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## The Canadian Lost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, DEC. 21, 1898.

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

(Continued from last week) room, only lurching once or twice against the wall on the way-that, of course, was because he could not see. Anyway, he gained his room in safety, and sat down upon the first chair he could find to recover his breath. It happened to be an easy chair, and his breath took a long time to recover; and, somehow, he dropped off to sleep, and slept like a top until the daylight was streaming into the room, and the bells high up in the great tower of the parish were ringing for a saint's day celebration.

Thus Tommy got uncommonly well over the episode of the dinner at the mess of his new regiment. But he thought he ought to go up and call, so that if he had in the faintest degree upset 1. commanding officer that was to be, would be able to set it straight, and not start, as it were, with a black mark against his

So he went up to the infantry barracks and asked for Mr. Beresford, who was, he found, in his own room, whither he went

Beautiful Jim was lying in a big chair with a novel and a pipe, enjoying the first half hour of rest he had had that day.

He locked up and laughed as Tommy

"Hallo, youngster, is that you? How are you?" he remarked, speaking in a more friendly and civil tone than his feelings would have indicated had they been on the surface.

Tommy sat himself down on the edge

of the cot and informed Beautiful Jim, with a man about town air, that he felt "And I don't wonder at it," returned

the other, curtly. "You made a regular splash here last night." It might have been the accent of re-

buke in Beresford's tone, I know not, but certain it is that Tommy turned brazen "That's a good thing," he remarked, airily. "I never like putting myself for-

ward, but anything's better than mediocrity;" and with that he got up and shook himself out as it were, swaggering to the glass above the fireplace, and standing there just in front of Beautiful Jim's sasted nose, preening himself as you may see a pracock preening his feathers

fairly stunk in Beautiful Jim's nostrils. 'It's all very fine, youngster," he said, in a tone which he tried hard to make fairly civil; "but the sort of splash you made last night won't do any good in the regiment—not any good, but a good deal of harm. Why, — it, mediocrity will stand you in good stead long after that kind of splash has sent you to the devil." Tomniy-turned round with an innocent

"What did I do?" he asked. "I didn't stand on the table, did I?" "Worse than that," returned Jim.

"I didn't call any one a - cad, did I?" "No; but you might have got over that in time if you had owned that your head wouldn't stand liquor.

"Then what did I do?" Tommy was beginning to get alarmed, and showed it. "I didn't shy the knives about, or anything of that sort, surely?"

Beautiful Jim burst out laughing. "Look here, young 'un," he remarked. "You've got a very fair notion of your own qualities, your position, your appearance, your—your everything. You're the last of the Earles"—

"D—n the Earles," put in Tommy, who had no sort of respect for his position as the last of a proud race, though he liked others to have, none better.

"With all my heart," said Jim. "It will do you no good in the Blankshire regiment ever to remember it again. But you're a youngster, a new idea, a scrap, a wart, as yet—and for you to give your opinion among field officers on subjects of which you are totally ignorant, and about which your opinion has not been even asked, is not the way to become a popular officer when you join. And then to back it all by trying to chaff Urquhart of the Black Horse, who's got the levelest head and the clearest judgment and the keen-est wit and the most stinging tongue of any man in the British army, take it from one end to the other; Urquhart, who's the coolest, pluckiest beggar that ever lived-for a scrap like you to try and best him with your tongue—why, it's just ludierous, and it won't do, Tommy, and the sooner you make up your mind to that

It must be owned that Tommy's brave and brazen front had given place to utter dismay and consternation long before Beautiful Jim had come to an end of his remarks. His smooth young jaw fell to the length of a fiddle, and he looked truth the picture of abject misery.
"What an ass I must have been!" I

'Well, you were," returned Jim, with delighted candor.

"And what a consummate fool the fellows must have thought me," he went on, never being above blaming himself when be found himself fairly cornered.

"They did," said Jim, promptly.
"And as for Col. Urquhart"—he continued, in a tone of despair so intense that Beautiful Jim relented somewhat and took

Beautiful Jim relented somewhat and took pity on him.

"Oh, well, as to that," he said, in a tone of judicious deliberation, "as to that, I don't know that it matters very much what Urquhart thinks. Of course he's a devilish clever chap, and one it's best to keep on the right side of; but at the same time, Urquhart ain't your chief, and if he felt inclined to forget the fact, we should very soon make him remember it. It ain't so much what Urquhart II think of your cheeking him, as what our think of your cheeking him, as what our fellows 'll think of your cheeking

Urquhart. D' you see?"
Tommy did see and was comforted on that point; but he was still terribly distressed in mind at what he had done.
"I don't know what I can do," he repeated, for about the twentieth time.
"Oh, I think I'll send in my papers at

"Oh, I think I'll send in my papers at once. I won't join at all."
"You young duffer!" laughed Beautiful Jim, "what rot you talk! Why, man alive, if you're going to sneak away from every mistake you make by making a clear bolt of it, how do you ever intend to make a decent soldier, or anything else?"

"But what must I do?"

"Live it down, of course. You'll get chaffed about it forever, but you must make up your mind to bear it; and, after all, there was not another man at the table, not even including 'old Jane' himself, who would have dared to do it!" "Jane?" repeated Tommy, taking a rather brighter tone; "and who is 'Jane?"

"Oh, we call the colonel 'Jane,'" replied Jim, with a laugh. "I see. Well, do you think I'd better just go away and come to join as if noth-

ing had happened?"
"Of course I do. Why"— but there he turned his head as some one knocked at the door. "Come in," he roared, and then the door opened, and the officer commanding the regiment, that is, Col. Barnes, entered.

He entered with a cordial, "Oh, Beresford, I wanted you to"— when his eyes fell on young Tommy, and he broke off with something very nearly approaching Tommy got off his coat and said. "Good

morning, sir," in his most modest tones— and mind you, when Tommy was modest he looked as if the proverbial butter would not melt in his mouth.

"Oh! good morning, good morning," returned the colonel, in a series of snorts, and in a tone which conveyed to Tommy that, if anything. Beresford had understated rather than overstated the enormity of his offense.

He felt that his time was come, that if He felt that his time was come, that it he did not speak then he would be, as it were, socially damned in the Blankshire regiment forever; but it was not without an immense effort that he broke the ice within which Col. Barnes had frozen himself. He looked at the big, fierce, red faced, burly man, with his haughty red nose and his long, bristling mustache, the truth he told-to a formidable spile. and his heart, yes, even his brazen heart, failed him! Still he felt that delay was dangerous, and at last he spoke! And if only his sister Nancy could have heard the last of the proud race of Earles eating humble pie with that shrinking air. she would have declared that her dear boy's degradation could go no further and sink no lower.

"If you please, sir," he began, "I am afraid"—and then he stopped short, awed into silence by the astonished stare with which the colonel was regarding him.

"Well?" said the colonel in a loud voice; it was a very big "well," and Tommy felt more shaking about the legs, and if the truth be told more inclined to cry than he

had felt for many and many a year.

However, he had to go on. "Well, sir," he said very humbly. "I—I'm afraid I made an awful ass of myself last night."

"I'm!" remarked the colonel dryly; "and when did you make that discovery!"

"Well, sir," returned Tommy apologetically, "Beresford here tells me I was awfully drunk; and—and—I'm sure I did not drink much, sir. but," a happy inspira-tion suddenly occurring to him, "you see, sir, I'm beastly young yet and my head gets knocked over in next to no time."



"You see, sir, I'm beastly young yet."

Probably never in his years of service had Col. Barnes ever had made to him or heard given by any one else such an excuse for an indiscretion at the table; in fact it was so new that he did not in the least know what to sav. And while he was still staring at Tommy, speechless with surprise, I must confess that Beautiful Jim, whose sense of humor was not small, went off into smothered agonies of laughter such as at last bade fair to choke him. And the more he tried to disguise it by the help of a big pocket handkerchief and a make believe cough the more and more infectious it became until at last Col. Barnes got up from his chair in dig-

nity that was exceedingly shaky.
"Well, Earle," he said, in a voice as
shaky as his dignity, "I am very glad to see that you have sense to know and to honestly own when you've been in fault. honestly own when you've been in fault. If you keep up that spirit, my boy, there will be no fear of your not doing well in the Blankshire regiment. We will say no more about it. Beresford—I'll—look—in"—probably the chief had meant to say "again," but before he had finished speaking his laughter had got beyond his control, and his only way of hiding from the offender that he was laughing himself, or that he had taken notice of the agonies or that he had taken notice of the agonies that Beautiful Jim was suffering, was by edging off toward the door, and getting himself out of the room without the delay of a moment. As a matter of fact, he lay of a moment. As a matter of fact, he simply could not have uttered the last word without going off into roars of laughter, even to have saved his life. And Col. Barnes had a very proper idea of the dignity of his rank and position, and the due effect of both upon his junior of learns.

Beautiful Jim, relieved from the necessity of hiding his laughter, simply laid back in his chair and laughed weakly until the tears speed in his eyes, and his

"Temmy—Tommy—you'll be the death
of me," Jim gasped.
"Can't see why. As for the colonel,"
Tommy remarked, "I believe he's gone
off to have a fit of apoplexy."
"I shouldn't at all wonder," declared
the other in a feeble voice. "I know if
he'd stayed five minutes longer in this
room I should have had one for certain.
"You see air. I'm heastly young, and my

'You see, sir, I'm beastly young, and my head gets knocked ever in next to no time.' Tommy, can't you see the joke of

"No, I can't," said Tommy, tartly.
"You told me to patch it up if I could, and I have patched it up, and even now you aren't satisfied. I don't know what you aren't satisfied. I don't know what you want, nor what you would be at!"
"Then I can't enlighten you, my son,"
Jim declared, "and, as I live, I am due at the office! Ta, ta, old chap. See you later in the day, I dare say," and Beautiful Jim jammed his cap upon his head and rushed off, buckling on his sword as he went.

PROGRESS UNDER DIFFICULTIES. As soon as he was free to get out of the barracks that afternoon Beautiful Jim betook himself off to the bazar, which was open for the last day. He found a great crowd there, for it was market day, and nearly all the country people had con-trived to go to it for an hour or so before

they went home.

The ladies were all very busy; for, in spite of a week's good sale, there was still a large quantity of things to be disposed of, and they were taking almost any price they could get for them so as to effect a clearance. Miss Earle was especially have the pleasant winning manner. cially busy, her pleasant winning manner and fair, bright face bringing her many and many a customer who otherwise would not have cared to spend a farthing.

Beautiful Jim, however, suffered by this popularity, for he could not manage to get a word with her, or hardly one. He knew that she and Tommy were going home on the Monday morning, and he knew, too, that he could not hope by any

chance to get even a two days' leave on this side of the 1st of September. So Beautiful Jim, despite the gay and giddy throng of which he made one, was as nearly miserable as he could be while he had still the privilege of watching his

"I sha'n't see you after today, Miss Earle." he said, disconsolately, when at last she had ten minutes to spare, and he had the felicity of taking her off to the refreshment chalet for a cup of tea.

"Because I'm on duty to-morrow, and I can't get any of the other fellows to do it for me," he returned, mournfully. "Oh!" she cried in dismay, "and Mrs.
Trafford is having a tea after the parish."
"Yes, I know," said he wretchedly.
Then after a moment he exclaimed in a brighter tone: "There's one fellow I

haven't asked, so there's just a chance yet for me." et for me. "Then I shall not say good-by today,

said Miss Earle, with decision. "I hate saying good-by. Don't you."
"It depends," said Jim, guardedly. "It depends a good deal on the other person.
Now, if I was saying good-by to you," he said, in a desperate tone—and just as Miss Earle was beginning to show the prettiest each end of which was waxed-soaped, if of danger signals in her cheeks and a droop in her sweet eyes, some idiot, Jim said to himself, savagely, came clumsily along and knocked a heavy tea tray against her arm, making her shriek out in unmistakable pain. "Now, then! Where are you going?"

Jim thundered, looking daggers at the luckless individual. After many apologies and regrets the poor wretch went away forgiven; and then, just as Jim was going to be tender

and lover like over the poor arm, a great stream of people came in, among whom were two of the Leslie girls and Tommy

It is to be hoped that the recording angel does not put down all the naughty words that rise in the heart and never pass the lips; if he does, he must have had a busy ten minutes that Saturday afternoon, for Beautiful Jim's unspoken thoughts were-well, far from saintly.

Thus reminded of her duties, Nancy Earle went back to her post, and never another chance did Jim have of uttering the words which, if she would only hear and heed, would have made him the happiest man in Blankhampton that day! But for all that he hung about Lady Margaret's chalet with the persistence and fidelity of a dog, and once or twice, when Nancy sallied forth to dispose, by the un-lawful and sinful means of rafiling, of some rather large article of upholstery which hung on hand, he was privileged in being allowed to carry that same, to stand by while she enlarged on the beauties of soft cushions which nobody wanted to buy, and descanted on the merits of banner screens which were a mockery and an abomination.

"I may come and see you when I am in town?" he asked.

"Oh! yes, Mr. Beresford, we shall be delighted if you do," she replied heartily.
"Ah! I shall not be able to get leave until well on in September, or perhaps even October, and you won't be in town then," he said, in dejection and gloom. "You're sure not to be in town, then."

"I am not so sure," she said. "True, we always go to the country for several months and intend to stay all the winter -only, somehow, my father likes our in town better than our country place, and we generally find ourselves home again in Hans place early in Octoonly he does hate the country so. The country people bore him, and he says the house is a draught trap. And then he likes his paper at breakfast time, and he likes his club and his whist and all that. Oh, I dare say you will find us at home if you happen to be in town in October, or even at the end of September."
"It's a tremendous time from this to

September," said Jim, feeling a little mollified by her information. "Yes," said Miss Earle-"it is a sofa cushion, worked by the Duchess of Blank-shire; only sixty chances at a shilling each, and I only want three to make up

Beautiful Jim stood still and cursed at fate, the cushion and its noble maker the duchess, at the inquisitive person who desired to see it, at everything, in short, excepting Miss Nancy Earle.

"Look here," he said, brusquely. "Need you hawk that thing about any longer? I hate to hear you wasting blandishments over these people. I'll take the remaining

"Oh! that is sweet and lovely of you,"
Miss Earle said, "Two shillings, please.
I do hope you'll get it, for I'm real tired
with trailing about trying to get rid

I do hope you'll get it, for I'm real tired with trailing about trying to get rid of it."

"If I get it," grumbled Jim, "I shall take it back to barracks and burn it."

"But why?"

"Just to revenge myself on the duchess for making such a hideous thing," he answered.

However, he did not win it, for after a long and tiresome process the raffle was long and tiresome process the raffle was "The Leslies did not go into the Deanery, having a little festivity of their own that night; but as they parted from Nancy at the door some suspicion of the truth dawned upon Sarah.

"Norrie," she exclaimed, as soon as they were out of ear shot, "did you notice anything unusual about Beautiful Jim te-night?"

"I thought he seemed uncommonly flat—for him, that is," returned Norah, wromptly.

conducted in much solemn state up it a corner, the dean himself lighting the lag; and the cushion fell to Mile Rape hereill. She took it with very delightful satisfic-

tion.

"Mr. Beresford," she said, suddenly, as if a really brilliant idea had struck her, "you've been as good as gold helping me to get rid of it—I'll give it to you."

"To me?" cried Jim.

"Yes; it will help to brighten your room. Will you accept it?"

"Miss Earle," he said, "I will keep it forever."

forever."

"Then," said she, with a pretty laugh,
"I think I will take it back and find you something prettier for a keepsake; for if you have such a thing as that in remembrance of me, it will not be very long before you say, or at least think, 'What a hideous thing that is. Why did I buy it? Oh! a girl gave it to me. Yes, young Earle's sister; it was at a bazar at Rlankhampton.' And then you'll only remember the girl by the cushion, and you'll get to associate me with the cushion, and"—

"I will keep it," Jim declared, stoutly, keeping the uncomely cushion fast under his arm. "You gave it me—it is exquisite. I would not part with it for the

Miss Earle laughed again, and just then
Lady Margaret beckoned to her. "Nancy,
my dear, Aileen has had to go home. She
has given in at last, poor child."
"Oh! poor Aileen," cried Nancy.
"Is Miss Adair faint? Can I do any-

thing for her, Lady Margaret?" Jim asked in great concern.
"No. She is over tired, that is all; thank you so much, though. This long week has been too much for her," Lady Margaret replied. "She has gone to lie down, but I hope she will be able to come

down for supper."

For each evening there was supper at the Deanery for the workers at Lady Margaret's stall, and for such of those helpers

garet's stall, and for such of those helpers as came from a distance.

"Oh! I do hope so," Nancy exclaimed.

She was very fond of the beautiful Aileen.

"Meantime," Lady Margaret went on,

"she told me to ask if you would finish off the raffle for this," holding out a child's little velvet pelisse, handsomely trimmed with lace. "Oh, of course," Nancy answered, read-

Beautiful Jim would fain have raised the objection that Nancy was almost as worn out by her labors as Miss Adair; but Nancy saw what was coming, and checked him by an imperative pat on the

"That's good of you," exclaimed the dean's wife gratefully. "Then see here, dear. There are thirty-five shilling chances, and Aileen had already got seventeen to be a with the teen taken up. Here is the bag with the names and the money. It will leave you eighteen still to get?" eighteen still to get.

Beautiful Jim fairly groaned within himself—eighteen shillings to be wheedled out of eighteen unwilling pockets eighteen men or women to captivate by all the pretty persuasions and graces which he wanted to keep so badly for himself—eighteen—oh! it was too cruel not to give her a moment's rest, and he would like to have burned the thing.
"Very well," Nancy answered. How

"Very well," Nancy answered. How ready and willing she was, worn out and weary though she might be, to take up the burden again and keep working still! "Here, Mr. Bereford, will you carry it for

"With pleasure," returned Jim, not very truthfully, it must be owned; "and after this you too will knook off work, won't you?" "Oh, yes, it will be time," answered

Lady Margaret for her. "And, Nancy, be sure you tell the people how it happens to be so expensive. It is made of the best of velvet, the lace is very good, and the linings are silk. In fact, there is no profit on it whatever, for Mrs. Bateman made it for me for nothing."
"I'll tell them," said Nancy, and she

started away at once on her mission. But beautiful Jim could not stand any "Miss Earle," he said, "please don't hawk that thing about any more, will

you? I'll buy the chances remaining. "But, Mr. Beresford," she said. don't need a little child's pelisse.' "No; but I'd like to buy the other chances if you've no objection," he returned, meekly. "But what can you want with it?" she

"Who would?" he asked, eyeing the little garment with huge contempt. "But I don't like to see you killing yourself over the thing-and-and-please do let me have the rest of the chances?" "But eighteen chances—and, if you get it, what will you do with it?" she asked. "Oh! give it to some one or other," he

"I don't want it, of course," he said

replied-"anything, so that you don't go about any more, wasting yourself on such a crew as this," moving his head impatiently from side to side so as to indicate the crowd gathered in the street of the

Swiss village.
So Nancy Earle gave way and allowed him to fill up the eighteen places on her card with his initials; and then he drew her away from the glare of the lamps until he found a cozy and retired seat under a wide spreading tree.

CHAPTER XII.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN. In spite of the pains and trouble at which Beautiful Jim had been in order to secure a quiet half hour with Nancy Earle, they were not long left undisturbed under the shadow of the wide spreading tree be-neath which they had taken refuge. For hardly had they settled themselves there in comfort before little Violet Leslie, folthis year, because Stuart may care to bring friends for the shooting. I suppose my father would like to be there if he did—only he does hate the country longer lowed by the incorrigible Tommy, pushed aside the branches and invaded their retreat; and the incorrigible Tommy, it must be understood was a statement. and overflowing with his own importance to dream for a mount of betaking himself out of the the convenience and pleasure of : . nior officer.

And that happened to be the very last chance he had of a quict quarter of an hour with Nancy Larle before she left Blankhampton. For no sooner did they emerge from the shelter of the branches than they were seized upon by two of the Leslie girls, who demanded in their friendliest tones what was the state of business at Lady Margaret's stall.

Now, in Beautiful Jim's opinion, as in

that of many another man, the Leslie sisters were quite the most brilliant and attractive girls in the town, but, as a truthful chronicler of Blankhampton life, must own that, at that moment, he found himself wondering what in the wide world he could ever have seen attractive about any one of them. Poor Jim! From that moment until they were summoned into the Deanery for supper, he did not get rid of them, and by that time his last chance of a quiet talk with

Nancy was gone.

The Leslies did not go into the Deanery

"and he is as gone on her as possible.

"and he is as gone on her as possible.

What is halfe we couldn't leave them together; allow going away on Monday."

"Oh, there's the parish to-morrow,"

"Oh, there's the parish to-morrow," said Norah, easily.

"Oh, but he is on duty to-morrow," Sarah cried. "Young Towers told me so, because Jim wanted him to do it, and he wouldn't. He said old Jim was in an awful way about it."

"Then I think he might have taken it, nasty little wretch!" said Norah, who had but little love for Towers. "Let us snub him all we know to-morrow."

him all we know to-morrow."

But all the snubbing in the world didn't alter the fact that Beautiful Jim had found no one willing to do his duty, or that he was eating his very heart out in barracks on Nancy Earle's last day in Blankhamman

As for Nancy, all the sweetness and light of the place seemed to have gone out, and out of her life too, so far as that went. She sat a long time beside the open window of her bedroom that night thinking — thinking — thinking! First, how savage he had been when Violet Leslie and Stuart came under the tree—as if poor dear Stuart would ever dream that they had gone there for more than five minutes' rest from the noise and turmoil of the fair. And how, when he had espied his servant in the crowd, he had given that hideous cushion to him, and bade him take it back to barracks with great care. Then how he had sat beside her at supper, and how tender and gentle he had been, and how he had held her hand at parting and looked at her—why, positively, her cheeks were burning as she thought of it. And then another thought rose up in her mind, a thought of which, owing to her training and the traditions of her house, she felt more than

"If only Stuart had not chosen just that spot and just that moment to take little Violet Leslie out of the crowd—ah! how different all might have been"-and then her eyes fell upon the child's little velvet pelisse which Jim had won and left be-hind him.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN NEW QUARTERS. At last the time of young Stuart Earle's first long leave was over, and he went to Blankhampton to join his regiment, when for several months his life was certainly not of the most pleasant kind, and was very different from any experience he had had before.

For one thing, he had made a bad impression at his very first appearance among them on each and all of his brother officers, from his commanding officer down to the latest joined subaltern, so that every one of them was on the look out the smallest sign of that "cheek" which every man of them felt it was his personal and particular duty to try to eradicate. A difficult task even for the united strength of a whole regiment, for Tommy's native bounce was apparently

of unlimited quantity, while in quality, as bounce, it was of the very first water. So far as his manners in the mess room were concerned, he was in an incredibly short time what Beautitul Jim called "licked into shape," but in other ways Tommy proved himself to be simply incorrigible. For instance, he never could be brought to see that in Blankhampton society he was in any way inferior to his senior officers, and even in the palace of the lord bishop himself he made no more ado about openly chaffing Beautiful Jim, or telling an absurd tale at the major's expense, than he did of flirting desperately with little Violet Leslie, who was barely out of the school room. Indeed, before six months had gone by, Tommy had the name of being the most impudent young cub who had ever graced the Blankshire regiment or the old city of Blank hampton by his presence.

Miscellaueous.

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suitable for a Christmas Gift to young or old. Pu chase now before it is too late 2 For I'WENTY FIVE CENTS we will also send any of the following articles:—Pack of handsome Playing Cards, one beautiful Autograph Album, Pen Krife, fifty beautiful Scrap Plecures, two pieces of instrumental or vocal music, two hovels by popular authors, When replying mention this paper. HOLIDAY NOVELTY (3.17, P. O. Box 197, Toronto.

ARM LANDS FOR SALE

BY AUCTION. I have been favored with instructions to sell by Public Auction at the BENSON HOUSE, IN THE TOWN OF LINDSAY.

SATURDAY, 22nd of DECEMBER, 1888 At the hour of the o'clock, p. m., the following Valuable Farm

Townships of Ops and Emily. NAMELY:

Parcel I.—Composed of Lot No. 7 in the 6th Concession of Ops. 200 acres more or less; about 120 acres cleared, in good state of cultivation, balance well wooded with maple and mixed timber. Good house barn and stable. A nevertailing stream of water uns through this farm, making it one of the best stock or grain farms in the county of Victoria. Sail good clay. Good leading road to Liadsay.

Parcel 11.—Consists of the North Half of Lot No. 17 in the 16th, and the South Helf of tot 17 in the 11th Concession of Emity 200 acres more or less, about 160 acres cleared and under cultivation, balance good hardwood bush. On Lot 17 in 1th Con. there is a good dwelling house, stable and two large barns. The and is well fenced and in a good state of cultivation. The soil is the best clay and clay losm. These lata will be sold together or separately to suit purchasers.

purchasers.
The band is well situate being convenient to elther L nessay, Peterporough or Omemee markets, is within one-quarter of a mile of a good school and in a most desirable neighborhood,

school and in a most desirable neighborhood, with good reads.

Possession can be had on the first day of March purchaser to pay the tenants for any pinwing now done on the saillands, also for fall wheat and last spring a seeding with timothy and clover if any sown and growing.

ARMS.—One-ten'n of purchase money down the balance in one monto from day of sale, or one-half the purchase money may remain on morigage on the property with interest at 6; per cent. per annum payable yearly. There will be a reserve bid on each parcel of land.

For further particulars apply to MESSES OLEARY & OLEARY. Or to GEO. McHUGH, Auctione

# CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

ommend it as superior to any prescr on to me." H. A. Ancusa, M. D.,

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MUTTAY Street, N. T.

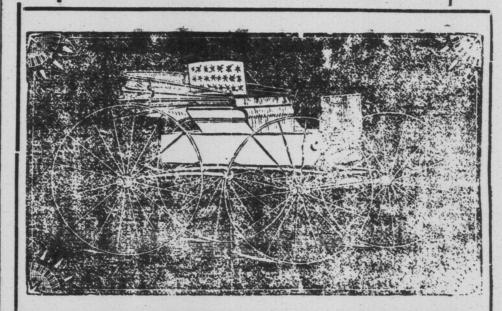
R. Kylie.

## TOP BUGGIES

I have still a number of TOP BUG-GI S and PHÆTONS on hand, and will run them off CHAP 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 any must have it, as I cannot successfully conduct business without the necessary funds.



### ADMIRED 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 showrooms and examine the stock.

RICH. KYLIE.

Lindsay. Oct. 15, 1888.-19.

\$1500.00 WORTH

FASHIONABLE DRESS GOUDS.

are to be sold by the 1st of January, in order to do this I have decided to sell them at COST AND UNDER

as I am going out of this line of Goods, so if you wish to purchase first-class goods at your own price now is your opportunity.

Ingle & Ryley.

MILLINERY AND MANTLES. Also during the sale of Dress Goods I will give Bargains in Millinery and Mantles.

> MRS. H. SILVER, WILLIAM STREET, LINDSAY.

Lindsay, Dec. 5.-264.

The practical way to make your house warm is to keep the cold out. To this end Frost Sashes are a great help. We manufacture Sashes to

fit any size or shape of window and guarantee close fit and perfect stop to draughts of of cold air. Send in your orders or call at the

Prices the lowest consistent with good work.

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