

Machine Oil. USE GOLDEN STAR MACHINE OILS AND COPPERINE, FINEST IN THE LAND. ALONZO W. SPOONER, Manufacturer, Port Hope, Feb. 24, 1888 - 89-90. Publisher's Notice.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Address. Includes entries for R. Talbot, J. C. Gilchrist, J. G. H. Brown, etc.

The Canadian Post. LINDSAY, FRIDAY, NOV. 30, 1888.

BEAUTIFUL JIM.

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

(Continued from last week.)

"I must," she said, when she found herself back in her room for the night, "I must do something—something—something."

"My dear Mr. Bresson—I feel I must write you a line to-day. I am for the rapid mistake I made today."

Miss Earle read this effusion over, and thought it would do as well as anything she would be able to concoct, then, woman like, she added a postscript, and woman like, the postscript contained the whole salt and savor of the letter.

"P.S.—After all, it is pretty good proof that I didn't see much as your young looks."

On reading this production over, Miss Earle thought it would do very well, and was wonderfully comforted by the conclusion. Then she went to bed, and after lying awake for a little time thinking it all over—and particularly over his looks and general air—she fell asleep and slept as young things do, until the morning sunshine was streaming through various chinks and crevices into the room.

When she had read the letter again and satisfied herself that it would do, she went down stairs, and cautiously opening the door which led into the close, slipped out of the house, and went quickly along the road to where a post box was let into the wall only a few doors away; into this she popped her letter and fled back, feeling very guilty and scared, more as if she had been robbing the box instead of adding to its contents.

CHAPTER IV. THE DEAREST THINGS PARTY.

About 8 o'clock on Saturday afternoon the Deaneys were in full swing. The handsome dean, looking as good as he was high—and he was not a small man—stood chatting with a couple of persons, and Lady Margaret, fresh and buxom, sat under a tree with Mrs. Trafford, who, by the by, was thinking of leaving Blankhampton, and indeed had been thinking of it for some time.



"Who is that girl standing near your daughter?" Mrs. Trafford asked. "That is Miss Earle, an old friend of Alison's," Lady Margaret replied.

"Very pretty," said Lady Margaret; "and a remarkably nice girl in every way. By the bye, her young brother, Stuart, is just gazetted to the Blankshire regiment."

"I do not object to that," she answered, turning a fine scarlet from chin to brow. "There seems no time for tennis in town—or, at least, I do not find that there is."

"Yes; and during the time when you can play tennis in town, there is always such a rush of other things to do."

"Yes, just so; and however much they bore you, you have to do them all the same," replied Miss Earle, keeping her attention well fixed on the tennis players.

"Don't you think, Miss Earle," he said, in a semi-reflective tone, "that we should get a much more comprehensive view of the play from the terrace?"

"I don't think it would be half bad up there. So they abandoned the chairs under the big tree and betook themselves to the terrace, whence they could command a good view of the tennis courts, and consequently of players and play."

"There were some basket work Hurlingham chairs on the terrace, and Miss Earle settled herself into one of them with a desperate kind of feeling that she would have to hear what Beautiful Jim should choose to say about the letter she had sent him, and that the sooner he began the sooner she would be free of him."

"But you don't mean to say that he was killed?" Nancy said. "No, I don't suppose he was killed," returned Beautiful Jim; "but we heard no more of him for that night. They just dragged him downstairs and shoved him under a bench, and he was no more to be seen."

"And that was an end of him?" "But you don't mean to say that he was killed?" Nancy said. "No, I don't suppose he was killed," returned Beautiful Jim; "but we heard no more of him for that night. They just dragged him downstairs and shoved him under a bench, and he was no more to be seen."

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her plate, "the corporation are going to be crossed away from all these houses. I think she is the best of all."

"Awful shame," murmured Beautiful Jim, to whom Blankhampton Deaneys was merely a pleasant but passing oasis in life's desert, and not a permanent Mecca, as it was to the parish set.

"And the dean says if they do he'll look up the Deaneys' Close and make a private garden of that! But they know well enough that he will never have the heart to shut the children out just to spite the corporation."

"Well, it would be rough on the little beggars," said he. "No, I shouldn't think the dean would be so kind as to do that."

"Not he; it isn't in him, and the corporation people know it—and act upon it. Still it will be a great shame if they contrive to destroy the privacy of all these gardens, for nothing is so unpleasant as being looked in that way. Of course you know that Miss Antrobus is going to be married?" she said, with a quick change of tone.

"Beautiful Jim edged a step nearer. "No; indeed I did not. And who is the man?"

"An old admirer; a man who has been in love with her for years—for years!" answered Mrs. Trafford, unconsciously slipping into Mrs. Hugh Antrobus' grand and inflated style of speaking. "I told Mrs. Antrobus that I hoped she would be very happy, for happiness in marriage is such an important consideration. And she said: 'Oh! dear, yes. Mr. Mandarin is quite the right husband for Polly. His devotion has been marvelous, and he has loaded her—simply loaded her—with valuable presents.'"

"Mandarin! What a queer name," said Beautiful Jim, who was deeply interested in the fortunes of the fair Polly.

"I believe," said Mrs. Trafford, looking down demurely as she toyed with her fork and plate, "that Mr. Mandarin—or—father and—mother were—er—not exactly of the same race."

Once upon a time Hugh Antrobus had been used to be attended to the company of "the fair Polly" by the hands of admiring observers. Polly—Polly—Polly—a maid or two—and, on occasion, Mrs. Antrobus herself. Now, alas! only Baby was there to remind him of the value which had once been set on the family entire dishes. For Polly was in the drawing room with her mother, listening to the praises of Mr. Mandarin, of the Sten house, Liverpool, and of—Shanghai.

CHAPTER V. AND OF SHANGHAI. It must be owned that the news of Polly Antrobus' engagement not only spread like wildfire throughout her native city of Blankhampton, but it also created a great sensation wherever it penetrated.

She was so pretty, so gentle and dreamy, and she had been so singularly unfortunate in her previous love affairs. Men had gone for her, ay, and had gone desperately hard too—men of high degree, with everything to recommend them.

First, she had been engaged to the Honorable Elliot Cardella; but she had given him up that she might fly at higher game in the form of his elder brother. But after all, Lord Cardella had not laid himself out for her, and she had eventually bestowed them upon a far less worthy person.

Then there had been an unfortunate affair with one, D'Arcy was his name, if I mistake not, who did not happen to mention when his regiment marched into Blankhampton, that his little wife had gone abroad for the winter. Of course it was very pleasant for a man deprived of his wife for the time to be philandering after one of the prettiest girls in the town; but it was a little unfortunate that Mrs. Antrobus announced the engagement in a semi-official manner, when there was all the time that insurmountable obstacle in the background.

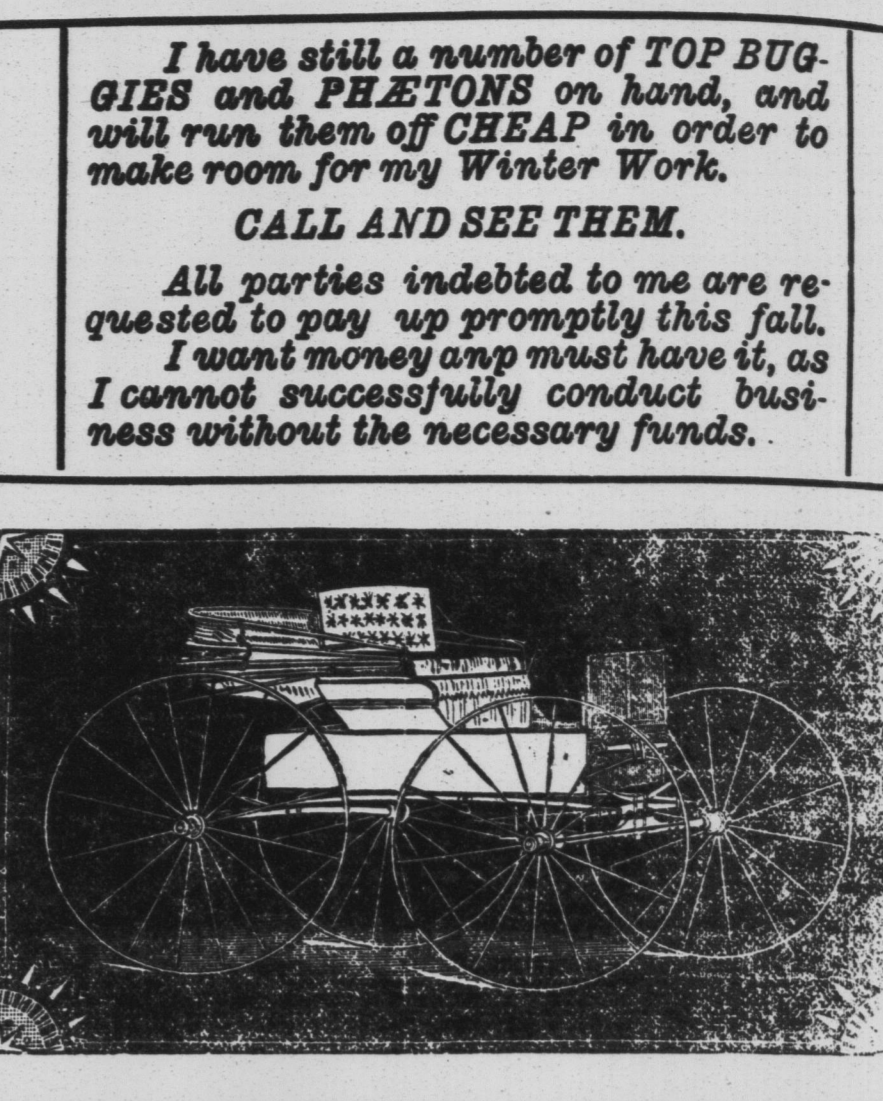
And then there was Lord Charterhouse—the "Mr. Winks" of the Black Horse—who had gone for Polly, too—gone, ay, that was so; indeed, one over head and ears, past and beyond all sense and honor, and yet he had taken himself away from Blankhampton without a word of warning, and had married his cousin, Lady Nell Temple, after all.

As regards the love affairs of the delightful Polly had not so far been taken at that food which leads to matrimonial fame and fortune, and from one cause or another the good people of Blankhampton took a sort of proprietary interest therein; they wanted to see the end of Polly.

Was this indeed to be the end of all her dreams and hopes and wishes? Was this to be the end of her great expectations? It was hard, very hard. Three times she had deemed herself within an ace of being "my lady" for the rest of her life; three times had gay and gallant men of noble birth themselves down at her feet and—apparently worshipped her. And this was to be the end!

She had borne with dignity and a certain suspicion of contempt the airs of her younger sister, To-To, who had married a well-to-do but briefless barrister of humble origin some time before, and she had made up her mind that when she should be Lady Charterhouse To-To's husband, Mr. Herrick Breamham, should have but little intercourse with her or hers. But, alas, alas! Lord Charterhouse had failed her, and he had effectually cut off forever Mr. Herrick Breamham's chance of being on his visiting list—for the Lady Charterhouse of today would as soon have thought of asking her husband's troopers to dinner as of asking him.

R. Kylie. TOP BUGGIES. I have still a number of TOP BUGGIES and PHETONS on hand, and will run them off CHEAP in order to make room for my Winter Work. CALL AND SEE THEM. All parties indebted to me are requested to pay up promptly this fall. I want money and must have it, as I cannot successfully conduct business without the necessary funds.



ADMIRIED BY ALL. The magnificent display of carriages and buggies placed on exhibition by Mr. R. KYLIE attracted the attention of every person visiting the Central fair grounds, and the beautiful finish and neat and stylish appearance of the vehicles took the "cake" and the red tickets, too, receiving five first prizes out of six entries. Visitors were heard to say that the work was a credit to the town of Lindsay. Call at his show-rooms and examine the stock.

RICH. KYLIE.

Lindsay, Oct. 15, 1888.—19. Graham & Lee

THE BEST EXHIBITION IN TOWN

IS AT

GRAHAM & LEE'S CHINA HALL.

We have Just to Hand some Lovely Lines of ENAMELLED DINNER SETS, PORCELAIN DINNER SETS, CHINA TEA SETS, FANCY CHAMBER SETS, with or without slop jars, CHINA FRUIT BOWLS, and by far the FINEST LINES OF CHINA CUPS and SAUCERS in Town.

HANGING LAMPS.

WE ARE SHOWING THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS LOT OF Parlor, Library and Hall Lamps

in the county. Newest Designs. Latest and most perfect extensions in use. If you require a nice lamp, come to us and purchase one and we will hang it free of charge in any house in town.

A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF Glassware, Preserve Dishes, Tea Sets,

WATER SETS and HALF GALLON JUGS.

GROCERIES.

We always have on hand extra value in Teas, Sugars, Syrups, Spices, Coffees, Flour, Feed and Provisions. Goods delivered promptly. Orders solicited.

GRAHAM & LEE.

New Advertisements.

GUNIGAL'S LIVERY STABLES. 67 York Street, Lindsay. Comfortable carriages and good horses on hire at reasonable rates. BRIAN GUNIGAL.

BRECHIN.—A GREAT OPENING IN this village for a DOCTOR, DRUGGIST, WAGON MAKER, and a GOOD DRESS MAKER. May let, 1888.—25-26.

THE WHITE SEWING MACHINE. has just been awarded the silver medal, the highest premium given at the Great Central Exhibition at Cincinnati as the best machine for family purposes, and this in competition with the best of the world. It is based upon light running and noiseless qualities, durability of construction and general adaptability for family purposes. W. W. LOGAN, GENERAL AGENT, LINDSAY.

Miscellaneous. NOTICE.—I hereby forbid any person or persons giving credit on any account without my signature to the same. JOHN DILLMAN, Oakwood, Nov. 5, 22-24.

MEMORIAL CARDS.—It is customary after a death in a family to send to friends and relatives a memorial card giving the name, age, date of death, and some appropriate Scripture text. These cards can be obtained at The First Printing Office, with envelopes. Call and see them.

A CHRISTMAS OFFERING. A magnificent offer. We will send to any address for \$1.00 a beautiful

PHOTO ALBUM suitable for a Christmas Gift to your friends. It is now late. For TWENTY-FIVE CENTS we will send you any of the following articles:—Puck of handsome Playing Cards, one beautiful Album, one Pen Knife, fifty beautiful Scrap Pictures, two pieces of instruments, two pieces of stationery, one box of HOLIDAY NOVELTY TOYS, P. O. Box 197, Toronto, Ont.

LITTLE BRITAIN MEAT MARKET. R. J. ROACH, Keeps on hand CHOICEST BEEF, MUTTON, LAMB, PORK, SAUSAGES, ETC., at reasonable prices. Will sell by the quarter during the winter, or in any small quantity desired.

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED. DRESSED HOGS WANTED. Highest cash price paid for any quantity of Dressed Hogs. Little Britain, Oct. 24, 1888.—15 & 24.

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