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FIREWOOD

The Canadian Lost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, JAN. 27, 1868.

(Continued from last week.) CHAPTER XII.

She snatched her hand away and suddenly looked up at him. The tears were in her eyes. She said nothing; she let her eyes speak for her. They warned bin-without anger, without unkindness-but still they warned him to press her no further that day. "Only tell me that I am forgiven," he said,

"Yes," she answered, quietly, "you are forgiven."
"I have not lowered myself in your estima

tion, Agnes?" "Ob, no!"

as he rose from the sofa.

"Do you wish me to leave you?" She rose in her turn from the sofa, and walked to the writing table before she reolied. The unfinished letter which she had been writing when Lady Montbarry interrupted her lay open on the blotting book. As she looked at the letter, and then looked at Henry, that smile that charmed everybody showed itself in her face.

"You must not go just yet," she said; "I have something to tell you. I hardly know how to express it. The shortest way, perhaps, will be to let you find it out for yourself. You have been speaking of my lonely, unprotected life here. It is not a very happy life, Henry-I own that." She paused, observing the growing anxiety of his expression as he looked at her with a shy satisfaction that perplexed him. "Do you know that I have anticipated your idea?" she went on. "I am going to make a great change in my life—if your brother Stephen and his wife will only consent to it." She opened the desk of her writing table while she spoke, took a letter out and handed it to Henry.

He received it from her mechanically Vague doubts, which he hardly understood himself, kept him silent. It was impossible that the "change in her life," of which she had spoken, could mean that she was about to be married-and yet he was conscious of a perfectly unreasonable reluctance to open the Their eyes met; she smiled again. "Look at the address," she said. "You ought to know the handwriting-but I dare say you | The nurse's view of Montbarry's character

large, irregular, uncertain writing of a child. He opened the letter instantly:

"DEAR AUNT AGNES: Our governess going away. She has had money left to her and a house of her own. We have had cake and wine to drink her health. You promised to be our governess if we wanted another. We want you. Mamma knows nothing about this. Please come before mamma can get nother governess. Your loving Lucy who writes this. Clara and Blanche have tried to Orite, too, but they are too young to do it.

staying with their mother in Ireland, in the autumn. The three girls were my inseparable companions—they are the most charming children I know. It is quite true that I offered to be their governess, if they ever wanted one, on the day when I left them to return to London. I was writing to propose it to their mother just before you came."
"Not seriously?" Henry exclaimed.

Agnes placed her unfinished letter in his hand. Enough of it had been written to show that she did seriously propose to enter the household of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Westwick as governess to their children. Henry's bewilderment was not to be expressed in words. "They won't believe you are in earnest,"

"Why not?" Agues asked, quietly.
"You are my brother Stephen's cousin;
you are his wife's old friend." "All the more reason, Henry, for trusting

me with the charge of their children." "But you are their equal; you are not obliged to gain your living by teaching. There is something absurd in your entering

love me; the mother loves me; the father has shown me innumerable instances of his true for the place, and as to my education, I must have completely forgotten it, indeed, if I am not fit to teach three children, the eldest of whom is only 11 years old. You say I am their equal. Are there no other women who serve as governess, and who are the equals of the persons whom they serve? Besides, I don't know that I am their equal. Have I not heard that your brother Stephen was the next heir to the title? Will he not be the new lord? Never mind answering me. We won't dispute whether I am right or wrong in turning governess; we will wait the event. I am weary of my lonely, useless existence here, and eager to make my life more happy and more useful in the household of all others in which I should most like to have a place. If you will look again you will see that I have these personal considerations still to urge before I finish my letter. You don't know your brother and his wife as well as I do if you doubt their answer. I believe they have

courage enough and heart enough to say yes." Henry submitted without being convinced. He was a man who disliked all eccentric departures from custom and routine, and he felt especially suspicious of the change proposed in the life of Agnes. With new interests to occupy her mind she might be less favorably disposed to listen to him on the next occasion when he urged his suit. The influence of the "lonely, useless existence" of which she complained was distinctly an influence of the "lonely, useless existence" of which she complained was distinctly an influence of the "lone of the lone ence in his favor. While her heart was empty, her heart was accessible. But with his nieces in full possession of it, the clouds of doubt overshadowed his prospects. He knew the sex well enough to keep these purely self-ish perplexities to himself. The waiting pola woman as sensitive as Agnes. If he once offended her delicacy he was lost. For the moment he wisely controlled himself and changed the subject.

changed the subject.

"My little niece's letter has had an effect," he said, "which the child never con-templated in writing it. She has just reminded me of one of the objects that I had in

"one has got a numeron pounds. Sens for her, Agnes, while I show you the letter." He took a handful of letters from his pocket and looked through them, while Agues rang the bell. Returning to him, she noticed a printed letter among the rest which lay upon the table. It was a "prospectus," and the title of it was "Palace Hotel Company of Venice (Limited)." The two words, "Palace" and "Venice," instantly recalled her mind to the unwelcome visit of Lady Montbarry.

Henry suspended his search and glanced at the prospectus. "A really promising speculation," he said. "Large hotels always pay well if they are well managed. I know the man who is appointed to be manager of this hotel when it is opened to the public, and I have such entire confidence in him that I have become one of the shareholders of the

"What is that?" she asked, pointing to the

The reply did not appear to satisfy Agnes. "Why is the hotel called the 'Palace hotel?"

Henry looked at her, and at once pene trated her motive for asking the question. "Yes," he said, "it is the palace that Montbarry bired at Venice, and it has been purchased by the company to be changed into

Agnes turned away in silence and took a chair at the further end of the room. Henry had disappointed her. His income as a younger son stood in need, as she well knew, of all the additions he could make to it by successful speculation. But she was unreasonable enough, nevertnesses, to disapprove of his attempting to make money already out of the house in which his brother had died. Incapable of understanding this purely sentimental view of a plain matter of business, Henry returned to his papers, in some per-plexity at the sudden change in the manner of Agnes toward him. Just as he found the letter of which he was in search the nurse made her appearance. He glanced at Agnes, expecting that she should speak first. She never even looked up when the nurse came in. It was left to Henry to tell the old woman why the bell had summoned her to the draw-

"Well, nurse," he said, "you have had a windfall of luck. You have had a legacy

left you of £100." The nurse showed no outward signs of exultation. She waited a little to get the announcement of the legacy settled in her mind—and then she said, quietly: "Master Henry, who gives me that money, if you placed"

please?"
"My late brother, Lord Montbarry, gives it to you." (Agnes instantly looked up, interested in the matter for the first time. Henry went on.) "His will leaves legacies to the surviving old servants of the family. There is a letter from his lawyers, authorizing you to apply to them for the money."

In every class of society gratitude is the rarest of all human virtues. In the nurse's class it is especially rare. Her opinion of the man who had deceived and deserted her mistress remained the same opinion still, perfectly undisturbed by the passing circumstance of the legacy.
"I wonder who reminded my lord of the old

servants?" she said. "He would never have had heart enough to remember them him-

Agnes suddenly interposed. Nature, al ways abhorring monotony, institutes re-serves of temper as elements in the composition of the gentlest woman living. Even Agnes could, on rare occasions, be angry. seemed to have provoked her beyond endu-

"If you have any sense of shame in you, she broke out, "you ought to be ashamed of what you have just said! Your ingratitude disgusts me. I leave you to speak with her, Henry—you won't mind it?" With this in-significant intimation that he too had dropped out of his customary place in her good opinion, she left the room. The nurse received the smart reproof ad-

ministered to her with every appearance of feeling rather amused at it than not. When the door had closed, this female philosopher winked at Henry.

"There's a power of obstinacy in young women," she remarked. "Miss Agnes wouldn't give my lord up as a bad one, even when he filted hier. And now she's sweet on him after he's dead. Say a word against him and she fires up, as you see. All obstinacy! It will wear out with time. Stick to her, Master Henry-stick to her!"

"She down't seem to have offended you,"

"She?" the nurse repeated, in amazement— "she offend me? I like her in her tantrums; it reminds me of her when she was a baby. Lord bless you! when I go to bid her good night, she'll give me a big kiss, poor dearand say, 'Nurse, I didn't mean it!' About this money, Master Henry? If I was younger, I should spend it in dress and jewelry. But I'm too old for that. What shall I do with my legacy when I have got it?"

"Put it out at interest," Henry suggested. "Get so much a year for it, you know." "How much shall I get?" the nurse asked.
"If you put your £100 into the funds, you

will get between £3 and £4 a year." The nurse shook her head. "Three or four pounds a year? That won't do! I want more than that. Look here, Master Henry, I don't care about this bit of money-I never did like the man who has left it to me, though he was your brother. If I lost it all to-morrow I shouldn't break my heart; I'm well enough off, as it is, for the rest of my days. They say you're a speculator. Put me in for a good thing, there's a dear! Neck-or-nothing -and that for the funds!" She snapped her fingers to express her contempt for security

of investment at 3 per cent. You must keep it a secret from Miss Agnes, mind. I'm not at all sure that she would approve of my helping you to this investment."

The nurse took out her spectacles. "Six per cent. guaranteed,' she read, 'and the directors have every reason to believe that 10 per cent. or more will be ultimately realized.

to the shareholders by the hotel. Put me into that, Master Henry! And, wherever you go, for Heaven's sake recommend the

example, had her pecuniary interest, too, in the house in which Lord Montbarry had died. Three days passed before Henry was able to visit Agnes again. In that time the little cloud between them had entirely passed away. Agnes received him with even more than her Agnes received him with even more than her customary kindness. She was in better spirits than usual. Her letter to Mrs. Stephen Westwick had been answered by return of post, and her proposal had been joyfully accepted, with one modification. She was to visit the Westwicks for a month—and, if she really liked teaching the children, she was then to be governess, aunt and cousin, all in one be governess, aunt and cousin, all in one-

and was only to go away in an event which her friends in Ireland persisted in contemplat-ing, the event of her marriage. "You see I was right," she said to Henry. He was still incredulous. "Are you really

"I am going next week."

"I am going next week."

"When shall I see you again?"

"You know you are always welcome at your brother's house. You can see me when you like." She held out her hand. "Pardon me for leaving you—I am beginning to pack

Agnes looked at the child's letter. "How does Lucy do that?" she asked.

"Lucy's governess is not the only lucky person who has had money left her," Henry looked at her and submitted. Henry looked at her and submitted.

On the first day in the week Agnes left

London on her way to Ireland. As the event proved, this was not destined to be the end of her journey. The way to Ireland was only the first stage on her way to the value at

THE THIRD PART. CHAPTER XIII.

In the spring of the year 1881 Agnes was established at the country seat of her good friends—now promoted (on the death of the first lord, without offspring) to be the new Lord and Lady Montbarry. The old nurse was not separated from her mistress. A place suited to her time of life had been found for her in the pleasant Irish household. She was perfectly happy in her new sphere; and she spent her first half year's dividend from

the Venice Hotel company, with characteristic prodigality, in presents for the children. Early in the year, also, the directors of the life insurance offices submitted to circumstances and paid the £10,000. Immediately afterward the widow of the first Lord Montbarry (otherwise the dowager Lady Mont-barry) left England with Baron Rivar for the United States. The baron's object was ced in the scientific columns of the pers to be investigation into the present state of experimental chemistry in the great American republic. His sister informed inquiring friends that she accompanied him in the hope of finding consolation in change of scene after the bereavement that had fallen on her. Hearing this news from Henry Westwick (then paying a visit at his brother's house), Agnes was conscious of a certain sense of relief. "With the A antic between us," she said, "surely I have done with that

terrible woman now!" Barely a week passed after those words had been spoken before an event happened which reminded Agnes of the "terrible woman"

once more.
On that day Henry's engagements had obliged him to return to London. He had ventured on the morning of his departure to press his suit once more on Agnes; and the children, as he had anticipated, proved to be the innocent obstacles in the way of his success. On the other hand, he had privately secured a firm ally in his sister-in-law, "Have a little patience," the new Lady Montbarry had said, "and leave me to turn the influence of the children in the right direction. tion; they can persuade her to listen to you, and they shall!

The two ladies had accompanied Henry and some other guests who went away at the same time to the railway station, and had just driven back to the house when the servant announced that "a person of the nam Rolland was waiting to see her ladyship."

"Is it a woman?" "Yes, my lady."

Young Lady Montbarry turned to Agnes.
"This is the very person," she said, "whom your lawyer thought likely to help when he was trying to trace the lost courier." "You don't mean the English maid who

was with Lady Montbarry at Venice?"
"My dear! don't speak of Montbarry's horrid widow by the name which is my name now. Stephen and I have arranged to call her by her foreign title before she was mar-ried. I am 'Lady Montbarry,' and she is the 'countess.' In that way there will be no confusion. Yes, Mrs. Rolland was in my service before she became the countess' maid. She was a perfectly trustworthy person, with one defect that obliged me to send her away -a sullen temper which led to perpetual complaints of her in the ervants' hall. Would you

Agnes accepted the proposal in the faint hope of getting some information for the courier's wife. The complete defeat of every attempt to trace the lost man had been ac cepted as final by Mrs. Ferrari. She had deliberately arrayed herself in widow's mourning, and was earning her livelihood in any of Agnes had procured for her in London The last chance of penetrating the mystery of Ferrari's disappearance seemed to rest now on what Ferrari's former fellow servant might be able to tell. With highly wrought expectations, Agnes followed her friend into the room in which Mrs. Rolland was waiting.

A tall, bony woman, in the autumn of life, with sunken eyes and iron gray nair, ruse stiffly from her chair and saluted the ladies with stern submission as they opened tne door. A person of unblemished character, evidently—but not without visible draw' backs. Big bushy eyebrows, an awfully deep and solemn voice, a harsh, unbending manner, a complete absence in her figure of the undulating lines characteristic of the sex, presented virtue in this excellent person under its least alluring aspect. Strangers on a first introduction to her were accustomed to wonder why she was not a man.

"Are you pretty well, Mrs. Rolland?" "I am as well as I can expect to be, my lady, at my time of life."

"Is there anything I can do for you?" "Your ladyship can do me a great favor if you will please speak to my character while I was in your service. I am offered a place to to live in this neighborhood."

"Ah, yes-I have heard of her. A Mrs. Carbury, with a very pretty niece, I am told. But, Mrs. Rolland, you left my service some time ago. Mrs. Carbury will surely expect you to refer to the last mistress by whom you were employed."

A flash of virtuous indignation irradiated Mrs. Rolland's sunken eyes. She coughed before she answered, as if her "last mistress" stuck in her throat.

lady, that the person I last served—I really cannot give her title in your ladyship's pres Henry produced the prospectus of the Venetian Hotel company. "You're a funny old woman," he said. "There, you dashing speculator—there is neck-or-nothing for you! Proves of my conduct so far. A word from You must keep it a const from Mice A green leadership will be amply sufficient to get your ladyship will be amply sufficient to get me the situation."

"Very well, Mrs. Rolland, I have no objection to be your reference, under the circumstances. Mrs. Carbury will find me at home to-morrow until 2 o'clock."

"Mrs. Carbury is not well enough to leave the house, my lady. Her niece, Miss Haldane, will call and make the inquiries, if your ladyship has no objection." "I have not the least objection. The pretty

niece carries her own welcome with her. Wait a minute, Mrs. Rolland. This lady is Miss Lockwood-my husband's cousin, and my friend. She is anxious to speak to you about the courier who was in the late Lord Montbarry's service at Venice." Mrs. Rolland's bushy eyebrows frowned in

stern disapproval of the new topic of conver-sation. "I regret to hear it, my lady," was

"Pernaps you have not been informed or what happened after you left Venice?" Ag-nes ventured to add. "Ferrari left the place secretly, and has never been heard of since."

Mrs. Rolland mysteriously closed her eyes

—as if to exclude some vision of the lost courier, which was of a nature to disturb a respectable woman. "Nothing that Mr. Ferrari could do would surprise me," she replied, in

"You speak rather harshly of him," said again. "I speak harshly of nobody without reason," she said. "Mr. Ferrari behaved to sne, Miss Lockwood, as no man living has ever-behaved—before or since."

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JOS. HEAD, Fenelon Falls. THEXTON & Co., Lindsay. EDWARDS & Co., Lindsay, May 12, 1886.—92

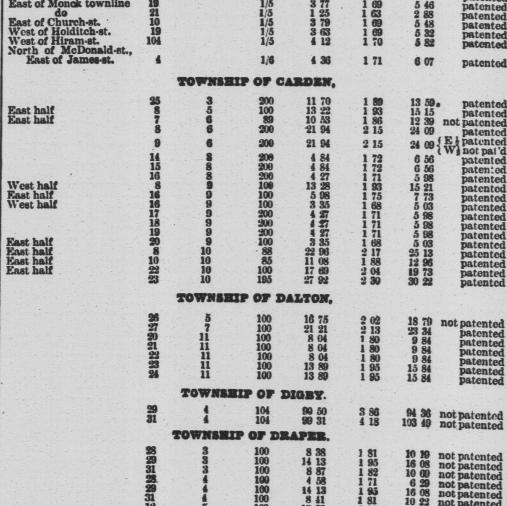
Treasurer's Sale of Lands.

TREASURER'S SALE OF LANDS

COUNTY OF VICTORIA

Wednesday, 15th February, 1888, at 11 o'clock, a.m.

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	•	POWNSELL	P OF E	EXLEY			
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East of Helen-st.	3		1	7 83	1 80	9 63	patented
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East of James-st East of Market-st., North of Ontario-st., East of Monek townline do East of Church-st. West of Holditch-st. West of Hiram-st. North of McDonald-st.	74		1/5	6 14	175	7 89	patented
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Treasurer's Sale of Lands.

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First published in THE CANADIAN POST 11th November, 1887 .- 70-3mos Treasurer's Sale of Land membered the Cause

FOR TAXES IN THE

TOWN OF LINDSAY.

Town of Lindsay, By virtue of a warrant under the hands of the Mayor and the Stown of Lindsay, bearing date the First of November, 1887, commanding me to levy upon the lands mentioned in the following list, rears of taxes due thereon and costs as therein set forth, I hereby give notice that unless and arrears and costs are sooner paid, I shall proceed to sell the said lands, or so much the may be sufficient to discharge such arrears of taxes and all lawful charges incurred, by auction, at the Court House, in the Town of Lindsay, on WEDNESDAY, THE FIFTED DAY OF FEBRUARY, A. D. 1888, at One o'clock, p.m.

ALL THE UNDERMENTIONED LOTS ARE PATENTED.

Arrears. tising and do Block H H, E. St. Patrick do W. St. Peter do W. St. Peter Block I I, W. St. Peter Block H H, W. St. Peter N. pt. N. pt. N. pt. N. pt. S. E. pt. 3 20 1 68

JAMES B. KNOWLSON, Town Treasures. Town Treasurer's Office, Lindsay, 8th November, 1887.

Sirst published in THE CANADIAN POST 11th November 887,—79-Smos.