

Arch. Campbell.

"PURE GOLD" SPECIALTIES

GLADDENS THE HEARTS OF ALL HOUSEKEEPERS. TO BE HAD AT OUR STORE.

Baking Powders. Cream of Tartar. Soda. Paste Blacking. Harness Polish Composition.	Stove Polish (Paste.) Fearless Washing Compound. Electric Borax Soap. Celery Salt Fruit Flavoring Extracts.	Coffees. Pure Ground Spices. Mixed Pickling Spices. Powdered Sage. Powdered Summer Savory. Powdered Thyme.	Powdered Marjoram. Poultry Dressing Seasoning. Mint. Rice Flour. Mustard. Curry Powder, Etc.
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All goods bearing the name "Pure Gold" are guaranteed to be genuine, and any article will be taken back which is not found exactly as represented.

A. CAMPBELL'S BULLETIN

FOR ALL HOUSEHOLDERS IN THE COUNTY.

We hope to do Four Week's lively trade before the close of the year. We've no doubt of our ability to do it. We have the Stock, expressly laid in for the season. The most particular Christmas Buyer will find nothing wanting. Read below and see what we have culled from the Markets of the World.

STAPLE LINES OF GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

We have made it a point to have all Lines WELL ASSORTED, and of superior qualities. But it is not necessary to enumerate these. All that go to make up a cheerful Christmas Season are here, including HOLIDAY FRUITS AND SUNDRIES.

OUR WELL ASSORTED TEA DEPARTMENT.

Shows conclusively that we have taken the greatest pains to have it a leading article at Leading Prices; yet we want people who require TEA at less value than we have been handling to know that we have purchased a line of Tea—**Six pounds for One Dollar**—that will astonish purchasers. Our wonderful **25c. Tea** takes like "hot cakes," and is superior value for the money.

CHINA, CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE DEPARTMENT.

25 Colored Dinner Sets From \$8 to \$25.	Number of China Tea Sets To be sold without reserve.	Assortment of Hall Lamps To choose from.	50 Colored Chamber Sets From \$2.25 to \$8.
40 Printed Tea Sets From \$2.75 upwards.	40 Elegant Hanging Lamps From \$2 to \$8.50.	75 White Granite Chamber Sets (English ware) \$1.50 and \$2.00.	Fancy Cups and Saucers Special line at special prices.
<i>White Granite Dinner and Tea Sets, "Montross" pattern. Silver Cruets and Pickle Stands at a slight advance on cost.</i>			

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, DEC. 2, 1927

WOMAN'S LOVE

(Continued from last page.)

"Then this is the end!" she groaned, for well she knew that in a few minutes more she would be able to swim so well.

Ah, well, she could be spared better than some could—no one would be made desolate by her loss! Hori would mourn for a time, and Koturus—ah, yes, poor Koturus, her heart would indeed be empty without her child! She must swim as long as she could for her sake. Would Te Ori be sorry to hear of her death? No, he would be happy with his wife and child. Who was this poor fellow whose head lay so heavily against her wildly throbbing heart? Perhaps he was a dearly-loved husband and father. One more effort she must make to try and save him.

She was swimming feebly now and her breath coming in short labored gasps. Ah, what agony it was! Had her little Te Whoree suffered so? And at the thought a great wave of anguish swept over her soul.

In a few moments more a dreamy sensation stole over her. She was a child again, playing round Koturus's feet; then a bride, listening to Te Ori vowing the vow he did not keep. She fancied she heard Koturus telling her to rouse herself. Rouse herself! Why should she? Was she not in her hammock at home, and tired, after a hard day's work? No, she was not going to rouse herself; she was going to sleep. Ah, she remembered now! How could the man have been such a fool as to venture into the river when his head was made of lead and weighed tons and tons?

Then a shout faintly reached her ears.

"Miriam, be brave! I am coming—I am close to you, Courage—courage!"

Then the horrible weight was taken from her breast and she sank down to a delicious rest.

When she recovered consciousness, she was in her own hammock, with Koturus bending over her, laughing and sobbing in a breath.

"Oh my child," she cried, seeing the nasal eyes open, "how blessed am I to have you given back to me from the grave. How could you risk your life so? You know you are the light of these poor old eyes. I shudder when I think of it—all was nearly over!"

"Dear Koturus, I thought of you in the midst of my agony, and made another effort. But the man—is he living?"

"Yes. He'll be all right tomorrow. Oh, my brave, brave girl!"

The next morning Miriam rose from her couch very little the worse for her narrow escape; she suffered only from stiffness and pain in the muscles.

"My brave sister, I am proud of you," said Hori, as she stepped outside of her hammock. "Let another woman—and very few men—could have done what you did."

"Don't make me vain, Hori. You did it—not I. Where is he—the strange man?"

"Quite well this morning. He has asked if you will see him soon; he is in that grove."

So Miriam opened the door and went in. At first she could see nothing but snow; her eyes becoming accustomed to the green, she saw the visitor sitting in the corner, with his

head bent upon his knees, in an attitude of the greatest dejection. The ready sympathy started to life in her heart at once. He was sad then, this poor fellow; she must try to comfort him.

"You wished to see Miriam. She is here," she began timidly.

The man shivered, but did not look up.

"You seem sorrowful," she continued; "tell me your trouble, and perhaps I or my brother can help you."

"Yes, you can help me—you alone in the world," he answered, rising slowly to his feet and standing before her.

"Te Ori," she cried, staggering back against the wall for support, while she looked at him with joy and pain in her eyes.

"How good it was to see him again! How her heart went out to him in one great glad throbb! But she must not forget that he was now the husband of another woman. Ah, why had he come to disturb the peace she had struggled so hard to gain?"

"Yes, Te Ori," he returned, with bent head; "and, oh, Miriam, he is ashamed to look you in the face! He has longed for this meeting—prayed for it, dreamt of it; yet, now he is here, he cannot speak; he is frightened, and trembling like a woman."

"I am glad to see you, Te Ori," and she moved to his side and took his hand, for the sight of his agitation had calmed her. "Had I known whose head lay upon my breast yesterday, more strength would have been in my arms, more courage in my heart. What made you try to swim across during a fresh? The Moraitai is always dangerous then."

"I was coming to you, Miriam, coming to you—poor, friendless, miserable, heart-broken—coming to you to ask you to forgive me, do you though I am, and to take me back to your heart again, and try to love me once more."

"Hush! You must not talk so. There are others now whom you must love and cherish," and she turned slightly from him.

"Miriam," he cried, dropping upon his knees at her feet, while the big, slow tears of a strong man's pain chased each other down his cheeks, "I am suffering so! Don't—don't say you have learnt to look at me with indifference. If you want revenge, be assured you have had it. I have had nothing but misery since I came home that day and found you gone. Ah, I never knew how I loved you till then! I entered my where, and the first thing I saw was the jewel my father had given you. I knew what it meant—that you gave up all claim to me from that time. I think I went mad! I raged and stormed at the men for letting you go. When the messengers came back with Hori's answer; I told them I would take you by force; but imagine what I felt, Miriam—I whose slightest word had ever been obeyed so promptly—when one of the elders of the tribe, in the name of the gods, told me they would not move a step to compel you to come back against your will. You were not a slave, but you had to be brought back by me, and I was not to be allowed to take you home. I had to do what I did, and I was not to be allowed to take you home."

our food. Then a horrible illness broke out amongst us, and many died. Wherever I went, people met me while the men would ask with meekness, 'Where is she who could have healed us, with her great knowledge of roots and leaves?' Where is Miriam, the flower of the tribe?"

"Poor boy, poor Te Ori," cried his wife, with the tears rolling down her cheeks. "Don't tell me any more. How dared they treat you so?"

"I deserved it all—and more. I felt that all the time; and I think that was why I so completely lost command over them. But let me tell you all. After a time I too fell ill, and for many long days I thought I was dying; and, oh, how I longed for you! I almost prayed for death, that I might have an excuse for sending for you—would you have come, beloved?—but I got better; and then they told me a son had been born to me. They thought the news would gladden my heart; but I hated the mother and could not love the child. Nothing but you, my wife, we did not want. I wanted only you. On the last winter my wife died. When she lay ill, she bade me go to you as soon as she was gone, and ask you to take care of her child; for she had heard how good and clever you were. We did not tell her the child had died two days before, but let her die in peace, thinking him well. Oh, it has all been sorrow, Miriam, and my heart ached for you till I felt mad! It is only a few days since I heard Hori was here, and I lost my reason then, and started alone, and without any preparation. My brain was on fire all the way; I thought of nothing but how I would kill you both if you had become his wife. On the night of the storm, as I sat beneath a tree, a branch was torn off by the wind and hurled down upon my head. I must have been insensible for a long time, for when I woke, the gray dawn was fighting with the black night, and I got up and toiled on, weak, hungry, and footsore, and when I reached the banks of the river, I plunged in, never able to save this wretched, useless being at how weak was I for the nearer I got the more my soul panted to be with you. You know the rest, Miriam. You know who was the noble woman who risked—nearly lost—her life for your feet. And now—Oh, Miriam, I tremble to ask you—will you forgive and forget? Will you try to love me once more, be it ever so little?"

"Te Ori," he answered, in a voice low and tremulous with emotion, "now when I weep for one you so much loved, or the joy of being near you, and drew his haggard face down upon her bosom—"no, I cannot promise to love you fresh, because I have never ceased doing so! I love you as much now, more than ever, and you are not unworthy! Ah—with infinite love and tenderness in her tones—"you did not know me then? You do not know me now. You cannot imagine the rapture that thought that 'twas I who saved you, or the joy of being near you once more—of having your dear head pressed to this poor faithful heart."

Miriam is so happy that she has nothing left for which to weep.

So they remained for some blissful hours, till Miriam, feeling how the man felt about her, she was trembling, and she said:

"Te Ori, you see weak, and need rest."

"Call me 'brother' then," he whispered, with his face still hidden. "I may know this is no laughing matter, but with your heart I understand. You are to be kind of good and I will be to you as a brother. I will not say till you do."

"I do not know," and she looked troubled. "If your boy had lived—"

"I am glad he died!" he broke in passionately. "I had no love for him, Miriam. I cannot—I will not live without you! If you refuse to go back with me, I will ask Hori to take me on here as a slave, that I may be near you. Oh, Miriam—my wife—can you not forgive me?"

A moment more she hesitated, then, bursting into happy laughter, bent her face to his, while she whispered—

"Te Ori—my beloved—my husband! I will go with you, whithersoever you will. And may the bright spirits send us a blessing this happy, happy day!"

It is two years later, and Miriam is once more in her own home. She is leaning, laughing, but breathless, against a tree, for she has just been joining in the dance going on around her baby-son, who is one year old today. A glance reveals that she is happy at last. Presently her husband's hand on her shoulder, looks down at her with loving, adoring pride.

"Vain little woman!" he murmurs. "You think the little one is perfect."

"So do you, Te Ori," she returns, rubbing her cheeks softly against his hand. "And how happy all our people look to-day!"

"Happy! Ay, from the time they set up that wild shout of welcome when you returned, happiness and prosperity have reigned amongst them once more. 'Tis not Te Ori, but Te Ori's wife who sways the hearts of our people just at will."

"Ay, talk not so. Miriam wishes but to advise her husband, who is a great and good chief. Koturus, bring me my little Hori. There—holding him up—does he not grow like you?"

"He is like Te Whoree," said Te Ori, like a father thoughtfully, "and like you, my beloved."

SIXTEEN DUELS IN A DAY.

We reached the student-hall, on the outskirts of the city, where the fighting was to take place; just as the bout about to begin, says a writer in the *Charleston News* in a letter from Leipzig. At 8 o'clock the room was filled with students from the two universities (Halle and Leipzig), wearing the caps and colors of their respective corps, smoking, drinking beer, and eating their breakfast. In a few moments the first pair of victims was brought on, their right arms being bandaged with silk wrappings, pads protecting the neck and chest about the heart, and strong steel goggles over the eyes. The company left their beer and breakfast and gathered cheerfully around their combatants. In the center of the ring the floor was covered with a large piece of canvas, on which the positions of the fighters were marked in white chalk, and equally distinctly with many of the lines of the ring. The canvas was wet with the sweat of the combatants. The seconds took their stands on either side with drawn rapier and certain insignia of their respective corps. The umpire took out his watch for which he was to record time. The two combatants stood on each side, and then the fight began. "Join weapons!" "Ready! Fight away!"

The four combatants were in the air, the swords clashing, and the rapier flashing, and each other on in air, and the crowd of spectators were shouting and cheering and the sound of the rapier clashing was heard in every corner. The crowd was so dense that it was impossible to see the combatants clearly.

Jas. H. Lennon.

A TALK ABOUT FURNITURE.

Most people like good Furniture. Besides its own inherent utility, being both useful and ornamental, it instils a pardonable pride into the housekeepers and conduces in many ways to the comfort, peace and good order of a household.

It would be interesting to know how far the ignorance of Eastern nations with regard to this matter, and their utter inability to tilt their chairs back and place their feet upon the mantle-piece has helped to cultivate the "come a day go a day" supineness and inertness which characterizes some of them. Half-an-hour reclining upon a "luxurious cushion" suffices for most of us. We have cause to be thankful that ingenuity and artistic skill have made it possible for almost every one to gratify their pardonable desire to possess good furniture.

JAMES H. LENNON

Invites all contemplating purchasing anything in the Furniture line to give him a call, feeling confident that they may go farther and do worse.

Bargains are on the boards for the next five weeks

In order to clear out stock before removing to my new premises, I do not intend continuing in the furniture business.

Parlor Suites. Centre Tables. Cane Chairs. Rocking Chairs. Kitchen Chairs. Sideboards. Extension Tables. Falling-Leaf Tables. Bed-room Suites. Bedsteads. Bureaus. Wash-stands. Spring Mattresses. Wool and Mixed Mattresses. Feather Dusters. Wool and Feather Pillows. Clothes-horses.

A few lines of Crockery and Glassware will be disposed of cheap. Also many other articles impossible to mention.

JAS. H. LENNON.
Another Mart. opposite the Bazaar House, Lindsay.
Lindsay, Dec. 2, 1927—24.

Larime Machine Oil.
FARMERS, THRESHERS AND MILLMEN!
FOR ALL KINDS OF MACHINERY USE

McCull's Celebrated Lardine Machine Oil

It is without doubt the best Lubricant in the world. McCULL'S OIL is of purest quality, and never varies.

For Sale by

JOS. HEAD, Farnham Falls. UREXTON & Co., Lindsay. McLENNAN & Co., EDWARDS & Co.

Lindsay, May 21, 1927—24.