to the fact that if New Goods of the newest styles and patterns and of first-dam have anything to do with making and Attractive Stock we have that

In every line we make an excellent dis-As for our SILVERWARE,well, come and look and decide for yoursolves if for quantity, quality and beauty It is not superior to any in town.

In WATCHES our supply is, as usual, large and most complete, and we show a great variety of grades and keep all the best kinds of American Goods made.

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gas save the gover. BRITTON BROTHERS.

The Canadian Lost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, AUG. 20, 1887.

JESS. BY H. RIDER HAGGARD

Author of King Solomony Mines Shalle that they alf cry till they begin to believe if Conserves. Hah! these are not the things I would go to war for; but ambition and rereage, sh! that is another thing. I would foll them all if they stood in my way, all except Bessle. If war breaks out, who will bold up a hand to help the 'verdomde Engels-Bessele. If war breaks out, who will

mann? They would all be afraid. And it mos my fault. Can I help it if I love that Comant I would slaughter every Englishmen in the Transvaal to gain Bessie-ay! and every loor, too, and throw all the na-Hves in;" and he laughed aloud and struck the great black horse, making it plunge and coper gallantly.

billion wing, "when I have got Bessie, and we have kicked all these Englishmen out of the land, in a very few years I shall rule this sountry; and what next! Why, then I will up the Dutch feeling in Natal and in the and colony, and we will push the Englishmen back into the sea, make a clean sweep of the satives, only keeping enough for servants, and have a united South Africa, like that peer silly man largers used to prate of, but did not know how to bring about. A united Datch South Africa, and Frank Muller to role it! Well, such things have been, and may be again. Give me forty years of life and strongth and we shall see"

Just then he reached the veranda of the house, and, dismissing his secret ambitions from his mind, Frank Muller dismounted and entered. In the sitting room he found Silas Croft reading a revenuer.
"Good day, Om Silas," he said, extending

"Good day, Meinheer Frank Muller," repled the old man, coldly, for John had told him of the incident at the shooting party which had so hearly ended fatally, and Stouch he had made no remark he had formed his over conclusions. "What are you reading in The Volkstem,

Om Silus about the Bezardenhout affair?" "No; what was that?"

Barghsh, that is all. The sheriff seized Bemidenbout's wagen mexecution of taxes, and put it up to sale at Potchefstroom. But the folk ki ked the aneti meer off the wagon and bent of him round the town; and now Gores. nor lanyou is sending linef down with power keswear in special constables and enforce the to stop a river by throwing stones. Let me are, the big meeting at Panele Kraal was to ifteenth of December, now it is to be on the combain, and then we shall see

"Force of w.er." answered the old man, festily. "That has been the cry for years, How many big meetings have there been ones Shepstone am exed the country! Six, I think. And what has come of it all? Just society but take. And what can come of it? Suppose the lie es did fight, what would the ent of it bef They would be beaten, and a let of people would be killed, and that would be the end of it. You don't suppose that Lagland would give into a ban Hal of Boers, do you! What did Gene Wolseley say the other day at the dinner at Potchefstroom? Why, that the country would never be given a, because no government, Conservative, Liberal or Radical, would dare to do such a Sing. And now this new Gladstone government has telegraphed the same thing, so what the use of all the talk and childishness! Toll me that, Frank Muller."

Mulier laughed as he answered, "You are all very simple people, you English. Don't fon know that a government is like a woman who cries 'No, no, no, and kisses you all the Since If there is not a enough, your British government will cat its words and give Wotseley and Shepstone and Partle Frere and Lanyon, and all of them, the lie. This is a begger business than you think for, Om Blue. Of course all these meetings and talk

are got up. The possiones angry because of In backsh way of dealing with the natives. and became they have to pay tares; and they think that, now that you foglish have paid their debts and smaded up Sikukuni and Cot wave, they would like to have the land is at first; now it is another neather. But will that is not much. If they very left to henselves us him; would come of it except tik, for many of them are very giad that the fact should be English. But the men who fall the strings are down in the Cape. They ant to drive every linglishman out of South Africa. When Shepstone annexed the Americal he furned the scale against the butch element and broke up the plans they have been laying for years to make a big anti-English republic of the whole country.

If the Transvan remains English there is an and of their hopes, for only the free state remake, and that is hemmed in. That is why their feet are so analy; and that is hemmed in. That is why their feet are stirring the people up. They mean to make them fight now, and I think that they will succeed. If the Boere win the day they will declare themselves; if not, you will hear nothing of them, and the Boere will bear the bruns of it. They are very cuming people, the Cape particle; but they look well after themselves."

CHAPTER THE

PRANK MULLER MOWS HIS HAND. Presently Muller turned round. "Do you now why blueve told your thin four tillent"

are in a very dangerous position. The war is a coming, and whether it goes for you or against you, you must suffer. You live got all the trude and own nearly half the land, and you are always stanting up for the land, and you are always standing up for the black people, whom the Bore inte. It will go hard with you if there is a war. You will be shot and your houses will be burned, and if you lose the day, those who compe will be driven out of the country. It will be the Transvani for the Transvaniers, then, and Africa for the Africanders."

Africa for the Africanders."
"Well, Frank Muller, and if all this should come to pass, what of it? What are you driving at, Frank Muller? You don't show me your hand like this for nothing."

The Boer laughed. "Of course I don't, Om

Silae. Well, if you want to know, I will tell you what I mean. I mean that I alone can protect you and your place and people in the bad times that are coming. I have more in-fluence in the land than you know of. Per-haps, even, I could stave off the war, and if smited me to do so I would do it. At the least I could keep you from being harmed, that I know. But I have my price, Om Silas, as we all have, and it must be money down and no credit."

"I don't understand you and your dark say-ings," said the old man, coldly. "I am a-straightforward man, and if you will tell me rhat you mean I will give you my answer; if iet, I don't see the good of our going on talk-

"Very well; I will tell you what I mean. nean Bessie. I mean that I love your niece and want to marry her-ay, I mean to marry her by fair means or foul-and that she will lave nothing to say to me."

"And what have I to do with that, Frank Muller? The girl is her own mistress. I can not dispose of her in marriage, even if I wanted to, as though she were a colt or an ox-You must plead your own suit and take your

"I have pleaded my suit and I have got my answer," answered the Boer, with passion. "Don't you understand she will have nothing to say to me. She is in love with the d-d poihaatje Niel, whom you have brought up ners. She is in love with him, I say, and will not look at me."

"Ah," replied Silas Croft, calmiy, "is that so? Then she shows very good taste, for John Niel is an honest man, Frank Muller, and you are not. Listen to me," he went on, with a sudden outburst of passion; "I tell you that you are a dishonorable man and a villain. I tell you that you murdered the Hottentot Jantje's father, mother and uncle in cold blood when you were yet a lad. I tell you that the other day you tried to murder John Niel, pretending to mistake bim for a buck! And now you, who petitioned for this country to be taken over by the queen, and have gone round singing out your loyalty at the top of your voice, come and tell me that you are plotting to bring about an insurrection and to plunge the land into war, and ask me for Bessie as the price of your protection! And now I will tell you something in answer, Frank Muller," and the old man rose up, his keen eyes flashing in wrath, and straightening his bent frame, pointed toward is door. "Go out of that door and never the English nation to protect me, and not on such as you, and I would rather see my dear l'assio dead in her coffin than married to a mave and traiter and a murderer like

Frank Muller. Go!" The Boer turned white with fury as he istened. Twice he tried to speak and failed. and when the words did come they were so select and laden with passion as to be recely audible. When thwarted he was mide to these accesses of rage, and they, guratively speaking, spoiled his character. fould be have kept his head, he would have cen a perfect and triumphant villain; but as was, the carefully planned and audacious asculity of years was always apt to be swep away by the sudden gale of his furious passion. It was in such an outburst of rage that he had assaulted John in the inn yard at Wakkerstroom, and thereby put him on his guard hist him and now it mastered him once

"Very well, Silas Croft," he said at last, "I vill co; but mark this, I will come back, and ben I come it shall be with men armed with iles. I will burn this pretty place of yours that you are so proud of, over your head, and I will kill you and your friend the linglish man, and take Bessie away, and very soon the will be glad enough to marry Frank shaller; but then I will not marry her—no. not if she goes on her imees to me-and she hall go on her knees often enough. We will hen see what God and the English nation will to to protect you. God and the English nation! Call on the sheep and the horses; call on the rocks and the trees, and you will get a better answer."

"Go!" thundered the old man, "or by the God you blaspheme I will put a bullet through you," and he reached toward a rifle that hung over the mantelpiece, "or my Kat-firs shall whip you off the place."

Frank Muller waited for no more. He

turned and went. It was dark now, but there was still some light in the sky at the end of the blue gum avenue, and as he rode away against it he made out Bessie's tall and graceful form softly outlined upon the darkening night. John had left her to see about some pressing matter connected with the farm, and there she stood, filled with the great joy of a woman who has found her love, and loath as yet to broak its spell by entering again into the daily round of common life. There she stood, a type and symbol of all that is beautiful and gracious in this rough world, the lovelight shining in her blue eyes

and thoughts of happy gravitude to the Giver of all good rising from her heart to heaven drawn up thither, as it were, by the warmth of her pure passion, as the dew mists of the orning are drawn upward by the sun-

Presently she heard the horse's boofs, and ooked up, so that the faint light fell full upon her face, idealizing it and making its assion breathing beauty seem more of heaven than of earth. There was some look upon it. some indefinable light that day-such is the power that love has to infuse all human things with the fint of his own splendor—that it went even to the heart of the wild and evil man who adored her with the deep and savage force of his dark nature. For a moment he pansed, half regretful, half afraid. Was it Well to meddle with her and to build up plans for her overthrow and that of all she clung to! Would it not be better to let her be, to go his way and leave her to go hers, in peacet She did not look quite like a woman standing there, but more like something belonging to another world, some subject of a higher power. Men of powerful but undisciplined intellect like Frank Muller are never entirely intellect like Frank Muller are never entirely free from superstition, however free they may be from religion, and he grew superstitiets, as he was apt to do. Might there not be an unknown penalty for treading such a flower as that into the mire—into mire mixed perchance with the blood of those she level? For a few seconds he heattated. Should be throw up the whole thing, leave the rebellion to look of the start of the seconds. to look after itself, marry one of Rome Coctave's daughters, and truk to the Old Colony, or Rechangiant, or anywhere? His fund becam to tighten on his betile rein and

Children Crufer

"Now what will minic on?"
"How are you, Beste? he said, in a quiet voice; but siz; looking into his fire, now that it belied, his voice. It was alive with oril passions that account to make it pushively lurid, an effect that its undou

mly intendited.
"Lans quite well, thank you, Mr. Mul-the answered, as the began to move has a sure to the second word, communiting for spice as well as she could, but feeling dreadfully frightened and lonely. She knownmething of her admirer's character, and feared to be left alone with

pass without actually pushing past him. Why are you in such a hurry? he said. "You were standing still enough just now,"
"It is time for me to be getting in. I was

"The support can wait a while, Bessie, and I cannot wait. I am going off to Paarde Kraal to-morrow at daybreak, and I want to say good by to you first."

"Good by," she said, more frightened than ever at his curious, constrained, manner, and

ever at his curious, com she held out her han He took it and held it.

"Please let me go," she said.
"Not till you have heard what I have to say. Look here, Bessie, I love you with all my heart. I know you think I am only a Boer, but I am more than that. I have been to the Cape and seen the world. I have bruing and our see and understand things, and if you will marry me I will lift you up. You shall be one of the greatest ladies in and if you will marry me I will lift you up. You shall be one of the greatest ladies in Africa, though I am only plain Frank Muller now. Great things are going to happen in the country, and I shall be at the head of them, or near it. No, don't try to get away. I tell you I love you, you don't know how. I am dying for you. Oh! can't you believe me, my darling! my darling! Yes, I will kise you," and in an agony of passion, that her resistance only fired the more; he flung his strong arms round her and draw her to his breast, fight as she would.

reast, fight as she would. But at this opportune moment an unexpected diversion occurred, of which the hidden Jantje was the cause. Seeing that matters were getting serious, and being afraid to show himself lest Frank Muller should kill heen quite capable of doing, he hit upon another expedient, to the service of which he brought a ventriloquistic power which is not uncommon among natives. Suddenly the silence was broken by a frightful and prolonged wail that seemed to shape itself into the word "Frank," and to proceed from the air just above the struggling Bessie's head. The effect produced upon Muller was something wonderful.
"Allemachter!" he cried, looking up

my mother's voice! "Frank!" wailed the voice again, and he let

go of Bessie in his perplexity and fear, and turned round to try and discover whence the proceeded-a circum young lady took advantage of to beat a rapid

"Frank! Frank! Frank!" wailed and howled the voice, now overhead, now on this side, now on that, till at last Muller, thoroughly mystified, and feeling his superstitious fears rising space as the moaning sound flitted about beneath the dark arch of the gum trees, made a rush for his borse, which was standing snorting and trembling in every limb. It is almost as easy to work upon the superstitious fears of a dog or a horse se upon those of a man, but Muller, not being aware of this, took the animal's alarm as a clear indication of the uncanny nature of the voice. With a single bound he sprang into his saddle, and as he did so the woman's

"Frank, thou shalt die in blood as I did



Muller turned livid with fear, and the cold was a bold man enough in a general way, out this was too much for his nerves. "It is my mother's voice, it is her very words!" he called out aloud, and then, dashing his spurs into his horse's flanks, he went like a flash away from the accursed spot; nor did he draw rein till he came to his own

place, ten miles away. Twice the horse feil in the darkness, for there was no meen, the second time throwing him heavily, but he only dragged it up with a curse, and, springing into the saddle again, fled on as before. Thus did the man who did not heritate to plot and to execute the cruel slaughter of unending men cower beneath the fancied echo of a dead woman's voice! Truly human na-

ture is full of contradictions. When the thunder of the horse's hoofs grew faint Jantje emerged from one of his hilling places, and throwing himself down in the center of the dusty road, kicked and rolled with delight, shaking all the while with an inward joy that his habits of caution would not permit him to give audible vent to. "His mother's voice, his mother's words," he quoted to himself. "How should be know that Jantje

remembers the old woman's voice—ay, and the words that the devil in her spoke too! Hee! Hee! Hee!"

Bessie fied without stopping till she reached the orange trees in front of the veranda, the orange trees in front of the veranda, where, reassured by the lights from the windows, she passed to consider. Not that she was troubled by Jantje's mystarious howling: indeed, she was too preoccupied to give it a second thought. What she was debating was whether she should my mything about her accounter with Frank Muller. After passing for a few seconds to pick a branch of orange blossom and to become herealf generally, which, not being hystorically inclined, she very soon did, she quietly entered the home as though nothing lad hoppened. The very first person she met was John himself, who had come in by the back way. He laughed at her orange blossom bouquet, and said that it was most appropriate, and then proceeded to embrace her tenderly in the pusage; and indeed he would have been a poor set of lover if he had not. It was exactly at this 'meture that old films Great harman.'.

"Will, I move?" said the six positions.
"What is the processing of all dis. Senior"
Of course there was nothing for it but to come in and explain the facts of the complete, lowering, and indige six a particular of manner that ladies clearing, while Benio stood by.

The old man listened in allence till John had finished—a smile upon his face and a himily twinkle as his keen eyes.

"So," he said, "that is what you young people have been after, is lit! I suppose that you want to enlarge your interests in the farm, ch, John! Well, upon my word, I don't blame you; you might have gone farther and fared worse. These sert of things never come singly, it seems. I had another request for your hand, my dear, only this afternoon from that scoundre! Frank Muller; of all men in the world," and his face darkened as he said the world," and his face darkened as he said the name. "I sent him off with a fice in his ear, I can tell you. Had I known then what y of rope and he will hang himself one of these days. Well, my dears, this is the long day. It is time you got married, both of you, for it is not right for man to live ne, or woman either. I have done it all life, and that is the conclusion I have come to after thinking the matter over somevhere about fifty years. Yes, you have my consent and my blessing, too; and you will have something more one day before so very long. Take her, John, take her. I have led a rough life, but I have seen something of women for all of that, and I tell you that there is not a sweeter or a better or a prettier woman in south Africa than Bessie Croft, and in wanting to marry her you have shown your sense. God bless you both, my dears. And now, Bessie, come and give your old uncle a kiss. I hope that you won't let John quite drive me out of your head, that's all. my own, I have managed to get very fond of you in the last twelve years or so."

Bessie came and kissed the old man-ten-

Lindsay, July 27, 1887.—55.

31d. The old man did not know what the

make of the tale, but, remembering Frank Muller's threats, he shook his head.

ler has a hand in it," he said. "I'll go to the

house and see Jantje. Give me your arm,

He obeyed, and, on getting to the top of

the steep path, perceived the stout figure of

old Hans Coetzee, who had been his host at the shooting party, ambling along on his fat

shouted out in his stentorian tone. "What

The jolly looking Boer rolled awkwardly

"Allemachter, Om Silas, it is bad news. You have heard of the bymakaar (meeting) at Paarde Kraal. Frank Muller wanted me

to go, but I would not, and now they have

declared war on the British government, and ent a proclamation to Lanyon. There will

be fighting, Om Silas; the land will run with

blood, and the poor rooibaatjes will be shot down like buck."

"The poor Boers, you mean," growled John, who did not like to hear her majesty's

Om Coetzee shook his head with the air of

one who knew all about it, and then turned

an attentive ear to Silas Croft's version of

"Allemachter!" groaned Coetzee, "what did

I tell you! The poor rooibaatjes shot down

like buck, and the land running with blood.

And now that Frank Muller will draw me

into it, and I shall have to go and shoot the

poor rooibaatjes, and I can't miss: try as

have shot them all I suppose Burgers will come back; and he is kraukish (mad). Yes.

and the comfortable old gentleman grouned

aloud at the troubles in which he

foresaw he would be involved, and finally

took his departure by a bridle path over the

mountain, saying that, as things had turned

out, he would not like it to be known that he

"John," said Silas Croft, suddenly, "you

must go up to Pretoria and fetch Jess. Mark

and if we don't get her down at once she will

"Oh, no," cried Bessie, in sudden alarm, "I

"I am sorry to hear you talk like that. Bes

sie, when your sister is in danger," answered

her uncle, rather sternly; "but there, I dare

say that it is natural. I will go myself. Where

is Jantje! I shall want the Cape cart and the

thinking what I was saying. It seemed-a

"Of course I must go," said John. "Don't fret, dear: I shall be back in five days. Those

four horses can go sixty miles a day for that

time, and more. They are fat as butter, and

there is lots of grass along the road if I can't get forage for them. Besides, the cart will

be nearly empty, so I can carry a muid of mealies and fifty bundles of forage with me.

I will take that Zulu boy, Mouti (medicine).

horses, but he is a plucky fellow, and would

stick by one at a pinch. One can't rely on

Jantje: he is always meaking off somewhere,

and would be sure to get drunk just as one

"Yes, yes, John, that's right, that's right,"

said the old man. "I will go and see about

having the horses got up and the wheels

greased. Where is the castor oil, Bessie!

There is nothing like caster oil for these

patent axles. You ought to be off in an hour.

You had better sleep at Luck's to-night; you

might get farther, but Luck's is a good place

to step, and they will look after you well

there, and you can be off by 3 in the morning

and be at Heidelberg by 10 o'clock to-morrow

night and in Pretoria by the next afternoon,"

and he lustled off to make the necessary

Boers. You are an English officer, and if

they find you out they will shoot you. You

don't know what brutes some of them are

when they think it safe to be so. Oh, John,

John, I can't bear your going."
"Cheer up, my dear," said John, "and for

Henven's sake stop crying, for I emit bear it.

I must go. Your uncle would never forgive

me if I didn't, and, what is more, I should never forgive myself. There is nobely else

to go, and we can't leave Jess to be shut up

there in Pretoria-for months perhaps. As

for the risk, of course there is a bit of risk.

but I must take it. I am not afraid of risks-

at least I used not to be, but you have made

a bit of a coward of me, Bessie dear. There,

give me a kiss, old girl, and come and help

me to pack my things. Please God I shall get back all right, and Jess with me, in a

Whereon Bessie, being a sensible and emi-

nently practical young woman, dried her tears, and with a cheefful face, albeit her

heart was heavy enough, set to work with a

will to make every preparation she could think of. The few clothes John was going to take with him were packed in a Gladstone bag, and the box that was arranged under-

neath the movable seat in the Cape cart
was filled with the timed provisions that are

so much used in South Africa, and all the

other little arrangements, small in themselves,

but of such infinite importance to the trav-

eler in a wild country, were duly attended to by her careful hands. Then came a hurried

meal, and before it was swallowed the cart was

at the door, with Jantje hanging as usual on

to the heads of the two front horses, and the

stalwart Zulu, or rather Swazi boy, Mouti,

whose sole luggage appeared to consist of a bundle of assegnis and sticks wrapped up in a

grass mat, and who, hot as it was, was en-

veloped in a vast military great coat, lounging placially alongside.
"Good by, John, dear John," said Bessie

rith me. He does not know much about

"No, uncle dear, John shall go. I was not

had been calling on an Englishman.

yes; Lanyon is bad, but Burgers is worse."

hard as I will, I can't msss. And when we

army talked of in terms of regretful pity.

Jantje's story.

be shut up there.

four gray horses."

little hard at first "

wanted him."

preparations

week from now.

cannot let John go."

off his pony before answering, and, throwing the reins over its head, came to meet them.

will tell us if there is anything in it all." Good day, Om Coetzee, good day!" he

news do you bring with you?"

"If there is any truth in it that villain Mul-

"No, uncle," she said, "neither John nor anybody nor anything in the world can do that," and it was evident from her manner that she meant what she said. Bessie had a large heart, and was not at all the person to

let her lover drive her uncle and benefactor out of his share of it. CHAPTER XIV.

JOHN TO THE RESCUE

The important domestic events described in the last chapter took place on Dec. 7, 1880, and for the next twelve days or so everything went as happily at Mooifontein as things should go under the circumstances. Every day Silas Croft beamed with a more enlarged geniality in his satisfaction at the turn things had taken, and every day John found cause to congratulate hims if more and more on the issue of his bold venture toward matrimony. Now that he came to be on such intimate terms with his betrothed, he perceived a hundred charms and graces in ner character which he had never suspected before. Bessie was like a flower; the more she basked in the light and warmth of her leve the more her character opened and unfolded, shedding perfumed sweetness round her and revealing unguessed charms. It is so with all women, and more especially with a woman of her stamp, whom nature has made to love and be loved as maid personal beauty also shared in this development, her fair face taking a richer hue and her eyes an added depth and meaning. She was in every respect, save one, all that a man could desire in his wife, and even the exception was one that would have stood to her credit with most men. It was this: she was not an intellectual woman, aithough she certainly possessed more than the ordinary share of intelligence and work a day common sense. Now John was a decidedly intellectual man, and, what is more, he highly appreciated that rare quality in the other ex. But, after all, when one is just engaged to a sweet and lovely woman, one does not

think much about her intellect. Those sort of reflections come afterward. And so they sauntered hand in hand through the sunny days and were exceedingly happy. Least of all did they allow the rumors which occasionally reached them from the great Boer gathering at Paarde Kraal to disturb their serenity. There had been so many of these rumors of relation that folk were getting to regard them as a chronic state of affairs.

"Oh, the Boers!" said Bessie, with a pretty toss of her golden head, as they were sitting one morning on the veranda. "I'm sick to death of hearing about the Boers and all their got up talk. I know what it is; it is just an excuse for them to go away from their farms and wives and children and tille about at these great meetings, and drink square face with their mouths full of big words. You see what Jess says in her last letter. People in Pretoria believe that it is all nonsense from beginning to end, and I think they are per-

"By the way, Bessie," asked John, "have you written to Jess telling her of our engage-"Oh. yes; I wrote some days ago, but the

letter only went yesterday. She will be pleased to hear about it. Dear old Jess, I wonder when she means to come home again. She has been away long enough."

John made no answer, but went on smoking his pipe in silence, wondering if Jess would

be pleased. He did not understand her yet. She had gone away just as he was beginning

Presently he observed Jantje sneaking about between the orange trees as though he wished to call attention to himself. Had he not wanted to do so he would have moved. from one to the other in such a way that nobody could have seen him. His partial and desultory appearances indicated that he was on view.

"Come out of those trees, you little rascal, and stop slipping about like a snake in a stone wall!" shouted John. "what is it you want -Waces (" Thus adjured, Jantje advanced and sat down on the path as usual, in the full glare of

"No, bass," he said," it is not wages. They are not due yet." "What is it then?" "No, bass, it is this. The Boers have

leciared war on the English government, and they have eaten up the rooibantjes at Bronker's Spruit, near Middelburg. Joubert shot them all there the day before yesterday."
"What!" shouted John, letting his pipe fall In his astonishment. "Stop, though, that must be a lie. You say near Middelburg, the lay before yesterday; that would be Dec. : 0. When did you hear this!"

"At daybreak, beas. A Basutu told me."
"Then there is an end of it. The news could not have got here in thirty-eight hours. What do you mean by coming to me with such a tale?" The Hottentot smiled. "It is quite true, bass. Bad news files like a bird," and he

kissing him again and again, and striving to keep back the tears that, do what she could, would gather in her blue eyes. "Good by, my love." "God bless you, dearest," he said, simply mounted mosenger can bear it. Leaving Bessie, who was also somewhat alarmed, he went in search of Biles Croft, and, finding him is the his ng her in answer; "good by, Mr. Croft, I hope to see you again in a week," and he

B. D. Thexton.

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Now is the time to make improvements.

Doors, Sash, Frames and all House Trimmings got our promptly.

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Lindsay. July 13, 1887 -53.

Lindsay Planing Mill.

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We wish to inform the public that we have in connection with our implement business a first-class PLANING MILL, and we are prepared to do Planing and Matching, and the manufacturing of Mouldings of all descriptions. We are also prepared to furnish all kinds of

Sask and Doors, Inside and outside Blinds.

and all classes of manufactured wood work for house-furnishing at the lowest possible prices. We solicit a share of your patronage and will guarantee vou satisfaction.

SYLVESTER BROS. MFG. CO.

Lindsay. May 11, 1887.—14-3mor

James Keith.

Lindsay Intelligence Office.

preparations.

"Oh. John," said Bessie, beginning to cry, "I don't like your going at all among those wild like your going at all among those your Buy or Sell

HORSES. CATTLE. SHEEP. PIGS or

I keep a Register wherein parties can enter animals or articles for sale or which may be wanted. Charges nominal. The book is open to sellers or buyers at al times for inspection.

JAMES KEITH.

William at

Miscellaneous.

IMPLEMENTS.

Miscellaneous. CANNINGTON

Lindsay May 17th, 1887.-45

BRICKYARD.

The submitter has started the manufacture of brick in his yard north of the village, and has provided all the facilities for turning out first-clase brick. He has secured the services of Mr. Rousson of Port Hope who thoroughly understands the business. Brick will be delivered to purchasers at the Cannington station. JOHN SACKVILLE

Cannington. June 28, 1887. -51-26. **NEW MARBLE WORKS** 

CANNINGTON. Lloyd & Simpson

the much pleasure in amouncing to be public that they have opened the have outsines NEXT DOOR TO THE SENSETT HOUSE, and are prepared a manufacture all kines of BOASS. MANUFACTURES MANUFACTURES, MANU

Bandmen to end Houdstones in Soutch, Indian and Canadian Granite at the Inwest prices. GIVE US A CALL. LLOYD &

TERSEY BULL kept for use at "Homewood Farm." Charge \$1.0). Pasitive's no credit. THOS. FEE, Ops. June 11, 1885. 4112 PENNYROYAL WAFERS

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We, the undersigned Barristers and Selicitars practicing in the Town of Lind-any, agree to close our respective offices in Lindsay at THERE O'CLOCK every day during the long vacation (July is to September 1st) of 1887.

H. B. DEAN. N. A. MACMURCHT.

STEPHENSON, DICKSON & CAMPBELL JOHN MCSWEYN, J. C. GRACE, MCINTYRE & STEWART, MARTIN & HOPKINS BARRON & SMITH. F. D. MOORE, HUDSPETH & JACKSON, A. P. DEVLIN.