

Wolff's Acme Blacking. BEATS the World. It is the Best HARNESS DRESSING. The BEST for Men's Boots, Ladies' Children's. ANTI-OXIDANT WATERPROOF. SOFTENS and PRESERVES the Leather.



In an instant he thrust aside the second portiers.

For some reason or other the scout which Lane's company had been ordered to hold itself in readiness to make was postponed, no further orders coming from department headquarters which required sending any troops into the mountains west of Fort Graham.

The Canadian Post. LINDSAY, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1890. TWO SOLDIERS. By Capt. CHARLES KING.

Copyrighted by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, and published through special arrangement with the American Press Association.

She had sent him, as she promised, a lovely cabinet photograph of herself that had been taken expressly for him. It came to the old frontier post just as the men were marching up from evening stables, and the messenger, distributing the mail about the post, handed the packet to the captain as he stood with a little knot of comrades on the walk.

And then came her letters annotated; their arrival at Deer Park. "Our journey was most trying, for the heat was intolerable until we got well up among the mountains. Papa came; but I know he is simply fretting his heart out with anxiety to get back to the office. Mr. Clark only returned from his vacation the day we started. Gordon Noel came down to the train to see us off, and brought mother a basket of such luscious fruit. He says that he has no home to go to now that we are gone. Indeed, he has been very thoughtful and kind, and I don't think he is quite happy despite his efforts to be always gay and cheerful.

"Do you really mean that you will be gone a fortnight? How I shall miss your dear letters. First, and now indeed I will try to write regularly. There's no one here I care anything about, though the hotel seems very full, and there's much dancing and gaiety. You say that my letters will reach you, but I wonder how."

Lane read this with a sigh of relief. He had promised himself that it was because he doubted the effect of the long continued hot weather upon her that he had decided to go to the mountains. Any other thought would have been the body to his queen. He wished, just a little bit, that she had not written of him as Gordon Noel; he much preferred that she should call him captain. She would not write so fully and frankly of him if he were anything but friendly, he argued, and she would not tolerate his visits on any other grounds. Yet she did not tell him that they had walked up and down the platform together for ten minutes before the train started, and that when it was about to part he had bent down and said, almost in a whisper, "Do you want to send a message for me to Fred Lane in your next letter?"

"I will do so, if you wish," she murmured; but her eyes fell to the gaze in his, and the hot blood rushed to her face. "Tell him there's no man in all the regiment I so long to see, and no man in all the world I so enjoy."

He never had a confidant of either sex; and this was something that rendered him at one time somewhat unpopular among the women. Younger officers almost always, as a rule, had chosen some one of the married ladies of the regiment as a repository of their cares and anxieties, their hopes and fears; but Lane had never indulged in any such luxury, and all the letters he wrote were full of anxiety he watched for the coming of the mail. It was also observed that during the two weeks that followed only four letters were received in her, by the time, well known superscription. Lane, of course, reading the contents, could readily account for the scarcity. Her letters were full of descriptions of dances and picnics and riding parties to the neighboring mountains. They had met scores of pleasant people, and had become acquainted with a large circle from all parts of the country. They danced every evening regularly in the hop room, and were so thoroughly acquainted and so accustomed to one another's moods and fancies that hardly an hour passed in which they were not occupied in some pleasant recreation. Lane himself had always been a favorite game of hers, and her mother was glad, she said, to see her picking it up again with such alacrity. The open air was doing her good; her color was returning; the languid and weakness which had oppressed her when she first arrived after the long hot spell at home had disappeared entirely. But with returning health came all the longing for out-door, active occupation, and, instead of having, as she had planned, hours in which to write to him, almost all her time now was taken up in joyous sports, in horse-back rides, in long drives over the mountain roads and through the beautiful scenery by which they were surrounded. "And so," she said, "Fred, dear, in regarding health and color, I fear you and Mabel have very sadly neglected yours."

His reply to her letter telling him of Mr. Noel's unexpected appearance at the Park was rather a difficult one for him to write. It was daunting upon him that the attentions of his regimental commander to his fiancée were not as entirely platonic as they might be. Desire to show all courtesy and kindness to the lady love of another officer was all very well in its way, but it did not necessitate daily calls when at home, and far less did it warrant his leaving his station without permission—running the risk of a reprimand, or even possible court martial, and taking a long journey, being absent from his post all Saturday, and certainly not returning there before the afternoon of Monday. If this were known at the headquarters of the recruiting service, Lane, Noel in all probability would be rapped severely over the knuckles, if nothing worse. Lane could not, and would not, for an instant blame his fiancée, but he gently pointed out to her that Mr. Noel ran great risks in making such a journey, and that it would be well on that account to discourage similar expeditions in the future. To this she made no direct reply, but that she observed his caution in quite possible.

At all events no further mention of visits on the part of Mr. Noel appeared in any of the letters which reached him before the orders for the scout actually did arrive; but that was not until near the very end of the month. It was just about the 28th of August when rumors came of turbulence and threatened outbreak among the Indians at the Chiricahu reservation. Troops were already marching thither from the stations in Arizona, and Capt. Lane was ordered to cross the range and scout on the east side of the reservation, in order to drive back any renegades who might be tempted to "make a break." Just one day before the start he was surprised at receiving a letter from Mrs. Vincent. She spoke gladly of Mabel's improved health and appearance; she spoke hopefully of Mr. Vincent, whose letters, she said, were more cheerful than they had been, and who had been able to come up and spend two Sundays with them. Mabel had doubtless told him of Mr. Noel's visit, and how glad they were just then to see any face so pleasant and familiar. And now she wished to remind him of

their contract before his leaving for the frontier. He doubtless remembered that she had promised that in the near future she would give him the reasons why it seemed best to her that the engagement should not be announced. It would take a pretty long letter to tell all the reasons why, so she would not venture upon that at the moment; but the necessity no longer existed, and if he so desired she would gladly have it made known to his relatives, as she would now proceed to announce it to Mabel's.

Lane was greatly rejoiced at this. He had been a trifle uneasy and despondent of late, yet scarcely knew why. Her letters were not all he had hoped they would be; he had never had love letters before—had never seen them—and his ideas of what a woman's letters to her betrothed should be were somewhat vague and undefined. For the reason, there was no one in the garrison to whom he specially cared to formally announce his engagement. People had ceased of late making remarks or inquiries, as nothing had been successful in extracting information from him in the past. Giving directions that his mail should be forwarded once a week, or twice a week if possible, to the railway station nearest the Chiricahu mountains, where he could get it by sending couriers once in a while, provided there was no danger in doing so, Lane marched away one evening on what proved to be an absence of an entire month. He never again saw Fort Graham until the end of September, and then only long enough to enable him to change from his scouting rig into traveling costume, to throw a few clothes into a trunk and to drive to the railway station as fast as the ambulance could carry him in order to catch the first express train going east.

It was daybreak when the train came. It was noon when he sprang from the cars at Graham station and into the ambulance sent to meet him in response to his telegraphic request. Were there any letters? he eagerly asked. None now. A small package had been forwarded to the reservation last night, and must have passed him on the way. Others had been waiting for him at the mountain station until he was reported by wire as arriving with his prisoners at the agency. Everything then had been sent thither, and there would be no getting them before starting. At Graham the telegraph operator showed him the duplicates of the telegrams that had come for him in his absence—only two. One announced Mr. Clark's suicide and Vincent's prostration and danger; the other, two days later, briefly read, "Mr. Vincent died this morning. Mrs. Vincent and Mabel fairly well."

Both were signed "Gordon Noel," and a jealous pang shot through the poor fellow's heart as he realized that in all their bereavement and grief it was Noel's privilege to be with them and to be of use to them while he, her affianced husband, was far beyond hail. He was ashamed of his own thoughts an instant after, and bitterly upbraided himself that he was not thankful that they could have had so attentive and thoughtful an aid as Noel well knew how to be. Yet—why was not Reginald sufficient?

He had torn into fragments the anonymous sheet that had met him at the reservation, and yet his words were gnawing at his heartstrings now, and he could not crush them down: "Why was your engagement denied? Because she still cared for Will Rossiter and hoped he might come back to her after all."

"Why did Gordon Noel stay at the other hotel the second and third times he spent Sunday at Deer Park? Because she wished to hide from her mother, as she did from you, that he came at all."

"Why does she meet him on the street instead of at home? Because her father interposed in your behalf, but all the same you are being betrayed."

These words, or others exactly of their import, were what met his startled eyes at Chiricahu, but the instant he noted that these carefully type written sentences were followed by no signature at all—not even the oft abused "A Friend"—indignation and wrath followed close on the heels of his amazement, and in utter contempt he had destroyed the cowardly sheet; but he could not so easily conquer the poison thus injected in his veins. All the long, long journey to the east they haunted him, dancing before his eyes, sleeping or waking, and it was with haggard face and wearied frame that he reached the Queen City, and taking a cab, drove at once to her home.

It was a lovely evening in early October. The sun had been shining brilliantly all day long, and almost everywhere doors and windows were open to woo the cool air now gently stirring. The cab stopped before the well remembered steps, and Lane hastened to the broad doorway. No need to ring; the portals stood invitingly open. The gas burned brightly in the hall and in the sitting room to the left. He entered unhesitatingly, and stood all alone in the room where he had spent so many happy hours listening to the music of her voice, watching the play and animation in her lovely face. He caught a glimpse of his own, gaunt, haggard, hollow-eyed, in the mirror over the old-fashioned mantel. What was he that he should have won a creature so radiant, so exquisite?

There was the heavy portiere that shut off the little passage to the library. His footfall made no sound in the deep, rich carpeting. It was there she welcomed him that wonderful Friday afternoon—that day that was the turning point, the climax, of his life. Hank! was that her voice, low, sweet, tremulous in there now? Hank! Was that a sob—a wailing cry? Hank! Was that a sob—quickly he stepped forward, and in an instant had thrust aside the second portiere; but he halted short at the threshold, petrified by the scene before him. Mabel Vincent, clasped in Gordon Noel's embrace, her arms about his neck, gazing up into his face with most worship in her weeping eyes, raised her lips to meet the passionate kiss of his. "My darling," he murmured, "what can you fear? Have you not given me the right to protect you?" And the handsome head was tossed proudly back, and for one little minute was indeed heroic. Then, with instantaneous change, every drop of blood fled from his face, leaving it ashen, death-like. "Gordon!" she cried, "what is it? Are you ill?"

Then, following the glance of his starting eyes, she turned and saw and swooned away. CHAPTER XII. A dreary winter was that of 1889—at old Fort Graham. Capt. Breese became major of the —th, and his troop was ordered to exchange with K, which had been so long at headquarters, and this brought old Jim Rawlins up to take command of the little cavalry battalion at "the oasis." There were many of the officers—Rawlins among them—who thought that after his success with "the Devil's Own," as D troop had been called, Lane was entitled to enjoy the position of battalion commander; but Mrs. Riggs

Late at night Lane reached the railway, only to find his train five hours behind. He telegraphed to Mabel that he would come to her as fast as train could bring him—that the sad news had only just reached him. He strode for home up and down the little platform under the glittering stars, yearning to reach her, to comfort and console her. Time and again he turned over in mind the few particulars which he had obtained from the department commander. They were all too brief, but pointed conclusively to one fact—that Clark had been encouraged by the success of June to plunge still more deeply, in the hope of retrieving the losses of the past two years. Luckily for Vincent, he had used his June winnings in lifting the mortgage from his homestead and in taking up any of his outstanding paper, and so had himself wherewith to supply his confident partner; but Lane wondered if the kindly old man had any idea that up to the end of August, at least, Clark had not sent him, as directed, "the draft for the entire amount" to which referred the first letter Mr. Vincent had ever written to him.

had promptly asserted her belief that he was not in position to enjoy anything. He had come back to the post late in the fall, looking some years older and graver; he had been very ill at Jefferson barracks, said a letter from that point, while waiting to take out a party of recruits to the regiment; he had resumed duty without a word to anybody of the matters that had so suddenly called him east, but there was no need of telling; they knew all about it; at least they said and thought they did.

Mrs. Riggs had had such complete accounts from Noel, and had received such a sweet letter from Miss Vincent in reply to the one she had written congratulating her upon her engagement to her (Mrs. Riggs) "favorite among all the officers—and the colonel's too." "She was so sorry—so painfully distressed—about Capt. Lane," said Mrs. Riggs. "She never really cared for him. It was gratitude and propinquity and pleasure in his attentions that she mistook for love; but she never knew what love was until she met Gordon. They were to be married early in the spring and would take only a brief tour, for he had to be at his station. She dreaded coming to the regiment, though she would follow Gordon to the end of the world if he said so, for she knew there were people who would blame her for breaking with Capt. Lane, as she had to; but she knew long before she did so that they could never be happy together. She had written to him, telling him all, long before he came east, and they had that dreadful scene in which Mr. Noel had behaved with such perfect self command and such excessive consideration for Capt. Lane's feelings. Of course, as Gordon said, all possibility of reconciliation or future friendship between them was at an end unless Capt. Lane humbly apologized. She had been mercifully spared hearing it; for the fearful expression of his face when he discovered him listening at the portiers had caused her to faint away, and she only came to, Gordon said, in time to prevent his pitching him out of the window, so utterly was he tried. She was so thankful to have in Mrs. Riggs a friend who would not see Gordon wronged, and who could be counted on to deny any stories that poor Capt. Lane, in his disappointment, might put in circulation."

But Lane never mentioned the subject. As for the letters to which she referred, they all followed him east in one bundle and were sent to her unopened; and she knew when she wrote to Mrs. Riggs that, though she might have "told him all," as she said, he never knew a word of it until his eyes and ears revealed the truth that wretched night in the library where his brief, sweet love dream began and ended.

There were other matters wherein Mr. Noel himself was consulting Mrs. Riggs. "I was now senior first lieutenant, and any accident of service might make me a captain, and then, if precedent were followed, 'the might be ordered to join at once. Ordinarily, as she well knew, nothing would give him greater joy; but now—solely on Mabel's account—he hesitated. A friend at the war department had said that, if Col. Riggs would approve, a six months' leave to visit Europe, for the purpose of

Continued on third page.

Cuticura Remedies. A BURNING SORE LEG. Ulcera Form. Hospitals and Doctors Useful. Cured with Pain. Cured by Cuticura Remedies. About eight years ago I wrote you from Wilkesbarre, Pa., describing how your wonderful remedies completely cured me of a terrible case of eczema or salt rheum. I must now tell you what CUTICURA REMEDIES have again done for me. On the 2nd of last September, I had the misfortune to bruise my leg, and I put a piece of sticking plaster on it. Inside of a week I had a terrible leg. My wife became frightened and advised me to go to a surgeon. I went, and doctored for two months, but no good was done. Besides costing me a good deal of money, my leg had by this time formed into an ulcer, and I was now worse every day. I could not stand it any longer, and made up my mind to go to a hospital and see if I could be helped. I went to several here in the city, but none could do me any good. I had a terrible leg, with a hole in it as big as a dollar, and pain that almost set me crazy. I got word about it, and determined to try CUTICURA REMEDIES. I obtained a set and inside of five weeks my leg was healed up as well as it ever was, except the terrible scar it left for a reminder of what was once a terrible sore leg. THESE REMEDIES are worth their weight in gold. JOHN FETTEL, 117 E. 8th Street, New York.

Cuticura Resolvent. The new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, internally (to cleanse the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements, and thus remove the cause), and CUTICURA, the great Skin Beautifier, externally (to cleanse the skin and scalp, and restore the hair), speedily and permanently cure every species of itching, burning, scaly, crusty, pimply, scurfy, and hereditary diseases and humors, from infancy to age, from pimples to scrofula. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75 cts.; SOLE RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 20 illustrations and 100 testimonials. PIMPLES, black heads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

MUSCULAR STRAINS. Sore muscles, back ache, weak kidneys, rheumatism, and chest pains relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Resolvent. The first and only instantaneous pain-killer plaster.

T. A. Slocum's Remedy. CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED. TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send you a bottle of my remedy, if you will send me a list of your names and addresses. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.D., 102 West Adelaide St., Toronto, Ontario. Lardine Machine Oil. FARMERS! THRESHERS! MILLMEN! WILL SAVE MONEY BY BUYING. CYLINDER, ENGINE, WOOL OILS. McColl's Lardine Oil. LARD OIL AND BOILER PURGER.

Castoria. Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Etc. Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication. THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 17 Murray Street, N. Y.

CASTORIA for Infants and Children. "Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ANCKER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A. Higinbotham. OLD ENGLISH CONDITION POWDER. This is the twelfth year this grand old Powder has been before the farmers of this district, and we have yet to hear the first complaint. Parties in Manitoba, Muskoka and all over send for it. RAIN OR SHINE IT WON'T HURT ANY ANIMAL.—TRY IT. 25 Cents Each. 5 for \$1.00. A. HIGINBOTHAM, Druggist. Lindsay, Sept. 2, 1890-17.

Ingle & Ryley. BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS. are certain to Save Money by getting their Necessary Materials from INGLE & RYLEY, Lindsay Planing Factory. Planing and Matching, Moulding, Stair Work, Window Casing, Sashes, Doors, Etc. Done to Order on the Shortest Possible Notice. Estimates furnished when desired. Let us hear from you, Gentlemen. INGLE & RYLEY. Lindsay, April 17, 1890-97.

James Keith. CLOVER SEED. Clover Seed wanted, for which the HIGHEST PRICE will be Paid. ALSO AGENT FOR THE ONTARIO MUTUAL LIVE STOCK Insurance Company. Thoroughbred and Farm Stock Insured at very Low Rates. Fetch on your Seeds and get your Farm Stock Insured at JAS. KEITH'S, WILLIAM STREET. Lindsay, Jan. 30th 1890-94.

Barnum's Wire Works, Walkerville. Best and Cheapest Fence. STEEL ROOF-IRON FOUNDATION. BUILDERS' IRON WORK. Office Railings, Lawn Furniture and FOUNTAINS, ETC. BARNUM WIRE & IRON WORKS (LIMITED), WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO. A CATALOGUE sent on Application.

Miscellaneous. G. A. Metherell. 1890. 1891. OPENING OF SCHOOLS. For School Books, School Requisites, Publisher's Prices, go to G. A. METHERELL'S Book and Stationery Store, just opposite new post office, Kent-st. A Full Stock of High and Public SCHOOL BOOKS Always on Hand. States, Note Books, Leather Binds, Exercise Books, Underwood Ink, Drawing Books, Pen and Pencil, Copy Books, paper and Envelopes, Letter and Sample Orders receive prompt and personal attention. Special discount to teachers. Remember the place. G. A. METHERELL Opposite New Post Office. Also Agent for the Celebrated Underbridge Organ and Mendelssohn Piano & Singer Sewing Machine.

Jos. Riggs. WHERE TO BUY Foreign and Domestic CIGARS. 2 Good 15c. Cigars for 25cts. 4 " 10c. " 25cts. 6 " 5c. " 25cts. 7 " 5c. " 25cts. CIGARETTES and TOBACCO, BRIAR AND MEERCHAUM PIPES In Great Variety at J. RIGGS, The Tobacconist of Lindsay. Lindsay, Jan. 2, 1890-94.

McColl Bros. & Co., Toronto. For sale by J. RIGGS, Lindsay, Jan. 2, 1890-94.