J. SKITCH.

The Canadian Yost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1890 THE BELLE OF MULKAPORE A STORY OF MILITARY LIFE IN

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

INDIA.

(Continued from last week.) CHAPTER XXIV.

Come now. Mrs. Vane, you never heard me say a word against matrimony, s most excellent institution, which I respect exceedingly. I only object to a brother-officer's marriage for one reasonyou will admit that it ruins the mess? proudly putting forward an unsuswerable

'The mess!' contemptuously. 'I wonder how many love affairs have been killed and sacrified to that Moloch-the mess. And pray what are you going to give Major Miller as a wedding-gift?" 'My sympathy,' returned Maurice,

'A cheap present, which we will all return in kind when you yourself enter

do not intend to take for many a day, if ever. I mean to have a little play first."

' Play! I wish the anxious mothers heard you. Play to you; and death to

and you know it perfectly well, only you ing to evolve some dim memory from the are bent on representing me in a cruelly remote recesses of his brain. I would repolo, cricket, racing, shooting trips, whistparties-all of which little innocent recrestions will no doubt be knocked on the head by Mrs. B., if such a person ever

At this juncture my ball of knittingsilk rolled off my lap, and far away under a distant table. Maurice and I both simultaneously started up to seek it. He was the finder, and as I accepted it I subsided into an easy-chair, still more remote from Mrs. Vane-almost, indeed, out of ear-shot-and isolating myself so completely as to leave them to enjoy an untramelled tete-a-tete.

I observed that Maurice cast more than one speculative, interrogatory glauce in my direction, as much as to say, 'Can this be the girl who was so pleasant last night?' But the fact was I had not made up my mind as to the role I was to playwith regard to him, Would it not wiser to confess the truth, and have no more concealments or disguise? But then duct of the previous evening. I had a glorious opportunity of introducing my-self, and, as usual, lacked the courage to turn it to good account. I must remain Miss Burleigh-an all but total stranger.

I leaned back in my chair at a distance that made conversation almost out of the question, and gave all my eyes and ears and wits to a calm, dispassionate study of my newly found kinsman. He was more like himself this morning than in his goldlaced jacket of last evening. Five years had not made as much alteration in his appearance as it had in mine. He looked older, of course; his hair was darker, his moustach heavier, his face bronzed by the sun-all but a little three cornered patch where his forage-cap rested—but his eyes, and his voice, and his laugh, all belonged to the Maurice of Gallow. Conversation now and then drifted to my ears as I took in all these details with lightning stealthy glances. Mrs. Vane was saying, with a

smile and a nod: I know something about you that you little guess. I was told it as a wonderful

'This is delightfully mysterious,' returned Maurice impressively. 'Something about me'-slowly-'and a great secret. I have it! You have been witness to a will in which I am legates to a fabulous sun.

'Nothing of the kind,' she rejoined

You have been asked to sound me, and discover my wietes with regard to

some handsome presentation.' 'How can you be so silly?'
'Perhaps I am in the secret myself?' he

wiked, with lifted brows.
Yes, you are; in fact, you

sinepring of the whole affair.'
'I declare you are making me

storm-signals as well as I did! 'Never,' he answered shortly, without

looking up.
Beyond Liverpool—you traced her to
Liverpool, did you not? I wonder where

else; in time my unfort will be a blind and hum

plein, persisted Mrs. Vane, by no means too well pleased with her friend's surcasms. 'I never said that she was a good ridiance, and laide a faire peur.

Now, now, Maurice! have you not often alled me 'an ugly little toad?' 'Have you no earthly idea as to what has become of her?' continued Mrs. Vane,

cool, reserved voice, as though he would cheek an unwelcome topic; and Mrs. Vane, taking the hint, turned the conversation

Laide a faire peur, indeed!' I said to pirror, and what did I see? I saw a slight figure in a well-made, soft, cream, washing-silk, with a gauged body and many little flounces; a pretty face, surrounded little white hands holding a half-knittee red silk sock. In the glass I beheld an other and more distant reflection-Mau rice-Maurice gazing at me with intent critical scrutiny; scrutiny which was, to say the least of it, embarrassing. He looked as if he were auxiously endeavorigh. I allude to main no longer. Who could tell what

Gathering up my work with an indistinct excuse, I bowed a distant bow, and hastily departed. I avoided Maurice on every possible occasion, so much so, that one evening, as we were driving home from the band, Mrs. Vane took it upon perself to read me a little lecture.

'My dear girl,' she said, 'there is a medium between being positively rude and too bewitchingly fascinating. Why do you taboo Captain Beresford so, and wholly cut him of from the sweets of your society? Strange to say, he politely ignores your appalling behavior, and manifests the deepest interest in you and yours. He asked me if you had any sisters how old

· How excessively impertinent!' I inter-rupted brusquely. 'I thought he boasted that he was above the meanness of curi-

That only applies to ordinary cases. You must remember the singular attraction you have for him, in your strong resemblance to his lamented grandmothar! returned Mrs. Vane, choking with laughter. 'Do accept a little advice from me, Nora, she continued eagerly; 'for the mere sake of appearance, don't turn your back on a gentlemen, nor answer over his ically, 'we all know that he is the very opposite to your friend Major Percival; but that, you will be liberal enough to admit, is his misfortune, not his fault. Do endeavor to tolerate our constant guest Captain Beresford-at least, try to meet

But, my dear lady,' I protested impatiently,' I don't want to meet him at all!' wrapping myself up in my shawl and sub-siding into a corner of the landau. 'However, anything to oblige a friend; and as you make such a point of it, I will try and do the civil to your Admirable Crich-

The reading-room at the club was

general lounge and rendezvous. When it was too dark to play tennis, and too early to go home to dinner, people flocked in, ostensively to select novels and read the papers, but in reality to chat, gossip

One evening Ellen Fox and I were turning over the newly arrived English mail, and discussing the merits and demerits of some fashions in the Queen (a paper much affected by us both). The round table at which we were seated was pretty full; at least twenty chairs were occupied. Close to us sat my cousin Mourice, engrossed in the Field, but occasionally

'You are not going, Miss Burleigh, are you?' said Mrs. St. Ubes, addresing me

'Yes, I hope so, if Colonel Keith can take me. My uncle has an engagement won't be able to keep up on that titupp-

old gray of yours.'
Oh, I dare say I shall,' I answere

giving a piece of friendly advice. 'I be-lieve your old animal was all through the Mutiny, and probably present at the bat-tles of Assays and Piassy! A general smile was the result of

said Mrs. Vane, coming to the table, regardless of the cavalier she had suddenly deserted in an adjoining window-seat.

'Age is to be respected, is it not, Mrs.
Stubbe! I beg your pardon—St. Ubes, I

no less than the Black Plague.

he appears to be a reliable mount. Any wey, he is perfectly quiet, which is the chief desideratum. He goes in double and single harness, carries a lady, gentlenen, or child; in fact does everything but

eyes fastened on my crimson face with Before I could make a more moderate reply, Mrs. Vane who had evidently taken he matter into her own hands, observed: ' Miss Burleigh is too medest to speak for herself, but I believe she is a very fair

orsewoman; quite up to the average of ady-riders, and no more afraid of a fidgey mount than you are yourself, Mrs. St. Can you ride, Miss Burleigh?' asked

Mrs. St. Ubes almost turning her back to Mrs. Vane, and speaking as if she were putting me on my oath.

'Of course I can,' I replied confident

After a pause of a few seconds, during which she and Colonel Gore were engaged in an animated colloquy behind the newspaper, Colonel Gore's head abruptly em-

I can lend you a gee for to-morrow, Miss Burleigh, if you like. A little hotempered or so, but-'Oh!' interrupted Mrs. St. Ubes, with

sneer! 'if Mis Burleigh can really ride

Well, at any rate, he has no vice; and if Miss Burleigh does not want a very quiet mount, and will honor me by riding im. I am sure I shall be only too delighted, added Colonel Gore, meekly.

Thanks, very much, I murmured,

but my uncle does not like my riding the glance of unspeakable significance was thrown round the company by Mrs. St. Ubes; it said most distinctly: 'She is

'I will be surety for your uncle's con-ent.' said Mrs. Vane, nodding towards me; 'so you can accept Colonel Gore's your despised old Methuselah, though I am no great equestrian. I too will come out and see this wonderful hunt. I shall of course, provide myself with a pair of field-glasses; and I dare say, with their

nce, and if the old horse can gallop settled that you ride my horse to-morrow, and Mrs. Vane rides yours, said Colone

Gore, politely; 'I will send down for your saddle this evening.'

views of the arrangement.

What is the name of your venerable mimal? asked Mrs. St. Ubes, with an air

· Oxford Gray,' I answered, barely raising my eyes from my paper, and speaking in my chilliest tone. 'Oxford Gray!' shrieked Mrs. St. Ubes

Why not Turkey Red,

Terai' hat. 'You are quite sure

' Not to the smallest degree ed composedly. 'Very many thanks, but you need not be anxious on my account,' concluded, with a spite of temper on my

· Well, recollect that Colonel Gore does not hold himself responsible for any accident that may occurr.

This was certainly cheering intelligence.
And with this parting thrust, Mrs. St.
Ubes turned and trotted her horse away. Maurice, who had been listening attentively to our conversation, now range alongside on a fine gray Australian.

Give him his head, Miss Burleigh, and he'll go all right, I dare say. At any rate, I shall keep near you and look after

think you can catch me when I tumble was my ungrateful rejoinder. A sudden move was now made, and we

all found ourselves out on the green plain mrrounding the club. No sooner had we and Miss Hudson passed me at a furious gallop, expressly with the intention of setting off my house. ng off my horse. Of this I am firmly ersuaded. It answered the purpose ad-nirably. He immediately shook his great iddle head gave a loud snort and a squeal ad made some extraordinary evolution impossible to describe; his head had totaldisappeared between his forelegs, and seemed to be riding a headless animal. Another acrobatic feat, and I still remained; but at a third I feel confident that I must go. Luckily for me he con-tented himself with these two awful buck umps, and settled down into a tearing

'You sat him splendidly, Miss Bur eigh,' shouted Maurice, whose horse was stretching away alongside of mine. only wants a good breather now, and he smount for a timid elderly get and anything but a lady's horse. If Mrs. St. Ubes had been on his back just now,

At the liberal pace at which we were travelling we soon distanced the others and were among the first arrivals at the meet—a clump of toddy-trees at the side of a road. The hounds—poor exiles from their native land and drafts from many celebrated English kennels-were grouped—round Verasawney, the Black Kennel huntsman, and the M. F. H. himself, a most popular man. [Continued next week.]

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Ottawa Free Press remarks that some innocent correspondent has started the story that the tories are so much enamored of Mr. Mackenzie, (for his vote on the Riel question) that they intend to allow him to be elected by acclamation at the next general elections. That tory yarn is "a good enough Morgan," but the Morgan at work in East York in the interests of Boultbee disposes of the yarn

London Advertiser: "Literally speaking, of course the government was not defeated. Speaking equally literary, the plan of the government [by Mr. Landry's motion] was defeated. What was that plan? Simply this: Either to compel the reform party to vote in a body in jus-tification of the hanging of Riel, or to vote in a body in condemnation of the hanging. There is the matter in a nutshell. In that plan the government were disappointed—discomfited—defeated."

The Huron Expositor in an able review of the situation says: "We believe that Riel was guilty and deserved the punishment he received, but we believe also that the government, who by their neglect and carelessness so aggravated the people of the North-west as to make it possible for Riel to incite them to rebellion, are equally guilty, and we say further, that it will be a disgrace to the people of Canada if the government go Scot free while their vicims have paid the penalty of their crimes by forfeiting their lives and their liberies. In view of all the facts, also, and while we believe that parliament has given a proper decision on this matter, we are equally free to confess that there is abundance of room for honest difference of opinion on this point. That Messrs. Blake, Laurier, Cameron and others who o person who has dispassionatel speeches can deny. While they claim he should have had the benefit of support which there is no little evidence, although we think the weight of testimony is on the contrary side, so that while we differ from these gentlemen we can very well sympathise with them in

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Miscellaneous. MENTION THE POST.-Parties reading advertisements in this paper and answering them, or making purchases, will confer a favor by mentioning THE POST.



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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Pursuant to the revised statutes of Ontario, Chapter 107, Section 34, notice is hereby given that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of NEIL McDONALD, late of the Township of Mariposa, in the County of Victoria, farmer, deceased, who died on or about the ninth day of February, A. D. 1886, are required to send by post, prepaid, or deliver to George Douglas of the village of Manilla, in the County of Victoria, one of the executors of the estate of the said Neil McDonald, deceased, on or before

The First Day of May, A. D. 1886 the full particulars of their claims and of the securities (if any) held by them, and after the said date the executors of the said Neil Monada will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, hawing regard only to the claims of which they then shall have notice; and the said executors will not be liable for said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claims notice shall not have been received by the said executors as aforesaid.

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