position from the first—not to have seen that Maurice was an unwilling instrument in grandfather's hands. I had taken everything for granted, lived on at Gallow as if it were as much my home as ever. I loved the old place dearly. My stunted, shrivelled family affections had been repressed or putaside by grandfather, and I had invested them in stones and mortar, trees and grass. Post as one of the best local papers in the Dominion will be maintained, and it will be the constant aim

and I had invested them in stones and mortar, trees and grass.

I regarded Gallow and its surroundings with a firm, faithful and foolish regard. But it belonged to Maurice, every stone, every acre—nay the very dress I wore, the meai I had fied from, were provided and paid for by him, and I had accepted all benefits without the smallest misgivings, and as my undoubted right. of its proprietor and staff to increase its value and interest. It is enough to say that its local corres-

oh, miserable, shameless girl!—a girl of seventeen, with the common-sense, and wisdom, and happy-go-lucky confidence in her surroundings of a child of twelve—I had never realized that I was one day to become Mrs. Represent of College. pondence will not be diminished. In this respect THE Post may fairly claim ecome Mrs. Beresford of Gallow. I put the first rank. The newsthe idea of being engaged to Maurice in an out-of-the-way corner of my brain, and rarely brought it forth-it would never letters of our various corcome to anything, I felt certain; it was respondents make up a preposterous, impracticable, and incredi-

most valuable and inter-At last the veil had been torn from my eyes; now I beheld my 'rue position with the meet appalling distinctness; now I could easily understand grandfather's anxesting feature. could easily understand grandfather's anxiety to save, to hoard money—it was for me. Now I readily interpreted the cause of Maurice's pale, averted face, that dim autumn evening just three years ago—I was the cause of that also.

My mind was in a perfect chaos as after a while I roused myself, and sat on the edge of my bed with my head buried in my hand; but even so, and in the dark, hot blushes raced un to the very roots of my rected to the new story just started in THE POST. It

is one of surpassing interest and of high moral tone. It hair, out even so, and in the dark, hot blushes raced up to the very roots of my hair, as I thought of grandfather's bargain.

'Hates you! detests you! forced to marry his pauper cousin to save his mother from starvation'—these sentences kept ringing in my ears till my brain felt downright giddy. There was no sleep for me that more than any of the stories giddy. There was no sleep for me that have been published night-actually none for me, who might have gained a medal among the Seven in the paper. New sub-Sleepers.' My heart beat so fast, and in such a wearisome little pat, pat, pat, that scribers sending in names it gave me no rest; and my mind, general ly so empty and so bare, was thronged with visions of the past and future. I watched the night darken in, the stars appear and fade - I counted the hours struck promptly will get the two back numbers (Dec. 11 and 18) containing the opening by the cracked old clock in the hall. I onged feverishly for daybreak, and with the first streaks of dawn was alert and afoot. I dressed myself and stole down the stairs, chapters of the story. dressed myself and stole down the stairs, rousing Snap from his snores on the mat at grandfather's door; and noiselessly leaving the house, I paced the garden, the avenue, the wet paths through the fields for three mortal hours, till it was time to set off for Kilcool. I knew that Mr. French upon the other features that have made THE POST was an early riser, and that I was sure of a tete-a-tete with him by cailing before popular and attractive. We may add that the advertise-

[Continued next week.] A Liver Cure.

One single trial of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure will convince the most skeptical and confirm better than thousands of testimonials that it is a sure cure. Medicine and Receipt Book \$1. Sold by S. Perrin, Lindsay; and R. P. Butler, Oakwood.—76-4.

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