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The Canadian Lost. LINDBAY, PRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1897.

FORCED APART By W. CLARK HUSSELL

Author of the "Wreck of the Growenor," A Sailor's Sweetheart," Ric.

The awast and faithful heart, bidden to watch for her husband's coming, felt the closing of the window to be the true ending of her hopes and fours for that night, it was a reprieve that left deep yearning and faint heartestoms and serrowful wonder. Novembal he failed her before. It could not he four that made him shirk the interview he had himself planned, meither four of her father; nor want of presionate love for her, With care straining to eatch at every sound. the gased through the closed window at the vision of dancing lights without, and the flare of the moon swreping beyond the clouds and allvering the foring tops of the

discussions has father to ask "Why, what these mopes signify. He doubts if you brought your heart back with you from Mydenham. But I say it was

your spirits you left there." "Mother, let me be here. I am low in spirits to night. Father would easily make me cry, and what would be think to see me

answer him when I go downstairs hath Mr. Shaw talked woft things to thest Come, come, speak up, my child. Surely, I need not be angry, if your beauty has pleased him, and he has saddened you with foolish fancies, is that it! We will make you smile again when we know what troubles you, #Westheart!"

"Why do you may I mope and hearted, mother! In not my laugh merry? Am I not a cheerful help to you in the house? One cannot always be glad. The noise of the sea, and the cry of the wind to night, and the stringgling of the ewest moon with the clouds have have " She faltered, and continued, in a voter an noft as a fluto's "Home times one has pleasant sorrows which one likes to mires. There is no reason that I should mope. I can feel very happy. Ah, dear ford! would that he had come and saved me from another day of fear!" And breaking out thus, she throw her head upon

her mother's breast and cried. that donny wint rarely at least, in no her's sight, therefore, the honest bosom on which her tace was hidden was rent by the unaconstoned sole, and anxious, plaintive sympathy spoke in the poor woman's your, as she exclaimed, with her protty fir was to do by knowling the girl's rich hair: the my child, my dearlet you will break medical with your mineret What is cour the en in wronged your Kind e como o le this that hath come denny, denny, rake up your how bright the moon shines in

it makes the bate like vellow the expects hint, who is he that a fand what is the four, Jenny" opr of the bedroom and the door both stanling open, and the a uting but a small mores bether and the manage, it was Is no this that Mr Strangfield, sitting th expectation of his dan block arrival. of the the saleh his wife's words. When the in her clear pained rotes, she

in he is he that hath not corner" and ty bet . They fear, denny " up rose the manor the and the statemen ground do ex, bearing him common drew away from her mother with a quick movement of

terror, and backed through the glare of mount he into the showing may he bedstead. "Wite," cv. latined Strangfield, in his strong voice, show is it that donny does not come to To which no reply was conchesfed. He

advanced by a strick and said What has the girl been saving, and what is her fear? denny, come for Sir de in ser you standing there toxy in the nin't foolish wench and for down stans with us all If there be useld to four convibat for ford may So speaking he hold forth his hand, and

the shrinking gas, not storing to disobay, able behavior," continued the doctor. "There came to ben fearfully and dropped flugers of

lifetime of suffering in Jenny's thoughts. For what now was she to do. Must sin confees mader the crushing gaze of her father's eyes' Beyond her strength of voice, beyond control of resecute weeping, would the cont seion take nor t'uthbert would be here anon to morrow, enrely and shift the heavy load of her secret upon himself. And with him at hand those store eyes would not be terrifying, nor tion in ser imbearable

Nost, my good sand it, his voice insen sibly softening under the beauty of her only child, "speak lobbly, and acknowledge the trouble that has come to you. I will tell you," laying a foretinger on his thumb, "when this babit o' moping flist became visible to no that was a full month before we sent you to your aunt Rachel. That visit did not improve thee, but, on the contrary, has made the worse. Now you have you

date, and so you shall not be at a loss for the The girl trial to meet her father's eyes. whereof the severity appeared intensified by the speciacle rings that concentrated their forces of fire and feeling; but to stand to them in alv was an impossible feat; her gaze were demonent, and in a scarcely audible tene she replied: "I do not mope,

father, sometimes I like to be alone." "be honest, wench, be honest!" exclaimed Strangified, barshly. "What was the meaning of those words your mother was repeat-

er, they were, Would that he had ome and served me from another day of four or orbital Mrs. Strangfield. "Here

HO fear, my protty.



The girl refused to speak. Then Mr. strangfield repeated his question, and her lips turnet pale, as under the pressure and torment of a thousand works which they would not part to deliver, and one most tear ful, wildered, pleading look she cast around. Her father watched her steadily, and with an ever deepening shadow on his face. Her want of speech was want of honesty, he thought, and his mouth took a sullen curve. "Jane, speak to her; Mhe may answer

"I have questioned her, Michael, Jenny, Jenny, answer thy father, dear heart. Tell him thy trouble!" and she matched at ber breast with both hands, orying: Michael, what has come to our child?"

"Jenny, will you answer me or not?"
"Father, you shall be answered, but not

eved you from another day of fear?" "Oh, father," gried the moor girl, clasping ner hands, "have pity on me-do not question me now." "Not question you!" returned Strangfield,

in an inexerable tone, "Not question your What has happened to you, that you are not to be questioned by your father! She shook her head and sighed, with a low moan in her sigh. Ah, that she had the ourage to speak the truth now, and intrepidly make herself known! But it was her husband that should speak for her, and he would be here to-morrow surely! Oh, she might be sure.

"Child," he cried, in a grating voice, "I have asked you for the truth. Have it Will, if it cost they and me our lines!" To say which, and in his bitter energy, he jerked his body forward, whereat the zirl shricked and became hysterical, "Oh, nother! Oh, mother! what would be do to mer Oh, mother! Oh, mother! save me from bin" and with wild alternate sobbing and laughter she backed away from the table, until she felt her mother's arms about her, when she fainted, as a person dies, with horrist muddentiers

> CHAPTER TIL AN ANXIOUS PARKET.

Now at that self-some hour, at Greystone school, Dr. Shaw sat alone in his study. The boys were long since gone to bed; the ushers were congregated in a living coom set apart

Cleaning his book, he drow out his watch-s fat dial that popped like a cork from his foh and sat erect to inspect it. Half-past nine exactly; observing which he pulled the bell-A maid servant opened the door. "Has Mr. Cuthbert come in!"

"No. sir." Now, the proper hour for Mr. Cutlibert to return from his evening spell of an hour and a half was nine o'clock. Punctual to the moment latterly he never was; but before this night nover had be delayed his return by half an hour. This was a liberty. This was a had ox-

ample. The doctor's soul rose in resentment. How could be reprimend unpunctuality in another, if his son, the school's exemplar, as his father had striven to make him in all things, flagrantly omitted the first of virtues

to the disciplinarian' Anger, being excited, must find vent some how; and Dr. Shaw fell to pacing the room actively, meditating thoughts harsher than reproof, to be delivered when Cuthbert

should appear. For a quarter of an hour this idle activity endured, with now and then a pauce be

tween, that his ear might strain at the blow ing wind. Then he pulled the boll rope again sharply. "No, sir, Mr Cuthbert ain't come in yet."

"How do you know." "His slippers ain't in the rack, sir." Now passed another short time.

The do for looked at his watch, opened the stuly door, and listened.

Anger was melting into alarm. A tremslous busyness of memory kept him breathing quickly. And, above all things, his heart As he stood, with head inclined, to bring

his ear to full reception of all sound without the house, Mr. Saunderson came from the usher's room, humining a snatch of song, The doctor turned to look at him.

"Oh, Mr. Saunderson," he evelaimed "will you be pleased to tell me if you have seen my son since he left the house this eve

"No, sir, not since he left the house. "That is very strange, Mr. Saunderson."

is not be returned yet, sir!" He is not. It's past ten o'clock, and his nenel, I should say his prescribed, hour is none, as is known to you, Mr. Saunderson, Sunderson of course looked at his "I am mortifled by this unaccountis nothing that should detain him. Does it not strike you as very singular, Mr. Saun-

"Why, sir, it is somewhat odd, perhaps," rejoined Mr. Saunderson, a little too diplomatic to pledge himself to an emphatic operion before he had acquired a larger knowledge of the dector's views of the sub-

"I sevent," exclaimed Dr. Shaw, "that there snothing that should detain him. He knows the roles, and this deflance of discipling thistime, I say, Mr. Saunderson, is is-Wall might he stammer and stop in such a drain of hip reasoning. He looked eacerty

at the door, and drew out his watch for the "Sir this prograstmation cannot be mere impunctuality there must be a substantial reasonable cause for his delay," observed

Saunderson, rattling his r's. I think so, sir-I think so. off agreeable to you, I should be happy walk to the town and make inquiries." No. I am obliged to you; not at this hour. I'll not suffer myself to feel anxious My son has hown himself restless lately. There have been signs of impatience in his beor, as though our discipline fretted bim. conduct to-night must mean a resolution to- to free himself from the traces-be must think it manly to defy us, sir. But," ried the flery old man, "my house shall be locked up at the usual hour; the last person

matter of this sort is my son." Surely, sir," cried Mr. Saunderson, with a rich roll of the "r" in sir. "you do not consider that he has left your"

in the world to merit my fortearance in a

"Left me! What has put such a thought

"I do not understand you, Mr. Saunder-son. Pray step this way and oblige me with your meaning," exclaimed the doctor, with causitument half suppressed in his manner; and, closing the study door, he said in a sharp voice: "Mr. Saunderson, if you can throw any light upon my son's absence I de-

throw any light upon my son's absence I desire—I have to beg you will do so."

"I really can throw no light upon it, sir—none whatever," replied Mr. Saunderson.

"You may be pretty sure that he will return home precently, sir. That he should be uneasy under the discipline of this school is a good reason to account for his present loitering. And there is no doubt, Dr. Shaw, that he is uneasy, sir," said Mr. Saunderson, with a nod at the doctor, who, at the first words, had looked up and stood listening, with his head on one side. head on one side.

"You are right, Mr. Saunderson; he ts uneasy," replied the doctor.
"I believe, sir, your son covets a larger sphere of action, Dr. Shaw."
"He has admitted this to you, Mr. Saunder-

"Well, sir, he has." "And when, pray?"
"Well, sir, if the truth must be told, this

"But if I understand you rightly," said the old man, with a pale smile which proclaimed many other things than the ease of mind it was intended to depict, "nothing escaped him to warrant you to suppose that he does not

mean to return-to-night!" "No, sir; can recall nothing to that effectnothing, Dr. Nigw. "I'hank you, Mr. Saunderson. I need keep

you no longer. I am obliged to you for your concany. cooringht to you, sir." Mr. Saimdersen bowed and retired. The doctor looked at his watch. Twenty minutes to deven. He rang the bell angrily. "In the house locked up!" "Not yet, sir. We're a-waitin' for Mr.

"Lock up and get to bed, all of you!" cried the doctor, fiercely. And the bristling of his eyebrows, and the fire in his eyes, dispatched the girl from the room in a bound.

He sented himself at the table, with his ·llows upon it, and his face in his hands. fle heard them bolt and chain the house door, and the slippered tread of the masters as they went whispering upstairs. Now through the silence mouned the wind, with rattle of dry leaves eddying, and the threshing of the chestnut boughs. Presently rose the old man and drew the

purtains from the window, whereby the shine of the lamp would be visible to the furtherest bend of the glimmering road; returned to his hair, and with his watch on the table under lis eve began a vigil. This was an only son that had gone forth and not yet returned

CHAPTER

So, with a British will that made the rowlocks creak like an iron door swinging on harsh hinges, the oarsmen in the Cleopatra's boat flung their backs at the facing spray, and drove the wedge of their boat's bow into the blast of the wind and the ebon hills in

Right under the moon, and in the broken chimmer of it on the water, lay the man-ofwar brig bowing to the land like some restcolt flinging furious heels at the wind. I'rged by mir heavy blades, the boat ate her way stubbornly; dashing the surging spray in shorts and souses until she was awash, and the backs of the men lustrous

for the drenching. Meanwhile Cuthbert had recovered the use of his brain, thanks to copious splashing, soon after the loat shoved off.

Beholding the stars and flying clouds, and feeling the jump and wobble of the sea in the strain and ache of his own timbers, he immediately comprehended the deadful character of the misfortune that had befallen him. and raising his voice attempted to address himself to the young gentleman in the cloak who was steering the boat, but was instantly slenced by a kick and a promise of a flogging if he opened his lips.

"You cannot be aware -- " began Cuthbert. "Hold your jaw, you lubber!"-here came the kick. "Nir. You're --

"By the Lord, you shall be flogged until your back is as green as your brains, you illain, if you move your tongue again! So there was no help for Cuthbert but to resign himself to broken-hearted contemplation of this hitter divorce from the woman of his love; and with his hands bound he re

clined, knawing his lips with misery, and watching with distracted eyes the land they were leaving, while the foam flew in his face and the rale in his ear howled down every movement of hope. In this condition of mind was he when the

boat went rolling alongside the brig. It was something to see the big and bristling hull stoop to the upward leap of the boat. It was as though a mother leaned

down to embrace her little one. Briskly the crew handed up the prisoners; then sounded the keen pipe of the boatswain; and while the hoat soared to the davits the pawls of the capstan jerked out a music on the gale like the hammering on an anvil while the furnace roars. With quick leaps and runs, and the disciplined rush, and the stendy pulls of the men-of-war's men, the anchor was cat-headed, the yards dropped their dim spaces of canvas, round swept the shore lights, and down lay the cruiser to the wind. And then you heard the squattering of plew of froth humming at the bows, and

shricking of big sails in the high gloom. The tour impressed men were left standing near the feet of the mainmast, under the eye of the marine. The business of getting under way was achieved with the swiftness that war time teaches, and all the wind whistling of a pipe, the brig being snug in less time than a woman takes to brush her hair. While the shore lights were veering into a faint line upon the quarter, and the great foreland lamp was thrusting its red flame among the cloudy stars well to the right a brawny fellow came to the prisoners with a battle lantern swinging in his grasp, and made them a visible group.

Then approached two men from the opposite quarter of the deck, and the lantern flashed in the bullion and buttons of uniforms. Behind them stood others, and forward was a crowd of seamen staring at the four men: and this was the picture of the deck, adding to it the details of a savage row of carronades black as ink in the watery moonshine.

"Are these your men. Mr. Townlank" said one of the uniform wearers, the tone of whose voice was as good a warrant of his office as

"Yes, Sir Peter, four of them, sir," replied the young gentleman who had done Cuthbert the honor to impress him.

"Well, you look likely men, my lads; and I suppose you don't require me to tell you that you are wanted to serve the king, and fight his majesty's enemies? There is glory and prize mone to be got if you do your duty; and, as British seamen, you'll never want me to tell you what your duty is, I hope." With which flourish Captain Sir Peter Grahame, Bart., in command of H. M. S. Cleopatra, was about to slew himself round

on his heel to go aft, when one of the men spoke up.
"If you plaze, sir, me name is Matthew Murphy, and I'm an Imirikin. Your honor therefore persaves that's not me duty to that for the king God bless him!"

"Ah, I see-an American, bern in Kilkenny."
"Indade, then, your honor, I was born in Galway." responded Marphy, at which murderous admission there went a smothering of

Hereupon Cuthbert spoke. "I have to represent to you that I am not a milor, sir. My father is Dr. Shaw, of the Grey tone school. Your officer has com-

This had in it the matter of a rebuke, an was a triffe downright for the quarter-deck hearing; but then it was delivered in a soft and enlitured voice, and he who spoke it with figure lighted up by the flare of the battle lantern, and handsome face showing, loeked like a gentleman. Hir Peter gazed at him inquisitively.

"Mr. Towplank," said he, "where did you meet this gentleman!"

At the word gentleman applied to the man e had kicked, and which same word was a definition he was the last midshipman in the service capable of making with true application, not because his father was a retired undertaker, but because his father's son was a cad, Mr. Towplank's eyes began to roll and the wind to feel chill upon his small

down a hill. He gave us a deal of trouble, sir. He knocked the bo'sun down. I never took him to be better than the mate of a

"I can vouch, Sir Peter, that there is a Dr. Shaw living at Greystone, and that he keeps a school there," exclaimed the first ientenant, who stood near the captain. know this to be so, because my friend Lord Cosgrave told me that he has a son with Dr

"Yes, sir; young Middleton is a pupil of my father," said Cuthbert. "Onite right: Middleton is turned the lieutenant.

A large name helps out a case grandly in a Briton's ear. Mr. Towplank drew his squat figure out of the glare of the lantern. "Your impressment is a mistake, Mr. Shaw, and I much regret it," said Sir Peter Grahame in a kind voice. He then held a whispered conversation with the lieutenan and walked aft.

There is poor satisfaction in the apology or regret that does not right a man to his own wishes. With clasped hands and down-bent eyes stood Cathbert, a bitter mourner; for every burst of foam struck out of the hurrying waves hy the vessel's bow was a mark of increasing distance from all he loved in this world; and he was like to go mad when his mind went to Jenny waiting for him to come and speak to father-waiting and marveling, and then sickening for the strangeness of his absence and the cruelty of his silence.

His three companions in misfortune were led forward to be converted into trim men-of-"We shall have to treat you as a passenger,"

said the lieutenant, addressing Cuthbert, cuttil we can land you. We will swing you a hammock in a spare cabin, and you will mess at our table." "Can you hold out any hope that I shall be

landed shortly (" "Why, you see, we are bound to the chops of the channel. Gantheaume is at Brest and there Cornwallis means to keep him. There is talk of the Guerriere being about, and it is Sir Peter's dream to fall in with her, when there'll be tough work for all hands, for she's pierced for thirty-six guns and carries three hundred men. Should a slant of wind serve, Sir Peter might put you ashore off the Start, or he'll turn you adrift, no doubt, if we fall in with a homeward bounder. But you had better make up your mind for a cruise. It will be a new experience for you, Mr. Shaw, speak of the chance of your seeing a blazing

sea fight." "You speak very kindly, and I can see that I am to be well treated. But my absence may break my wife's heart." He covered his face with his hands

"Phew! A wife! Lord help you! Is there not always a petticoat to every man's trouble, either causing it, or making it worse! But come below, Mr. Shaw, and try the flavor of our rum. Nothing like honest Jamaica to steady a man's eye for trouble.

> CHAPTER IX A SAIL RIGHT AHRAD.

Much, undeniably, there was in Cuthbert's position to make him miserable. Could Lieutenant Transom have promised to put him ashore next day, the young fellow would have plucked up heart and swung his glass like a man, but there was a bitter prospect of his detention lasting, with risks of death be tween, and never a chance (it might be) to send his story to Jenny. Scarce could he hold up his head pleasantly as Transom tried to rally him. Indeed, he was no philosopher; or rather, he was a very had one.

Such a night as Cuthbert passed a man had need to commit murder to merit. All through the hours the thunder of water sweeping past was in his ears. The bull's eye over his head had changed from ehony to silver before his pained and heavy eyes closed, and then for a while the poor fellow forgot his sorrows in

The bell on deck was striking when he awoke. While he was dressing a marine presented himself.

"The first lieutenant's compliments, sir. and when you are dressed you will breakfast with him?" said the man, as erect as a sentry in his box on the deck that kept Cuthbert staggering.

This invitation was, of course, promptly accepted, and in a few minutes Cuthbert followed the marine into a large cabin with a ceiling garnished with small arms, stout lockers around their seats, charts on the walls, and a table laid for breakfast. Here he found the first and second lieutenants. Both men were fine specimens of naval ofcers of those days—the days of Cochrane ad Strachan-Transom in middle age, and the other young, but both with hard, stera lines of resolution carved in their embrown d faces, both with the hearty, open o' o brave spirits, dressed in uniforms cat suret of guapowder, and one of them w. ha miless sear behind his ear, and the ther of them with two stumps for fingers on

and, breakfast leing served, invited an to fall to at once, for we are rising the ov is of a big ship right ah ad," says Tranour; "and whenever there's anything visible i n the horizon we always accept it as a hint to bear a hand in stown : lallast." "How the denes came young Townlank to

ake you for a seaman? exclaimed the second ient mont, scrutinizing Cathbert admiringly. of there was moon enough to see your hands by they should have satisfied him that you very not his man, supposing him sober." "He was soher enough. I explaine I to

your captain that this midshipman gave me no chance of representing myself," replied Cuthbert "I can only trust that Sir Peter Grahame will put me ashore soon-my-

Transom looked grave, but said: "Well, well, there's no telling what will turn up. When your people find you missing, be sure they'll start on such a hunt after you as will bring them to the true cause of your disappearance. It will be known throughout Greystone that our press gang took three men last night, and do you suppose your wife and father will not hit upon the Cleopatra as the reason of your sudden vanishing!" A question that brightened up the poor fellow wonderfully.

Down to the flying wind was the Cleopatra, stooping with a leaning bow, ripping up the breast of the water as a dog siants his head to make a better lever of his jaw. The mighty press of sail filled the blue sky over-

sweeping tower of canvas was an acre of

charged.

Sir Peter Grahame paced the deck aft with a telescope, which from time to time he leveled at some object ahead; he bowed to Cuthbert, but seemed too preoccupied to speak. A crowl of men were on the forecastle, pointing forward and conversing in low voices, some of them looking aloft, or as the water rippling past, with grins of satis-The first lieutenant came to Cuthbert,

Lindsay. Jan. 6. 1887.-26,

after exchanging a few words with the "There is a sail vonder," he said, "which we have reason to believe is the Grerriere. If she shows French colors we shall light her. We are rising her fast, for nothing can stand against the Cleopatra on a bowline, and Sir Peter has instructed me to request that you will go below and remain there on the order

being given to clear for action. "Mr. Transom, I hope Sir Peter will not insist on my going below. I may be of use on deck, and am willing to fight with the

"Well speken, Mr. Shaw, and a generous smile at Cathbert's hands. "But, my dear follow, you must think of your wife, ever, we'll leave the matter for the present The ship may prove a non-combitant - per haps an East Indiaman. One can't detect nationalities twenty miles off." With which he returned to the centain.

and they walked the deck together. An hear went by. Suddenly the men forward heard the first lieutenant, who worked his telescope in the main rigging, sing out: "She has clewed up her royals and topgallant sails, sir, and her mizzen tensailvand is down on the cap. Now she hoists her colors! They are-oh, confound this jogging! - they are-they are-" "French!" shouted Sir Peter, and down sprang the first lieutenant, and in a trice

come, and then a steady stand. CHAPTER X.

there was shrill whistling and quick move-

ment among the men, and a coming and a

THE ACTION. At ten of the forenoon the Frenchman lay plain on the sea, with colors flying, muske teers in her tons and her bulwarks black with the heads of her men. A big frigate she was, of the graceful shape which the British were all too slow to copy in their dockvards; and the Gallie cocks in her hencoops might well have swelled their throats with derisive screams when they beheld the English sparrow sailing down to grapple with the hawk.

The first shot fired came from the frigate. when she was still out of reach of the Cleo patra's guns. Cuthbert saw the glance of rellow flame and the smother of white smoke the ball whirled up a little pillar of froth out of the sea close alongside, and then came the report, dulling its sting against the wind's

"My lads," exclaimed Sir Peter Graheme, standing at the quarter-deck capstan th his but in his hand, "yonder ship is Guer ere. None of the enemy's ships done more damage to our peaceful merchmen than she. She is a big nut to e: but our heels are shod with British iron and we'll grind the kernel out of her yet. Hold on all till you get your orders, then make one man of yourselves. Now God be with us!" A cheer like a broadside was given; the helm put over, the loftier sails furled and the Cleopatra drove on toward her enemy. The Cleopatra's flying jibboom pointed due amidships of the Guerriere; then by length of a spoke was the wheel put over, round swept the Guerriere's helm, that she might rake the Cleonatra as she passed under her stern. But lo! the brig twisting on her keel like a vacht, but her was at the revolving Frenchman and blaze! baze! went her twobow chasers, and down came the flag of the republic, along with the gaff and a sputter of canvas shreds. A minute later the vessels lay broadside on to one another, as close as two houses on opposite sides of a street; and simultaneously from both of them leapt out a line of flame, with a roor as of a mountain rent in twain by an earthquake and the smashing and splintering of woodwork, while all between was smoke.

Now had the action begun in earnest, and a sight for ('uthbert to remember was the deck of the English brig. Calm as a statue and as steady Sir Peter Grahame stood some fathoms forward of the wheel with powerful voice and slight gesture of the arm giving his orders. You would have said that he had eyes all over his body-eyes for the helmsman at the back of him and the vards and sails above him; for the grimy seamen sweating at the guns and for every toss of the arm of the gold-laced French commander shricking, after the manner of his nation,

from the mised after-deck of his ship.
[Continued next week.]

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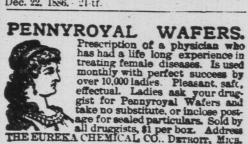
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