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SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS. Bravpov, Man., 21st Oct., 1886.—I find Campbell's Cath-riic Commound the best article I have ever used for contive-ess or billioneness, and easy to take. I am, yours truly. A. N. McDonald.

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DR. HODDER'S COUCH AND LUNG CURE

The Canadian Yost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1888.

## MY FRIEND EDITH.

"I would rather not tell you," said

"What does he do then?" "He is an artist."

I naturally concinded that he was not a successful one, picturing to my-self a good-looking young dauber ac-cusing the Hanging Committee of the Academy of all manner of crimes when they had the good taste to reject his productions from the mass of medio-I have a nephew who calls himself an artist," said I.

She gave a little start.
"You never spoke of him before,"

"No; because we quarrelled."
"Whose fault was it?"

very nice he must be." This was not what I expected. I felt she ought to have pitied me. So I com-ineted to defend my course of action, while she, on her side, pleaded Char-lie's cause with a warmth and interest that, considering her own troubles, surprised me. I tried in vain to persuade her that the first steps toward a reconciliation must come from Charlie; but. woman-like, feeling blinded her sense of justice and she was logic-proof. It was almost dark when we separated at her gate. I watched her as she flitted through the gloom of the trees to the house, and then walked slowly home with a new set of thoughts about her. I did not sleep well that night.

From that day Edith and I were on a different footing. The interest I felt in her was changed rather than lessened, that which she felt in me had been increased by our mutual confi-When we met, cleverly parryang my efforts to ascertain the name of her lover -and I confess I was curiousarned the conversation to the subof the estrangement with my

The mysterious person referred to as "he" or "him." had evidently departed from our neighborhood, and I think Edith missed him a good deal. Mrs. Lyall asked me more than once if I did not think a change would do her good, which gave me an opportunity of teas-ing Edith on-the sly. It ended, howfriends. She departed with so much cheerfulness that I felt convinced she had contrived some means of seeing "nameless one" as I called him, and Luccused her of it; but she only laughed and said "Nonsense!" and that is easily said, and we had quite a touchmg little parting in the garden, and I shiled her "my dear child." I found the place very dull without her, and went abroad until the following Au-tumn. I was pleased to find Edith did not forget me, and received several letters from her in which she "hoped the waters were doing me good," for my reasons for expatriation was to drink of a very nasty spring recommended for the gout, which afflicts me intermittently. I found she was still harping on my estrangement with my nephew, for she trusted I had become reconciled with him. "I am sure," she wrote, "if you have you will be happier, for you have a kind heart although it is rather an obstinate one." When I came home in September I heard the Lyalls were at the seaside: and having, as usual nothing to do, I thought I would go down and ascer-tain how Edith's love affair was progressing. They were staying at a little place which had been familiar to me from a child, and which is mixed up with all my early memories; its attractions were two fold. I arrived there ate in the evening and found I had forgotten their address, so I went to the hotel, deciding to ascertain it in the morning. When it came I was awoke by a numerous and noisy famiawoke by a numerous and noisy family on my floor who were eager to catch the first train. Nature had supplied them with peculiarly penetrating voices, and they could have hardly made more of their feet if they had been centipedes. Sleep being out of question, I dressed and went out. The bright sea and sky put me in good

consider with some interest what would be the nicest breakfast I could erfer when I returned from my early walk. I left the little town and made my way to the grassy summit of the cliffs, which, sloping down from the brink, shut out the sight of the sea from the footpath marked at intervals with patches of white chalk, lastenarks at night for the coast gnardsmen in their lonely rounds. How well I remember the place! Recalling the past with that strange feeling, half pleasure, half pain, when we scarce know whether to smile or sigh, I advanced to the edge of the cliff very cautiously, just as I used to do when a boy and looked down at the yellow beach and sparkling sea. I was never so astonished in my life! There, below the beetling wall of dazzling white, stood Edith Lyall and my nephew Charlie. Their hands were clasped in each other's and they were gazing as lovers, I suppose, do, into each other's face, heedless of the sharp eyes watching them from above. My intrusion startled a jackdaw from a chalky cramny, and he flew off, the sunshine gleaming on his glossy wings, cawing clamorously; but they were too intent on their occupation to look up. By this time their figures were beginning to real and dance in the haze, seemingly to melt away into the pebbles like shadowy wraiths rather than headstrong young people, and I was forced by a feeling of giddiness to avert my astonished gaze. No wonder Edith took such interest in me! It did not arise at all from the reasons I had fondly imagined. Then wondering what might be the most satisfactory use of my discovery I retraced my steps and sat on a bench on the parade, where a flight of steps was the only means of ascent from the beach below.

I had no need to wait long. Edith appeared alone. Charlie, for some

L had no need to wait long. Edith appeared alone. Charlie, for some diplomatic reason, I suppose, had been left behind.

She was even more astonished than when I met her at the stile. "Have you dropped from the clouds, Mr. Merton!" she exclaimed.

"You don't look too ple sed to see me," said I, as we shook hands. "I'm too surprised to look glad," said she; "but I am, all the same." "Was it a troubled conscience that called you forth so early?" I inquired.
"I don't know if I have a conscience,"
she said smiling; "I got up to bathe."
"You don't look as though you had

been bathing."

"I haven't this morning."

"What made you break so virtuous a rule? Anything to do with the name-

"What a tease you are!"
"A tease indeed! Are we not fellow-conspirators?

But Edith looked at me with grave gray eyes, and said it was time to go in to breakfast, adding, "If you have nothing else to do, perhaps you will take us on the pier this morning."

"You will be sorry to hear," said I on our way to the house, "that I've heard nothing of that scamp of a nephew of mine, ungrateful young ruffian!"

"I'm sure he is not ungrateful," she answered warmly. answered warmly.

"Why! how on earth can you know.
Edith?"

"Because I'm sure he's not!"

"One would fancy you spoke from personal knowledge."

"I remember what you said of him last June. What has changed you?"

"I have become convinced that there with which they annually cover do nothing for him." "Hadn't you better wait till he asks

The wrath that she strove to conceal amused me. It was my revenge.

"You do take a strange interest in the young fellow! Enough to make the nameless one jealous!"

"I am surprised at the change in one I used to think so kind," said she. "The

change is not an improvement." Her pretty face was so troubled that I half relented.

"Well, it can't matter to you," I said airily. "He's nothing to either of us. I'll call after breakfast, and shall expect to be amused."
And I went off in my jauntiest manner, leaving Edith on the steps of the house gazing at me with wistful eyes.

CHAPIER V. On calling after breakfast I found for some inscrutable reason, Mrs. Lyall had decided that she would stay at home, and that I was to take Edith

"Do you particularly wish to go on the pier?" I asked.

"I'll go wherever you like," she said blandly, although I could see she would have given anything to get rid of me.

"Don't you think you are wasting valuable time with me? I know where you want to go—to see the nameless one. You can't deceive me!" Edith hesitated, and while she was

inwardly debating, I went on:
"I have not lived all this time in the world without gaining some knowledge of human nature. Come, Edith: you know where he is."

"Oh, Mr. Merton," she said, "what wonderful penetration you have."

I could see she was laughing at me

in her sleeve, but I was determined to be magnanimous.

"And now." I said, "I suppose you intend to desert me for the nameless one. I know he is dodging about some-

where watching us, and suffering pangs of jealousy. Go, my child, go! Fier your downy wings in the sun-Edith beamed at me with eyes full

"I haven't got any wings to flap yet! but will you let me go, really?" "Let you, indeed!"
"I thought, you know," said she, "you might have some absurd notion that I was under your charge, but you are far too clever and sensible for any such foolish ideas. I never knew a less narrow-minded man than you, never! I

wish all people were like you!"
"Flatterer! Flatterer! I see through it all. Although I consider myself responsible for you behavior, go! Don't keep the nameless one waiting in his

"You are the kindest man in the world!" said she.

"And the most easily begunled," said I, "but don't imagine that I'm blind." "No, no, you are a perfect lynx."

And off she went with joy in her eyes, thinking no doubt my perceptions were more akin to those of a mole than of the bright-eyed, prick-eared feline. I went on the pier where the band was playing; and he who played the drum, a vigorous executant, was doing his utmost to conceal the deficiencies of his colleagues. Not finding this amusing most to conceal the denciencies of his colleagues. Not finding this amusing I went on the beach, and to me, meditating, there came a boatman, who commenced pestering me to hire a boat. Suddenly an idea occurred to me.

"I'll take a canoe if you have a nice one," said I, seeing several on the sea. Of course he had; and in a few minutes I was afloat in it, my embarkation causing some mirth among the idlers on the shore; but people at the seaside will laugh at anything.

I paddled away toward the cliffs, fan-swing I might see the lovers at their

from me.

"Help! Help! Help!" I clamored whenever the waves, which hit recipies in the mouth, would let the canoe seemed drifting away else my frantic efforts produced regression. My clothes were coisonated in the clammy snakes; no cries sounded like the shouts of semone else; I was horribly, horribly frightened, and my struggles were growing feebler. Like in some nightmare, I could see the boat rowing toward me. How slowly it appeared to move! My body seemed turning to lead. I don't believe any one ever had such a body, for suddenly it dragged my head under in spite of its efforts to keep above, and I felt as one might feel shut up in a gigantic bottle of soda water at the moment some Titanic hand drew the cork, the water hissed, fizzled, and swirled so hideously. As it closed over my crown, suddenly a

it closed over my crown, suddenly a strong hand clutched me and dragged me to the surface again, and I heard above the awful, jubilant splashing of the sea a familiar voice uttering I know not what of encouragement. Then somehow I clutched the side of a Then somehow I clutched the side of a boat; there was a long struggle with my inert body that could do so little for itself; and finally I found myself, like a newly caught fish, gasping at the bottom of the boat, and looking up in mingled terror, joy, and amazement, at my nephew Charlie and the frightened face of Edith Lyall.

"You're all right now, Uncle, eh?" cried Charlie cheerily.

"Yes—all—righ'—all right—now!" I gasped. Then, feeling like a mummy in wet swaddling clothes, I sat an animated sponge on the seat.

mated sponge on the seat. It was all so strange that I could only blink my eyes in wonder.

"Thank you, my dear boy!—thought it was all up!—watery grave! ugh!"

At length gradually my breath in a

-Saw you from the cliffs." But how could I enjoy the triumph while my teeth were chattering with cold, and I realized the force of the expression "to look like a drowned rat?"

They were both full of solicitude;
Edith looked at me compassionately as I shivered and shook. All the dignity had been washed out of me as effectually as the starch from Tay Liven. came and joined us, and we formed a sort of triumphal procession toward the beach. I felt like some prize rescued from the deep! On land was a crowd to welcome us. A few enthusiastic spirits raised a feeble cheer; oth-

ers were guilty of rude remarks.
"Old chaps didn't ought to be allowed out in them cranky canoes," said one. I inwardly agreed with the speaker and regretted that some by-law to this effect did not exist.

and commenced to change my dripping clothes. The spirits mounted to my head in the most foolish way; and while I was still fumbling with feeble fingers at the buttons of a dry shirt, seeming to see myself quite a long way off in the mirror, Charlie in another suit appeared. After I had assured him for about the twentieth time that I was rather better than worse for my ducking, for the brandy had produced a deceptive complacency, he informed me that he had only learned that very day I was a friend of Edith's.

"Stranger" said I "she has been here.

"Strange!" said I, "she has been begging me to forgive you ever since last June."

"Why, that's exactly what she has been doing with me," said he. "She made me promise to ask you to forgive this morning." continued he. "I me this morning," continued he. have been very ungrateful; please for-

Forgive him, indeed! Where should have been if he had not pulled me out of the trackless sea? "My dear boy! My dear boy!"

"I only staid away," said he, "be-cause I wanted to show you I wasn't such a muff as you thought I was." "You have been quite right to become an artist," said I, shaking his hand an unnecessary while, "and I am

It seemed to me he must be capable of anything after pulling me out of the water. Then we went down to lunch, objects of curiosity to the other guests, and drank a bottle of dry champagne, a wine I only take when my nerves have received a shock. That day it seemed to have a strange effect on the root of my tangue and to increase the root of my tongue and to increase the warmth of my affection for the world

Lunch over, I had an interview with Mrs. Lyall.

Mrs. Lyall.

"Your generous offer," she said. "places the matter on an entirely different footing."

The "generous offer" referred to an allowance I wished to settle on Charlie if he would allow it. "Generous," for sooth! Why. if he hadn't pulled me

cut of the water he would be in possession of all my belongings and it
seems hard people should suffer for doing their duty. So Edith and Charlie
are happy; their story has ended; the
curtain has dropped. If you so to the
Academy you will see some of his nictures hanging on the line. Already I
am beginning to get a reflected glory
from his talent. I have a picture of
myself by him, which in my opinion—
and I am no bad judge—is equal to almost any portrait I know, except one
of Andrea del Sarto by himself, which
you can see any day you like at the
National Gallery. Besides this I possess another, a very droll one too. A
stout gentleman is struggling in the
water; the expression of his face is
very comical, while a young lady with
disheveled hair, standing in a boat, is
wringing her hands. Beneath is written in Edith's hand, "Reconciliation
with my uncle."

with my uncle." I stole it from Charlie's sketch book, and, although I brag a good deal about "the great work of myself in oils," which hangs in the best light in my dining-room, no one ever sees the other. Whenever I am. owing to gout or other causes, disposed to look on the world with eyes of discontent, it reminds me how grateful Lought to be. minds me how grateful I ought to be, and is of more value as a mental tonic than any sermon I have ever heard .-

Land Salt and Plaster. We have in store Land Salt in sacks of 200 lbs. sch and Plaster in barrels and in cotton and linen bags. Kept under cover and perfectly dry in our warehouse en William-st., convenier for loading. A. CAMPBELL—84-8.

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we intend to put on a first-class footing. Our Mr. Champion has fairly surprised the people by the Artistic Cut, Glove-Fitzing Garments he is turning out. Young men cau rely on getting the finest city cut and style at from two to five dollars less than town or city prices.

The price of BOOTS AND SHOES for spring are simply ridiculous; how such fine goods can be made for the money is the wonder of all. Our Oakwood branch, under the management of Mr. W. E. Hall, is getting nicely started. All who call on Mr. Hall can rely on fair dealing and the lowest living profits. The very highest price for Produce at both stores.

We want at our Little Britain shop a first-class Dressmaker. A large trade is waiting, We will furnish free rooms to a really first-class hand. Three or four under hands could be kept busy. Nene but first-class need apply. With a kind invitation to call and see us, we remain, yours faithfully.

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E. Gregory.

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Crimping Pins, Hair Pins, HAIR AND SILK NETS. Hair Oil, Hair Dyes, and

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Lindsay, Feb. 25, 1888.—85. Machine Oil.

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All unpaid accounts must be paid at

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DURHAM BULL FOR SERVICE. The undersigned has for service at lot 25, in the 5th con., Ops, a FINE DURHAM BULL. Terms: 75c. at time of service; if not so paid, \$1.00. JOHN WALDON, Ops. Feb. 8, 1888.—83-8. FOR SALE.—A large two-storey White Brick House, with a cre let, situated on the corner of Russell and Simcoe-sts., Lindsay. Apply to MRS. EDW'D MORRISEY, Downey-ville, or HUGH O'LEARY, Barrister, Lindsay. Jan. 25, 1888.—81-tf.

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CANNINGTON

Cannington, Oct. 14th, 1887.-67.1

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CHAPTER III. "And what is his name?" I inquired

"His, of course!" And I told her the story of Charlie's ingratitude, while she listened intently.
Poor fellow!" she exclaimed, "how

CHAPTER IV.

former trysting place and gain another advantage over them. The sea was very calm except where the tide swept over a reef of rocks, where the water seemed to snarl and show gleams of white teeth. Beyond wat a lonely boat apparently drifting with the tide. Almost before I was aware of it I had reached the troubled waters. The little choppy waves began to splash over my gunwale, and, while I was arranging the waterproof over my legs, suddenly to my dismay, my paddle fell into the sea. Using my hands as oars I began to propel myself laboriously toward the paddle rising and falling in the most tantalizing manner a few feet from me. Just when I had reached it and was leaning nervously forward to clutch it, a larger wave than usual struck me, and I toppled over with a stifled bellow, and the water was hissing round my frightened ears. Coming to the surface again, wildly shouting "Help!" I struck out for my treacherous craft that floated up side down a few yards from me.

"Help! Halp! Help!" I clause.

measure returned. "So this is the nameless one, then?" said I. "Found all out 'fore breakfast.

ually as the starch from my linen. How thankful I felt! How inclined to hang up my dripping garments to the powerful sea god! At Edith's sugges-tion I took an oar to row to shore, whence my accident had evidently

As I walked up the beach the bystanders laughed in vulgar glee at the
sorry sight I afforded. "Ain't he wet!
Don't he look blue! That's the young
chap what pulled him out!" &c.
Charlie however, rejected all offers
of assistance, for I was too quenched
and helpless, too inclined to crawl
away into some place where I could
not be seen, to assert myself. I had
had one leg in a watery grave and ternot be seen, to assert myself. I had had one leg in a watery grave, and terror and damp had made me very meek and very grateful. I told Edith as we parted on the parade that I would make it "all right" with her mother, if possible, when I was dry. A number of dirty boys followed us to the hotel. They seemed a little disappointed, I had only been partly drowned, for the young are fond of excitement. Here I separated with Charlie; imbibed a strong tumbler of brandy and water, and commenced to change my dripping

Then we both understood the little game Edith had been playing. And my eyes grew moist; something—perhaps the brandy and water—had touched the fountain of my emo-

at large. Charlie told me how his pictures were beginning to sell, and everything appeared to me in a very rosy

COPPERINE PINEST IN THE LAND.