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Jos. Riggs. J. RIGGS, LINDSAY.

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J. RIGGS, NO. 6, KENT STREET, EAST. The Canadian Post. LINDSAY, FRIDAY, JAN. 25, 1895.

MY DISCONTENT. I could content myself to be one drop. Among the myriad drops that swell the breast. Of life's full sea, if I might ride the crest Of some proud wave that none can overtop; If I might feel the sun's sweet morning light, And paint his tinted clouds upon my face, And wear the stars upon my breast at night, But, oh, to lie a hundred fathoms deep, Down in a cold dim cavern of the sea, Where no sun-ray can ever come to me, Where shadows dwell and silted creatures creep, To gaze forever up with straining eyes, To share God's day illumined the shining sands, To grope, and strive, and reach with pallid hands, Yet never see the light, and never rise!

A FAIR CONFEDERATE. AN INTERESTING STORY OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. (Continued from last week.)

"I want to make him afore some'n's boots. Thar's goin ter be a big fight 'bout Tullyhoomy. Thar's forts all round the place and big guns on 'em." The horses trotted on briskly for a short distance, when, looking ahead, the farmer could see the picket post. He got his pass ready, and when they reached the post an officer came out to examine it. "Is your name Ezekiel Slack?" he asked of the farmer. "Zekie Slack; yaas, that's my name." "And yours?" to the girl, raising his forage cap admiringly. "Missouri Slack." "The other name on the pass refers to the boy, I suppose. You have a name, sonny, haven't you?" he asked absent, while he was studying the pass, though it is questionable if the inquiry was not intended to show some facetiousness before the pretty girl. "Hev I got her?" "Oh, Jakkey," said his sister, "don't fall back into the habit of asking questions instead of answering them. You know how hard they tried to break you of it at school. And say 'hair,' not 'ha'."

Now of the fences there was an occasional upright post left; the walks were overgrown with weeds and grass; the outhouses had nearly all been torn down. The place was a picture of desolation. Nevertheless the general who temporarily resided there was making himself very comfortable. The wagon drew up before the house, and the conducting trooper sent in word to the general that a party, who had come in from the Union lines, were waiting outside, desiring permission to go on. An order came to send the party all in. The three travellers entered the house to find a tall man with an iron gray beard reclining in a rocking chair with as much apparent unconcern as if war were simply a pastime. "You have just come from the enemy's lines, I hear," he said to the farmer. "Yaas, sir." "What force did you see in the region through which you passed?" The farmer explained that he could not answer the question, inasmuch as he had been permitted to pass after taking an oath not to give any information. "H'm. You are quite right not to answer under the circumstances," observed the general. "Did your daughter take the same oath?" "Yaas, general," said Souri. "Surely they didn't administer an oath to a boy of your age!" he said, turning to Jakey. "Reckon th' thought I war too little to swear," said Jakey. He thrust his hands into his pockets, a sure sign that he was steady himself for a conflict of wits and words. But the general was not acquainted with the peculiar characteristics of Jakey Slack and prepared to question him as unconcernedly as he would pump water from a well. "What route did you come?" he asked of the farmer. "I met the children at Galletin," replied Slack. "I driv' 'em from thar through Lebanon Liberty." "Sou, v," said the general, turning to Jakey, "did you pass any troops on the way?" "Lots." "Infantry?" "What's that?" "Soldiers who walk and carry guns." "Didn't see none of them kind." "Did you see any artillery?" "No, sir. Didn't see 'em no air." "Men with big guns—cannon." "No, sir. Didn't see no 'tilery." "Then what you saw must have been cavalry." "Didn't see none o' them uns neither." The general looked surprised. "Then what did you see? That's all the arms of service I ever heard of, and I am an old soldier." "Critic companies." "Oh, I see!" exclaimed the general, remembering the mountain Tennesseans' name for cavalry. "How many soldiers belonging to the 'critic companies, 'as you call them, did you see?" "Waal, I counted 20, 'n thar's 's fur as I got at countin in skule." Souri was advised to remind himself of the best boys in the school at mental arithmetic, but desisted. "H'm!" The general thought a moment and beat a reveille with his fingers on the arm of his chair. "What were they doing within the Federal lines just before you left the outskirts?" "Waal, I only noticed one man, 'n he war doin some'n's very partickler." "What was it?" "He war lookin at the sky through a flat round thing what looked like a big squashed apple." "Not a field glass, was it?" "No, sir. Reckon 'twasn't that." "Was the man of high rank?" "Reckon he war. He had stripes on his arm." "Tut, tut, he wore chevrons. He was only a non-commissioned officer. Can't you describe more nearly the object through which he was looking?" "Waal, I think I hearn some'n call it a can—can—"

but as we haven't the key I fear it will avail us nothing." "Let me see it," said the general. Miss Baggs handed him a piece of paper on which was written: "MURFREESBORO, TENN., June 23, 1862. Volunteers gathered with cheering between possession turn up as to Bob Bumble at to get that possible by move Benjamin pony chief rapidly around that put of the hours ready shingle to notice enemy's Tullahoma your point the by of pulling of pleasure Niggered if desire and hope toward to his more we right I command and mountain order staff." The general read the dispatch over carefully, and then, looking up at Miss Baggs, remarked: "Can't it be interpreted, general?" "I fear not without the key. It is doubtless an important dispatch, and I shall send it at once to general headquarters. If they can decipher it they are welcome to do so. I don't care to try it." Calling an aid-de-camp the general bade him carry the message to the army telegraph station, a short distance to the rear, and repeat it to General Baggs. The general said Miss Baggs in an undertone, "if you will let me have the original or a copy, I will try to decipher it. I may find a clue that will aid me hereafter, though I fear it will be too late to take advantage of information contained in this one." "Certainly, Lieutenant, return the dispatch I have given you to this lady after it has been repeated." The officer departed. The general turned again to Miss Baggs with a serious look. "Do you know that you are engaged in a very hazardous service?" "Perfectly." "And do you understand the penalty if caught?" "Death, I suppose." "There's no telling whether it would be death or long imprisonment in the case of a woman. A man would hang." Miss Baggs' countenance changed from an expression of indifference to one of those flashes of the superhuman attributes that lurk within the human soul. "Am I to make anything of my life when thousands of the south's defenders are giving theirs every day? Have I not seen our homes laid desolate? Have I not seen my brothers, my friends, cut down by either bullet or disease? For months I have devoted myself to the care of the sick in the hospitals. There I learned to dread a long continuance of this struggle. There I conceived the idea of doing something to win success for our armies by giving them an advantage not possessed by the enemy. I consulted one high in rank. 'How can I give my life to the best advantage?' I asked. 'In the secret service,' 'Point the way.' 'Do you know anything of telegraphy?' 'No, but I can learn.' 'Go and study a month and then come to me.' For a month I studied night and day. I learned to read words from the clicking of the keys as readily as I can read letters. I returned to the general. 'You know the rest.' The general paced the floor with a clouded brow. "I dread a catastrophe," he said, "in the case of an inspired by such a noble sentiment. I dread to see a woman exposed to ignominy, perhaps death." "If that time comes, general, God will give me strength to bear it." The general was silent a moment and then asked abruptly: "Is your brother aware of what you are doing?" "He is." "And he consents?" "He does not. We are individuals. He is one of the noblest of the south's legitimate defenders, but he is not responsible for my acts, one of its illegitimate machines." "The pitcher that goes often to the well is at last broken." "Then some one else will spring up to carry on the work." "God grant that the day be far distant—that it may never come. I can hardly approve of it, though you are working in my cause." "General," said the woman, her face again lighting as if inspired by some absorbing thought, "each side has an organized secret service. What general would dare report to his government that he had acquired information which would enable him to destroy his enemy, but it had been obtained by illegitimate means, and he would not take advantage of it? Yet what general would care to be called a spy himself? We are engaged in a terrible struggle. Before its close any and all means will be used to conquer. Cities will be burned, vast districts will be laid waste. Must I cease to employ the most effective method of all because I am doing illegitimate work? Is my work more illegitimate than trying to conquer a people fighting for their independence?" The general made no reply for a time. "Yours is a singular family," he said presently. "You are all alike, and yet you all differ." "We are united in the cause; we differ as to the means." The interview was interrupted by the ringing of a dinner bell in the hall. The general called a negro and bade him show Miss Baggs to a room upstairs, to which she retired for a few minutes. The servant brought in her belongings from the buggy, together with the little box. When she came down stairs, the party were waiting for her before going to dinner. Souri, who had seen her covered by the sun-bonnet and her eyes screamed with glasses, was astonished. She saw a woman three or four years older than herself, the beauty of her head and neck contrasting with the homeliness of her costume. Miss Baggs noticed Souri's surprise, and going up to her took both her hands and kissed her cheek. "You sweet child," she said feelingly, "you can't get over my appearance when you met me on the road this morning, can you? What a fright must I have seemed to you! I don't

care for those Yankee officers, but bless your innocent heart, I can't bear to have shocked you." Souri did not reply in words, but she looked at Miss Baggs admiringly. "Don't think hard of me," the latter went on, drawing Souri aside and motioning the rest to go on into the dining room. "I do only what I believe to be a duty, for you must suspect that I keep a secret. You could not play a part beneath your child. You are too loving, too innocent, and you wonder how any other woman can." "I did once." "When?" "Before I went to school." "For your country?" "No." "F love?" "Souri dropped her eyes to the floor, a questioner, who b this time had put an arm around her received no answer." "Come," she said, "let us not torture each other. I see we both have our secrets." She led the way to the dining room, where the general and his staff were standing waiting for the two women. The party were joined by farmer Slack and Jakey, and all sat down at a signal from the general. (To be Continued.)

ARMY IN CHAPPED HANDS. One of the Devices Used by Beggars to Get Money From the Charitable. A very plausible object he looked as he stood in the entrance to the elevated railroad stairs at Twenty-eighth street. His form was bent, his face pale, his eyes closed, as if in blindness, and he covered close to the wall to escape the cold rain that was driving in before the fierce wind. A box hung about his neck containing his wares—pencils—and he held in his hand a pencil which he was being chapped by the cold and wet. "Buy a pencil," he whined. "Help a poor old man with a few pennies." A lady and a gentleman entered the station, and as the plea of the wretch reached her ears the lady stopped and took out her pocketbook. "Here, my man," she said, dropping a dime into his outstretched hand. "Never mind the pencil. I don't want it. Just see how his hands are chapped from the cold, poor fellow," she added, turning to her companion. "Yes, I see," replied the gentleman, leaning forward and looking closely at the hand in question, which, having transferred the dime to the pencil vendor's pocket, was again outstretched. "Yes, that is what I call very good work." "Good work!" repeated the lady in surprise. "What do you mean?" Without replying in words her companion proceeded to give an illustration. Stripping off his glove, he held his right hand cupped over a rivulet streaming from the roof and got a little pool of water in it. Then he said to the man: "I'll buy one of your pencils if you have good ones. Let me see one." Selecting a pencil, the vendor handed it out, still keeping his eyes closed. With his left hand the gentleman seized the man's wrist and quickly applying the water held in his palm rubbed the black marks vigorously while his companion gazed in amazement. Before the man could wrench himself away every mark was gone. Not a scratch or a crack of the skin was apparent. The skin was wrinkled a little, but coarse and sound as leather. "How do you do it?" asked the gentleman, forcing the pencil man, who had now opened his eyes and was struggling to get away, back against the wall. "Now give back that dime and get out unless you want to be arrested as an impostor. No words now," as the fellow started to remonstrate. "You can't afford to be seen in a police court. You might be recognized." Dropping the dime to the ground, the fellow straightened his back, shook off his palsy and put for the corner at a speed that would have done credit to an athlete. "What on earth does it all mean?" the lady asked her companion. "It means that that man is a fakir, and that he has usurped one of the privileges of your sex in bringing art to the aid of nature," was the reply. "But he does it to disguise instead of to beautify. I have heard of beggars who painted scars on themselves for sympathy, and when you called my attention to this chap's hands and his hands' chaps I recognized a case of it." "Just before election," he continued, "some political work took me about the lodging houses in the lower east side, and I saw there an instance of this kind. Going into a 10 cent lodging place near Chatham square, I saw an apparent cripple sitting in a corner working at his hands with a nail. As cleaning of finger nails is not a favorite occupation in that locality, I watched the cripple and discovered that he was making his long scratches on the back of his hands with the nail. In great surprise I asked another lodger for an explanation. 'Oh, that's Tenpenny Jack,' said the man I appealed to. 'He's workin' the spike. He does that every night.' 'Does he do it for fun?' I inquired. 'Does he do it for the dough. Them's chappin marks he's makin'. He takes them han's out an shakes 'em, an all the loodies gives up their good coin. See? It's the greatest' graft in the biz, on'y they ain't many as can stan it. But Tenpenny Jack's han's is so tough they can hurt 'em, an he has tough work gittin any blood to come. Now he's just finishin off the job.' 'As the man said, Tenpenny Jack was nearly through 'workin' the spike.' He examined his hands critically, gave a pick here and a jab there, lengthened out a scratch a little, and then showing the nail into his pocket went out whistling. I thought as I followed him that if any beggar ever earned his money he did."—New York Sun.



On the subject of hens a boy writes: "Hens is curious animals. They don't have no nose, nor no teeth, nor no ears. They swallow their vittles whole and chew it up in their crops inside of 'em. The outside of hens is generally put in marbles and inter ferred dusts. The ter pillars and inter ferred dusts. The inside of a hen is sometimes filled with marbles and shirt buttons and such. A hen is very much smaller than a good many other animals, but they'll dig up more cabbage plants than anything that ain't a hen. Hens is very useful to lay eggs for plum puddings. Skinny Bates eat so much plum pudding once that it sent him inter the colery. Hens has got wings and can fly when they get scared. I cut Uncle William's hen's head off with a hatchet, and it scart her to death. Hens sometimes make very fine spring chickens."—Australian Poultry and Game.

Bargains in Fine Furs. Here are a few Bargains in FURS at FAIRWEATHER & CO'S. No. 96 Kent-St., Lindsay.

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Ladies' Black Coney Collars, 75c., \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50
Ladies' Black Coney Muffs, 75c., \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00
Men's and Boys' Fur Caps, very cheap, in Nutria, Beaver, Baltic Seal, German Otter, Etc.
Men's Fine Russian Dog Coats, \$12.00 and \$15.00
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Ladies' Fine Furs in Capes, Coats, Collars, Muffs.

NOTE THE ADDRESS Fairweather & Co'y, Manufacturing Furriers, No. 96 Kent-st., - Lindsay



THANKS! As Father Time looks out upon the approaching New Year, I am compelled to review my past twelve months' trade, and, in so doing, I feel very thankful for the large share of trade you have given me, and would now wish all my customers, great and small, a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. In conclusion would say I have a number of articles suitable for a Christmas or New Year's gift. Call and see them. JAS. BOXALL, 109 Kent-st., LINDSAY.

HOW TO KEEP WARM. IT WILL BE A LEADING QUESTION IN A FEW WEEKS. WHEN YOU WANT TO BUY A STOVE CALL AT WOOD'S STOVE DEPOT

and inspect his complete assortment of all the leading makes of Stoves, in Coal and Wood Burners. It will surprise all who have not given attention to the subject to note the wonderful improvements incorporated in the latest designs. Scientific research has accomplished much in providing means for keeping homes warm with the minimum of fuel. Nickel-plated and brightly furnished, these stoves ornament any room, and the prices will be found very reasonable.

WE PUT UP STOVES. It's surprising what a fuss the ordinary man falls into when asked to haul out the stove from its summer lair. He hasn't the "knack" needed and of course gets nervous and profane. We have the "knack," and we charge but little. All orders promptly attended to. W. G. WOODS, SIGN OF THE BLUE FRONT. Hughan & Co.

We Never Bragg Otherwise we would tell you how many hundred Wedding and Engagement Rings we have sold during the past year. It would be interesting to know some of the things we know, but "mum's the word." We never tell. Another lot of Beauties just in, ranging in price from \$2 to \$20. If you want the best see them.

HUGHAN & CO., Jewellers and Fancy Goods, 52 Kent-st., Lindsay

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