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C. D. BARR, Proprietor.

GENTS FOR THE POST.

Moneys may be paid to, and subscriptions left with the following gentlemen, who have sindly concented to act as agents for TEE AROUND IN A DESIGN OF THE BIRTH WITH THE FORT THE PORT TO ANNINGTON TO A SECOND THE PORT TO ANNINGTON TO AN ACCOUNT OF THE PORT TO ANNINGTON TO AN ACCOUNT OF THE PORT TO ACCOUNT O

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, FEB. 14, 1890.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

(Continued from second page.)

apron, crumbling them to pieces as she threw them in. When Leonard saw how pale was her usually jolly little face, and how she held back the tears, he broke into uneasy accusations against him-

"I'm a brute," he cried, "But it galls me to see you degraded. Come here. child. Think how your beauty is wasted drudging in this back alley." "Didn't it make you love me. Leon-

ard?" looking up sideways. "Yes. But fam wasted," with a pas sionate outbreak. "There is no reason why I should not stand as high as any Heath that went before me. I am a gen-Heman by right of blood and body and

soul. Look at the place they had in the world. I am trampled under foot. For what? For want of money - money!" Then Winny threw down her plaster rubbish and went to him. She had a

sudden perception of the imminence of the danger. The old Leonard was going from her, from them all, forever, 8hc put up her hands on his shoulders. This was no vagary of a moment that could so after this whole outward man. She had no time to sob or cry out. She tried to think of what strongest words to say: You have your trade. No Heath of them all had your intellect." His eyes Plistened at that, "There is no reason why you should not be respected. And then you have me," dropping her head so that he could hold it to his breast, as be would do if love was all in all to him. as it was to the little woman, But he did not, "Oh, I've no doubt,

I have all the materials of a good life, if 1 had the money. But without it is like that lamp without a light in it."

Winny lifted her head quickly, "So the light is not in it without money?" she said slowly. "I thought"- But what she thought she never told. Winny had no gift of tragic expression. She had said her little word of remonstrance, and was done with outery now and for ever, She went directly to her work, colder and paler than she had ever seen before.

"Will you have your supper now?" she said gently, after a while rapping at the window for Uncle Ben, who came in with a vehement glow of cheerfulness, told one or two roaring campaign stories and forgot to laugh at them himself, praised the supper, while his dim eves wandered piteously from one unanswering young face to the other. The supper was over. Winny, like most strong-nerved women, usually worked off inward fever by hot action of her body. In a few minutes the from was clean, the hearth swept, and an armelair, the leather worn and shiny with old age, pulled up in front of the fire. She stood beside it and glanced at Leonard. But he loitered apart by the

open door. The sergeant got up, turned his back to the fire, took off his rusty wig, and polsing it on his fist, brushed it carefully—a ceremony which always with the old fellow ushered in an important act. "I want to say a word to you, little gal," solemnly "and to you, Leon-ard. Its about this day week-your

weeddin' day." The woman's face glowed with flery blushes, but Leonard was silent. She Pained her eyes at that and looked at him

The sergeant pulled her toward him, elearing his throat and beginning with renewed cheerfulness: "We've been partners a good many years, Winny-since you was up to my knee about—but I think this day week it'll be time to part com-

She did not answer him by word or look. Her eyes never left the man's face, which stood out in relief against the dark background of the night without, as though she read in it words which made her deaf to all others.

"It's borne in on me to-day, Winny, that I ought to go," in a voice which he made unnaturally jovial. "A man and his new wife is best alone; a third party h like water spilled on a hot, fresh j'ined pair of shears—it spiles the temper of 'em ever after. Besides, you and Leonard is goin' to hev a hard fight for it. My bit of pension'd be little help."

Without looking at him she pulled his wrinkled yellow hand under her arm and held it tight on her breast. "Your pension kept me from the almshouse, Uncle Ben. No husband can ever come between me and you."

"It was only the want of money I thought of"- She knew then that he had overheard some of Leonard's words. "Are you going to measure out life by dollars?" she cried. "Is money above love with you all?" The old man was silent, knowing the words were meant for Leonard. But Leonard did not speak. She was unjust and bitter, he thought, like all women. What if he deferred his marriage for this chance of a fortune? It would be but for a month or a year. Or if, to be plain about it, he did, as she chose to put it, rate money higher than love? He was a practical man; he knew how he had been worsted and trampled on always for want of money; he had his chance now. Was he to give it up for a woman's kiss? Joe, and Winny, too, no doubt, would call it a damnable thing to rob hundreds of poor men of their homes on the strength of a musty parchment. He was a practical man.

was for their sake he did it not his own. Ben was stroking her hair: "I knowed you'd wish me to stay, Winny. But"-He looked at Heath, who hesitated a moment and then came forward, leaning his hand on a chair back: "Sergeant Porter, you'll never leave your niece by my will. I do not forget what she owes you. Some day I hope to repay her great obligations in a way that—that may surprise you, sir. There was a boyish choke in his voice at the word.

He saw things in a business light. It

I'd be sorry if you paid me in any way Leonard," the sergeant said, gently. He loosened his hand and slipped quietly to his own room. He felt he had no right to be there with these young people, who stood looking at each other, holding their lives in their hands. He had the feeling of an intruder who had jostled into a foom where some one-a stranger-lay

The firelight flashed pleasantly about the homely little kitchen and about the girl: it seemed to show Leonard his honest place among men-work and love. It

Heath was naturally a kind hearted, affectionate fellow; besides, his imagination was at work; the tenants of the Liverpool property were already real to him-sturdy mill men, pale sewing women, little children from whom he was going to filch their one chance in the world; he could hear the very words with which they would curse him when he brought out the musty parchment that left them beggared and homeless, But behind the musty parchment, for him, was-money.

Winny fancied she saw a flicker of his old boyish, frank smile; her own face glowed in an instant under it: "Here is your place, Leonard"-timidly turning the comfortable chair about a little.

How sweet and sufficing she looked in her pretty housewife's dress, the hair pushed back from her decided little face! Her big dark eyes, soft, unreasoning, protesting against pain as a deer's, follow ed him as he moved uneasily about. They haunted Leonard Heath for years,

"Winny," he said, avoiding them guiltily, "I am going to leave you for a week, or a month perhaps-not longer." She said nothing. How could she struggle against this unknown power which was taking him away? But she knew by instinct that it was taking him away from her, and that for ever.

"I am going to find a certain thing, It is for your benefit-yours and Joe's, You are not hurt at me? You say nothing"-sharply. "It is not for myself. God knows I am not selfish." "No, you are not selfish, Leonard. But-you do not find enough-here?"



"I'LL KEEP IT FOR YOU"—PUTTING HER HAND ON THE CHAIR. "No. There! we will not talk of it.

You never understood all the requirements of my nature-none of you. You never will." He took up his cap and shifted it irresolutely in his hand.
"Will you be gone long, Leonard?"

"No. If I do not succeed in my search in a month, I will come back to you. You'll keep my place there ready for me?" with a smile.

Her face brightened: "I'll keep it for you"-putting her hand on the chair. Are you going now?"

"Yes, now." He took a step nearer. But he knew if he kissed the warm, sweet breathed mouth, or touched her, he never would leave her. He stood motionless a moment, and then, with a sudden gesture of farewell, went out into the night.

"And that's Joseph, eh? But there was another Heath, sergeant—a younger lad, if I'm not mistaken?"

Uncle Ben glanced warily about the little eating house, hauled up his wooden leg and bent over his glass of ale to reach the corporal's ear. The room was vacant but for themselves, and Tifflin was a trusty fellow; they had been comrades at Palo Alto and Vera Cruz; still, it was as well to be cautious. He keyed his whisper to the lowest pitch.

Tiffin sat upright again with a long-drawn "Whew! Now I've heerd of cases like that," he rejoined, solemnly nodding. "But I can't say as one ever come before into my actual experience. I've heerd before of men disappearin' off the face of the earth in broad daylight, with their friends about them. Death put out his hand and took 'em onseen, I reckon. That's more awful to me than to see them going the usual road-first corpses then crumblin' bones. And there's been no word of him sence?"

"No, none; and that is five year agofive year this October since he went sut of the door, as it might be there, saying, 'I'm going to bring something to you—to you and Joe.' Leonard 'ud hev brought it if he'd been alive. He'd hev sent tidin's, if it was his last breath, to one of them as waited for him. I hed faith in the boy," shaking his head.

"The police, now-I reckon you tried them? People allus do; with a nod as one who knew human weakness and could pardon it.

"Of course. Wouldn't you have recommended it Tifflin?" "They found no traces, I'll ventur?"

"No. They sarched all likely and onlikely places. And Joe-for more nor a year he let his business go by the board. I did what I could, but it was of no use." "Ther was one, you said, he would have sent tidin's to?"

"She's there. She's waitin' for him yet to keep his promise. I'd rather not talk about her." Ben was silent for a moment, and then resumed in an altered tone: "There was one clew! There was an oldish, wizened lookin' man, that Leonard had been seen with in the city a day or two before; search was made for him, but he never was seen afterward. Ther was them as said he hed made way with the boy."

"I hevn't a doubt of it. I hev my own opinion about these onaccountable disappearances"-draining his glass with a mysterious nod. "When ther's common robbery it comes out, an' when ther's common murder it comes out. But when old Death puts on human shape an' goes about lavin' on his hand, now here, now there, them he touches vanishes in daylight, an' ther's nothin' heard of them again. You heerd of that strange man that was seen goin' from town to town in '82, and the cholery follered him like a bloodhound its master." "No," with a shiver. "Then you

think"-"How do you know that the man seen

with young Heath was a man?" Tiffin's views were dreary and chilly. would be waiting for him, he knew.

They had been living for only a week in town, and this was the sergeant's first onslaught into the dissipation of city life. He stumped along the narrow streets in the suburb into the unfrequented road leading to the low, red brick house, with its half dozen porches, whose windows were sending a cheerful glimmer from the top of the hill. That was Joe's house. Just a week ago he and Bessy, had carried out their old scheme. and had moved into the outskirts of Philadelphia, buying this farm house and its two or three acres round about. Not a stone's throw off, in the orchard, there was the stone cottage into which Winny and Uncle Ben had snuggled down with theirold furniture, and big fires, and plaster busts and simple, hearty, old-fashioned ways that made a home out of the place

It was a matter of course that they should come with Joe and Bessy, who had drawn them closer to them by degrees, for years trying to fill up the gap in the girl's life with their own home affairs, their children, their watchful love of her. The first plan was that the sergeant and Winny should share the house with them, but Winny rebelled. "We must have room for our plaster work, Uncle Ben and I," she said; "and room for our sober, humdrum ways. It would not be best for us to live with you. Bes-

So, with her savings (for the paddle had kept the wolf clear out of sight), she bought this cottage—a joint stock con-cern with her and Ben. He had been at work for weeks, patching fences, painting every bit of wood susceptible of paint, to the very cowshed. To-day the last triumphant nail had been driven. Winny had put down her green rag carpet and tacked her last curtain, and Joe and Bessy were coming over for a house-

warming tea. Ben stumped along the board walk whistling cheerily, his old heart beating time under his thin ribs. He had gone to town for some pepper pot. as a deli-cate surprise to add to the entertainment, when he fell in with Tifflin, and was beguiled into the ghostly story of Leonard Heath. He jogged on faster to put it out of his mind. It was more shastly than death to remember. There were times when he fancied it was always present to Winny, though, even to him, for years she had not mentioned Leonard's name.

He saw her now in the open door, through which the firelight streamed out warmly into the night. "All right Winny!" he called. At which she nodded rightly and went in.

cut through the privet bushes to the door. "She keeps a frightened sort of watch on me, as though I too might disappear and leave her alone. Good Lord!" He stopped short, looking about the garden and fields beyond, from which the late October chill and damp drew heavy scents, sweet and tainted with decay.

'It's the very day! Five years this night. Ther were lew clouds flying over the moon, too, just as now, and this cold, deathly wind, and these unwholesome smells, like plants strewed over corpses. Kin she hev forgotten?" He hurried to the door, as though some ghost pursued

mm, stopping again to glance tearfulry There was a certain chill, a hush &

the uncanny night, as though some illboding presence came slowly, steadily nearer. In the many noises of the wind, through the forest just within sight, he fancied he detected a cry almost human

in its want and pain.
"It was a banshee that Len said cried on the night when a Heath died, and on that night for years after came back to 'mind them that was livin' of the dead?" The darkness, the cry, his own ghastly fancies, drew him to the door; he opened it and came in headlong, with a pale face, at which they all laughed.

"Here is your dry coat and slippers, uncle," said Winny, and now that he was in she sat down contented. He could not tell, furtively glancing around. whether they remembered the day or not. Joe, who was smoking his pipe on the other side of the fire, was quieter than usual, and Bessy, resplendent in her new merino, more gossipy, but keeping. he noticed, a close motherly watch over Winny. However, she always did that. As for Winny, no one could ever tell what she thought.

She was the same chubby, dumpling little body that she had been five years ago. She rolled about the house rather than walked. There was the soft color and sly dimples coming and going on the honest face, the sudden laughter in the dark eyes, that made everybody long to hug her and make friends with her for ever. But while she had once been the fondest girl in the country side, of dances, and gayety, and pretty dresses, she lived, since her strange widowhood began, utterly alone but for the old man and the companionship which Joe and Bessy gave them. Apart from them, too, under all her affectionate, cheerful manner, in the absolute silence in which she

covered her loss. Ben could not tell if she remembered what night had come again. He forgot to speculate about it. The fire was so big and hospitable; the room, with its new green carpet and home made lounges. so exactly the picture of comfort and home which he and Winny had planned; and through the open door there came (Continued next week)

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Toronto Globe: "Under Sandfield Macdonald's government, of which John Carling and Matthew C. Cameron were members, and for years before and since, there was not a word of complaint by the tories about the French language being taught in the French schoools. But when the anti-Jesuit agitation gaye ground to hope that an outcry, unjustly blaming the Mowat government for this state of things, might catch some people, then their time-serving zeal broke out in a clamor of manufactured indignanation. These complaining tory critics found no fault with those who established and carried out the system. They mildewed house. The house behind which was—what?

Under all his fantastic ambitions, Icn

Eavorest of fried oysters. Ben lagged in his talk, and presently stooped for his stick, leaving his supper to grow cold, and bade the corporal and late of the liberal government, which has been the first to take practical steps to remedy what was objectionable in these French schools of Ontario. conveniently reserved all their wrath for

> The Canadian Presbyterian says : "Mr. Mulock's loyalty resolution in the house of commons was timely and he moved it in a manly, dignified speech. The temptation to indulge in some big talk about the crown and constitution and the British lion, etc., was strong but the member of North York resisted it like a gentleman and a scholarboth of which he is. The other speeches were entirely free from swagger and on the whole the resolution could not have been better nor could it have been put through in better taste. Of course it is not necessary to assure the queen that Canadians are loyal, but there may be some people who labor under the delusion that Canada isripe for annexation and it is just as well that they should know the fa:ts. The facts are that very few Canadians desire annexation and of these few not a baker's dozen in any county have the courage to avow their sentiments. Whilst the number who desire annexation on even honorable terms is small, the number who could be driven into political union with our neighors might be counted on one's fingers. The man who says, "pinch them commercially and they will pull down their flag," either does not know Canadians or he basely slanders the Canadian people."

The Ottawa Free Pross says:-"The Ontario farmer doss not seem at all inclined to accept the miller's invitation to "walk into my parlor." A deputation of millers appeared before the Central Farmers' Institu e in Toronto on Wednesday and asked for co-operation in the effort now being made to induce the federal government to increase the duty on flour to one dollar per barrel. The farmers declined to co-operate. A resolution proposing an increase in the flour duty was voted down, and another declaring in fayor of free flour and free wheat was adopted by a vote of forty-four to twenty-three. The efforts to make it appear that the interests of the farmers and those of the millers are identical have failed. The millers have shown their friendship for the farmers by forming a combine to keep down the price of wheat, and one of the speakers at the institute meeting in Toronto pointed out that the system of exchanging flour for wheat, instead of "Ther's none kin fill the old man's place to her." he said, as he made a short enables custom millers to exact more toll for grinding than the law allows. And why do miliers want the flour duty reduced? Is it not that they may be able

to buy wheat cheap and soll flour dear.

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Miscellaneous.

HORSES WANTED.—Parties having sound horses to sell will find a ready purchaser by applying to the undersigned at the Central House, Lindsay, or at his house en Lindsay et. I buy all kinds of sound horses. W. WEESE. Lindsay, May 18, 1888.—97-tf.

DARM FOR SALE .- Being the east half lot 7, con 5, Ops; 97 acres cleared and in a good state of cultivation and free from stumps and stones; well fenced with cedar rails and most of it staked and wired; two never-failing wells, small crehard, comfortable buildings, etc. For further particulars apply to JAMES POWERS, on the premises, if by letter to Lindsay P. O. Oct. 5, 1887.—65-tf.

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Doors, Sash and Frames for sale. Felt Roofs put on and old roofs repaired. from or tin roofs repaired. Orders solicited. Shop: Lindsay-at., south of Bannan's Hotel, Lindsay. Lindeay, March 20, 1889.-41-1yr.

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THOS. A. MIDDLETON. General Agent, Lindsay

Office 3rd door east from railroad, south Lindsey. June 27, 1889.-54.



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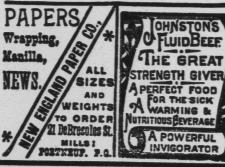
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Little Britain, Jan. 16, 1890.—81. Caleb Mark,

LITTLE BRITAIN

Having purchased the interest of Mr. Joseph Maunder in the Sash and Door Factory in Little Britain, where I will carry on the business as in the past, and hope, by strict attention to business, to merit a fair share of public patronage. Highest Prices for Good Shingle Bolts. Parties intending to build will do well to consult me and see what I can do for them in the way of prices before purchasing elsewhere.

CALEB MARK. Little Britain Dec. 26th, 1859-81-13.

Miscellaneous.

UMBER AND SHINGLES,—I sm prepared to furnish Lumber and Shingles to those requiring same. Barn Lumber a specialty. Reasonable terms. R. ARM-STRONG. Kirkfield. Dec. 14, 1889.—80-tf.

RARE CHANCE—In the Village of A Kinmount, Mr. WM. ARNBERG offers his entire stock of HARNESS and BUSINESS for sale. Good reason for giving up the business. Best opening for a harness maker in Victoria County. No opposition. Apply to WM. ARNBERG, Kinmount—86.4.

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Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain registered mortgage, which will be produced at the time of sale, and upon which default in payment has been made, there will be offered for sale BY PUBLIC AUCTION

BENSON House, in the Town of Lindsay SATURDAY, the 22nd day of February next, 1890.

at the hour of 12 c'clock noon, the following valuable lands and premises, in the Township of Mariposa in the County of Victoria, viz: I. N. half of Lot No. 7 in 7th Cen.; 100 acres. 11. N. W. quarter No. 8, 7th Con.; 50 acres. III. N. E. quarter of Lot No. 9 in 9th Con.

Parcels I. and II. form one farm in good state of cultivation with fair buildings; good soil and good locality. Parcel No. III. is bush land. TERMS. Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid down at the time of sale; for balance terms will be made known at time of sale.

For further particulars apply to McINTYRE & STEWART.

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5 hf 23, 3rd con, 100 acres. 5 150 acres 25, 6th con.. W hf 29, 10th con, and 39, 11th con, 182 acres. EMILY. N W qr 8, 5th con, 50 acres. N hf 18, 10th con, 100 acres. E hf 5, 11th con, 100 acres.

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8 hf of S hf 24, 12th con, 50 acres, except; 2 acres MIJL PROPERTY.

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THURSDAY, 20th day of February, next, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon the following aluable property, viz.,

The North Half of Lot No. 6, and the South Half of Lot No. 7, both in the lst concession of the Township of Verulam, known as the Silas Purvis Farm.

The property, which is well fenced and in a good state of cultivation, lies on the Bobcaygeon Road about two miles from Dunaford and ten miles from Lindsay.

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Further particulars and conditions of sale may be had on application to

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Lindsay, Jan. 8, 1890.-83. Jos. Riggs.

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Lumber of every description, Dry, Dressed and Matched, ready for use. Bill Stuff of all kinds in stock, Framing Timber and Joists of all lengths. Spingles of all grades cheap. FIREWOOD

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