

Medical. Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health by using the... Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors...

P. C. Taylor. CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY. ESTABLISHED IN 1847.

The Canadian Post. SLINGS AND ARROWS. BY HUGH CONWAY. (Continued from last week.)

F. C. TAYLOR, Agent, Lindsay.

The Canadian Post.

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

"You could drive your horse in the light woods, but that would be foolish. I will try and borrow a horse."

I favored the horse. Twenty miles in old Ontario was not a tempting prospect.

Grant gave me a list of the articles he wished bought. Some of them, it struck me, seemed superfluous and trivial.

"You are too late," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

"You are too late," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

"You are too late," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

"You are too late," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

"You are too late," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

"You are too late," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

"You are too late," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

"You are too late," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

"You are too late," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

"You are too late," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

"You are too late," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

"You are too late," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

"You are too late," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

"You are too late," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

"You are too late," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

"You are too late," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

"You are too late," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

"You are too late," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

"You are too late," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

"You are too late," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

"You are too late," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

"You are too late," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

"You are too late," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

"You are too late," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

"You are too late," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

"You are too late," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

"You are too late," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

"You are too late," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

No, none of them. My only thought was to throw myself at her feet, to clasp her in my arms, to cover her face with kisses, to press that now-withering old face against my cheek, to feel the softness of her hair, to smell her perfume, to feel her heart beating against my own.

"Never!" I said, "until you have told me all. What does it mean? What am I to think?"

"You have, Loraine," he cried. "You have told me everything. You have told me that you love me, that you have loved me since you were a child, that you will love me until you are old and gray, and that you will be true to me as long as I live."

"You are too late," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

"You are too late," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

"You are too late," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

"You are too late," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

with you the memory of the life you have loved, the hope you have brightened, the love you have thrown away? Go!"

"I turned on my heel, but in the small mirror over the fireplace I saw Viola rise and sobbing. I saw Grant place his arm round her and support her."

"I cannot bear it," I heard her say. "I can bear all for his sake, except his reproaches. But when I am gone let him know all. Not until I am gone, Julia, farewell!"

"I turned at the last word. Viola was passing through the doorway. I sprang forward, but Grant checked me. The tears were rolling down his cheeks."

"No," he said. "Leave her. No good can be done. You will kill her if you see her again. She will be gone by the hour; they will be gone by then. Trust me—leave me, it is better so."

"But I am to be told everything?" "Yes, when she has left England."

"No more than that you are. I have always passed as such, and never troubled to be anything else. Perhaps you are a humble one, I was ashamed to do so."



"No more than that you are. I have always passed as such, and never troubled to be anything else. Perhaps you are a humble one, I was ashamed to do so."

"No more than that you are. I have always passed as such, and never troubled to be anything else. Perhaps you are a humble one, I was ashamed to do so."

"No more than that you are. I have always passed as such, and never troubled to be anything else. Perhaps you are a humble one, I was ashamed to do so."

"No more than that you are. I have always passed as such, and never troubled to be anything else. Perhaps you are a humble one, I was ashamed to do so."

"No more than that you are. I have always passed as such, and never troubled to be anything else. Perhaps you are a humble one, I was ashamed to do so."

"No more than that you are. I have always passed as such, and never troubled to be anything else. Perhaps you are a humble one, I was ashamed to do so."

to my performance. I was highly-pedigree, and in three minutes we were on our way back to Brance.

We were in plenty of time. Indeed, as the boat did not leave Southampton until nearly midnight, we might have waited for a later train. It was better as it was. Although starting from London at once, I meant to pace for hours the quay at Southampton. I had the satisfaction of being so many miles nearer to Viola.

Small I ever forget that crossing! The night was fair. No thought of sleep came to me. I sat in the cabin, gazing over the sea; looking out for the two great lights on Cap de la Heve; listening to the steady, monotonous thump, thump, thump of the engines, and knowing that every revolution of the paddle-wheels was bearing me nearer to Viola, or I leaned over the side of the boat and watched the hissing water flying behind in a foaming white track. I felt that I was being borne away from all my troubles, and that the path the sturdy ship plowed through the moonlight was one which led me to an un-speakable happiness. I was alone with my thoughts nearly all the time. Grant, like a wise man, had gone below to court sleep. Perhaps, in spite of the joy he felt in the approaching happiness of his friends, my cousin's anxious questions became a trifling monotony. He had to assure me a thousand times that one, at least, of his messages would reach Viola in time to stay her departure. He had telegraphed to the steamer, as well as to the Hotel de Europe, as which he knew she was staying. He had written to her, and I had heard him say, "I should like to see you when we reach Havre after the American steamer had sailed, and found that after all Viola had gone in her."

"Do!" said Grant. "Take the next boat and follow her. It will be but the delay of a week, and the voyage will do you good. But I could not contemplate with equanimity the thought of Viola's spending another week in ignorance of the truth. So Grant had again and again to assure me that we should certainly find her at Havre when she returned, who accompanied her father and had promised to see her safely on board the steamer."

I had other questions to ask him, among them when he first learned the true reason of my wife's sudden flight—how he learned it, how he was silent for a while, then he said gravely: "Loraine, I will once for all make a clean breast to you. A month after I had placed Viola in my sister's hands I said to myself: 'This man, who should have made her life happy, has by his treatment forced her to the brink of despair. Why should she waste her life in grief? I love her.' So I wrote to her—I could not have spoken the words—I wrote and told her I loved her. I asked her what the voice of the world mattered to us. The law might free her from you, and we might be happy. Her answer was that she would not leave you, accompanied by the papers which I gave you to-day. She knew that I would guard the secret. I know that she left you, not because your love had waned. The hate I felt toward you, the passion I felt toward Viola, turned into the deepest pity. Now you know all."

It was just after saying this that Grant bade me good night and left me to my own reflections. So I watched and watched until morning dawned, then broke broad and bright; until the sun was well up; until we had entered into Havre, and I took my step on the broad quay and tall myself that in a few minutes my wife would be weeping in my arms.

We reached the hotel. We learned that the ladies were still there. Grant's telegram had done its work. My impulse was to rush in search of my wife, but Grant checked me. As he said, she knew nothing; his message had given no information as to the discovery he had made. Let him see her first, and convince her that I was without a shadow of a doubt, Julian Loraine's adopted son. Then I might see her as soon as I liked.

James Keith. Harvest Tools. THE CHEAPEST AND BEST IN TOWN. Scythes and Snaths, Forks and Fork Handles, Hand Rakes, Harvest Gloves, Reaper and Mower Sections of all kinds on hand.

SEEDS! SEEDS! SEEDS! Cabbage, Carrot, Beet, Turnip, Mangold, Garden Peas, etc. In fact all varieties of Seeds sold cheap by the package, ounce or pound, and will be found reliable. Also PRIME CLOVER and TIMOTHY SEED. And a fresh supply of PURE GROUND OIL CAKE.

A. O. HOGG'S OAKWOOD. This week among General Dry Goods received are some very heavy Check Shirtings, all fast colors, at 10c; Heavy all wool Tweeds at 60c; See our Gents' Silk Ties at 25c. Fine White Shirts at 1.00. We have bought, to arrive next week, some very choice Tweeds for Suitings and Trousers. Call and examine goods and prices. Stock always kept well assorted.

G. A. Metherall. NEW ARRIVALS. GEO. A. METHERALL. Music Emporium and Bookstore. New Authorized Tablets, Lessons and Books. New Ontario English and (and other) Grammars, New Algebra, Arithmetic, and other books, maps, globes, and stationery.

McLennan & Co. Nails. Hinges. Glass. Scythes. Forks. Cradles. Rakes. Paris Green. Binder Twine. The latest novelty in the world of fashion is the recent German invention of painted dress materials for ladies' dresses, table and furniture covers, rideaux, portieres, etc., in satin, real velvet and cotton velvet.

A. J. SMITH'S. LOST. ON OR BEFORE THE FIRST DAY OF JULY, 1906. A Small BOY. About the size of a man, blind, barefooted, and his hat on his left ear. When last seen he was going to A. J. SMITH'S. For a set of team harness.

A. J. SMITH'S. HARNESS OIL. MICA GREASE. HARVEST GLOVES. HARNESS. COLLARS. WHIPS. COMBS. BRUSHES. WHIP LASHES. FLY SHEETS. DUSTERS. TRUNKS. VALISES. Is the best place to buy. Cannington, July 29, 1886-9.