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LINDSAY, FRIDAY, FEB. 12, 1886.

THE BELLE OF MULKAPORE A STORY OF MILITARY LIFE IN

By the Author of "Fated Fairfag."

Mr. Waller, rising and shaking hands cordially. 'Here,' indicating me, 'is your young charge, Miss Burleigh' just come to enquire about her passage. * Delighted to see you, Miss Burleigh.

said Colonel Keith, seizing me eagerly by both hands, and shaking them as they and aunt are my oldest friends, and I am charge of you. Did you travel over from Ireland by yourself? and where is your luggage? and where are you stopping?

barrelled question, 'that I had just serieed, was stopping nowhere as yet, and that

are a reasonable young lady. piano, and all the class and crockery, 'he

'Becon, miss,' she would urge cheerfully, when I loathed the very name of food. 'Do try a taste, there's a deer. soon, miss,' she would urge cheer-when I loathed the very name of 'Do try a taste, there's a dear; a gether, wet and half frozen.

'Lovely loin of roast pork, miss; the very smell of it would do you good—just try a morsel—do now!'

For four consecutive days I had been a

were not many, not more than twenty, I remarked to myself as I glanced languidly around. Colonel Keith took me under the sua at la his immediate protection, selected a nice, sheltered spot for my chair, enveloped my knees in his warm maud, and laid himself out to entertain me. He brought up 'gup' across me as I sat between them, an amused and bewildered listener. I could not make out half what they meant. For instance, Colonel Keith observed that 'one of the Juke's girls was going to be married and, it was really Pucka this time.' What did

that mean, I wondered. won't let snother fellow slip through her

ingers. She is a first-class old shikarry, returned Mr. Campbell decisively.

What was a shikarry? I gathered from the conversation that Mulkapore was a very gay station, and celebrated alike for sport and 'spins.' As twilight deepened it became quite chilly, and I shared the mand with its owner and Mr. Campbell. Other passengers gathered round, and soon we were the centre of a sociable cir-*We must all follow when Fate puts from the shore."—Byron.

(Continued from last week.)

Chapter XII.

Before I had time to reply, the swing door was violently pushed open, a.d. a stout, elderly gentleman, with the most in breathless haste. He was dressed in a suit of dark blue serge, and carried a small leather bag in his hand, and an seried as mall leather bag in his hand, and an arminded me of Rody. Like him, he was seried as sociable circle, slit was opinits. Some sang songs, some told stories, and all made jokes. It was quite a new thing of life to me. One week ago I had been sitting on the stile at Gallow, taking my last look at the bog and bidding it good-bye. Now I was on the deck of an ocean steamer, such was the revulsion of feel-ing. But what was our fremay, our agony, to see the steamer put up a jib and calmly resume her course; she had mistaken us for a Spanish fishing boat.

A blank, an awful silence, succeeded his a small leather bag in his hand, and an arminded me of Rody. Like him, he was suited the course of the steamer stopped. We thought we were saved. Poor deluded wretches!—we look at talked hysterically; we shook each other's hands. Some of us actually she death, our cheers had some effect—the steamer stopped.

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Before I had time to reply, the swing on the stile at Gallow, taking my last look at the bog snd bidding it good-bye.

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A blank, an awful silence, succeeded her deck of an ocean steamer, such was the revulsion of feel-ing. But what was our fremay our agony, to see the steamer put up a jib and calmly seed to see the steamer stopped.

It would be useless to pretend that I instant she was launched a wave drave kept her still affoat, and we prepared to

duced me to my lowest physical and mental ebb; on the afternoon of the fifth I descend. Just as we were about to do staggered on deck, a mere wrack. The weather was warm and sunny and the sea comparatively smooth and calm; the blue sky overhead and the refreshing sea-breeze invigorated my much depressed spirits. I to die at once and have done with it as I lowered into the boat, already half full had longed to do for the last four days. I of water, and shoved off from the danger-had escaped from the clutches of the ous neighborhood of the Corunna. There

> We took it in turns to bail out, using our hands and the men's caps, but our exertions were of little use. The women and men passengers were crowded up at the stern, which was a little higher out of the water than the bows.

One of the sailors, a young man with a bright, cheerful face, kept up our sinking spirits by telling us that he had been in many a worse scrape before, and that we were right in the line of ships, and certain to be picked up before long, and would breakfast on board some steamer 'There's the blessed sun !' he cried, as

her head in Mr. Campbell's silk handker-chief—it was all I could do for her. Fortunately for us the bay was comparatively smooth; great, long, rolling waves were all we had to contend with, and over these we slowly drifted, perfectly helpless, and momentarily deepening in the water. In spite of incessant, almost frantic, bailing-well, every one knew that they were toiling for their lives-we still sank stead-

ily.

The fog lifted a little, and presently we saw a fine large steamer coming in our direction. Oh, the joy of that moment!
Mr. Harris, the second officer, took off
his coat and waved it on a boat-hook. We shouted and screamed, and finally

rysea that was waiting to swallow me. The

water. He was lifted into the boat, and we followed—dragged in by main fore utterly incapable of moving a finger help ourselves. I remember nothing mo till I found myself in a berth in the Pe can, warmly wrapped up in blankets, with Colonel Keith's anxious face bending over me. Poor Colonel Keith! I believe he thought I was dead, but I soon relieved his mind—relieved it very much, judging (dried in the engine-room), and my costume eked out with a blanket joined the ress of the shipwrecked passengers. The women kissed and hugged me, the men nearly wrung my arms off, and I need hard-

on board; but the captain and first mate myself of a warm blue coat, lined wit scarlet flaunel. Colonel Keith, in th captain's clothes, was really quite too funny. Trousers half-way up to hi knees, a most painfully tight pes-jacket much too short in the sleeves, and show-ing a got dly space of bare wrist. He also displayed a considerable portion of bare legs, which concluded in socks and gorg-sous carpet slippers; a cap with the eous carpet slippers; a cap with Pelican band was added to his outfit,

'Cheer, boys, if you ever cheered!'he cried; 'mow, all togethar. I'll give the time. Hip, hip, hurrah!'

Fancy people cheering—giving voice to three times three in the very jaws of the captain's socks and boets, three times three in the very jaws of my debut at Gibraltar! I had no supply of underlinen, a neat serge dress, and a couple of white muslins for the Red Sea. Colonel Keith replenished his wardrobe, and added considerably to

"The Post."

FOR 1886.

Once again has the time come for renewing subscriptions for another year, and THE Post confidently expects that once more friends and readers, many 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 promises steady progress, and as fair a share of prosperity as can be obtained in what many consider "these hard times." The standing of THE

Post as one of the best local papers in the Dominion will be maintained, and it will be the constant aim of its proprietor and staff to increase its value and interest. It is enough to say that its local correspondence will not be diminished. In this respect THE POST may fairly claim the first rank. The newsletters of our various correspondents make up a most valuable and interesting feature.

Special attention is directed to the new story just started in THE Post. It is one of surpassing interest and of high moral tone. It will please our readers more than any of the stories that have been published in the paper. New subscribers sending in names promptly will get the two back numbers (Dec. 11 and 18) containing the opening chapters of the story.

We need not enlarge upon the other features that have made THE POST popular and attractive. We may add that the advertisements are among the most interesting things to be found in the paper. They are fresh, bright, sparkling, witty, clever, entertaining. There is nothing stale or dull, not even among the most matter-of-fact legal notices. The advertisements are carefully perused for the tempting bargains they offer and for the varied wants they make known.

We trust our friends. agents and readers will continue with increased vigor their efforts to increase THE Post's sphere of usefulness. We are greatly indebted to them for their zeal and kind MILL MACHINERY. offices in the past, and respectfully solicit their cooperation for another year.

Renewals are now in order. Write name, amount and post-office plainly. Some people forget to give name or post-office. In changing from one postoffice to another be sure to give the old name as well as the new. If you have a second name or initial give it as well. Register and

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