ard opened the letter quickly, and

A blank panse. Then Miss Lawford who had started into a sitting poeture, said

dowly:

"Actor, the meaning of Valerie's letter

occur. Mrs. Langley dictated its purcor, it not he terms. You are simply
incorn over for a better enten-star Max.

Aston Lawford turned and looked at his

deter.
"It is true," she continued. "Mark met Colone! Beauregard would telegraph direct to Mrs. Langley, as she is so great a friend of Lady Elinor, she would have the news. in whitehall fractions. Valerio's letter was written at once, and sont quickly, so that it might not appear so openly to life on for Endanet Beauregard. Now Mrs. angley and Valerie can any the girl wrote the before she know even that Gerald was the and Valerie would easily convince belone Beauregard of the truth of this sek on the foce of it, it is a falselic has the would not, in the first place, dare to refuse you without her anut's knowledge or sanction; and, in the second place. With

send the letter so late at night why not earlies in the evening or to morrow?" Aston faveford ant looking at his sister chalening to her without offering to incorrupt. When she had finished he cousto

"I understand it all!" he said, grimb You are right. And does that girl think the will make Max Beauregard believe ruch a transparent falsehoods"

"Anch a girl as Valerie, Aston," said Miss Lawford, truly enough, "ean make is as worthless morally as she is beautiful intwardly. Tear her out of your heart!"
"Ay!" said fawford, floresly, "but I will ke onre Max Heanregard knows to the

lends to aproad her not for him!" steeped and picked up the crumpled letter. The and shall see this!" he said, and without a word more he went out of the needless to say, banging the door

after him.
Mr. Lawford watted until late the folowing day, and then he wrote to Valeric He owned, he said that her refusal, after the andoubted encouragement she had given him, very much surprised him; but he was willing to necept the decision as final, since s could not full to sea the motives which distated it. Certainly he would not desire to place his happiness in the hands of a woman who permitted herself to be all but engaged to one man, and on the very instant that another—hitherto ignored because he was comparatively poor attained inexpected wealth, the first lover was ruthlessly thrown over, in the hope of gaining as a sulfor the man who took higher rank in the social scale in addition to his Fourthly Miss Herbert might find that she had grasped at the shadow and leaf the substance; and for the rest, she would have done well to omit any protense of rejecting him (Lawford) because she did ant love him, since love had no part of lot

With tips parched and hot, and dry, tearless eyes, Valerie read that letter once, twice, thrice through, every word searing her heart as with a not fron-not becau in brith, she deserved it, but because she

"It is not obtratrons to la not generous?"
she said, within herself, "Max Beaure ward would never have written like this to any woman. It is ernel; and yet, if I were the wretched fortune hinter Aston Lawford must believe me, it is not more harsh than I deserve. I will not stoop to dental. A girl mak so low as I soom to have sunk would hardly hesitate at a falsehood to save her eredit with her new prey. What does th matter?" She rose up and flung out her fight arm with a reckless, dellant gesture. "Let all the world think what it pleasens call me lilt, fortune tunter, anything loss, moreonary, hearthese and yet I hvel now should feare a jot, though the whole

Not a word of her new plans did the two dictors Ars. Langley breathe to Valerie. That point-blank refusal of Mr. Lawford's and had considerably startled and Constance; and she felt convinced that, in her present mond. Valerie would breathe defince, and might even rush back to Wel-

Things should be left to take their own courses and as Max from regard was a par-Ay aftractive man, instead of being, like Lawford, a cumbersome addition to his world advantages, the desired match he his an appoint an over her admidble

Writtens and when Valuda briefly told hop time he hart, and that the letter was destroyed, the older buly expressed no annovance. She but non ha force forward the subject she had at heart, and she was infinitely relieved at excepting an interview with francisch for, to do a citshonorable act

Many a well-known face was missed from Honley Regatta, for not a few among the "Olympian circles" boasted connection with the ancient house of Hennregard; and friends, too, held aloof, for on the last day of the regatia Gerald Heanregard was hariot at Abhot's Leigh, in the grand old flothic chapet where slumbered so many generations of brave and fair Heanregards.

Two days previously Lady Ellinor had written horself to Mrs. Langley, asking her to be present, and Mrs. Langley, asking her to be present, and Mrs. Langley went.

"I almost wish," she said to Valerie, "that Elinor had asked you, too; but you are too young for such a sorrowful scene, and of course there are so many."

"I would not have gone if I had been with the ancient house of Heanregard; and

Valorie answered, briefly, Langley scarcely liked the tone in this was said. Was the girl going e a failure after ail? But the diplo-

1162163 her breath, "what a perfectly beautiful oross! Where did you get it?"
"I bought the flowers, and made it my-

dear Valerie, no florist could have used this: Elinor, and Max, too, will pleased that you sent it! for Max that cross had been made, many tears and infinite tenderness of

"Ask them to lay it in the grave," the of had said. It might be that Max's owned would lay it in the grave among the indreds of floral offerings from relatives, ends, tenants, counting it less worth friends, tenants, counting it less worth than any. Never mind; it was a precious offering from heart to heart, though only one heart knew it; it might wither and die, yet it would be deathless; lost, forgotten, in the multitude of its fellows, but one day, when death was no more, Max would

know.

When Mrs. Langley reached Abbot's Leigh she was shown into Lady Elinor's boulder, where the widow, in deepest weeds at alone; and by and-by, when Lady Elinor had wept abundantly, and explained how all had happened, and how Max had proved himself the best of nurses to his brother, and the best of brothers to her (Elinor), Mrs. Langley opened her boxes of flowers, which had been brought into the room for Lady Elinor to see; and as she did so there was a gentle tap at the door, and Colonel Beauregard came in.

He looked somewhat haggard and stern, and perhaps even paler than usual; but he was not a man to wear his heart on his sleeve, and so there was little ontward change.

"Flowers!" he said, when he had greeted Afre. Langley. "This is kind!"
"And oh, what an exquisite cross!" said Lady Elinor, clasping her hands.
"Ah, that," said Mrs. Langley, "is from Valerie. She made it with her own hands, and begged me to 'ask them to lay it in the

Dear child! how kind! how thoughtful!" But Max said nothing. Was he, too, pleased and touched? Mrs. Langley could not tell. He was bending over the flowers; and when he lifted his face it was un-

"Im't it a lovely cross, Max?" said his sister-in-law, turning to him.

"It is perfect," he answered. "Let me take it, Nellie, and this wreath." He raised the two offerings from their snowy bed, and went out of the room, and took his way

Without it was still daylight; but day was banished from the chapel by the heavy violet draperies; but there was light at the altar, and just below the chancel steps stood the bier, and on it the coffin, with its rich, emblazoned pall, six tall tapers at the

head and six at the foot. The air was heavy with the scent of flowers, and on the coffin they laid so thickly that nothing of the surface of the pall was visible. The watchers withdrew as they saw the tall form of Max Beauregard coming up

He paused by the bier, and reverently late the wreath at the coffin foot; then he moved slowly to the head, and stood some minutes without moving. What passed in the man's heart in those minutes, perhaps no other human heart would ever know. Presently he bent his head and kissed twice, thrice, the cross he held, and laid it at the coffin head, side by side with another cross,

sring his face, then rose, and went out of

And the next morning, when the funeral was over, Mrs. Langley went among the growd of mourners to look down into the pave; but now the flowers reached almost to the surface of the pavement, and Va-lerie's cross was hidden far down beneath the fragrant heaps. Where had Max Beau-

fegard placed it yesterday evening?
Mrs. Langley returned to town the same night; and though it was late when she reached home, she was ready to tell (yet not half so ready as Valerie to hear) all that had passed at Abbot's Leigh. But the girl took care so to place herself that

her face was hidden from her aunt. Who, she wondered, had laid her cross n the graves she dared not hope that it had been Max himself.

"I was never," said Mrs. Langley, "at mich an impressive ceremonial. It tried me very much indeed," After proceeding with various details, the lady went on: "Elinor was a good deal affected when I first saw her; but, Valerie, she was deeply touched by rour offering. Colonel Beauregard said nothing until Elinor appealed to him, and then he said. It is perfect! But he took it and a wreath of mine and left the room. Elinor had said nothing, expressed no wish. He must have taken the flowers to the chapel; but the grave was almost filled up with flowers when I looked, so I don't know where he put your

Valerie was silent; her heart stood still with emotion. She had never dreamed of this—that Max should select her cross, and with his own hands carry it to the chapel. He would not have laid it on the coffin, among the offerings of the dead man's nearest and dearest; but he must have had a tender thought of her to do as he had done. Yet would he not regret this when he knew of her answer to Aston Lawford?
"I don't know what Elinor means to do,"

Mrs. Langley said, presently. "She said she could not stay long at Abbot's Leigh; but of course Max must remain for a little while, so I think he will take her abroad will come to London near—himor seems to depend on him very much. For us the season is virtually closed, and in a week or two we might go to Italy. I shall have to decline all invitations—as a friend of Eli-nor's and the family generally one could not well visit this autumn—at any rate,

"Oh, no, no!" said Valerie, quickly; "and t would be nicer to go to Italy."
"And do you more good, child. Yee, we

will go."
So right and left sped letters from Mrs.
Langley to friends at whose country house
she and Valerie were to have visited, exoneing their mability to keep their engagements on account of Goraid Beauregard's
death; and there was not a little grumbling
among the men, because the beauty would
be absent from houses to which not a few
had accepted invitations only in order to

Elinor's grief was not deep-seated; but he would not have said this even to Hal Dallas. "She is still at Abbot's Leigh, and as soon as I can leave England I am going to take her abroad for two or three months."

"That will do her good," said Dallas. "I called in Upper Brook Street yesterday, by the way, and Mrs. Langley told me that she and Miss Herbert are going abroad, most likely until October or early in November."

"For so long?" said Heauregard, with a such of surprise in his tone. "Only three or four months," replied allas. "They don't leave until next

"I didn't mean that, Hal," returned the other, moving a little so as to cast his face in shadow; "but the Lawford affair."

"The Lawford affair!" repeated Dallas, staring; "haven't you heard, then?"

"Heard what!" said Beauregard, quickly; then checked himself abruptly, and added.

"I have been two days in town and have seen no one except on business. What is there to know?"
"Why," said Hal, looking down and changing color a little, "that's all off. Everyone in town knows it."
For a minute these was a mint before Bear.

For a minute there was a mist before Beau-regard's eyes. The hideous thought those words of Hal's conjured upcould not crush the passionate gladness that made his heart throb so wildly. However freedom-had come about—whatever the motive that had made Valerie snap the meshes that surrounded her—still she was free. She was not his, but she was no other man's. as not his, but she was no other man's.
But after that minute Beauregard had
astered himself, and said, quietly:
"It was Valerie who broke off the match,
f course? When?"

"Well, one doesn't like to believe su things of any woman, Beau, especially such a bewitching creature as Miss Her-bert; but I don't know; it looks awfully black. Look here—you won't mind my saying—in fact, it's what a good many are ring, naturally enough."
Go on," said Beauregard, a little husk-

"It's this, then," said Dallas, rejuctantly, but bravely; he was beginning to fear greatly what he had once or twice suspected, that Max Beauregard's interest in Valerie was deeper than was consistent with this own happiness, "Pil tell you the face, and you pust draw your confacts, and you must draw your own con-

'Stay," said the soldier. "Who told you

the facts?"

"Aston Lawford himself. The day your brother was taken fill Lawford wrote to Miss Herbert asking her to be his wife. She had the letter in the afternoon. Mrs. Laugley, who had been lunching and dining with some friends, called at the Lawford's in the evening rather late, and they told her—she had not known it before—about Gerald's illness. She left them and went straight home. About half-past ten—after Mrs. Langley could have reached home—a letter came to Lawford from Miss Herbert, decidedly declining his offer. He had hardly read the letter when he had from the head butler here the news of Gerald's death, which, the writer said, had arrived an hour previously, and which Mrs. Langley and Miss Herbert must have known before that refusal was written, or at any rate sent; and Miss Herbert would surely not have written and despatched

surely not have written and despatched such a letter on her own responsibility." Beauregard sat motionless; only the heaving of his breast, and the locked sternness of his features told what he was enduring. If he could only have believed this to be some wretched gossip! And yet it was, before. She had thrown over Louis Charteris for Aston Lawford. She had given him (Max Beauregard) clearly to understand, the first night he met her after his long absence, that she had learned how to appraise younger sons. Was it anything beyond belief-was it not only natural, that when the younger son became a great landowner, and, sectally, a more valuable property than the ironmaster, the latter was, in his turn, thrust aside to make way for

the "better match?" Max spoke at last, though even then not without an effort.

"It is the old story," he said, with a bit-ter smile, "of the Indian girl and the corn, though the ending may not be quite the same. She may fall back on the ironmaster after all."

"She's certainly not worthy of you, Beau," said Dallas, earnestly, "though it's likely



Dallas saw that his lips were livid. ngh that she is fond of you, in her way." 'Muybe," said the other, with strange ietness; "that is, all other things being equal; she would prefer me as an appendage to wealth and status to another man. Bet ter a wife who offered no love at all that

ter a wife who offered no love at all than a wife whose love can compass treason, if treason can fill her hands with gold."

"Beau, old comrade, Heaven help you if you care for this girl."

"Care for her? Great Heaven! But no!" He rose hastily and walked through the room. When he came back a minute or two later, and threw himself into his chair again, Dallas saw that his lips were livid, and the drops of agony stood on his brow.

"Hal," he said, hoarsely, "forgive me; but I can't speak of it—even to you. No, I am not vexed—don't think that; only there are some things that must be borne quite alone. Let this be a scaled book between us, Hal."

s hand of his friend in ellence. That ald ever fill his hea

cauregard called in Upper before Mrs. Langley and her had a happened that Va-Brook Street before Mrs. Langley and her niece left town, but it happened that Valerie was out, and perhaps he was best aleased not to meet her just yet. A week ater he took Lady Elinor abroad for a nouth, and when she returned home he started for a longer tour. He could not tay at home—there was no rest there—here was no rest anywhere.

Mrs. Langley wintered between Paris and Rome. She knew Colonel Beauregard was not in England, and if conquests make

was not in England, and if conquests m happiness, then to belle Herbert sho happiness, then to hence the happiness the happiness of women; but if the broke hearts—as they said she did—her own suffered nothing in the process. Was it not well-nigh broken already? Painters—to here th not well-nigh bruken already? Painters painted her; poets wrote somets to her; she lived in clouds of incense; yet no love-pleading had power to stir her pulse; no homage, no splendor of adulation to dead-on even for an hour, even for an instant, the passionate crying of her heart:

"God knows that I would give All other joys, the sweetest and the best, For one short hour to live Close to thy heart, its comfort and its rest.' was the burden of her ceaseless cry. All other joys—ay, all future life—for one hour of ineffable happiness!

But in the late spring London received.

of ineffable happiness!
But in the late spring London received its dive again; lovelier than ever, many said, and maybe they were right; for Valerie had suffered much—suffered still—and the pathos of suffering lends to beauty a surpassing charm.

In the middle of June Lady Elinor came up to Whitehall Gardens, and with her langels Musgrave. The widow could now enter a little into society; besides, Angela needed a chaperon, and Colonel Beaure-gard was coming home. What a different home-coming from that other—thirteen months ago

"We must have some people at Abbot's Leigh this autumn," said Lady Elinor. "I am sure Max will be most willing." She sat in the drawing-room in the evening in early July. Colonel Beauregard was expected every minute, and by her side was a girl some four years her junior -very like her, but more strictly pretty, only with the same furtive glance of the

of the lips.
Lady Elinor looked very interesting in her weeds, and she knew it; and Angelawhose papa, it seemed, could spare her now-wore white with black trimmings "Yes, indeed," she assented. "Whom

eye, and the same slight downward curve

do you think of asking, Nellie?" "We cannot have a large party, you know, dear. Well, Mrs. D. Sey for one, and Amy Linwood; Lord Westbrook, Mr. Dallas, of course—and—suppose we must ask Mrs. Langley and Valerie; but the girl will be setting all the men by the ears!"

"And she'll certainly do all she can to get Max," observed Angela. "She threw over Aston Lawford for nothing else!" A carriage stopped; a knock at the door. Lady Elinor rose quickly. A minute later there was a light step on the stairs, the drawing-room door opened, and, with a cry of genuine delight, Lady Elinor threw herself into her brother-in-law's arms

"Oh! Max," she said, "I am so glad to "Dear Nell!" He kissed her affectionately, and then turned to Angela. "Angela, too?" he said, holding out his hand. But stay-Ithink I must claim a brother's right here also," and he stooped and kissed

the girl's forehead. When the three were at dinner Lady Elinor presently made her proposition. "on having some people at Abbot's Leigh this autumn -- not a great many, of course." "Very well, I suppose you have already fixed on the people?" he said, laughing. "Women generally arrange preliminaries before they make an assault.

"You ought not to object to military tactics!" retorted she. "Yes, I have fixed on some-not all!" Lady Elinor ran through the names of those alread mentioned, omitting Mrs.

Beauregard paused, as if thinking over the suggestions, but in his heart he was quette-scheming-false-but she must come! I am mad with the longing to see her again! I have been so long without her! I must have her with me-though every moment with her is steeped in pain!" Presently he raised his eyes, and asked: "Are Mrs. Langley and Valerie engag-

"I don't know what their engagements "Call to-morrow, Nell, and see; and will go with you. We could not omit an old friend, nor ask Mrs. Langley without

"N-no!-but really," said Lady Elinor, with a laugh, "I am glad the dueling days are over, or we should certainly have some about Valerie!"

Beauregard shrugged his shoulders. "I don't suppose she is worse than she was last season! 'Maybe not; and yet I sometimes think

"Ah, well!" he said, lightly, "beauty must have its sport, and if its sport is killing hearts, what then?"

'What a cynical speech, Max!" exclaim-"My dear girl, you will be cynical, perhaps, when you are two-and-thirty—if a lady ever does attain that age. I should like to ask Frank Travers, Nellie, as well

"That would make eight," said Lady Elinor, counting on her fingers, "with power to add to their number;" and tonorrow we will call in Upper Brook

She had little hope that Mrs. Langley would be engaged; she felt certain that that astute matron had calculated on the likelihood of Abbot's Leigh receiving guests this autumn, and would take good care to hold herself and Valerie free for an invita-

and having so high a standard of womany dignity-be proof against the wiles of such a siren as Valerie Herbert?

CHAP, XXXV. -- INVITED TO ABBOT'S LEIGH. "Lady Elinor Beauregard—Colonel Beau-regard," announced the footman, throwing open the drawing-room door in Upper Brook Street; and Mrs. Langley, who was alone, rose, and went forward with out-

"Place aux hommes, this time;" she mid, laughingly, to Lady Elinor, as she gave Max first greeting. "How good of you to come so soon, Colonel Beauregard! I am so sorry," kissing Lady Elinor, "that Valerie is out; but I expect her home very shortly. She went to the Grosvenor with Mrs. Dudley."

Mrs. Dudley."

"Then we may hope for the pleasure of seeing her. Now, Mrs. Langley," cried Lady Elinor—the two ladies were seated side by stde—"are you and Valerie disengaged for three weeks from the twenty-fifth of July!"

"I think so," said Mrs. Langley, though the knew perfectly well. "Let me see," and she took up a little book from a table near, and glanced through its pages. "Yes," she said, "we are."

Leigh. We mean to have a small party this year of friends, whom one can ask to stop longer than a few days, and who can be happy without dances and private the-atricals, which, of course, we cannot have

"We shall be delighted," said Mrs. Langley, wondering if Colonel Beauregard desired this, or only yielded to his sister-inaw's wishes. "I thought I heard a carriage stop!" she added; "that is Valerie." How, she asked herself, in some trepidation, would the young fady receive Colonel Beauregard? Mrs. Langley had carefully abstained from speaking of him as a possible parti; but surely the girl could not be so perverse as to snub him?

And he—well, for a year he had not seen Valerie, and now she was coming; yet there

Valerie, and now she was coming; yet there was no change in his face, even when her hand touched the door-handle.

hand touched the door-handle.

The door opened, and she came in—the "Fairy Queen," with a gray Gainsborough hat above her glittering curls, and a dress of gray satin and plush; in her left hand she held her gloves—and for a second she paused, and a curious, half-reckless expression, that had been on her face at the moment she entered the room gave way. ent she entered the room, gave way. mething softer—a blending of shame nd dread-as Max Beauregard rose and ent forward to meet her, and a light color ose in her cheek. Her large gray eyesal says, in his heart, locking into his-did not meet them now. She gave him her nd, and he felt it tremble in his clasp,

and the color in her cheek deepened. "They told me," she said, a little hurriedly, "that you and Lady Elinor were here. How do you do, Colonel Beaure-

Certainly not a more cordial greeting than she had accorded more than a year ago to Max Beauregard, the younger son; out to him this was a sign that the girl's better nature would assert itself. She could not meet him face to face and greet im with ordinary cordiality, knowing what her intention was, and that he must know it too. And only that she was in some sort prepared for the rencontre, her confusion would probably have been much more apparent. She was but an apprentice in the match-making school, poor

We are fortunate not to have missed seeing you," Max said, gently, "for I dare say Mrs. Dudley wanted to run off with

She did! I am glad I didn't go," said Valerie, laughing, and crossing the room as she spoke to shake hands with Lady El-

'And now we are going to carry you off,

my dear!" exclaimed that lady, thinking with dismay, even while she spoke, that Valerie looked distractingly lovely. "Carry me off-where?" repeated the girl, looking quickly from the speaker to

"Not now," explained Mrs. Langley, "but in the end of July. Lady Elinor has invited us to stay at Abbot's Leigh for three weeks, and you will be delighted to hear that I have accepted the invitation." It was well for Valorie that she had acquired in the fashionable world no small measur of self-command, and was able to reply, with ready smile and words, turning to Lady Elinor:

"How kind of you! That will be a great

"And as Valerie has never seen Abbot's Leigh," said Mrs. Langley, turning to auregard, "she will have to be restricted in her rovings among its treasures."

"I hope not," he said, smiling, "only I imagine her tours of inspection would be something like a royal progress. And remember. Valerie, that you need not bring your horse with you. I have three beanties, pure-bred Arabs, for you to choose from; but one of the three, if you allow me to make the choice, will especially suit

"Thanks, so much. Of course I would accept your choice-you would know best

Even as she spoke came the bitter thought, "He will think I am trying to make myself amiable to him!" and she turned from him, as if to listen to what Lady Elinor was saying, dismissing the

meone," said Lady Elinor, laughing, "called those three Arabs the three lovely Gunnings, and the name has stuck to them. Max makes such a fuss with them. Which of the three did you mean just now,

"The gem of the trio! But she is very

"Valerie can ride a spirited horse!" said Beauregard, smiling, as if the idea of her needing a quiet one was rather amusing. "I hate a quiet horse," said Valerie, care-

And all this time she was saying to her-

"How he must despise me! how false, how contemptible I must seem to him! And yet he is so kind, so generous-makes me welcome to his house! I will find out whether aunt Constance 'worked' that invitation. He cannot really wish me to go. She certainly never dreamed that Max Beauregard had in fact, been the wirepuller, and not the (naturally) suspected

unt Constance. Tea was brought up, and shortly after-ward Lady Elinor and Colonel Beauregard took leave; and as soon as they were gone Valerie asked her aunt, almost abruptly, if Lady Elinor's invitation was bona fide. "Perfectly, my dear," replied Mrs. Lang-ley, quietly. "Indeed, although I thought it possible she might ask us, she was as

ely not to do so. She wants to get Max Angela, and you might prove a dan-ous rival." "Angela is welcome!" said Valerie, gr

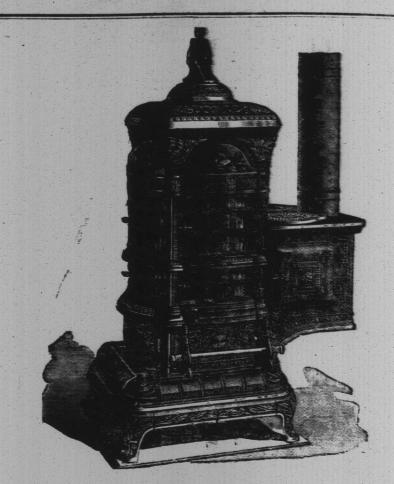
"Angela is welcome!" said Valerie, going to the piano and opening it. "I shall certainly not interfere with her!"

It was the first allusion she had made to the vexed question, and Mrs. Langley held her peace; but she felt some dismay, nevertheless. She had flattered herself that the girl's comparatively cavalier treatment of Max Beauregard to day was only the first shrinking of pride from the task before her; but if the girl was bent on taking a perverse course, where might it all end? But, after all, Valerie would probably win Beauregard, in spite of himself, and them the wise matron felt sure that victory would be with the soldier. be with the soldier.

And Valerie could not have told whether she looked forward with most longing or most dread to this visit to Abbot's Leigh

To see the grand old pile that called him lord, to roam through its vast chambers and galleries, had been her day-dream; but and galleries, had been her day dream to be his guest, to stay under his roof, to be with him in his home—his daily combe with him in his home—his daily combe with him in his home—his daily combe.

In the westering light of a lovely July day, Mrs. Langley and Valerie were driven, through miles of stately elms and beeches that lined the avenue on either side, to Abbot's Leigh; and the girl's eyes dwelt in delight on the varied views of



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CANADIAN PAGIFIC RAILWAY. Ontario and Quebec Division. Express. Express. Vanco'v'r

Leave Montreal... 9.10 a.m. 8.30 p.m.

'Ottawa... 11.30 a.m. 11.00 p.m.

'Carletn jc. 2.45 12.01 a.m. 3.50 a.m.

Peterboro... 5.52 p.m. 5.11 a.m. 8.39 a.m.

Pass Pontypool... 6.36 p.m.

Rench N. Toronto... 8.20 p.m. 7.28 a.m. 11.16 a.m.

'U Station... 8 55 p.m. 8 00 a.m. 11.45 a.m. GOING EAST, Express. Express. Express. Express.

" N. Toronto . 9.03 a.m. 8.45 p.m. 5.00 p.m.

" N. Toronto . 10.46 a.m. 9.18 p.m. 5.31 p.m.

" Peterboro . 11.31 a.m. 11.41 p.m. 7.53 p.m.

" Peterboro . 11.31 a.m. 11.41 p.m. 7.53 p.m.

" Ottawa . . . . 5.45 p.m. 5.25 a.m.

" Montreal . . 8.15 p.m. 8.15 a.m.

Nors. - Pontypoel is only 17 miles due south from JAS. H. LENNON.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

LINDSAY STATION.

6.00 a m. Mixed direct to Port Hope via Bethany, from Linday.

10.55 a.m. Express via Peterboro to Port Hope, from Whitby, Port Perry and Toronto.

2.40 p.m. Mixed to Peterboro from Toronto.

7.55 p.m. Express via Peterboro to Port Hope, from Toronto.

Kent Street, Lindsay.

Lindsay and surrounding Townships that he has opened a new Furniture Store in Lindsay, where he intends to keep on hand a stock of Bedroom and Diningroom Sets, Side-boards, Chairs of all descriptions, etc., which will be sold at the lowest living prices. REPAIRING AND ORDERED WORK a specialty

S. DUBSON, Store in Adams' Block, opposite J. Riggs' Tobac Store, Kent street, Lindsay. -96-26.



TORM POWDER Are pleasant to take. Contain their grativo. Is a safe, sure, and effer secroser of worms in Children at A.

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ness, weakness, lack of vigor, strength a cinent, caused by indiscretions, excessed



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