

J. SKITCH

J. SKITCH**Merchant Tailor.**

Still on the inside of the trade for everything

in the tailoring line.

CALL AND SEE OUR HANDED DOWN

THINGS YOU'LL NEVER

HAVE JUST RECEIVED A FINE STOCK OF

English, Scotch and Canadian

Tweeds, Gent's Furnishings

and Ladies' Mantle Goods,

which we will be out of surprising soon.

WE HAVE RECEIVED THE PREVIOUS

OF THE STOCK OF CHAMBERS. Please

check it over and have it out, we will

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Two doors west of the Singer sewing machine

store, Kent-st.

J. SKITCH,

The Great Attic Tailor.

Lindsay, Oct. 25, 1885.—4.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 1886.

THE LITTLE CHAPLAIN.

Rev. Richard, one of Britain's poets,

Is loved of many a mile

Of thirty English soil, and lives

In grand heroic style.

He has his coat lined in mink,

And every Sunday in his hall

His chaplain kneels in prayer,

We can't see him, I have no hands,

A man of low degree,

No livered servants off the hat

And bend the knee to me.

And yet though boasting no estate,

And though my pines is light,

I have my chaplain, too, and he

Prays for me every night.

He is a little fair-haired boy

That comes five years has seen,

With dimpled cheek and melting eye

Food voices and winsome men,

And when he dons his robe of white,

He lies down to sleep,

He folds his sinless hands, and prays

The Lord my soul to keep.

My little chaplain. None but God

Knows how I love the boy.

Each day that dawns, each night that falls,

He feeds my heart with joy.

Oft I have been a better man,

Since he to me was given;

His simple trust and endearing ways

Have drawn me nearer Heaven.

—Wide Awake.

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

By the Author of "Fated Patriot."

'We must all follow when fate puts from the shore.'—BYRON.

(Continued from last week.)

A good many people were still there; survivors from the supper-hour, men who did not dance; girls who were in hiding from obnoxious partners (with the favorite cavalier of the evening); people who had come up from a late supper, like ourselves; and various isolated hardened frits, pulling crackers and sipping champagne. Maurice, having secured a seat for me, hastened away to summon an attendant to bring soup and clean plates.

We chatted him furiously, as he waylaid a fat Madrasas butler, and conveyed him towards our end of the table. He was, as Mrs. Vane had said, strikingly handsome, and his tall, well-built figure was set off to the greatest advantage by the most becoming uniform in the service—the Horse Artillery jacket. Whether he was a ladies' man or not, he was certainly accustomed to wait on them. Everything I required came to my hand as if by magic, and he organized a most charming petit souper from the debris of the banquet. Over again we sat Mrs. Gower, relating with infinite gusto some astounding anecdote. Her host, a bored, blasé-looking man, gave her his ears; to us he was good enough to devote his eyes. Evidently he found us an interesting spectacle. Drawing his companion's attention to us, she lost no time in obliging him—I could see by her gestures and glances—with a full, if not true, description of my family history, age, accomplishments, and prospects.

Maurice and I conversed together very pleasantly. We discussed the ball, the menu, and the guests; and our repast concluded, we descended once more to the field of action. My cavalier was not forthcoming, and I yielded to Maurice's entreaties for this one waltz. He danced divinely, so smoothly and so easily that it was a treat to his partner, my lawful, but tardy, proprietor meanwhile glowering from a doorway.

After prolonging our walks to the very last bar, we made our way out into the lofty parlor, and thence along a wide, crimson-painted veranda, lined with large shrubs and plants, among the shadows of which seats for two had been most sumptuously introduced. Maurice, I could see, was no novice in the art of discovering a conveniently situated solitude a dozen, and soon we were sharing a very comfortable settee. From our retreat we looked out on passing couples and the lamp-lit strands with a sense of luxuriant retirement. More than once I found my companion studying my face with a look of the gravest and most profound interest. On the second of these occasions, as our eyes met, he looked somewhat confused, and observed, half apologetically: "I never saw such an extraordinary resemblance in all my life. You are as like an old family portrait at home as if you had stepped out of the frame!"

"D, do you mean your grandmother? I asked, discreetly concealing a lurking smile with the top of my fan.

"I do," he answered with deep conviction.

"I'm not quite sure that to be told that you resemble a person's grandmother is exactly my best idea of a graceful compliment."

"Playing compliments is not at all in my line," replied Maurice emphatically.

Do you know that the double life of middle-aged men like a short while ago, and now a short time ago? If you do, you are not alone. No, I never mind, I won't say what she is putting herself up—it would not make me any wiser. But if you care to see pictures I know you would not be disappointed to hear that you resembled her. I had seen the picture, and was not at all disengaged.

"Have you been long in India, Miss Berleigh?" was a question that started us out of some very pleasant reminiscence.

"Ever since I have been grown up," was my evasive answer.

"Well, that can only have been a very recent achievement," was my cousin's polite reply.

"You are Irish, are you not?" he asked.

"Yes. Does not the brogue speak for itself?"

"No, indeed." indignantly. "May I ask what part of Ireland you come from?"

"The South," I replied laconically.

"The South is a large place," he said, with a smile.

"It is," I answered shortly. "Don't you think you have asked enough questions for one evening, Captain Beresford?" I put in quickly; "or would you like to know my age and height?"

"I am sure I beg your pardon. I am afraid you will think me very inquisitive, but I come from the South of Ireland too; and as most people in that part of the world are connected in some way, I was thinking that perhaps, for all we know, you and I might be twentieth cousins once removed. Are you quite certain that you have no relations of the name of Beresford?" he asked, looking at me curiously with his daintily gray eyes.

This was too much even for my equanimity, which, considering everything, had been most remarkable. I had been playing with fine hitherto, and rather liked the situation thus otherwise. Dropping my fan and instantly diving for it in order to conceal my tell-tale cheeks, I replied, as I stood up, "I am engaged for this dance, Captain Beresford, and have no leisure for tracing out my genealogy just at present." I said this with all the stiffness and dignity I could assume, and, carrying my head very high, stepped out of our mutual seduction into the wide, well-lit, crowded veranda.

Maurice looking more surprised than pleased at my sudden change of demeanor, and concerned himself with carrying my bouquet, and critically examining it, as we strolled back towards the ball-room.

"May I ask you one more question, Miss Berleigh?" he inquired, with an air of the most humble deference.

My heart literally stood still with fear and my knees trembled beneath me. What was he going to say! Had he a glimmering of the truth? I felt cold all over, as unable to frame a syllable, I bowed my head.

"Are you any relation to Colonel Burleigh, the great sportsman?"

"Yes, I am his niece," I replied civilly.

"Indeed! I have a letter of introduction to him from an old friend of his; I shall call and present it to-morrow in person. Will you introduce me to your mother?" observing auntie, who was seated among the chaperons, rose and made a gesture of delight and relief as I approached. She beamed on my partner for having restored to her her little stray lamb.

"Auntie," I said, "Captain Beresford wishes to be introduced to you!"—Mrs. Berleigh, Captain Beresford. The beaming smile instantly disappeared from her countenance, and the accented Maurice a most frigid salutation. There was yet another dance, and a most pertinacious dancing master would listen to no excuse, and led me off protesting and entreating, while Maurice and auntie remained tête-à-tête. However he contrived it I know not, but, by the time I returned to my weary relative her face was once more wreathed in smiles, and Maurice was sitting beside her, laughing and talking, and evidently winning golden opinions from the dear old lady.

We held a council of war that night in auntie's dressing-room. We agreed to let the miming queen remain at large.

"After a little we will tell him, perhaps," concluded auntie. "If he is really as nice as he seems on first acquaintance, we will confide in him by and by. And I have no doubt that you and he will be excellent friends, more especially when he hears that you are engaged to be married!" So saying, and yawning most extravagantly, auntie kissed me affectionately and dismissed me to bed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AFTER THE BALL.

The morning after the ball it needs not to say that we made a late breakfast. Mrs. Vane and I repaired to the drawing-room afterwards, where we settled ourselves comfortably, she on the sofa and I in the easy-chair; and there we passed the forenoon, reading and yawning and discussing the evening's entertainment.

"Don't you feel like a worm to-day?" exclaimed Mrs. Vane, tossing up a cushion and rearranging it carefully under her head.

"Not quite so bad as all that," I returned, laughing.

"Nonsense, my good girl; you have been yawning like an alligator all morning."

"I am rather sleepy," I admitted, sealing another fearful yawn with "The Lays of Lad," which had been lying in my lap.

"I hope you saw the globe-trotter last evening?" resumed Mrs. Vane, turning to me to survey me comfortably, with her hand under her head.

"Saw him!" I echoed. "Why, where were your eyes? I not only saw him, but danced with him."

"Impossible!" And you live to tell the tale! If I had seen you, I should certainly have interfered on behalf of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. What on earth induced you to take the floor with him! He dances like an elephant on hot iron, and bangs his partner about as if he were a rag doll."

"I very nearly became a real rag doll," I rejoined. "I only took one turn with him, and the marvel to me is that we did not kill a few people as we went ploughing down the room, regardless of any consequence."

"Well, the burst child dredges the fire. You won't dance with him again, I presume," observed Mrs. Vane, emphatically.

"You needn't ask. But he's pleasant enough as long as I have to dance with him. He is awfully nice to talk with; it is like hearing a book of travels read aloud. He is an American, you know. He says that I am like an American girl;

De you know that the highest compliment he could

say is that he thinks my voice is like his."

"I think he looks very handsome," I said, returning to my seat whether I would share my discovery touching her figure or not.

"He danced nearly every dance with her this afternoon, that man like Mephistopheles."

"What have, if they were both myself?" I returned, with tawdry liberality.

"What have" echoed Mrs. Vane ironically.

"No actual harm, of course, but I consider that sort of thing such shocking bad taste."

"Taking of style," I continued, "what did you think of all the new dances?"

"My own and yours were decidedly among the prettiest frocks present," she answered complacently. "But," rising on her elbow with sudden animation, "my dear Noah, had you anything in the art that surpassed Mrs. Cooper Smythe, and did you remark Mrs. Towers in the blue and pink?"

"Yes, I saw her. The body of one dress and the skirt of another, to all appearance."

"She reminded me of nothing so much as a dirty penny valentine," said my companion, with an elevation of her nose.

"By so much a bad idea," I returned, laughing; "and the two Misses Hudson, what did you think of them?"

"In those old green dresses, done up with yellowilles. They nearly made me sick; if there is one thing I abominate more than another it is spinach and eggs."

"Well, you must allow that Nellie Fox looked well."

"Yes, I can see. The body of one dress and the skirt of another, to all appearance."

"She is a very good dancer, I am sure," I said, "but I don't think she is as good as Mrs. Smythe."

"I am sure I beg your pardon, but I am afraid you will think me very inquisitive, but I have been swanning over since."

"I have not seen so many pretty faces in the same room for ages; I thought them to dancing individually, and so overwhelming on me, that my hand has been swanning over since. Now are you satisfied?" he ended, with a smile.

"Did you remark the girl in the curious non-colored costume," pursued Mrs. Vane; "black, with very bright eyes? I thought her lovely—extraordinarily. She is a stranger from Bombay, staying at the General."

"The 'apple in pink,' as little Ruthie called her. I had the honor of dancing with her, but we could not get round a bit; however, she was awfully nice to talk to."

"Ah! beware of talking to her overmuch; she is an engaged young lady" returned Mrs. Vane, with a significant shake of the head. "And, apropos of engagements, is it really true that Miss Smith, of the Pne. Greens, is actually going to marry old Miss Hook?"

"Perfectly true," responded Maurice impulsively.

"I dooh!" casting up eyes and hands, when Colonel Falkner told me the news last evening you might have knocked me down with the traditional feather."

"I wonder how many people that feather has fibbed," said Maurice, with a speculative smile.

"He is a mere boy, and she is fifteen years older than he is in a day," proceeded Mrs. Vane, seriomously; "it is monstrous; it is unheard of! She ought to be indicted for child-stealing."

"Well, she does not look more than eight-and-twenty, and, though not strictly speaking, beautiful, she is certain very solid attractions. And, as Smith seems to find the arrangement in every respect satisfactory, I suppose we may as well give our consent—oh, Mrs. Vane?" replied Maurice, with any cheerfulness.

"Hello, old fellow, where did you come from?" to Turk, who for some time had been remonstrating from the veranda with stealthy, distrustful sniffs, vainly endeavoring to recognize the stranger as an acquaintance.

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