Machine. Oil

USE

Manufacturer, Port Hope. Publisher's Notice.

ENTS FOR THE POST. Moneys may be paid to, and subscriptions left with the following gentlemen, who have kindly consented to act as agents for THE

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, JAN. 25, 1880.

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

(Continued from last week.)

never done anything for yourself in all

your life, and never even gone a long

journey alone, it's no joke to face going

out to India, or still worse to Burmah

without a soul to help you to do a thing.'

Nancy Earle, who was standing by,

took her hand. "My dear," she whis-pered, "believe me, it's far harder when

you are so placed that you cannot go out whatever happens, when you know that,

even if you hear the worst and you feel

you are wanted ever so badly, you are

bound at home by ties and restrictions which you cannot break. Oh! it is noth-

ing to let one's husband go, compared with the one who is everything and yet

it, dear," she said, kindly, and with

scarcely more than a faint sob catching

her breath, "and be sure if he is in need

of my help he will have it. I'd do any-

thing for him for his own sake, but I'll do

it for yours as well now, I promise you."

fervently, "small wonder he is so fond of you. Mrs. Seton. Some day, perhaps, I shall be able to do semething for you, and

if I ever can-oh, how I shall jump at the

clearing out of the station, and as the

handsome dean had given his sturdy arm

to Mr. Earle, Nancy and Ailcen followed in their wake with Mrs, Seton.

The dean was trying hard to persuade

the old man to abandon his idea of return-

thig home that day, and to change his

quarters from the Golden Swan to the

more luxurious case and quietude of the Deanery, for as he side it will be a change for you, and if you go lone at

once you will more and get thinking of

danger to the bey, when as yet no danger

exists, and besides, you do not know

the neighborhood whom you know more

One more night, however, he did con-

sent to remain at the Golden Swan, and

he also promised to dine at Mrs. Trafford's.

to meet a select but hurriedly gathered

By this time the people were gradually

chance of being able to do it.

Blankhampton into all, t

good deal that is well were a

and there must be a great hand

But Mr. Earle was obdurate!

How good you are." Nancy whispered,

nothing to you.'

CANNINGTON.

AND CANNINGTON.

CHOCK ST.

CANNINGTON.

CHOCK ST.

C try cordially.

ent being all at once.

GLENARM.

ARSYLE.

D. H. EVANS. P. M.

EVANSVALE

D. H. EVANS. P. M.

J. H. VAN VLECE

BADGWA.

WM. MOASE

FINGERBOARD.

THOS. FRANCIS, P. M.

VROOMANTON.

THOS. FRANCIS, P. M.

VROOMANTON.

WF. RITCHIE, P. M.

VICTORIA ROAD

ATHERLEY.

VALENTIA

GAMEBRIDGE.

R. J. HARRINGTON

R. J. HARRINGTON

in the morning."

"Oh! father, dear!" Nancy cried, in dismay, "Not the 5 o'clock train!"

"Oh, well, no; not the 5 o'clock train. I didn't quite mean that," he admitted. Nancy did not hesitate, but struck while the iron was hot. "And the one at 8 is very slow, dear," she said, mildly. "We tried it once, if you remember, and you sw—you found fault all the way to 8t. Pancras. Don't you think we had better say the express at 11:15? It's such better say the express at 11:15? It's such

a comfortable train, you know, dear."
"Yes, of course—of course," exclaimed

in her gentlest tones. and then go off to his beloved club, whence he came back to dinner-not because he would not rather have dined there, but

Nancy knew from that that he was better-that the great wrench of parting with Stuart had passed over-so she was much more easy in her mind about him, although she did not think it advisable to pay the promised visit to Blankhampton.

So the greater part of November slipped away, and Aileen returned home, leaving

The dreary winter days passed by; Mrs. Seton dried her eyes and looked | Christmas came and went-to the houseup. "Yes, he told me a good deal about | hold in Hans place a festive season withyear died out and the New Year dawned And all this time there was no especial news from the Blankshire regiment. In every letter they were longing for fighting, to get to the front, for anything decisive which would bring the miserable campaign to an end. And at last there came an evening when Nancy opened The Evening Standard to read: "Great Engagement in Burmah," and to see stand-

CHAPTER XXIX.

When the words Great Engagement in Burmah caught Nancy Earle's eyes, and immediately afterward the names of James Beresford and Stuart Earle, she was for a minute or two too terrified to it at the paragraph again. Then she

pared herself to face the worst. The announcement was a usual one of its kind. It said that a party of the Blankshire regiment had been out on the search for Dacoits and had been surprised by an unusually large band of these na-

together company; and as soon as he and Nancy had finished their somewhat early lunch, he told her that he was going to keep himself very quiet until dinner time, and that he did not wish to be disturbed. Nancy, therefore, put on her hat and Nancy, therefore, put on her hat and went to see her friend, Aileen, who was tired too with the excrtions of the morning; so the two girls dawdled away the lovely September afternoon on the terrace of the Deanery, in company, after an hour or so, with the girls from the residence and one or two men from the cavalry barracks, who had found their

way thither I don't quite know how. Then came the evening, spent as brightly and gayly-for little Mrs. Traf-ford knew how to make her parties go off well and her guests enjoy themselves, none better-as if the scene at the station that morning had been the beginning of a bridal tour for some especially fortunate young couple, rather than a setting out of some of their nearest and dearest to undergo the horrors of war. And to more than one it was a welcome relief from the dreary process of sitting down

CHAPTER XXVIII NEWS AT LAST.

"If Nancy likes to come back to see you all when I am comfortably settled in town." Mr. Earle said to Lady Margaret and her daughter during the course of the evening of Mrs. Trafford's little im-promptu dinner, "I shall be very glad to spare her. Not that I do not miss her when she is away from me, mind, but I get very well looked after in town, and can exist without her; and I do not forget," with a sigh, "that she is young, and that the tastes of May are different to the tastes of December.

"Oh, let us say October." put in Lady But the old man shook his head very

decidedly. "Nay, my dear lady, not only December

hay, my dear lady, not only December, but getting very near Christmas time," he said, gently.

"Then I hope Nancy will come back to us again," said Lady Margaret, ignoring the remark, with which, by the bye, she altogether agreed, "and stay along time."

But Nancy had no notion of planting harself for an unlimited visit in a country. the remark, with which, by the bye, she altogether agreed, "and stay along time."
But Nancy had no notion of planting herself for an unlimited visit in a country town, where news would be a day old and letters several posts in reaching her, and she shook her head as firmly as ever her sat by the fireside, her little or Stuart one way or the other.

She had already dressed for dinner, wery simply and plainly, in a dark velvet gown, with her pretty, slender throat just showing from out of its soft lace ruffles, and as she sat by the fireside, her little tender

"Well, I really do not see that there is any reason," said Lady Margaret, with a

laugh.
So they settled it, and the following morning the Earles left Blankhampton and returned to Earles Hope. While there Nancy had letters from her Beautiful Jim, written, or rather posted, from Liverpool and Queenstown.

He said that they were all well and fairly cheerful: that Tommy had been abjectly seasick up to that time, and had not turned out of his berth at all; and then followed a good deal highly interesting to Nancy herself, but not bearing much on the points of this story.

They remained about ten days at Earles Hope, not from choice, but simply because the house in Hans place could not by hook or by crook be got ready to receive them any earlier; and, on the whole, it must be owned that Nancy had rather a trying time of it, for the old man was a a trying time of it, for the old man was a regular town bird, and loathed the coun-

At last, however, the welcome news came from town to say that the house was ready, and Mr. Earle became a differ-

"First train in the morning, my dear," he said, joyfully. "The very first train

the old man, testily. "How dull you are getting, Nancy. That was the train I meant, of course." "How stupid of me," murmured Nancy,

She had her reward; they reached London in time for her father to have lunch

simply from a sense of duty to his daughter-in the best possible spirits.

Instead, however, her friend Aileen came to stay with her, and the two girls spent a very pleasant time together. There was not much doing, and the town was still rather empty; but at its worst it was a lively change from Blankhamp-

Nancy to her lonely life, for Mr. Earle, being almost all day at his club, could scarce be counted as having much to do

ing out, as in letters of fire, two names, Lieuts. James Beresford and Stuart Earle.

SUSPENSE KILLS.

summ ned up ail her courage and pre-

tive robbers, with the result of complete



She was for a minute or two too terrified. victory to the English troops. Unfortunately, however, the loss on our side had been five killed, and eight men of the Blankshire regiment had been more or less severely wounded, one of whom had died on the way back to camp. Besides these, two officers of the same regiment had been very severely wounded—Lieuts.

James Beresford and Stuart Earle.

It was, of course, utterly absurd of the correspondent out of the scene of action to have sent home such a heading to such a paragraph as "Great Engagement in urmah"-or if he had not been responsible for it, for the person who had done so -but Nancy, poor girl, did not stay to think of that. To her, it was the most important battle that had ever been fought in the world's history-for were not the two aoldiers in whom she took more interest than in all the rest of the army put together lying at that moment grievously wounded, if not already dead? In the shock of the moment her bitter-ness against her brother all died out, but it must be owned that she thought of her Beautiful Jim the most. She felt Jim's wound racking her own delicate body; she felt every jolt of litter or inequality of his rough bed; she thought of the heat and the flies and the absence of proper attention; and she thought but little of

nand somehow jet stealing up and down the soft velves of her gown, sattled at enset the largery of her somehold as the string second them she down as the positive second than she did, and to whom, at that moment, they were an impossibility far out of reach.

Not that she could help herself—her duty tied her hard and fast in her father's house, just as fate had sent him to meet what had already perhaps proved his death—her father was se old and—and then, oh! she suddenly remembered him in the midst of her own trouble, remembered that he would see the evening papers at his club, and would look eagerly for news from the front, and so would receive the intelligence of his son's danger without in any way having it broken to him.

him.

Quickly almost as the thought struck her, she jumped up and ran down into the hall, where the fire was blazing away cheerily and casting pretty gleams of light up the tall quaint screen which formed a sort of chimney corner to it. There was nebudy there so without waiting to sumnobody there, so without waiting to summon a servant to inquire if he had returned home, Nancy turned and ran up the staircase again, going this time to his

He was not there, either, but as Nancy pushed open the door after knocking twice, his man Darby came out of the bedroom with a can of water in his hand.

"Has Mr. Earle returned yet, Darby?"
Nancy asked, breathlessly.
"Not yet, Miss Earle." he answered, with a glance at the little horseshoe clock on the chimney shelf; "and it is twenty minutes to 8, rather less, for that clock is minute or two slow.' "There is awful news from Burmah

Darby," said Nancy, trembling. "There has been a great engagement—and Mr. Stuart is wounded, severely wounded." "You don't say so, ma'am," exclaimed Darby, who, in common with all the servants both in Hans place and Earles Hope, detested the heir to the old name. The tone was not very sympathetic; in fact, it expressed the well bred surprise of a good servant rather than sympathy at all—but expressed the well bred surprise of a good servant rather than sympathy at all—but he was sorry for Nancy, and his thoughts went straight to the effect the news might have upon his master. "I hope the master will not see the papers at the club, Miss Earle," he said, anxiously.

Nancy was about to speak, when a furious peal at the bell of the outer door sounded through the house.

sounded through the house.
"There he is," she said, and ran out of the room and down the stairs just as the servant, who had come up from below,

opened the door. But it was not her father; and instead of his tall and striking figure appearing out of the gloom of the winter's evening, a short, stout and roseate gentleman

walked into the house.
"Oh! Sir George," Nancy cried, recognizing one of her father's most intimate "My dear young lady," said Sir George St. Leger, kindly, "I am sorry—but there

is sad news!" "I have seen the papers—I know," Nancy answered, quickly. "And my By this time he had drawn her to the

fireside, and was holding both her hands "I am very sorry, my dear, that your poor father has seen them, too," said he, very kindly, "and the shock-it's) no use my trying to spin it out; I told

them at the club that I was the wrong man to send on an errand of this kind," "Oh! go on. Don't keep me waiting," mey said, imploringly. "Tell me the Nancy said, imploringly. "worst at once. Is he dead?"

"Oh! no-no-no, my dear child," cried the little old gentleman, eagerly; "certainly not-nothing of the kind. But it was a very great shock, of course, to our dear old friend, and he had a kind of seizure-a faintness, or something of that sort, and they are bringing him home, some of the others. in his own carriage; so I took a cab and hurried on to say it would be safer to get the doctor here as quickly as possible. Just a precaution, you know, my dear," pressing her hands ere he set them free.

Nancy put the hand which was nearest

to him back into his. "How good you are," she said, turning round at the same time. "Jones, will you send out at once for Dr. Davies? Don't let them lose a moment, Darby; you have everything ready for my father, have you

"Everything, ma'am," said Darby, who had been prepared for trouble of this kind from the moment the young mistress had told him the last news of the young

master.

"You would like me to stay until they come, or is there anything that I can do, my dear?" asked Sir George, kindly.

"Oh! no. There is so little that any of us can do," she answered, hopelessly; "but do stay, please."

So Sir George drew her down on to the cozy couch, sheltered by the tall Chinese screen, and together they waited during the few minutes, that seemed so interminably long, before the sound of the carriage was heard without.

Naturally enough, Darby was the first to approach the carriage, and as soon as his eyes fell upon the helpless and motionless figure of his master, he looked over his shoulder at the butler and said, imperatively: "Get Miss Earle out of sight—it's paralysis." Thus bidden, Jones did his best, but

Nancy was close behind him. "I am quite prepared for anything. Jones," she said, with intense calmness. "Don't waste time trying to persuade me to go away-they need your help." She was not unreasonable in the least.

although she would not be put away from her father's side when she felt that he needed her the most; but she stood aside to let them carry him into the house and up the wide stairs to his own room. 'He will recover from this a good deal after an hour or so, my dear," said Sir

"No, Sir George, he will never be any better," she said, mournfully. "He has not strength enough to bear up against a shock like that—he is so old and so fruil. Even Sir George could not think of any. thing to say—and, in his heart of hearts, he confidently believed that his old friend

was dead already. There was the sound of a hansom dashing up to the door, and then the doctor came hurrying in. "Yes-I've heard all about it." he said, as Nancy met him. "A pity—a pity. A shock like that is a nasty thing to fight against at Mr. Earle's age; however, I'll against at Mr. Earle's age; however, I'll go straight up, if you please, Miss Earle. Well, yes—I think you had better let me go first. I won't keep you in suspense or away from him a moment longer than is absolutely necessary." Then he, too, disappeared up the stairs, and Nancy sat down on the sofa again to wait for now

down on the sofa again to wait for news with the best patience she might.
"You want to be going—your dinner," she said, wearily, to Sir George.

"No-no-I am dining at the club-any time will do. I could not leave without time will do. I could not leave without hearing what the doctor says, in any case," he replied, hastily; and so they sat on side by side while the clock in the corner ticked steadily on, not speaking much—rather, indeed, holding their breath to listen for the first sound that should come to them from the hushed and quiet chamber above. Dr. Davies did not keep them

"Oh! yes; but have you dined? Not Then get a glass of wine and some strong soup, or something of that kind before you do so; and do not touch him or disturb him in any way, even if he seems uneasy and restless. He knows nothing, and at present, suffers nothing whatever."

"Very well," said Nancy, obediently. Sir George St. Leger bade her good-by then, saying that he would look in on his way home later in the evening and ask after his old friend. "And If there is anything that I can do, you will command me?" he added.

"Oh! yes, Sir George, I will indeed, and

"Oh! yes, Sir George, I will indeed, and thank you so much," returned Nancy.

And at last she was free to go upstairs into her father's room, to go and sit beside him, to watch him as he lay helpless and unconscious upon his bed, with Darby, his faithful man, at hand to do all that medical shill apply advise until the that medical skill could advise, until the nurse should come. And after a while she came. A small, slight, brown haired woman, with a fair, pleasant face, and good, bright, hazel eyes. She came in as if she had lived in the room all her life, her footsteps making no sound, her light gown no rustle, and she stood beside the bed and looked down upon her new pa-tient, while Darby repeated in a whisper the instructions which the doctor had

And then Darby went down to get his supper, and Nancy crept round to her side.

"Do you think he will die, nurse?" she asked, with a world of entreaty in her looks and tones. The nurse turned her bright eyes upon

"I think that he is very ill," she said, "But do you think he will die?" Nancy persisted.

"With great care he might pull round again," returned the nurse, unwilling to commit herself one way or the other. So Nancy went back to her place again and took up her occupations of watching

the set gray face on which the darker shadows were fast stealing. She knew only too well what the nurse's unwillingness to speak conveyed, and there was no hope-no hope! Oh! what sad, sad hours they were

with the old man who had been so much to her dying before her, and in her mind the continual thought of that other one stricken down in the full measure of his youth and strength, and lying—if it were not all over before this—in discomfort and misery, without one loving hand to help him. And then she thought of the unhappy, headstrong, passionate boy, who was not 20 years old yet, but who had wrecked her life and had sent her brave and gallant lover to his death-for had there not risen up that obstacle to the marriage, Jim Beresford would have left the service or have exchanged into a home regiment many months ago. Darby crept into the room again after

awhile, and the nurse put up a warning finger that he might make no noise. "Is he worse?" the man asked, and in an awed whisper, but the nurse only closed her lips a shade tighter, and kept her eyes fixed on the sunk and haggard

Dr. Davis came very soon, having no need to ask questions or make examina-non, only, indeed, raising his eyebrows a little as he cast a glance at the uncon scions figure.

But he did not go away. He stood at the foot of the bed and waited. But not for long! The minutes passed slowly by.
The little clock on the dressing table ticked steadily on, and the hands pointed hard on the hour of midnight; no one moved or stirred. Nancy sat just where she had sat for several hours, her hands pressed hard together, but no sound escaping her lips or any tears falling from her eyes. And then the little clock began to chime the midnight hour, and ere the twelfth tiny stroke had rent the air, the last of the Earles had passed away, killed by the news of harm to the son who had never been but a shame to him, and with out word or look for the daughter who was only a girl, who was born an Earle, yet an Earle that did not count.

> CHAPTER XXX. WAITING.

Early the following morning Sir George St. Leger came to ask for Nancy, and to find out if there was anything he could do to serve her, or in any way lighten the duties which lay immediately before her. "There is something that you could do

for me, Sir George," she said, when she had answered his greeting, "and it is to telegraph out to Burmah for me, to get the last news. The servants are very good, and anxious to do all they can, but none of them know whom to send to and where to send, and I cannot tell them. But I thought you would besure to know, or be able to find out."

"To be sure, to be sure," Sir George made haste to reply. "I will do it at 'I can give you the last address I had,

if that would be any use.' "Oh! no. I'll go down to the war office and get the latest information as to route and so on." "And, Sir George, it would be best, I

think, not to send my brother any news from here," Nancy said, hesitatingly. "You see it might be told to him suddenly, and just turn the scale with him, if he is very badly wounded, as they say."
"I will be sure to word the message very carefully," said little for George, feeling a very suspicious lump rising in his throat at the thought of the double sorrow which had come upon this fragile girl with the golden head and dove's eyes.

There was a moment's silence. "And—and would you also inquire especially after Mr. Beresford?" she said, flushing a lovely shell like pink over her

"Mr. Beresford—that was the other man who was wounded," Sir George exclaimed. "Is he a friend of yours, my dear? Did you know him?" "I am going to marry him some day," she said, then she at once began to sob

piteously, "if-if"-"No-no-let us hope for the best. Don't think of that," the little man cried, almost beside himself with distress. "While there's life there's hope, you know, my dear, and they are both young and strong—not like our dear old friend who went away from us yesterday, but young men in the very flower of their strength. The chances are a thousand to one in their favor; but I'll go along at once, my dear, and then your mind will be more at rest about them," and off the

good hearted little man went, and Nancy was once more left alone.

There was a great deal for her to do naturally, but it was really only in the way of giving orders. The family solicitor came as soon as he received the news of Mr. Earle's death, and all the weight

of arranging for the funeral and the other regimes full discussion.

The day wors above away, but the George did not recisin mith hows from Burnes. Then Distration of the property of the property of the property of the first that the worst had happened to one or both out at the front. "Which is it, Darby?" she eaked, faintly, feeling a deadly numbress stealing over her. "Hiss Earle," he said, very gently, "you are the last of the name now. Mr. Stuart only lived a few hours after they got him into eamp."

"And Mr.—Beresford?" Namey whispered.

pered.

"No mention of him, ma'am," the servant answered, "so he is alive at all events;" and then he put the paper into her hand and pointed to the place where she would find what she wished to see.

It was so short, cruelly short, as war dispatches always seem to those who are the most keenly interested, just saying that Lieut. Stuart Earle and one private of the Blankshire regiment had died, shortly after reaching camp, of wounds received in an engagement with Dacoits on the —th.

And there was not a single word about the condition or fate of Lieut. James Beresford. However, in a certain sense. there was relief in the very fact; at all events he was not dead, so that there

was a chance for him yet.

She had to wait a long time, or what seemed so to her, poor girl, before she got any definite news about him, for although the papers contained various short dispatches he was not mentioned in any of Still no news was good news, and at last Sir George St. Leger came to her in triumph with a telegram which had come by various stages right from the foun-

tain head.

"Maj. Seton to Sir George St. Leger:
Earle died almost immediately after
reaching camp. Beresford badly wounded
in head and arm, but is going on very
well. If no fever every chance of his
getting through it. Will wire to you if
there is any important change."

And after this Nancy had no choice but
to sit down and wait. Still she was not
and could not be idle, for there was much

to sit down and wait. Still she was not and could not be idle, for there was much to be done. The putting of a large household into mourning, the hearing and approving of arrangements for a funeral which was almost a public one, of the melancholy journey down to Earles Hope, the ordering of baked meats and so on for the tenantry who would attend it. the tenantry who would attend it, the answering of letters, the receiving and arranging of the dozens of wreaths and other remembrances, of flowers which came from far and near to show the affection and respect in which the old man had been held; all these offices fell upon her.

Then the day before that of the funeral company and confined to the funeral confined to the fun

came, and early in the afternoon they went down to Earles Hope, and the last of the Earles was carried into the house of his fore-elders for the last time. Yes, the last of the Earles after all, for young Stuart had been dead already some hours when the news of the engagement in which he had been wounded reached his father and sister. So the long sad evening wore away, and the following day, amid blinding snow, the lengthy procession passed from hall to graveyard, and Nancy, the one who had never been of any account before, was the only Earle left of all the proud old race who had ruled at Earles Hope for many and many

She was the last of them all, the owner of that wide estate, of all their great rent roll; she was the sole mistress of everydo exactly as she chose-to come and go as she liked-to remain an Earle to the end of her days, or to wed with whom

And Jim Beresford, the man she loved most in all the wide world, was lying at that moment hovering between life and death on the other side of the globe, lying in discomfort and misery, to endure the cruel torture of ghastly wounds inflicted by the weapons of Burmese Dacoits-a striking instance of the irony of fate. It was several days after Nancy had returned to town that Sir George came to her, in something like triumph, with a dispatch, or more correctly a telegram, from Maj. Seton. "Great news, my dear-great news!"

he said. And so it was. For it told that, after a sharp attack of fever, Beresford had taken a decided turn for the better, and if he went on as he gave every promise at that time of doing, he would be moved homeward in about a fortnight or so. By homeward ho meant to say that they would get him down to Calcutta, where he would be able to have more comforts

and a better chance of recovery.
"Sir George," said Nancy suddenly, "I am going out to Calcutta by the next steamer! "Alone, my dear?" asked the little man. somewhat in dismay.

"Oh! no, I shall take servants with me; but I shall go," she answered. "And you will be married out there?" "It is very likely."
"But you cannot go alone." "Oh! yes. Mrs. Seton is there; I shall go to her. If not, there are plenty of

other people who will be friendly to me.

Any way, he is iil, and must want me-and I am going." CHAPTER XXXI.

TOGETHER.

For perhaps the first time in all the twenty-two years of her life, there was apparent in Nancy Larle's behavior a spice of that daredevil, headstrong self will which had sent her younger brother to his ruin! And having made up her mind to go out to Calcutta, and yet further, to reach her Beautiful Jim's side if he didn't happen to be there, she did not let the grass grow under her feet, but set about making her preparations at once for the

journey. In vain did Sir George St. Leger represent to her that for a young unmarried lady of great personal attractions to un dertake so long and so formidable a jour ney was a very, very serious matter-that the world would look upon such a proceeding as altogether out of the common

"But it is out of the common," said Nancy, looking straight at him with her wonderful, clear dove's eyes. "I am going to be married to Mr. Beresford very soon, and he has been very severely wounded. He must have the most dire need of me." "But people will think it altogether odd," the little man persisted.

"The Earles have never troubled them selves much about what people might think," said Nancy, rather proudly. "As to my going out there, I know he would approve of that; and besides, you know, I am not going out to strangers. Mrs. Seton is in Calcutta, and I am going straight to her.' "But supposing she has left it when you

get there?' "I shall telegraph to her at once. she has to leave before I get there she will have made the way smooth for me, never fear.' Then Sir George gave up the conflict,

seeing that Nancy was proving herself to be a real chip of the old Earle block, and that he was but wasting his breath in arguing with her. antinued on 7th page.

J. W. Wallace

ARE AGAIN IN OPERATION

Large Stock of Goods to sell Cheap. Don't forget that we will sell Goods Cheaper than the Cheapest.

TERMS CASH OR PRODUCE. All accounts required to be settled.

J. W. WALLACE.

Ingle & Ryley.

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.

INGLE & RYLEY,

LINDSAY PLANING MILL. Lindsay, Oct. 31st, 1888.-21.

Hogg Bros.-Oakwood. **CLOVER SEED**

We are prepared to pay Highest market prices for

ALSIKE CLOVER, RED CLOVER TIMOTHY SEEDS.

Bring along your sacks and get the cash.

HOGG BROS.

OAKWOOD. Oakwood, Dec. 5. 1888,-26,

E. Gregory.

GREGORY

PATENT MEDICINES.

Toilet Soaps in great variety and at low prices to suit Hair, Tooth and Nail Brushes.

Perfumery and Toilet Requisites of all kinds. Library, Table and Hand Lamps, Chimneys, etc. CORNER KENT and WILLIAM-STS.,

LINDSAY.

Lindsay, July 31st, 1888.-8.

J. G. Edwards

J. G. EDWARDS WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.



-IMPORTER OF-SHELF and HEAVY HARDWARE Seasonable Goods, Russell's

Carving Knives and Forks-every set warranted; Butcher, Stake and Skinning Knives of every description, all of the best quality, Cutlery in great variety; also Carpet Sweepers, Plated Goods, Spoons, Knives and Forks,

Pickle and Cruet Stands,

Butter Dishes, Napkin Rings Children's Sets, any of which would make a nice Christmas Present; Acme Club Skates, Sleigh Bells, Wire Doer Mats, Fanning Mill Cloth, Cinder Sifters, Buck Saws, Saw Bucks, Axes, Axe Handles, Cross Cut Saws, Cow Chains, Rope Halters, Scales, Lanterns, Meat Chorpers, and all kinds of Builders and Carriage Makers Hardware. J. G. EDWARDS.

Lindsay. Dec. 10, 1888.-27.

LUN BER AND WOOD. KILLABY & KENNEDY

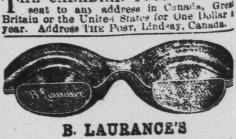
Wholesale and retail dealers in all kinds of LUMBER. BILL STUFF AND WOOD. Lumber of every description, liry, Dressed and Matched, ready for use. Bill Stuff of all kinds in stock. Framing Timber and Joists of all lengths. Eningles of all grades cheap.

FIREWOOD Of the best quality delivered to any part of the town. Grain and Produce.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE for WHEAT at the Beaverton Roller Milli. Having introduced the latest improved Roller System for the manufacture of FLOUR they are now prepared to fill all orders with the patent article.

Chopping done at all times. 19 DOBSON & CAMPRELL, BEAVERTON N. B.-Baker's trade a specialty.

Beaverton, July 7, 1887 .- 52-1y Miscellaneous. THE CANADIAN POST WILL BI



Recommended by the President of the Medical Association of Canada, the President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and almost every great medical authority in Canada.

Are the only genuine articles that can be always relied on for perfect sight and cost fort. A pair of B. LAURENCE'S SPECTACLES

will outlast five common pairs and make of for loss of vision by positive comfort and the con-olation that the wearer's e, es will improve by their use. Real Brazilian Pebbles

are kept by all his agents, and if you want sold comfort with your eyes call on W. E. BLLIS..... PENELON FALL D. D. ROSS WOODVILLE MORRISON BEAVERTO --- ST. JOHNSUNDERLAN (Agent Wanted).........CANNINGTO VENTRESS BOBCAYGE

other stituen by the HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR WHEAT. The undersigned are prepared to pay the already to the claimed been pr that the these g 6,700 pa been o year he! complet

adva amor favor effect dry g —M the in system and v now to alarm

-G
chann
St. Ci
undot
he and
gover
-Co
was co
a Mon
moral
the re
cer ha

-Mittion of wear a bigger White the bu bably every

-A burled

weight of five

Was fo

men," to

Journs

twice in Lord S Gladate

Mr. Irv Mr. Ch

earn t

votes th

-An

of the

-In t day Atto respond Michael agitatio John O' will go b basthoon Rossa. common upacru achieve

who has offered h cient co within b -A L elections strong is tries and Roughly that has bery, poli press com city itself makes the sive. The had and gn'flean

trong me ant, and The city of the lead. of 118, he John Lub with ever few hund

timid are