Citt Grain finnente
Citt Grain roun die Genero
Citt Grain roun die Genero
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Rich Grain Finne
Rich Grain Finne
Callette A. (10), General Agentic for Canad
Mi Eing & W., Torcale, Out. The Canadian Post. LINDSAY, FRIDAY, NOV. 28, 1100,

AST TRY IT.

Gran GLG & NEW FURNITURE Gran GLASS AND GAMAWARE

By Capt. OHARLES EING.

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who had done the utmost that he dared to rob him of honor and his soldier reputation the man now wretchedly listening overhead to the murmur of voices below he forgot entirely except as the man she loved.

"Mrs. Nocl, your friends his friends are most influential. Can they not be telegraphed to that his resignation will be tendered? Can they not stop the trial in that wav?"

"It is hopoless. It has been tried, and refuse I. If he is found guilty there is nothing left nothing left," she moaned. "but to take him back to the east with me, and, with the little we have now, to buy some quiet home in the country, where our wretched past need not be known where we can be forgottenwhere my poor husband need not have to hang his head in shame. Oh, God! oh, God! what a ruined life!"

"Is there nothing I can do for you. Mrs. Noel? Listen: that court cannot begin the the case to-morrow. Four members are still to come. It may be two days yet- perhaps three, Perhaps Mr. Withers and his friends do not apreciate the danger and have not brought ssure to beer on the president; butforgive me for the pain this must give von there are other, new charges coming from division headquarters, that 1 fear will have him still more. I grieve to have to tell you this. Try and make Mr. Withers understand. Try and get the resignation through. If you will see Mr. Falconer and and the captain now. I can get the telegraph operator."

"What charges what new accusations do you mean?" she asked, her eyes dilating with dread. "Are we not crushed enough already? Oh, forgive me, Capt. Lane! I ought not to speak bitterly, you you have been so good, so gentle. You, the last man on earth from whom I should seek merey," she broke forth impotuously; "you are yet the one to whom I first appeal. Oh, if after this night I never see you again, believe that I suffer, that I realise the wrong I have done. I was never worthy the faintest atom of your regard; but there's one thing one thing you must hear. I wrote you fully, frankly, imploringly, before-before you came that saw. Indeed, in-deed I had wanted days for your reply. refusing to see him until after papa died. and then I was week and all. You never read the letter. You sout them all back miopened. I cann 4 look in your face, It may have been hard for a while, but the time will soon come when you will thank Gol thruk God -I proved faith-

And then, baving him to make his own way from the house, she rushed sobbinet to her room. When next he saw her Re and the brother, with Lowndes and his tearful wife, was lifting her into the applintance that was to take them to the railway, and the doctor rode away beside them. But this was ten days

True to lane's prediction, the court met and adjourned on the following day. Col. Stammard and Maj. Turner telegraphed that they were delayed on route to the railway, and nothing was heard from the other missing members. Two days more found the court in realiness, but the trial did not begin. There are rived on the express from the east, the night before all somest ready for the opening session, Lient, Bowen, of the cavalry recruiting service, with two guards who escorted the ex-clerk Tain-

Telegrams for Capt. Noel had been coming in quick succession, but he himself had not been seen. It was Lowndes who took the replies to the office. The first meeting of the court was to have occurred on Monday. Tuesday evening the judge advocate sent to the accused officer a copy of the additional specifications to the charge of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, and notified him that the witnesses had just arrived by train.

At 4 o'clock Wednesday morning Mrs. Lowndes was aroused by a tapping at her door, and recognized the voice of Mrs. Noel calling her name. Hastily she arose and went to her, finding her trembling and terrified. Gordon, she said, had been in such minery that he would not undress and try to sleep, but had been inless the floor until after mid-safet. Then, he had some down to make sent memorates, he and, at the deal in which he and Mr. Falcour had their papers, and, as the could not sleep, the most followed; but he was not there. Occasionally he had gone out into at alcour and walked about the parade after the interest of the interest and walked about the parade after the interest and the interest and walked about the parade after the value of the vision provide and the parade after the value of the vision provide and the value of the vision provide and the vision provi

every one but the guard had genete bed, and she thought he must have done so this time, and so waited, and waited, and peered out on the parade and exuld see nothing of him. At last she could

Lowndee had heard the sobbing voice and one or two words. He was up and dressed in no time, and speedily found the officer of the day. "Do you think he could have made away with himself-

"Snicide! no!" answered Lieut. Tracy.
"He's too big a coward even for that."
No sentry had seen or heard anything of him. The whole post was searched at daybreak, and without success. A neighboring settlement, infested by miners, stock men, gamblers and fugi-tives from justice, was visited, but noth-ing was learned that would tend to dis-sel the mystery. One or two hard citisens—saloon proprietors—poked their tongues in their cheeks and intimated fongues in their cheeks and intimated that "if properly approached" they could give valuable information; but no one believed them. That night, deserted and well nigh distracted. Mabel Noel lay moaning in her little room, suffering heaven only knows what tortures; far from the yearning mother arms, far from home and kindred, far even from the recreant husband for whose poor sake she had abandoned all to follow him, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness or in health—only to be left to the pity and care of strangers.

But she was in an army home and among loving, loyal, simple hearts. The women, one and all, thronged to the little cottage, imploring that they might "help in some way." The men, when they were not damning the runaway, were full of suggestion as to the course to be pursued. Mabel would accept only one explanation of his disappearance; crazed by misfortunes, he had taken his own life; he had said he would. But the regiment could not believe it, and in forty-eight hours had traced him on the saloon keeper's horse over to the Southorn Pacific and thence down to El Paso. More than one man gave a sigh of relief that the whole thing could be so easily settled without the scandal of all that evidence being published to the world.
The court met and adjourned pending the receipt of orders from the convening authority. The telegraph speedily directed the return to their stations of the several members. Lieut. Bowen went back to the east, leaving Taintor in the guard house, and in a week Reginald Vincent came to take his sister home and to whisper that Gordon was safe in the City of Mexico-Mr. Withers was sending him money there; and so from her bed of illness, suffering and humiliation the poor girl was almost carried to her train, and all Fort Gregg could have wept at sight of her wan and hopeless

She shrank from seeing or meeting any of her old associates, yet was cager to reach her mother's roof, fondly believing that there she would find letters from her husband. It hurt her inexpressibly that he should have fled without one and misery that bore him down and unsettled his mind. It stung her that Mr. Withers, not she, should be the first to learn of his place of refuge; but perhaps he thought she had gone east at once, and so had written there. She at tributed his desertion to the strain to which he had been subjected; but she had been spared the sight of those last "specifications." Her first inquiry, after one long, blessed clasping in her mother's arms, after the burst of tears that could not be restrained, was for letters from him; and she was amazed, incredulous. when told there were none. Mr. Withers was sent for at once; that eminent citizen would gladly have dodged the ordeal, but could not. He could only say that two telegrams and two drafts had reached him from Noel, and that he had honored the latter at sight and would see that he lacked for nothing.

She would have insisted on going to join him in his exile, but he had sent no word or line; he had ignored her entirely. He might be ill, was the first thought; but Mr. Withers assured her he was physically perfectly well. "Everything is being done now to quietly end the trouble," said Mr. Withers. "We will see to it at Washington that his resignation is now accepted, for they will never get him before a court, and might as well make up their minds to it. They cannot drop or dismiss him for a year, with all their red tape methods and their prate about the 'honor of the serv-I've seen enough of the army in the last three months to convince me it's no place for a gentleman. No, my dear: you stay here—or go up to the mountains. We'll have him there to join you

ia a month. Dut the authorities proved obdurate. Even the millionaire failed to move the war secretary. Unless Capt. Noel came back and stood frial he would be "dropped for desertion" ("and if he came back and stood trial would probably be kicked out as a coward and liar," thought to himself the official who gat a silent listener). This Noel would not do. Withers sent him to Vera Cruz on a pseudo business visit, and Mabel, silent, sad faced, but weeping no more, went to a little resort in the West Vir-

ginia mountains. Meantime another court had been convened, another deserter tried, convicted and sentenced, and before being taken to prison he made full statement to Capt. Lane and two officers called in as witnesses. This was Taintor. He had known Capt. Noel ever since his entry into service. Taintor was an expert pen-man, a gambler, and at times a hard drinker. He had enlisted in the troop of which Noel was second lieutenant while they were in Tennessee, and had deserted, after forging the post quarter-master's name to two checks and getting

the money.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

After suppor the other night Mr. Bower went to his overcount pocket and get out a small hook and began reading it, and after waiting long enough to let him understand that I had no ouriosity on the subject I

period: "Something new on poultry?"

"It isn't Hoylet"

Well, what is it?" "Well, what is my
"I can tell you the title of it, but you can't
malerstand. It is a very, very deep work."

"Oh, it is! You can understand a very,
very deep work and I can't."

"Naturally. Man has the stronger, deeper
mind, of course. The title of this work is:
"Nature's Disease and Remedies—Control of
the Body by the Mind."

"Roch!"

"What? What's that?"

"You are too old to waste time on such someone, Mr. Bowser."
"Nonsense! Why, it's the plainest principle of philosophy in the world. The human-body is but clay, the soul is immortal. The soul is the mind. The mind ought to be able to control the body."
"Yes, in some cases."

"Yes, in some cases."

"In all cases, Mrs. Bowser. For instance, yes stub your toe. It wurts. Yes let your solud turn to something else and the pain

"Humph!"
"That's it! That's the usual way of the ignorant—ridicule what they can't argue and discuss in a sensible manner. I have often wondered if you really had a soul."
"Don't worry yourself, Mr. Bowser. If I haven't got any soul I've got some common areas."

"Very well. It's no use to talk to a person brought up in a log house on the edge of a huckleberry marsh. I know that the mind can control the body. You deny it. I hope to furnish you with proofs within the week."

He was to furnish them that night. We were about ready to go up stairs and he had been out bareheaded and in his slippers to see if the barn door was locked, when he suddended and a gried out.

ly gave a great start and cried out: "Gee—mi—my to Johnson!"
"What's the matter?"

"That tooth tried to jump clean out of my each. Whew! Yi! Hang it!" He sat down to hold his jaw and heave t

and fro, and I said:
"Your tooth jumps. It hurts you. You let your mind turn to something else and the pain ceases."

He looked up at me with the glint of pound-

ed glass in his eyes, and was about to reply in kind, when the jumper jumped in on him again and he seized his jaw and yelled: "Great Scots to scatteration, but I can't stand this! Get me some camphor!"

I got him some, and after a time the pain eased up and he went to bed. He expected me to say something about "Control of the Body by the Mind," but I was waiting. I mew that he wouldn't get off so easily, and sould afford to give him a little time. I was just falling asleep when Mr. Bowser suddenly lifted his feet high in air and uttered a whoop which set a neighbor's dog to barking, fol-

lowed by the remark:
"Thunder and lightning!"
"Mr. Bowser, are you asleep?" I asked.
"Asleep! No! I'm dead! Say, this confounded thing has come back on me! Where's that camphor!"

no good."
"Ob-h-b-h! Jewhittaker! My stars and word to her of his intentions; but she soul, but she's jumping my jaw right out of could forgive it because of the suffering | its secket! I've got to have something done

"On the bureau, dear, but it won't do you

about you! What is a little toothache? "Grit! grit!" he shouted, as he danced around on one leg. "I've got more grit than any seven families like yours rolled together; but this is awful—awful! Are you going to lie there and see me drop dead?"

"Fou can stop it if you will. Just lie down and put your mind at work. Think of something else. Think of being out in the woods at a May day festival—beautiful flowers happy children-green"-

"Green-whoop-!!!-shut up!" he yelled. "Haven't we got any paregoric in

I had to get up and go down and stir up the fire, and make a warm poultice for his jaw, and fuss around for an hour, and he finally grew easier. Then I said to him: "Mr. Bowser, you brought home a book

last night." "You brought home a book about the control of the body by the mind." "No, I didn't!"

"In your argument you declared that the oul was the mind, and that the mind had control of the body." "Get into bed and keepstill." "No, sir! You stub your toe. It hurte.

You let your mind turn to some"-"I never said it!" "Mr. Bowser, what cured your toothache

-faith, imagination or liquids?" "1-1-who's talking about toothache! Mrs. Bowser, you get into bed and go to sleep, and in the morning I'll have a long talk with you. We don't seem to be mated to each other, and the matter can probably be arfanged to our mutual satisfaction and without publicity."

Next morning he got down stairs and got hold of the book first, and I afterwards found some of the leaves scattered in the back yard. - Detroit Free Press.

"What did hubby do while his wifey was away?" asked the dear creature on her re-

he replied, sheepishly.
"Who with!" was the next query, in a tone of deep suspicion.—New York Herald.

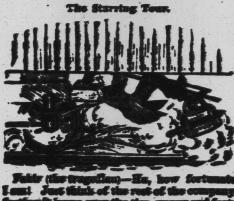
Police Magistrate (to tough looking customer)—If you did not steal this watch, as you claim, how does it happen you were found with it hidden in your bootleg? Prisoner (haughtily)—That's where I always carry my watch, your honor!—Chicago

Aspiration. Evangelist-Young man, always aim to spend your energies on things that are

Young Man-Yes, sir; I try to, sir.

whitewash ceilings.—Burlington Free He Was Surry.

Minister (to small boy)—Sonny, do you



About 10 e'elock the other night a watch man, at the foot of Grigorold street saw a man acting so queerly that he approaches and demanded what he was doing there. "Going to jump into the river," was the

"Right off."
"Not here!" "Yes, right here."
"What for?"

"Nothing to live for."
"See here," said the watchman, as the man peeled off his coat, "I wish you'd do me a favor. I never hit a man a good stout punch in my life. If you are bound to go in I wish you would stand with your heels to the edge of the wharf and let me swing

my right on your nose."
"Not if I know myself I won't!"
"But why? You might as well be found drowned with a broken nose as a whole

"I allow no one to punch my nose if I "Well, you are a mighty particular man."
"And you are a mighty mean one!" "Don't sass me!"

"And don't you rub against me!"

And after holding himself ready for a row for a couple of minutes the stranger put on his coat and sauntered off, saying that the man who touched his nose had better tackle a six foot buzz saw.—Detroit Free Press.

"Wanted One, Too."

An awning maker who had received a postal card asking him to call at a house on Porter street put in an appearance as soon as possible, and the woman of the house pointed out the window she wanted provided with a shade. "But you get no sun on this window,"

protested the man. "Well, suppose I don't?"
"But an awning is to keep the sun out."

"Is it? Perhaps you are not too old to learn something "But, ma'am, do you really want an awning here?"

"Of course I do. Do you see that awn ing on the next house?"
"Yes; but the sun strikes that window." "Can't help that. That woman thinks

she owns the earth. She put that awning up to spite me. I am now going to put one up to show her that she can't run this town. Go ahead and have it done as soon as possible; and I want it to be fiery red with white stripes in it."-Detroit Free

Why He Resigned.

Simmerson (after six months' tour of Europe, returns and visits the club)—By Jove, how natural everything looks! The old familiar faces—the very pictures seem to smile at me. I suppose I'll have to tell the boys all about my trip— Ah, here comes our president. Ah, major!"

Maj. Murgatroyd—Hello, Simmerson! By Jove, you look all broke up! I tell you, my boy, you ought to take a trip some where. Why don't you go abroad for a month or two?-Lippincott's.

Mr. Broughne-Because it has to embrace so many objectionable people.—Life.

"It wouldn't be fashionable, don't you know?" said the sweet summer girl, "out

"How? It is always fashionable to elone." said the despondent lover. "Oh, no! This is the season of the cante

And the lover brightened and thanked his stars.-New York Herald.

An Unfair Decision.

"I hear that Base Drummer is to be sent back to Europe.' "Yes. They decided he was not an art

"How did they reach that decision?" "Well, unfortunately the collector had a headache when the trial came on, and after the third whack he decided the man was a nuisance."—Harper's Bazar.

Didn't Want Any Fractions. "I've discovahed," said Willie Wishington, "that my name is not in the census

"Indeed," said Miss Belle Pepperton. "Y-a-s. I don't see why it was left out." "Perhaps they didn't want to put the population of Washington down at 229,-79614," replied that young woman.—Wash-

A Seeming Error.

Cleverton-I see the papers are criticising

your grammar in our interview the other day. You had asked Travers to dinner and you said "! don't see why Travers don't come" instead of "doesn't come." Dashaway (gloomily) — Those editors don't know Travers. When I ask him to dinner I always refer to him as plural.--

A Matter of Necessity. Dashaway-Where did you stay in New-

Travers-I had myself arrested and went Dashaway-For heaven's sake, what did you do that for?

Travers-It was the cheapest place I could Wonders of the Beep. "Did you ever see a shad row?"
"No, but I've seen a sword fish."—New

Overheard by the Errand-Boy-Mistress (mcently "elevated")—"Oh, Marie!" Maid-"Yes, ma'am." Mistress—Don't forget to order in some pink afternoon tea from the grocer's. I hear it's all the rage in high society!"—American Grocer. ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

TOPICS OF IMPORTANCE TO FRUIT GROWERS AND GARDENERS.

light Reasons for the Common Failure of Hedges, as Enumerated by Country Gonan, with, a Bit of Timely Advice

The following are eight reasons for the common failure of hedges for the last lifty years. 1. Selection of wet subsoil. 2. Planting on a narrow cloddy strip of ground. 2. Setting out good and bad plants intermixed in order to save all,



A HEDGE PROPERLY TRIMMED. Want of cultivating a broad, clean mellow strip of land on both sides for several years. 5. Allowing grass and weeds to check the hedge plants. 6. Neglecting cutting back, with the mistaken intention of allowing the hedge to "grow up quick." 7. Pruning wide or square at the top, causing vacant growth below, instead of to a peak at top as shown in the cut. 8. Trimming or cut-

ting back young plants while in a growing state, checking or killing them, instead of pruning earlier and giving a CYLINDER, vigorous start. One of the greatest inventions ever

made for farmers, and which has already saved them many millions in this country is the combination of hedges and barb wire. They make a very effient barrier against cattle and enable farmers and land owners generally to use some good hedge plants, such as the barberry and buckthorn, which were too feeble without this additional element of strength-two or at most three barb wires included within the hedge, during its growth, rendering them impassable.

An Onion Grower's Notes.

A New York correspondent of Rural New Yorker says: I have been growing onions for a number of years on the same ground, heavily manured with forty loads per acre each year. Last season as they began to bulb they wer struck by mildew, at least it looked as if they were, they began to turn yellow and fall down. I got some copperas, dissolved it in water and applied it with a sprinkler on the part affected. It seemed to check the disease. I think that if it had been applied sooner it would have saved the whole crop. As it was, where they were affected most they did not grow any more, so we got about twothirds of a crop. Onions pay very well

one year with another. People ask me how many bushels I row per acre. I answer from 400 to 606 bushels; then they figure up the outcome at from 50 to 75 cents per bushel, and say that it is a good deal of money per acre: but they do not figure in 40 loads of manure and a gang of boys to weed, and another gang to top them. Last season I was troubled a good deal with the onion maggots. I told the boys to dig up every onion that was wilted and kill the worm; but the pests got the start of us. so I gave the boys two cents for every good sized toad they would bring me. Well, the result was a multitude of toads. We carried them out on the bed and let them loose, and as a re-sult found no more wilted onions that season. There is no patent on this maggot exterminator.

Keep the ornamental hedges within bounds by cutting off the protruding

Cuticura Remedies.

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And Scalp Covered with Scree, Wenderful Rapid Cure by the Cuticura Remedies

I have used the CUTICURA REMEDIES in two cases where it proved to be successful. The first was in the case of a boy a year and a half old. His face and body were in a terrible condition, the former being completely covered with sores. I took him to the Massena Suiphur Springs, but he did not improve any. I was then advised to try the CUTICURA REMEDIES, which I did. He took one and one half bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, when his skin was as smooth as could be, and is to-day. I used the CUTICURA on his sores and CUTICURA SOAP in washing him He is now five years of age and all right. The other case was a disease of the scalp, which was cured by washing with the CUTICURA SOAP a d rubbing in the CUTICURA, one bottle of CUTIC' RA RESOLVENT being used. It is surprising how rapidly a child will improve under this treatment.

JOHN R. BERO, Hoganburgh, N. Y.

Itching and Burning Skin I have been affected since last March with a skin disease the octors called eczema. My face was covered with scales and sores, and the itching and burning were almost unbearable, Seeing your CUTICURA REMEDIES so highly recommended, concuded to give them a trial, using the CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally and RESOLVENT internally for four months. I can my self cured, in gratitude for which I make this public statement.

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Lindsay. Aug. 17th. 1882.—97

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Lindsay. Sept. 2, 1890.-17-eow. A. Higinbotham.



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