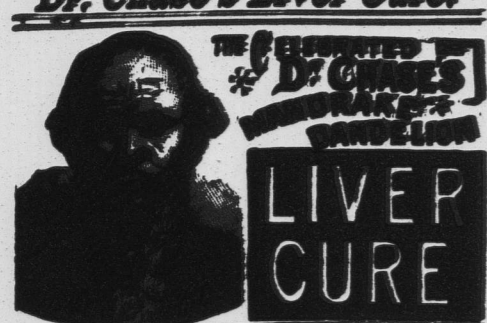


**Dr. Chase's Liver Cure.**



**LIVER CURE**

**HAVE YOU** Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Indigestion, Bilemucus, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Constipation or any other ailment arising from a disordered liver? Dr. Chase's Liver Cure will be found a sure and certain remedy.

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The singular success of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests solely with the fact that it is composed from nature's well known liver purgatives. Senna, Licorice, and Castor Oil, combined with many other invaluable roots, herbs and salts, having a powerful effect on the kidneys, stomach, bowels and blood.

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Prepared around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (in English), containing over 200 useful receipts, prepared by medical men and druggists at Liverpool, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.

**T. EDMONDSON & Co., Sole Agents, Bradford.**  
Sold by A. FRANK, Lindsay; and R. V. SUTHER, Oshawa.—7-13.

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**GEORGE DOUGLASS,**  
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Lindsay.

**ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES**  
FOR THE COUNTY OF VICTORIA.

**The Canadian Post.**

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, FEB 26, 1886.

**THE BELLE OF MULKAPORA.**  
A STORY OF MILITARY LIFE IN INDIA.

By the Author of "Faded Tattlers."

"We must all follow when Fate puts the hand on the shore."—BYRON.

(Continued from last week.)

Chapter XV.

"Gallo!" I exclaimed, in a key of high astonishment.

"And to marry Mr. Harvey Price within the week!"

"I grasped."

"He has a cousin living at Colomob, and I am to be married from his house. Harvey telegraphed to him from Aden. Harvey is coming about a steward to take away this luggage, as we land at daybreak. I'm only taking my 'present-use' baggage, of course. All my trousseau and wedding presents, and the cake, may go on to Madras—I have no claim to them now, she concluded, with the utmost composure.

I seated myself on a camp-stool and gazed at her in open-mouth amazement. "Yes, you may well stare. You see before you a very happy girl, I can tell you, although to-morrow I shall be given up to the stewardship of the whole ship—not even the stewardesses nor the stewards will spare me. Apres moi le deluge!" (laughing).

"And Mr. Hogg—what about him?" I asked when I had recovered the power of speech.

"Oh, of course I'm treating him abominably" (shrugging her shoulders). "But, after all, he is better without a wife who would have been a most miserable woman, and who, without doubt, would have made him a miserable man! I am treating him in reality with the truest kindness," she added, in a tone of pious conviction.

"You can scarcely expect him to take that view of the subject all at once. Poor man! I think he is greatly to be pitied; and he will be the laughing-stock of all his friends."

"Pooh! what harm if he is? He will soon get over that, and easily find another wife. One of my own sisters would gladly console him, I dare say—Emily, for instance," she observed, reflectively. "All my things would fit her, and there need be no bother or expense about another outfit or trousseau—not at all a bad idea" with increased animation.

"I should not think that he would select a wife from your family a second time," I observed, with withering sarcasm.

"He might do worse! Emily is a very pretty girl, with beautiful blue eyes and fair hair. Talking of fair hair, be sure you make my affectionate adieux to Mrs. Roper. How furious she will be! Command me to her, and our next merry meeting!"

"Who is to break it to everybody?" I asked abruptly, pausing, comb in hand—we were now preparing for bed.

"Why, you, of course," she answered promptly.

"Here are two letters—instead of leaving on the pious mission, in the orthodox way, the piousness being wanting, I make them over to you."

"I'll have nothing to do with them," I exclaimed, energetically waving the proffered missives away with my hair-brush.

"I only ask you to give these letters to the captain to-morrow morning. I leave the delicate mission of breaking the matter to Mr. Hogg in his hands. He is a man of strong nerve, and won't mind."

"I'll have nothing to say to them!" I reiterated resolutely.

"Very well, then, I shall give them to the steward. It will be all the same. But I thought you might have liked the sight of announcing the news," returned Miss Gibbon, with the most perfect sangfroid. "You will see Mr. Hogg; he is sure to come on board. You will recognize him at once by his extraordinary resemblance to a hippopotamus walking on its hind legs."

This flattering description was cut short by the entrance of the stewardess (evidently in the secret), who came and dropped

out the luggage, and delivered it over to some one who was waiting outside in the cabin. When she had left, Miss Gibbon came over to my berth, and took leave of me, and kissed me.

"With me joy," she whispered, with me joy. Now, you must come up and stay while in Calcutta next cold weather, and I'll marry you to another Bengal civilian."

"It's all very wrong, I know," she replied nervously; "but all the same, I do wish you joy." "It is not a quarter as bad as it looks. To marry a man I could not endure would have been very much worse—would it not?"

"It would," I asserted, half doubtfully.

"So have sworn to like him, while I know I hated him, would have been perjury—would it not?"

At this critical moment the entrance of Mrs. Roper put an end to her excuses and explanations, and kissing me warmly, she retired to her own berth.

When I awoke next morning, she was gone. There was a great deal of excitement and talking, and shaking of heads in consequence; but as we neared Madras every one was to meet taken up with their own affairs and plans to give more than a passing thought to the missing bride.

As we lay in the stateroom, one of the first mausoleum boats to board us embarked a burly figure in a gigantic mushroom top. It was Mr. Hogg. I saw him conducted into the captain's cabin, and I saw him no more. My attention was entirely engrossed by the novel scene; the flocks of catamarans and muskul boats. It was soon my turn to spend a bad quarter of an hour in one of the latter. Had I escaped from the Bay of Biscay to be drowned in the Madras sea? This was a question ever present to me till we landed on the beach beside the pier, and I stepped out with very small assistance, delighted to be on terra firma once more.

Colonel Keith and I drove to a hotel in the Mount Road, ordered rooms and dinner, and then took a gharry to the beach, and listened to the strains of the governor's band discoursing the newest danc-music to Madras society—Madras society, drawn up in lands or Stagnone phasetons, or strolling up and down Cupid's Bow, enjoying the music and these a-breeze. "Pretty, well-dressed women, elderly-looking men, elderly, stout, heavily-mustached veterans, mounted past our dusty gharry in couples or in lines of four; and I must admit that I was very considerably impressed by my first glimpses of the Anglo-Indian at home.

The following day we took our departure for Mulkapora. As we travelled along over the broad, flat plains, I discovered a sameness in the view that wearied my eyes and disappointed my expectations. A mud village dotted round a tumble-down fort; then miles of brown men, with here and there a herd of queer-looking sheep or goats; then another mud village and an expanse of paddy, with an occasional pool, in which hideous, slate-covered buffaloes were lying cooling themselves, with their heads above water.

My ideas of India were probably unique. I imagined that all European mankind wore large white straw hats and naked suits, according to old family sketches. I expected to see gorgeously caparisoned elephants the only means of transit; and I was prepared to behold men sporting about the plains. But I had already travelled many miles, and met not even a cub, nor any wild animal of any kind whatever; although I gazed anxiously into every scrap of jungle we passed through. From the safe elevation of a railway carriage I did not care how many tigers and cheetahs were in view.

I had a deluded notion that every, frightfully hot curry, provocative of tears, was the staple and only food of the country, besides the green apples, guavas, oranges and mangoes that I was convinced grew in wild luxuriance, and everywhere, and at all times and seasons. The only things that really came up to and surpassed my expectations so far were the mosquitoes. Their activity, voracity, and pertinacity knew no bounds. The night spent in Madras had been made miserable, thanks to them. These horrible insect had mysteriously introduced themselves through a little flaw in the mosquito-net, and had benighted heavily on my face and hands, and rendered me a deplorable spectacle. Happily, mosquitoes do not travel by rail, so I was rid of my tormentors for three whole days, during our journey to Mulkapora. It was by no means an eventful performance. Three times a day we regularly descended for half an hour to wash and take our meals at various utterly unpronounceable stations. We slept in the train, travelling steadily all night, and awaking, covered with dust, about six o'clock in the morning. I much admired the Indian morning, so cool and fresh and crisp; who would think it could develop into such an intolerably hot, glaring day! It amused me to watch the flocks and herds; most peculiar non-descript-looking animals (and very difficult to make out which were sheep and which were goats), being conducted to their daily pastures, such as they were—areas of red, burnt-up plain; to see village women flocking to most primitive-looking wells, with stonies primitively poised on their heads; to see the most extraordinary attempts at ploughing I ever witnessed. Everything was new to me, of course, and I spent many hours gazing out of the carriage-window, early and late, while that blissful old Anglo-Indian, Colonel Keith, slept and snored.

At the junction for Mulkapora we had a delay of nearly two hours, and here I had an opportunity of catching a glimpse of Indian domestic life. There was no getting into the first-class waiting-room; it was occupied by a zenana. The door stood ajar, and no one or two very dirty-looking native women were constantly stepping in and out, I caught a view of several muffled white figures, with holes for their eyes and mouth only in their veils, and these covered with thin white net. Two or three gaudily-dressed children were likewise squatting on the floor. Presently there arose an argument, at first merely in a low tone, then executed in a higher and higher key, finally yelling and screaming. The proprietor of this "happy family," a fat, pompous-looking, very badly-dressed man, with a gold skull-cap, who was sitting himself majestically up and down the platform, was called for by the station-master to quell the uproar; but he was utterly motionless in the emergency. Both sides of the question were simultaneously launched at his head, and he was evidently denounced by all parties with unanimous shrieks. He withdrew from the waiting-room with much greater slowness than he had evinced in entering that apartment, evidently endeavouring to quell the storm.

"It must be had enough to be harassed by one wife," remarked Colonel Keith, "but fancy being the subject of half a dozen! After all, I think we man-

age these things better in Europe; what do you say, Norm?"

Before I had time to reply we heard the welcome tinkle of the bell, and the cry "Passengers for Mulkapora," and we lost not a moment in collecting our small belongings and encasing ourselves in one of the moon-carrriages of the Mulkapora State Railway. As we crept gently out of the station, the argument in the waiting-room would be heard high above every sound, evidently being still pursued with unabated fury.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE COCHINUR HUNT.

Hour after hour we travelled through a flat almost treeless country, and about seven o'clock in the evening steamed into Mulkapora terminus, which represented our long journey. We had not many fellow-passengers, and were speedily claimed by a stern-looking, grizzled, elderly gentleman, and a handsome middle-aged lady (in other words, my aunt and uncle), who gave me a most affectionate welcome.

In a few minutes we had made our way out of the crowd of natives (who were waiting for the usual supply of fish and ice) to where a large, imposing-looking building and a pair of boys were awaiting us, and were soon bowing briskly along in the direction of the cantonment. I was not sorry to lean back in my corner of the carriage and rest my aching head, while my aunt and uncle kept up a rapid exchange of question and answer. We drove through the streets of narrow bazaars, and then along wide roads, lined on either side with fine, wide-spreading trees, then across an open plain intersected with many white tracks, where my aunt pointed out the church, chapel, cemetery, and club, all of which bore a very great similarity to their European namesakes.

My first impressions of Mulkapora that bright moonlight night, tired and sleepy as I was, were of amazement and admiration. The long shady roads and wide, open, green meadows contrasted very pleasantly with the arid, rocky country through which we had been travelling. At last we turned in between two white gate-piers, to one of which was affixed a board, and the name "Colonel Burleigh, Cantonment Magistrate," and, trotting up a small avenue, drew rein under a large open porch. Three yapping dogs instantly rushed out to receive us as we descended, and submitted me to a rigid investigation, as if I followed my aunt into the house. The dogs were all wide-eyed and round, and into this veranda most of the rooms opened. We walked straight into the drawing-room, a very lofty room supported by pillars, then into the dining-room, where was an oval table, elegantly arranged with snowy linen, plate, and a profusion of lovely flowers. Two turbaned men—evidently the presiding gnni—were putting some last deft touches to the decorations as we walked through.

The next room was mine—large, airy, and empty-looking; a small bed, valued in mosquito-net, occupied the centre of the apartment.

"Here is your dressing-room, and here is your ayah, Norm," said my aunt, introducing with a wave of her hand, a small dark woman in a snowy muslin garment, with a beaming countenance, enhanced by a nose-ring, who now came forward and made profound salaam.

"Drugs, this is your young lady," Druggo's young lady was so overwhelmed with sleep and exhaustion that, within an hour, she was sound asleep under the mosquito-net, and I was left to my own devices. My aunt tucked me with her own hands; and as I laid my drowsy head on the pillow the one single idea that it contained was this: that, if appearances were to be believed, I had found a very happy home at last. Refreshed by ten hours' dreamless sleep, I was alert and dressed and out by seven o'clock next morning. My aunt had gone out for her ride, my uncle for his, leaving strict injunctions that I was not to be called among my roses and callulinas, or hortling and rumpking the Mahler, or feeding her squatty Burmese bantams and

(Continued next week.)

When I was young I worked for several years upon a farm; I also taught school in the winter, as was quite customary 20 years ago; and I often noticed how differently I was treated as a village school-teacher from what I was as a farm laborer. I now own a farm and hire help, but see no more reason now than I did then, why a good, faithful, intelligent farm laborer is not entitled to the same respect as a teacher, or even a minister. I see no reason why I should give any young man who comes into my family all the privileges of a home that I do my own boy. I fail to see how any man making any pretensions to Christianity can exact from his help that which he would consider unreasonable if exacted from his own boy or girl by others. I know men who treat their help little better than slaves. They have enough to eat, a comfortable place to sleep, but the driving, overbearing, domineering, insulting way they are treated, would change a saint into a devil; and I never knew such a man to have good help. I think no class of laboring men or women who work for wages are treated with so much disrespect as the farm laborer. Of course there are many grand exceptions to this rule, but it is true to such an extent as to be a curse to the nation. If young ladies, when they leave school, could be treated as kindly and shown the same respect when working out doing housework as they are as incompetent school teachers, music teachers and milliners, we would soon have better housekeepers and better wives and mothers, and we should not have to go among the lowest classes to secure help in the house. I think if a young man, when he leaves school or college, could be treated with the same deference as a farm laborer as he would be as a teacher, law or medical student, or a merchantile clerk, we might soon have better class of farm help, and in a few years a vastly more intelligent class of farmers.—[W. W. H., Washington county, Va.]

Corn Sowing  
In a process conducted by the agency of light boots all the year round. Corn sowing is best conducted through the agency of Putnam's Patent Corn Sower, the only safe and sure sowing machine. Beware of all pretenses and new sowing contrivances.—23-1

"The Post."

**GET THE BEST.**

**THE CANADIAN 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 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 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 post-office 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 address,—

**CHAS. D. BARR,**  
The Canadian Post,  
LINDSAY  
Lindsay, Dec. 26, 1885.

"The Post."

**Have you Renewed for The Post?**

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To Chas. D. Barr,  
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P. O.

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For Your Machinery in the Cold Weather, Use McCOLL'S Celebrated

**WINTER LARDINE**

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Sept. 26, 1885.—37-17.

**A. Higginbotham.**

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DELIVERED AT  
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