which is intended to rivet your attention to the fact that if New Goods of the newest styles and patterns and of first-class quality have anything to do with making a Fine and Attractive Stock we have that

In every line we make an excellent display. As for our SILVERWARE,well, come and look and decide for yourselves 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,

As to the SPECTACLE business we have no competitors in town, either in qu ntity or variety of Spectacles, Eyeglasses,, Telescopes, Renders, Cloth-testers, Opera-glasses and Microscopes, and our system of fitting Speciacles is as nearly perfect as the use of the most improved modern scientific instruments can make it.

GID SAVE THE QUEEN.

BRITTON BROTHERS, Watchmakers and Jewellers, Lindesy. Lindsay, July 6th.-52.

#### The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, SEPT. 2, 1887.

### JESS.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD Author of King Solomons Mines Shalle

As for the two sentries, he had them tried by court martial and set them to make fortications for the rest of the rebellion. They can neither of them now hear the name of a clergyman mentioned without breaking out into a perfect flood of blasphemy.

Luckily for John, although he had been

delayed for five minutes or more, be managed to overtake the cart in which he presumed the bishop was escenced. His lordship had been providentially delayed by the breaking of a trace; otherwise, it is clear that his self nominated chapiain would never have got through the steep streets of Heidelberg that night. The whole town was choked up with Boer wagons, full now of sleeping Boers. Over one batch of wagons and tente John made out the Transvaal flag fluttering in the night breeze, and emblazoned with the appropriate emblem of an ox wagon and an armed Boer, marking, no doubt, the headquarters of the triumvirate. Once the cars shead of him was stopped by a sentry and some conversation ensued. Then it went on again; and so did John, unmolested. It was weary work, that journey through Heidelberg, and full of terrors for John, who every moment expected to be stopped and dragged off ignominiously to fail. The horses, too, were dead beat, and made frantic attempts to turn and stop at every house. But, somehow, they got through the little place and then were stopped once more. Again the first cart got on ahead, but this time John

"The pass said one cart," said a voice. "Yeh, yah, one cart," answered another. John again put on his clerical air and told his artless tale; but neither of the men could understand English, so they went to a wagon that was standing about fifty yards away 'o

fetch somebody who could. "Now, inknow, whispered the Zulu Morti, "drive on! drive on!"

John took the hint and lashed the horses with his long whip; while Mouti, bending forward over the splashboard, thrushed the wheelers with a sjambock. Off went the team in a coasar cite galesp and had covered searries and realized what had happened. Then they began to run after the cart sheuting, but we resource had but be darkness,

dolar and Monti dil not spare the whip, but pressed on up the stony hills on the Pre-toria side of Heidelberg without a halt,

By 11 o'clock they reached a hotel, or way-side house, known as Ferguson's, and situated about twenty miles from Pretoria. It was empty, except for a couple of cats and a stray dog. The inhabitants had evidently fled from the Boers. Here John stabled and fed his horses, giving them all that remained of the forage; and then once more, started on for the last stay . The road was dreadful; and he knew that the country must be full of hostile Boers, but fortunately he met none. It took his four hours to get over the twenty miles of , round; but it was not until he got to the "i'e rt," or neck running down into Pretoria, thin he saw a vestige of a Boer. Then he made out two mounted men riding along the top of a precipitous stone strewn ridge, som : 600 yards or so from him. At first he the aght that they were going to descend it, but presently they changed their minds and got of their horses.

While he was still wondering what this might periend, he saw a puff of white smoke fleat up from where the men were, and then another. Then came the sharp, mimistakable "ping" of a built passing, as far as he could judge, within three feet of his head, followed by a second "ping," and a cloud of dust beneath the belly of the first horse. The two

Boers were thing at him. He did not wait for any more target practice, but, thrashing the horses to a canter. got the cart round a projecting bank before they could load and fire again. After that

he saw no more of them. At last he reached the mouth of the Poort and saw the pretiest of the South African towns, with its red and white houses, its tall clumps of trees and pink lines of blooming rose hedges lying on the plain before him, all set in the green veldt, and made beautiful by the golden light of the afternoon, and he thanked God for the sight. He knew that he was safe now, and let his tired horses walk slowly down the hillside and across the bit of plain beyond. To his left were the jail and barrack sheds, and gathered about them were bundreds of wagons and tents, toward which he drove. Evidently the town was deserted and its inhabitar's in dancer. When he got within unif a inite of so a picket of mounted-men came riding toward him, followed by a miscellaneous crowd on horseback and on-

"Who goes there?" shouted a voice in honest English

"A friend who is uncommonly glad to see you," he answered, with that feeble jocosity we are all apt to include in when a great weight is at length lifted from our nerves.

CHAPTER XVL

Jess did not have a very bappy time of it at Pretoria previous to the outbreak of hear moral effort, and after a severe mental su

gle entered on the crear path of said santificinate experienced the reaction that will follow as certainly as the night follows the day. It is one thing to reasoned the light, to stand in the full glow of the setting beams of our importal joy and chant out our farewell, and quite another to live alone in the darkness. For a little while memory may support us, but memory grows faint. On every side is the thick, cheerless pall and the stillness through which he cause we are alone, quite alone, cut off from the fellow-ship of the day, unuseing and unusers. More especially is this so when our dungeen is of our own making, and we ourselves have shot its bolts. There is a natural night that comes to all, and in its unwavering course swallows

to all, and in its unwavering course swallows every hope and fear, forever and forever. To this we can more easily resign ourselves, for we recognise the universal lot and bow our-selves beneath the all effacing hand. The earth does not pine when the daylight passes

from its peaks, it only sleeps.
But Jess had buried herself, and she knew t. There was no absolute need for her to have resigned her affection to her sister; she had done so of her own will, and at times she naturally enough regretted it. Solf denial is a stern faced angel. If only we hold him fast and wrestle with him long enough he will speak us soft words of happy sound, just as, if we wuit long enough in the darkness of the night, stars will come to share our loneliness. Still this is one of those things that time hides from us and only reveals at his own pleasure and so far as Jess was concerned, his pleasure was not yet. Outwardly, however, she showed no sign of her distress and of the passion which was eating at her heart. She was pale and silent, it is true, but then she had always been remarkable for her pallor and silence. Only she gave up her singing.

And so the weeks went on, drearily enough for the poor girl, who was doing what other people did-eating and drinking, riding and going to parties like the rest of the Pretoria world, till at last she began to think that she had better be going home again, lest she should wear out her welcome. And yet she freaded to do so, mindful of her daily prayer to be delivered from temptation. As to what was going on at Mooifontein she was in almost complete ignorance. Bessie wrote to her, of course, and so did her uncle once or twice, but they did not tell her much of what she wanted to know. Bessie's letters were, it is true, full of allusions of what Capt. Niel was doing, but she did not go beyond that. Her reticence, however, told her observant sister more than her words. Why was she so reticent? No doubt because things still hung in the balance. And then she would think of what it all meant for her, and now and again give way to an outburst of passionate jeal-ousy, which would have been painful enough to witness if anybody could have been there

And so the time went on toward Christmas for Jess, having been warmly pressed to do so, had settled to stay over Christmas and return to the farm with the new year. There had been a great deal of talk in the town about the Boers, but she was too much preoccupied with her own affairs to pay much attention to it. Nor, indeed, was the public mind greatly moved; they were so much accustomed to Boer scares at Pretoria, and hitherto they had invariably ended in smoke. And

then all of a sudden, on the morning of the 18th of December, came the news of the proclamation of the republic, and the town was thrown into a ferment, and there was a talk of going into laager, and, anxious as she was to get away, Jess could see no hope of returnig to the farm till the excitement was over. Then a day or two later Conductor Egerton ame limping into Pretoria from the scene of ors of the Ninety-fourth regiment tied round his middle, and such a tale to tell that the blood went to her heart and seemed to stagant there as she listened to it.

And ofter that there was confusion worse onfounded. Martial law was proclaimed, and the town, which was large, straggling and incapable of defense, was abandoned, the ababitants being ordered into langer on the in ground overlooking the city. There they were, young and old, sick and well, deliare wemen and little children, all crowded together in the open under the cover of the but, with nothing but canvas tents, warons and sheds to shelter them from the flerce sumier suns and rains. Jess had to share a agon with her friend and her friend's sister and mother, and found it rather a tight fit ven to lisdown. Sleep, with all the noise I the camp going on round her, was a pracent impossibility.

It was about ! o'clock on the day following hat first misorable night in the leager when of the last mail that pass d into Pretoria, she t lascic's letter announcing her engageden to John. She took her letter and went some way from the camp to the side of Signal lill, where she was not likely to be disturbed, and, flidling a neck shaded in by mimosa trees, sat down and broke the envelope. Before she had got to the foot of the first page she saw what was coming and set her teeth. Then she read the long letter through from beginning to end without flinching, though the words of affection seemed to burn her. So it and come at last. Well, she expected it, and had plotted to bring it about, so really there has no receout in the world why she should 'eel disappointed. On the contrary, she ought to rejoice, and for a little while she really did rejoice in her sister's happiness. It made her happy to think that Bessie, whom she dearly loved, was happy.

And yet she felt angry with John with that ort of anger which we feel against those who have blindly injured us. Why should he have it in his power to hurt her so? Still she oped that he would be happy with Bessie, and then she hoped that these wretched Boers would take Pretoria, and that she would be shot or put out of the way somehow. She had no heart for life; all the color had faded from her sky. What was she to do with herself? She would not stop on the form after John and Bessie were married; she was quite clear as to that; nor, if she could avoid it, would she return there before they were married. She would see him no more, no more! Alas, that she had ever seen

Feeling somewhat happier, or at any rate calmer, in this determination, she rose to return to the noisy camp, extending her walk. aowever, by making a detour toward the Heidelberg road, for she was anxious to be as long alone as she could. She had been walk. ing some ten minutes when she caught sight of a cart that seemed familiar to her, with three horses harnessed in front of it and one tied on behind, which were also familiar, There were a lot of men walking alongside of the cart, all talking eagerly. She halted to let the little procession go by, when suddenly she perceived John Niel among the men and recognized the Zulu Mouti on the box. There was the man whom she had just vowed never to see again, and the sight of him seemed to take all her strength out of her, so that she felt inclined to sink involuntarily upon the voldt. His sudden appearance was almost uncanny in the sharpness of its illustration of her impotence in the hands of fate. She felt it then; all in an instant it seemed to be horne in upon her mind that she could not help herself, but was only the instrument in the hands of a superior power whose will she was fulfilling through the workings of her passion and to whom her individual fate was a matter and to whom her individual fate was a matter of little moment. It was inconclusive reasoning and perilous doctrine, but it must be allowed that the circumstance gave it the color of truth. And, after all, the border line between fatalism and free will has never been quite authorizatively settled, even by St. Faul, so perhups she was right. Manhind does not like to admit it, but it is, at the least.

indeed, even at times as though they were the windows of her soul. He turned and said something to his companions and to the Salu Mouti, who went on with: the cart, and then

"How do you do, Jem?" he said. "So I have found you all right?"
She took his hand and answered, almost angely, "Why have you come? Why did you leave Bessie and my uncle?"

leave Bessie and my uncle?

"I came because I was sent, and also because I wished to, I wanted to get you back home before Pretoria was besieged."

"You must have been mad! How could you expect to get back! We shall both be shut up here together now."

""In its armsara. Well, things might be

"So it appears. Well, things might be worse," he added, cheerfully.

"I do not think that anything could be worse," she answered, with a stamp of her foot, and then, quite thrown off her balance, burst incontinently into a flood of tears.

John Niel was a very simple minded man, and it never struck him to attribute her grief to any other cause than anxiety at the state of affairs and at her incarceration for an indefinite period in a besieged town that ran daily risk of being taken vi et armis. Still he was a little hurt at the manner of his recep-

tion after his long and most perilous journey, which is not, perhaps, to be wondered at. "Well, Jess," he said, "I think that you might speak a little more kindly to me, considering—considering all things. There, don't cry, they are all right at Mooifontein, and I dare say that we shall get back there rusiness to get here at all, I can tell you."

She suddenly stopped weeping and smiled, her tears passing away like a summer storm. "How did you get through?" she asked. "Tell me all about it, Capt. Niel;" and accordingly She listened in silence while he sketched the

chief events of his journey, and when he had done she spoke in quite a changed tone. "It is very good and kind of you to have risked your life like this for me. Only I wonder that you did not all of you see that it would be of no use. We shall both be shutup here together now, that is all, and that will be very sad for you and Bessie."

"Oh. So you have heard of our engage-

"Yes, I got Bessie's letter about a couple of hours ago, and I congratulate you both very much. I think that you will have the weetest and loveliest wife in South Africa, Capt. Niel; and I think that Bessie will have a husband any woman might be proud of;"
and she half bowed and half courtesied to him as she said it, with a graceful little air of

dignity that was very taking. "Thank you," he said, simply; "yes, I think am a very lucky fellow. "And now," she said, "we had better go

and see about the cart. You must be very tired and hungry:" and they started. A few minutes' walk brought them to the cart, which Mouti had outspanned close to Mrs. Nevilles wagon, where Jess and her friends were living, and the first person they saw was Mrs. Neville herself. She was a good, motherly, colonial woman, accustomed to a rough life, and not easily disturbed by in emergency like the present

"My goodness, Capt. Niell" she cried, as soon as Jess had introduced him. "Well, you are plucky to have forced your way through all those horrid Boers! I am sure I wonder that they did not shoot you or beat you to death with sjambocks, the brutes. Not that there is much use in your coming, for you will never be able to get Jess back till Sir George Colley relieves us, and that can't be for two months, they say. Well, there is one thing, Jess will be able to sleep in the cart now, and you can get one of the patrol tents and sleep alongside. It won't be quite proper, perhaps, but in these times we can't stop to consider propriety. There, there, you go off to the governor. He will be glad enough to see you, I'll be bound. I saw him at the other end of the camp, there, five minutes ago, and we will have the cart arranged and see all about it "

Thus adjured, John departed, and when he returned half an hour afterward, having told his eventful tale, which did not, however, convey any information of general value, he was rejoiced to find the process of "getting things straight" was in good progress. What was better still, Jess had fried him a beefsteak over the camp fire, and was now em ployed in serving it on a little table by the wagon. He sat down on a camp stool and ate his meal heartily enough, while Jess waited on him and Mrs. Neville chattered

are going to marry her sister. Well. I wish you joy. A man wants a wife in a country like this. It isn't like England. where in five cases out of six he might as well go and cut his throat as get married. It saves him money here, and children are a blessing, as nature meant them to be, and not a burden, as civilization has made them. Lord, how my tongue does run on! It isn't delicate to talk about children when you have only been engaged a couple of weeks: but, you see, that's what it all comes to after all. She's a pretty girl, Bessie, and a good one, too-I don't know her much-though she hasn't got the brains of Jess, here. That reminds me; as you are engaged to Bessie, of course you can look after Jess, and nobody will think anything of it. Ah! if you only snew what a place this is for talk, though their talk is pretty well scared out of them now, I'm thinking. My husband is coming round presently to the cart to help get Jess's bed into it. Lucky it's big. We are such a tight fit in that wagon that I shall be down-right glad to see the last of the dear girl; though, of course, you'll both come and take

your meals with da." Jess heard all this in silence. She could not well insist upon stopping in the crowded wagon; it would be asking too much; and, besides, she had had one night in the wagon. and that was quite enough for her. Once she suggested that she would see if she could not get the nuns to take her in at the convent, but Mrs. Neville instantly suppressed the

"Nuns?" she said, "nonsense. When your own brother in law—at least he will be your brother in law if the Boers don't make an end of us all—is here to take care of you; don't talk about going to a parcel of nuns. It will be as much se they can do to look after themselves, I'll be bound."

As for John, he are his steak and said noth-

ing. The arrangement seemed a very proper one to him.

CHAPTER XVII

John soon settled down into the routine of camp life in Pretoria, which, after one once got accustomed to it, was not so disagreeable as might have been expected, and possess at any rate, the merit of novelty. Althou he was an officer of the army, John preferred and, his services not being otherwise required, he made up his mind to enroll himself in the corps of mounted volunteers known as the Pretonic carbineers, in the humble capacity of a sergeant, and this he obtained leave to do from the officer com-

manding the through Horges at active and and hisduites in connectific with the horse topt him fully complyed. String most of the day, and sometimes, when they was output duty to be done, during a good part of the night too. For the rest, whenever he get back to the cart—by which he had stipulated he should be allowed to also in order to present the allowed to sleep in order to protect Jess in case of any danger—he always found her ready to great him, and every little preparation, made for his nomfort that was possible under the circumstances. Indeed, as time went on they found it more conven sharing that of their friends, and so they used every day to sit down to breakfast and dine together at a little table rigged up out of a pucking case, and placed under an extemporary tent, all for the world like a young couple picnicking on their honeymoon. Of course the whole thing was very irksome in a way, but it is not to be denied that it had a charm of its own. To begin with, Jess, when once one got thoroughly to know her, was one of the most delightful companions to a man like John Niel that it was possible to meet with. Never, till this long tete a tete at Pretoria, had he guessed how powerful and original was her mind, or how witty she could be when she liked. There was a fund of dry and suggestive humor about her which, although it would no more bear being written down than champagne will bear standing in a tumbler. was very pleasant to listen to, more especially as John soon discovered that he was the only person so privileged. Her friends and re-lations had never suspected that Jess was humorous. Another thing that struck him about her, as time went on, was that she was grewing quite handsome. She had been very pale and thin when he reached Pretoria, but pefore a month was over she had got, comparatively speaking, stout, which was an enormous gain to her appearance. Her pale face, too, gathered a faint tinge of color, that came and went capriciously, like starlight on the water, and her beautiful eyes grew deeper and more beautiful than ever.

Lindsay, July 27, 1887.—55.

the Six Mile Spruit.

and things went on as usual till the 12th of

February, on which day an attack was made

on a place called the Red House Kraal, which

was occupied by Boers, near a spot known as

The force, which was a mixed one, left

Pretoria before daybreak, and John went with it. He was rather surprised when, on

going to the cart in which Jess slept, to get

some little thing before saddling up, to find

her sitting on the box in the night dews with a

cup of coffee she had prepared for him in her

"What do you mean by this Jess?" he asked. sharply. "I will not have you getting up in the middle of the night to make coffee for

"I have not got up," she answered, quietly;
"I have not been to bed."

nevertheless he drank the coffee, and was glad

to get it, while she sat on the box and watched

"Put on your shawl and get something over

your head," he said, "the dew will soak you

Presently she spcke. "I wish you would do

"How like a woman," he said, "to ask one

"I want you to promise for Bessie's sake."

"Not to go on this sortie. You know you

He laughed. "You little silly; why not?"

"Oh, I don't know. Don't laugh at me, be-

"Well," he remarked, consolingly, "every

"Look here, Jess," he unswered, testily,

what is the good of trying to take the heart

out of a fellow like this? If I am going to be

shot I can't help it, and I am not going to

show the white feather, even for Bessie's

sake; so there you are, and now I must be

"You are quite right, John," she said, qui-

etly; "I should not have liked to hear you

say anything different, but I could not help

speaking. Good by, John; God bless you!"

"Upon my word, she has given me quite a

turn," reflected John to himself as the troop

crept on through the white mists of dawn.

"I suppose that she thinks that I am going to

be plugged. Perhaps I am! I wonder how

Bessie would take it. She would be awfully

cut up, but I expect that she would get over

it pretty soen. Now I don't think that Jess

would get over a thing of that sort in a hurry.

That is just the difference between the two-

And then he fell to wondering how Bessie

was and what she was doing, and if she missed

him as much as he missed her, and so on, till

his mind came back to Jess, and he reflected

what a charming companion she was, and

how thoughtful and kind, and breathed a

secret hope that she would continue to live

with them after they were married. Some-

how they had got to those terms, perfectly

innocent in themselves, in which two people

become absolutely necessary to each other's

daily life. Indeed, Jess had got a long way

further than that, but of this he was of course

ignorant. He was still at the former stage,

and was not himself aware how large a pro-

portion of his daily thoughts were occupied

y this dark eyed girl, or how completely her

personality was overshadowing him. He only

knew that she had the knack of making him

feel thoroughly happy in her society. When

he was talking to her, or even sitting silently

by her, he became aware of a sensation of

estiulness and reliance that he had never be-

fore experienced in the society of a woman.

Of course this was to a large extent the

atural homage of the weaker nature to the

was the shadow of that utter sympathy and

perfect accord which is the surest sign of the

resence of the highest forms of affection,

and when it accompanies the passion of men

nd women, as it sometimes, though rarely,

does, being more often found in its highest

form in these relations from which the element

of sexuality is excluded, raises it almost above

the level of the earth. For the love where

that sympathy exists, whether it is between

mother and son, husband and wife, or those

who, while desiring it, have no hope of that

relationship, is an undying love and will en-

dure till the night of Time has swallowed all

Meanwhile as John reflected, the force to

which he was attached was moving into ac-

tion, and he soon found it necessary to come

down to the unpleasantly practical details of Boer warfare. More particularly did this

come home to his mind when, shortly after-

ward, the man next to him was shot dead.

and a little later he himself was slightly

wounded by a bullet which passed between

his saddle and his thigh. Into the details of

the fight that ensued it is not necessary to

enter here. They were, if anything, more

discreditable than most of the episodes of

that unhappy war, in which the holding of

Potchefstroom, Lydenburg, Rustenburg and

Wakkerstroom are the only bright spets.

Suffice it to say that they ended in something

very like an utter rout at the hands of a

much inferior force, and that, a few hours

after he had started, John found himself on

the return road to Pretoria, with a severely

wounded man behind his saddle (the ambn-

lance being left in the hands of the Boers).

who, as they went painfully along, mingled

curses of shame and fury with his own.

Meanwhile exaggerated accounts of what had

happened had got into the town, and, among

other things, it was said that Capt. Niel

had been shot dead. One man who came in

stated that he saw him fall, and that he was

shot through the head. This Mrs. Neville

heard with her own ears, and, greatly shocked,

started to communicate the intelligence to

As soon as it was daylight Jess had, as was

customary with her, gone over to the little house which she and John occupied, "The Palatial," as it was ironically called, and settled herself there for the day. First she tried

(Continued on seventh page.)

ronger, but it was also something more. It

the one is all flower and the other is all root."

and she stretched down her hand, which

bullet has its billet, and if it does I don't see

cause I am nervous. I am afraid that that

to promise a thing without saying what it is."

something for me, John," for she called him

through. Look, your hair is all wet."

John now. "Will you promise!"

can easily get out of it if you like."

something might happen to you."

"Think of Bessie," she said again.

she said.
"Well, what is it, Jessi"

that it can be helped."

took, and went.

"That males matters worse," he said: but

"Who would ever have thought that it was the same girl?" said Mrs. Neville to him. olding up her hands as she watched Jess solemnly surveying a half cooked mutton chop; "why, she used to be such a poor creature, and now she's quite a fine woman. And that with this life, too, which is wearing me to a shadow, and has half killed my dear

"I suppose it is being in the open air," said ohn, it having never occurred to him that the medicine that was doing Jess so much good might be happiness. But so it was. At first there had been a struggle, then a lull, and after that an idea. Why should she not enjoy his society while she could? He had been thrown into her way through no wish of hers. She had no desire to wan him from Dessie; or if she had a desire, it was one snewer to the honorable a manner to entertain vas far too honorable a woman to entertain. e was perfectly innocent of the whole story; nim she was the young lady who happene o be the sister of the woman he was going to marry, that was all. Why should she not luck her innocent roses while she might? he forgot that the rose is a flower with a angerous perfume, and one that is apt to oufuse the senses and turn the head. So she ave herself full swing, and for some weeks ent nearcr to knowing what happiness eally meant than she ever had before. What wonderful thing is the love of a woman in simplicity and strength, and how it gilds the poor and common things of life, and ven finds a joy in service! The prouder the oman the more delight does she extract rom her self abasement before her idol. Only when they do they almost invariably make one fatal mistake, whereby the wealth of heir affection is wasted, or worse still, bemes a source of misery or shame to themlves and others.

It was after they had been incarcerated in reforia for about a month that a bright idea conred to John. About a quarter of a mile am the outskirts of the camp stood a little esse known, probably on account of its minutive size, as "The Palatial." This cotge had been, like almost every other house Pretoria, abandoned to its fate, its owner. it happened, being away from the town. One day, in the course of a walk, John and less crossed the little bridge that spanned the mit and went in to inspect the place. Passag down a path lined on either side with oning blue gums, they reached the little tin fied cottage. It consisted of two roomsbedroom and a good sized sitting room, in hich still stood a table and a few chairs, ith a stable and a kitchen at the back. They cent in and sat down by the open door and ked out. The grounds of the little place oped down toward a valley, on the farther ie of which rose a wooded hill. To the ht, too, was a hill clothed in deep green ush. The grounds themselves were planted rith vines, just now loaded with bunches of ning grapes, and surrounded with a utiful hedge of monthly roses that form d Haze of bloom. Near the house, too, was a ed of double roses, some of them exceedingly autiful, and all flowering with a profusion known in this country. Altogether it was delightful little spot, and, after the noise and ne of the camp, seemed perfectly heavenly; they sat there and talked a great deal mout the farm and old Silas Croft, and a

the about Bessie. "This is nice," said Jess presently, putting r hands behind her head and looking out at

e Bush beyond. "Yes," said John. "I say, I've got an idea. vote we take up our quarters here-during e day, I mean. Of course we shall have to cep in camp, but we might eathere, you now, and you could sit here all day; it could be as safe as a church, for those Boers vill never try to storm the town, 1 am sure of that."

Jess reflected and soon came to the concluion that it would be a charming arrangenent, and accordingly next day she set to work and got the place as nice and tidy as reumstances would allow, and they comnenced housekeeping.



HOUSEKEEPING AT THE PALATIAL The upshot of this arrangement was that they were thrown more together than ever before. Meanwhile the siege dragged its

slow length along. No news whatever reached the town from outside, but that did not trouble the inhabitants very much, as they were sure that Colley was advancing to their relief and even got up sweepstakes as to the date of his arrival. Now and then a sertie took place, but as the results attained were very small and were not on the whole creditable to our arms, perhaps the less said about them the better. John, of course, went out on these occasions, and their Jess would endure agonice that were all the worse because she had to conceat them. She lived in consultant wanter from the page, and her ages would wanter from the page, and her ages would wanter from the page, and her ages R. D. Thexton.

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FOR THE COUNTY OF VICTORIA.

Miscellaneous.

R. S. PORTER,

Lindsay, Oct. 29, 1884.—12.

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AND WOOD.

Lindsay, May 11, 1887,-41-3mos.

Miscellaneous.



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Solve of the persons mentioned in the or delivered to the persons mentioned in the delivered to the persons of The Voters Lisk Act," the copies required by the said Section to be so transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the copies required by the said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality to be entitled to vote in the said municipality at elections for members of the tions, and that said list was first posted up at my office, in the Town of Lindsay, on the 13th any office, in the Town of Lindsay, on the

Clerk of the said Municipality.