PRESENTS

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Lingray, Dec. 4, 1888.

The Canadian Lost

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, DEC. 28, 1898.

Continued from 5th page. toe news came that young munro nad san from Liverpool for New York. It reached

Lucy's ears through a sympathetic servant she would like to have a cup of tea sent to her up stairs in her own room, as she had a headache and begged to be excused from the breakfast table. Mrs. Dawbarn knew that she had heard of Munro's departure for America, but she did not dare to mention even the name of the objectionable clerk so her husband, who was entirely ignorant of the young man's movements. Two or three days after the doctor was sent for. The medical man hummed and hawed and said that his patient was low. Lucy grew worse and worse. a consultation was held. The young lady's disorder was pronounced to be nervous fever. and one white headed old gentleman from London suggested to Mr. and Mrs. Dawbarn that if the young lady were engaged he should not advise the postponement of the

"You see, my dear Mr. Dawbarn," said the old gentleman, "your dear daughter's malady is partly mental. She has here no employment, that is, no fresh employment for her mind. If you could substitute new duties, fresh impressions, she would recover quickly. Her energy is wearing her to pieces; she wants, so to speak, to begin her life over again. If—if her partner has not yet been chosen"-here the eyes of the father and mother met-"let her travel, let her choose an occupation, give her something to do. I know a young lady-much the same kind of case-who took to painting, and found considerable benefit from the study and the practice. Italy, now, might create a desire to cultivate some art—say music, eh? Your dear daughter is not strong; her mind is too much for her body."

Lucy was taken to Harrogate, to Chelten ham, to Leamington and Scarborough, then to the south of France and Italy. When she returned to Bramlingdon she had to be lifted from the carriage. Her father, who had not seen her for two months, was struck with the visible alteration in her face and figure. He himself carried her to her room and was hardly conscious of his burden. She said she was tired with her journey and would go to bed. Mr. Dawbarn descended to dine with his wife, and meeting on the stairs with the sympathetic house maid who had informed Lucy of Munro's departure for America, and asking the girl why she was crying, and receiving for answer that it was for Miss Lucy, he discharged her on the spot.

It was a dismal dinner. Husband and wife spoke but little, and when one caught the the other's eye there was a great show of appetite. Mr. Dawbarn drank a considerable quantity of sherry. When the cloth was removed the conversation flagged. Neither dared begin the consultation they felt was inevitable. Before they went into Lucy's room to look at her as she lay sleeping, Mr. Dawburn put his arm around his wife's waist and kissed her on the forehead, a proceeding which made the good old lady tremble very much and her mouth and nostrils quiver.

Side by side in the dark the couple lay awake in their luxurious chamber, starting at the reflection of the window frame upon the blinds. The father began.

"Philip," said the mother. What do you think of Lucy?"

The mother heaved a deep sigh.
"Good God!" said the banker, "when ! took her up in my arms I could hardly feel her weight. She was like a feather-like a feather. Jemima, you're crying, my love. Tell me, honestly, now, honestly, candidly, as you think. Tell me, tell me."

The wife threw her arm around her husband's neck and sobbed: "I fear that we

shall lose her."

It was spoken, and death was recognized as a presence in the house. 'D'ye think there's no hope?"

"Only one, and that a very poor one."

Mr. Dawbarn felt a mental qualm, for he new what was comin What's that?" he asked.

"You'll be angry with me, Philip, if I tell

"Angry, my dearf no, no, not a bit," said The banker sighed.

"Do you mean"— he began.

"Lie or hear of their young man, I believe the would recover. I'm sure it would

"Think of Lucy being Lady Landrings or Lady Hawdon! county people—and then of her being Mrs. — oh!"

"It's a sad thing, dear, but what can we do now that she's so ill—poor thing! And if we could save her life."

Mr. Dawbarn turned in the bed. "T'll ask Tepham about it to-metrow." (Topham was the doctor.) "I'll hear his opinion."
"I have asked him," said the mother, "and he agrees with me."
"But how can it be done!" asked the

banker, turning again restlessly. "I can't ask the fellow to marry my daughter."
"No, but you can offer him a littration in the bank."

"Suppose he refuses." "He won't reines.".
"And con Final him? Where is he?"
"B. Amidico," and hered Mrs. Discours.
"America!" repeated the banker sitting
is bed. "Then how the deuce is he to be

"Advertising is not respectable," said the banker; to which his wife made no reply but

"Besides," continued Mrs. Dawbarn, after a short pause, "if you don't like advertising, send somebody after him to find out where he is."

"Send somebody! Send who?
"Oh, that Mr. Studden; he's doing nothing and I dare say will be glad of the job."
"I suppose that Topham advised that too?,"
"Yes, he did."

"I thought I recognized Topham's interest a that young vagabond. I suppose you and he have talked this matter over new some

"I and Mr. Studden!" "No, you and Topham." "And you've arranged it all between you."

"I was afraid."

"Afraid! Afraid of what?" "Of you." "Of me, Jemima? Don't you think I love my child as much as you?"

derstand some things."
"But Topham's a man," remarked the puzzled banker.

"But then he's a doctor," was the reply.

Mr. Dawbarn groaned inwardly, as a possible coronet presented itself to his mind's eye—and then faded away. "I suppose you must have it your own way," he said.

"May I, Philip?" asked his wife, putting her arm around his neck a second time.

"Yes, I believe you're in the right. But won't the shock—the surprise hurt her?" "I'll answer for that. May I tell her to-"Yes," sighed the vanquished father.
"Bless you, Philip!" said the good mother;
and she kissed her partner, and both wife

and husband slept the sleep of the just. "Lucy, my dear," said Mrs. Dawbarn the next morning as she entered the invalid's chamber, "I and papa have been talking

about you." "Yes, mamma," said Lucy, with an evident want of interest in the subject. "And what do you think he says?" "Don't know, mamma."

"He's going to make some alterations in the bank. "Oh, indeed!" Miss Lucy had not the smallest solicitude about the bank.

"And what else do you think?" "Oh, mamma, I am so tired," said Lucy "What else do you think he means to do?" continued Mrs. Dawbarn, bending her ma-

tronly head over her daughter's face, and pouring into her ear words that made the girl flush scarlet and her eyes flash. "Oh, mamma, it can't be true!" "My love, could I deceive you?" "No, dear mamma, no; but oh, is it true!

Kiss me, mamma dear. I am so happy and so thankful, and—and in a little time, when I've thought over how happy I am, papa may come in, and I'll kiss him and thank him, and tell him how grateful I am too, But poor Lucy could get no further, and sobbed and wept with delight.

"My darling, kiss me now," said her father. advancing from the door, behind which he had watched the effect of the news. "I'll do anything to make you happy—anything." "O papa! my own papa!"
"My darling, you'll love me now again a

you used to do, won't you? and—and—there's Mr. Bob Studden's knock. I'll send that fellow off to New York-I mean to Liverpool, this very night." Mr. Bob Studden was waiting in the dining

room. He was so changed in face, dress, appearance and manner that when Mr. Dawbarn saw him he started and said: "Are you Mr. Robert Studden?"

"Yes, Mr. Dawbarn, it's me," said the familiar voice. "I dare say you find me changed. I do myself." He was indeed altered. In place of the

spick, span, new, natty, dressy, shiny, oily, varnished Bob, the delight of barmaids and the envy of grooms, stood a shabby, corduroy trousered, waistcoatless vagabond, smelling of straw and porter. Mr. Dawbarn hesi-tated before he asked him to sit down.

"I got your letter, sir," said Bob, whose manner was as deferential as his clothes were shabby, "and came on immediately. Sorry I couldn't present myself more decently; but

"What are you doing now, Mr. Studden?" sked the banker. "At present, sir, replied Bob, "I am stable-man at the Cock and Bottle."

"Good gracious!" "It's not what I could wish, sir, but it's better than nothing. I'm sorry to say I'm only employed there two days a week—Mondays and market days; but still, what with odd jobs, I manage to grub on."

Mr. Dawbarn looked at the ex-betting

man's wan face and wistful eyes, and asked him if he would take a glass of wine.

Bob shot a quick glance, and said that he would; and in the keen look Mr. Dawbarn

read hunger. "The sherry," said the banker to a servant, "and bring lunch—some cold roast beef—and—you know; and when we've lunched, Mr. Studden, we'll talk business."

Mr. Studden, we'll talk business."

Mr. Studden's performance upon the beef was so extraordinary that the banker feared that he would commit involuntary suicide. It was with a feeling of intense relief that he saw him attack the cheese; but the attack was so prolonged that Mr. Dawbarn feared lest the sufficient the beef had left unaccomplished should be effected by the Stilton. "Not any more, air, thankfiyers." answered Bob to his high cimplimentary question. "I never tasted such a cheese—and as for the beef, it's besuitink. I hereaft insted animal food for these tan days. Nor, sell herring, is not animal food any more, than, a lump of salt is, and I'm sick of red herrings. Soak im to animal food the sell is the same they are you him, they always easts of whitests instants they always easts of whitests instants they like they take to be min the same they had been they had been they like next to be in the same.

and even betting men are men—and whether it was the memory of bygans days, crithe wins, or the beast, or the beast, or the cheese that affected him, cannot be ascertained, but one of these causes, or some of them, or all, caused Bob Studden to lay his head upon his arms, and to cry copiously. He then began accusing himself, and saying that he was a had lot; that he was minerable and repented; that his life was an hourly curse to him; that he knew he had brought it all upon himself; that all his friends had deserted him, particularly those who had shared his hospitality, and even his money, when he was prosperous; that the man who owed his

was prosperous; that the man who owed his rise in life to him, and whom he had assisted at a crisis, had behaved to him with an in-gratitude that stung him to the son!; that he was half starved and had no bed but in the stable; that he was ruined-ruined-and had

New York and from there to wherever else it might be necessary to travel, in search of Mr. Munro; that money would be pro-vided and letters furnished him, and that he was required to start for Liverpool that very night; that it was hoped he would not lightly give up a chance that offered him re-demption for the past and a fine prospect for

"I'll do it! I'll do it!" said Bob, rising and grasping the banker's hand; "and God bless you, Mr. Dawbarn, for giving a poor outcast devil like me the chance. I'll not deceive you, sir, if I do"-

"Hush, hush, Mr. Studden." "You'll make a man of me, sir—a MAN!
I'll be true as steel. I'll not bet—not on the
best horse that was ever foaled. To-night, sir—I'll start this minute, barefoot, if you wished it. I've got a decent suit of clothes in pawn, sir, quite good enough for the likes of me: I'll be faithful and true, sir, and God

bless you, sir, and—and"—
Here Bob broke down again, and even stiff.
Mr. Dawbarn was compelled to use his cambric handkerchief as Mr. Studden used his coat sleeve. Bob was furnished with letters; among them was one from Mr. Dawbarn addressed to Munro, which included a note sed to Munro, which inclosed a note from Lucy, which contained only these words, written in a large, trembling hand: "Come back to me-oh! come back to me my dear; and soon, if you would see again

upon this earth your own Lucy."

A few hours after Bob was seated on the roof of the night coach, and as it rattled past the banker's house he saw a light in Lucy's chamber. Although the night was cold the window was thrown up, and a thin hand waved a handkerchief.

. CHAPTER V. Two years elapsed and there was no news of the missing Mr. Munro. Letters arrived frequently from different parts of America from Mr. Bob Studden, who evidently found his task to be more difficult than he had supposed. America was a large continent, and t was not so easy to find one particular man apon it. Poor Lucy amused herself by reading books and perusing maps. She liked to wonder if George were there—or there; and what sort of place it was. She arranged all Mr. Bob Studden's letters of intelligence in chronological order and compared them with the books and the maps, and so traced his progress. She always knew when an American letter arrived by an instinct for which she was at a loss to account herself; but for all these sources of consolation, for all her mother's and father's solicitude, she grew weaker and weaker. She took no air but in an invalid chair. Her father walked by her side grave and dejected. Stealthy shadows took possession of the banker's house. They flitted on the windows, lingered on the staircases and hung about the passages; and the good folks of Bramlingdon looked sad as they passed the banker's, over which, as over

those it contained, there hung the sanctity of a great sorrow.

Two long, long years and two long, long months Lucy waited and hoped, each day her pale cheek growing paler, and her light form lighter, and toward Christmas she was unable to be lifted from her bed. Dr. Topham said that he had exhausted the resource of his science; and when the poor girl turned feverishly, and, with a slight access of delirium, asked for the fiftieth time if there were no news, the doctor beckoned the banker and his wife from the sick room and said: "I've an idea! This cannot last long-she must be quieted somehow. She keeps asking for news; now news from America

would quiet her and she might sleep." "We have no news," said the single minded

"No," replied the doctor, "but we can make some." "Make some!"

"Fabricate it-invent it. Don't you see?" "O doctor!" remarked the tearful mother, to deceive a poor creature on the threshold

"To snatch her from death," said Dr. Top-ham. "It must be done. It is the last chance. We must write a letter from Studden this very night."

"But-but-but-it is forgery!" stammered the banker. "Besides," said Mrs. Dawbarn, "Lucy knows Mr. Studden's hand and always examines the envelopes."

"Then," said the doctor, "we must do it by telegraph "
"Telegraph!"

"Yes. In a few minutes you will receive telegram from Mr. Bob Studden, saying that he has just arrived at Liverpool withwith a companion."
"Who'll send it?" "I will," said the doctor.

"But when—when she finds that Studden is not in England—what then?" "We must think of something else," said

"We must think of something else," said the undaunted Topham. "The case is desperate, and something desperate must be tried. Go and talk to her, Mrs. Dawbarn, and I'll send the telegram."

With a strong feeling of conscious guilt Mr. and Mrs. Dawbarn put into their daughter's hand a telegram containing these words: "From Robert Studden, Adelphi Hotel, Liverpeol, to Charles Dawbarn, Bramlingdon. "I have just arrived in Liverpool. I have news of Mr. M. I hope to be in Bramlingdon by Thursday."

don by Thursday.? Lucy read the telegram and sat up in her

"He's come, mamma!" she said, and her eyes flashed and her cheeks flushed. "He landed in England this morning—I felt he did—about 9 o'clock. He will be here soon, did—about 9 o'clook. He will be here soon, George will—very soon—very soon. Manma, please tell Eliza to put out my like frock. He liked like—and to come and do my hair—and—and—and—tell Eliza, to apper to its—and I can tell her what I want my self.

The father and mother exchanged Element that said. Hete is the consequence of directly that said. Hete is the consequence of directly that many had hardly been interchanged before amart rap was heard at the street door, and a servant came in with another takegraphic dispatch, which ran thus:

"From R. Thuskien, Adelphi Hotel, Liverpoli, to C. Thewbarn, Bramlingdon.

"with arrived here with Mr. Munro. Shall start by hight train, leaving here at 1:30.

E. war servant to Bramlingdon to energy.

Dr. Topham entered the house, and in-quired how his plan had succeeded.

quired how his plan had succeeded.

"Oh, Lucy is very much delighted and agitated," answered Lucy's father. "What we shall do with her when she finds the news not true, I do not know. But, Topham, why the deute did you sent two talegrams?"

"Two!" echoed Topham. "I only sent one."

"Yes, you did."

"No, I didn't."

"Yes, you did. Here it is."

The doctor looked at the second telegram, and said, "I didn't send this."

"No! Who then?"

"No! Who then?"

"No! Who then?"

"By Joval He did! Studden, I mean. Dawbarn, he's come! he's come! I only anticipated the truth. It was a medical inspiration—and my patient will recover."

Mr. Dawbarn lost no time in talegraphing back to Liverpool. At Lucy's expense desire. Mr. Studden was instancted to talegraphing every station, that the might have how much nearer and nearer her George was to his. The telegraph loys were up the whole night, and Lucy kept the telegrapher was to his. The telegraph loys were up the whole night, and Lucy kept the telegrapher was to them until she fell first asless.

When she swoke the found her said unable to rist, so resolved to receive the fitture his band in state; and when she had looked in band in state; and when she had looked in make me look better, but for, fear my pale.
white, white cheeks should frighten George."
The heavy hours flew by. George arrived,
and was shown upstairs to his faithful, constant mistress; and the servants in the

kitchen held great jubiles, and there was sweethearting below stairs as well as above. Mr. Dawbarn found Mr. Bob Studden quite an American—according to the notion of Americans imbibed by Englishmen a few months resident in the New World. He wore a "goatee" beard, square toed boots,

and loud trousers and cravat. He addressed Mr. Dawbarn as "colonel," and assumed a manner that savored equally of the quarter-deck and the counter—half pirate, half bag-

"As I advertised you, colonel," he ex-plained, "in the various letters from the various diggings where I fixed my temporary location when I set foot in New York, I could find small trace of G. Munro, but I followed up that trace, and dogged eternally wherever he had made tracks. At last I lost nim, and was near thinkin' I was done holler -yes, sir-and do you know why I thought I was done holler? He changed his name, and what his last occupation was I could not discover. However, I traveled and traveled on; and how d'ye think, and whar d'ye think, colonel, I found him out at last?"

"I don't know." "It was quite by accident—it was. I thought I'd heard of him in Detroit, but I couldn't find him in Detroit; and I was goin' away by the cars on the following sun up. Not knowing what to do with myself till roosting time, I strolled into the museum that is-that was a theatre then. The first man I see upon the stage was G. Munro, dressed like a citizen, in coat, vest and pants, or perhaps I should not have known him. I hailed him, and we started off that very night. We traveled quicker than post, or I should have written. I should have diagnosed him before, but the track was cold, be cause he had changed his name, and gone upon the stage-a fact which I have not mentioned to any one but you, nor do I intend to du-the stage not being considered by the

general as business like." Lucy was soon seen out again in the invalid chair, but her father no longer walked by her side. He was replaced by Mr. Munro, who usually propelled it himself. Within eighteen months the young couple were married, and some time after George was made a partner in the bank. Mr. Robert Studden, by the assistance of his patron, emigrated to Australia, where he drives a thriving business in horses. Before he sailed he spent the Christmas day with the bride and bridegroom. And though our tale ends happily with marriage and dowry, as novels and plays should end, it is not for that reason a fiction, but a true story of true love

CHRISTMAS CAROL

There's a story olden, golden, Laden with the sweetest peace, Of a stranger in a manger, Couched on autumn's rich increase Robed not in sable, for a stable, With its rude and dust clad walls, Formed a shelter, where did swelter

Cattle in their stifled stalls. Then from heaven's azure riven, Blazed a star of radiance bright; Glorious, victorious, It paled the other stars of night, Then it glimmered, gleamed and shimmered, O'er the town of Bethlehem;



Above the stable's pointed gables Did that star of heaven stand; While adoring, wealth outpouring, Knelt the men from Judah's land. Softly saying, 'mid their praying, While their eyes with tears were dim From afar we've seen his star, And have come to worship him! Then came winging, sweetly singing, Hosts on hosts of cherubim, Glory, glory, hear the story! Peace on earth, good will to men!"



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