

A. Higinbotham. "Truth is Mighty and will Prevail." It is a well known fact all over the County and the adjoining ones that HIGINBOTHAM'S RHEUMATIC CURE is the best on the Market.

This Remedy is put up in Fifty Cent and Dollar sizes. Give it a trial and relieve your suffering. A. HIGINBOTHAM, DRUGGIST, NO. 74, KENT ST., LINDSAY.

The Canadian Post. LINDSAY, FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1895. A FAIR CONFEDERATE.

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

She waited a moment, for him to accept the trust. She might have waited till the crack of doom without a reply. He had no power to utter a word. He simply bowed. "I desire also to entrust this keepsake to you, to be sent to my brother."

"He—he is?" "My brother?" "Oh, God!" He staggered to the wall and leaned against it, shivering. "You know him, colonel. There is no necessity for deceit now. I have long known the singular circumstances that surround you and him—that you both loved the same woman; that you won."

"And that twice—twice he gave me—my life." "That he never told me." "Ah, he never told you that?" replied Maynard, a kind of wonder in his tones. "When at Mrs. Fain's plantation, I discovered under whose roof I was sheltered. Your wife had never seen me, and I determined that it would be best for all that I should not make myself known."

Maynard stood in amazement at these developments, in horror at the situation as he now knew it to be. "And you are the sister of Cameron Fitz Hugh?" "I am. I am Caroline Fitz Hugh." "Oh, you shall not die."

When Colonel Maynard spoke these words, there was a grandeur in his tone, his figure the lines of his countenance, the light in his eye, strangely inconsistent with a resolution he had made the moment before they were uttered. He had on the instant reversed his decision made not ten minutes before to do his duty, in the ordinary acceptance of what that duty was. He had determined to save the woman before him, even if it were necessary to take upon himself far greater ignominy than the death to which she was sentenced. There was silence between them, during which Miss Fitz Hugh stood looking at him in admiration, mingled with inquiry. She knew that some secret charm was at work within, but she did not know what it was.

from others. We give; we are not accustomed to receive." Maynard stood gazing at her with a look as if in refusing the sacrifice she had staked him.

"What then," he said at last, "can I do?" "Send the news of my condition, of my expected—she shuddered at pronouncing the word—execution to our lines. Knowing that I am condemned, they can bring what influence they may be able to save me."

"It will avail nothing." "Try it. Fate, luck, Providence works strangely at times. Let us push on and leave the rest to a higher power." The colonel looked at his watch. "It is now half past 9. We are but a few miles from the Confederate lines. Your brother is—"

"In—his cavalry division an on the Confederate right. I heard from him only a few days ago. He was then at Ringold." "That is not far from here." "There may be time," she said, hopefully. "Some one must steal through the lines. If not shot, he may accomplish something. In half an hour I shall be—"

"You!" "Yes, I. I will not trust this only thread on which your life hangs to any one else, though I confess," he added gloomily, "I have no confidence in it." "No, colonel, I cannot accept this from you. You are the commander here and are all that stands between me and death. You must remain here and send a messenger."

"Who would I dare intrust with such a message?" "Send for the man who captured me, Corporal Ratigan. Let him bear the message." "He?" The colonel looked at her a moment, as if to question why this man should be so trusted, but her eyes were lowered. He knew there was a secret which it did not become him to pry into.

"I will send him, if he can be found, at once. If not, I will go myself. And if the mission fails, for he will know how precious time was, and turning from the room and the house strode rapidly towards his tent. He had gone but a dozen paces before he heard some one call. "Colonel!" He did not hear. The call was repeated. "Colonel!" A man approached him, whom in the darkness he did not recognize.

by within 50 feet of him, walking his horse slowly, the butt of his carbine resting on his right leg, and in a position to be used readily. He was patrolling a beat. Ratigan waited till he had gone past, then darted onward to trees which, from there irregular line, he judged grew beside the creek. He was not disappointed and was soon standing in shallow water, resting for a few minutes under a low bank.

Once past the creek he felt that one-half his danger was ended. He had doubtless gone beyond the range of his own comrades, and now came a great danger of meeting the Confederate pickets. Leaving the creek, he ascended a slight eminence and made a survey of the surrounding country. All was silent, except that he could hear an occasional sound like a distant burst of laughter, or a shout from the direction of Ringold, in his front. Presently he heard the unmistakable rumble of a train coming from the south.

"It will pass right down there behind that clump of trees and go through the cut," said the corporal. "Oh wonder wouldn't it be a good plan to take advantage of its noise when it passes to slip through the outposts. They'll be thick of the train, and I can follow in its wake." He advanced cautiously to the trees beside the track and waited for the train. Presently the headlight of a locomotive shot out from around a curve. The corporal had forgotten that its light would reveal him to the engineer. He crouched down out of sight with a high beating heart, and not too soon, for had he stood where he was the light would have shone directly upon him. He waited while the engine puffed slowly by. It was drawing a long train of mixed passenger, cattle and platform cars, every car crowded with troops.

"They're preparing to give us a brush in earnest," muttered the corporal. Ratigan determined to follow the railroad north to Ringold, which he judged to be only a mile distant. The train loaded with Confederate troops having just passed, the guards he might meet would probably not be very suspicious of an enemy. He walked on the track for a short distance, expecting a challenge with every step. He received one suddenly just before entering a wood. A man on horseback aimed a carbine at him and gave the customary: "Who comes there?"

Ratigan at once threw up his hands, which his challenger could distinctly see, and cried out, "I want ye to take me to Colonel Fitz Hugh." "What do you want with him?" "Do ye know him?" "He commands a regiment in our brigade." Seeing that the corporal held his hands above his head, the man permitted him to draw near. Once here, Ratigan informed him of the nature of his mission and begged him for Colonel Fitz Hugh's sake to send him to Ringold at once. The vedette was convinced by Ratigan's earnestness that he bore a message of importance, and calling his comrades, ordered one of them to dismount. Then, taking the precaution to blindfold the stranger, he mounted him, and placing a horseman on either side of him sent the three clattering toward Ringold. It was not a long distance to the town, but all distances, all periods of waiting, seemed long to the corporal. Was not the terrible event to take place at sunrise! And now it must be near midnight!

"What is the time?" he asked of his conductors. "Twenty minutes to 11." "Let's go fast," Colonel Fitz Hugh would be as anxious for me to get on as I am myself if he knew my errand." "All right. Let's light out, Pet." And Ratigan felt the motion of a gallop in the horse he rode. And now came a "halt" from a guard and an answer, followed by "Advance and give the countersign." One of the men goes forward for the purpose. Then the party goes on again, but what they pass or where they are going Ratigan knows nothing about. He only knows that they are moving and that they are not moving fast enough to suit him. Presently they stop, and the corporal can hear one of the men dismount. There is a stroke of a clock evidently from a church spire. He counted, "One, two, three, and on to eleven." "Dismount."

He lost no time in throwing himself from his horse and was well forward. The air became warmer. He must be in an enclosure. The bandage was taken from his eyes. He was standing in a tent lighted by a candle fixed to the end of a stake driven into the ground. There was but one other person present, a Confederate officer. He had black hair, a mustache and long black hair, a mustache and goatee, and an eye honest, respect inspiring, and with all the gentleness of a woman's.

N. K. Fairbank Co. "We always fry ours in Cottolene."

Our Meat, Fish, Oysters, Saratoga Chips, Eggs, Doughnuts, Vegetables, etc. Like most other people, our folks formerly used lard for all such purposes. When it disagreed with any of the family (which it often did) we said it was "too rich." We finally tried

Cottolene and not one of us has had an attack of "richness" since. We further found that, unlike lard, Cottolene had no unpleasant odor when cooking, and lastly Mother's favorite and conservative cooking authority came out and gave it a big recommendation which clinched the matter. So that's why we always fry ours in Cottolene.



THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Wellington and Ann Streets, MONTREAL.

"Condemned to be shot for a spy to-morrow mornin at sunrise," Fitz Hugh sank back on a camp cot and covered his face with his hands. For a few moments the corporal respected his grief by silence, but time was precious, and he soon continued, "Thinkin that ye might exercise some influence to save her. Oi've come to inform ye of the—distressin fact."

The last two words were spoken in a broken voice. "By whose authority?" Fitz Hugh rose and stood before the corporal. He had nerved himself for whatever was to follow. "Colonel Mark Maynard, commanding the—cavalry brigade."

"Do you mean to tell me," said Fitz Hugh, with a singular, impressive firmness, "that my sister is at the mercy of Mark Maynard?" "He is charged with her execution." Colonel Fitz Hugh shuddered. "That man is my Nemesis," he cried in a voice filled with a kind of despair. "Tis he that sent me to ye."

"The same." "Does he wish to save my sister?" "He does." "Why, then, does he not do so?" "He can only save her by his own disgrace. Yer sister will not accept the sacrifice." "A true Fitz Hugh," said the brother proudly. "Then Miss Fitz Hugh suggested that he might send me to inform ye of the situation, that ye might ye opportunity to use any influence ye would consider wise and honorable to secure a reprieve."

Fitz Hugh thought earnestly with his head bowed, his eyes fixed on a spot on the ground. "There is nothing that I can do," he said at last. "Threatened retaliation is the only recourse, and that could not be effected under the circumstances without implicating Colonel Maynard." "Then ye see no way open?" asked the corporal despondently. "It is impossible for me to act intelligently alone. If I could see Colonel Maynard, perhaps together we might hit upon a plan."

"Would ye meet him between the lines?" "There is no sufficient time." "There's five or six hours." "Fitz Hugh stood pondering for a few moments without reply. Then, suddenly starting up, he said: "Go tell Colonel Maynard that I will meet him as you suggest. Let the point of rendezvous be—let me see—where do you consider a feasible point?" (To be Continued.)

World's Dispensary. A WOMAN'S BURDENS are lightened when she turns to the right medicine. If her existence is made gloomy by the chronic weaknesses, delicate derangements, and painful disorders that afflict her sex, she will find relief and emancipation from her troubles in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If she's overworked, nervous, or "run-down," she has new life and strength after using this remarkable remedy. It's a powerful, invigorating tonic and nerve food, which is discovered and used by an eminent physician for many years, in all cases of "female complaints" and weaknesses. For young girls just entering womanhood; for women at the critical "change of life"; in bearing-down sensations, periodical pains, ulceration, inflammation, and every kindred ailment, if it ever falls to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

SUGARS. When we say that we think we can do better in the line of SUGARS than any other store in the county we have faith in our ability to do so. It rests with the house-keepers of the County to test the statement's truth.

Don't lose sight of the fact that we pride ourselves on the quality of our TEAS and COFFEES. Experience tells in the handling of these lines, and if you can appreciate a cup of good Tea or Coffee (there are those who cannot) we are sure of your trade.

SPRATT & KILLEN, FAMILY GROCERS.

SUNSHINE HAS RETURNED. THE SHADOWS OVERHANGING A NIAGARA FALLS HOME HAVE VANISHED.

Little Mabel Dorey Cured of St. Vitus Dance After Four Physicians Had Ineffectually Treated the Case. From the Niagara Falls Review.

In speaking to a friend recently we were asked if we had heard that little Mabel Dorey, the eight year old daughter of Mrs. Dorey, Ontario avenue, had been miraculously cured of St. Vitus dance. We replied in the negative, but stated that we would investigate the case and ascertain the facts. Accordingly we visited the home of Mrs. Dorey, when she related the facts as follows: "My little girl has had a miraculous experience. It is about two years and a half since Mabel was stricken with St. Vitus dance, caused by the weakening effects of a gripe and rheumatism. Three local physicians were called in, as was also a doctor of considerable reputation from Niagara Falls, N. Y., but in the face of the prescriptions of these physicians and the best of care Mabel grew rapidly worse. She could not be left alone an instant and was as helpless as an infant, as she had no control of her limbs at all. She could neither walk without assistance nor take food or drink. At this stage one of the attending physicians said, "Mrs. Dorey, there is no use in my coming here any more. There is nothing that I know of can be done for your little girl."

Well matters went on that way for a short time with no better results till one day I was sure the poor child was dying. I remembered having seen accounts of Dr. St. Vitus dance cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I determined to try them. It was not long before they had a good effect and I then felt certain I had found a remedy that could cure my little girl if anything could. In less than three months she was so much better that the dread disease had almost disappeared, and the pills were discontinued. In a few months, however, she showed that the symptoms had not been entirely eradicated from her system, so I had her again commence the use of the Pink Pills. I feel certain that all traces of the awful malady will be swept away, for she goes to school now and we have not the slightest anxiety in leaving her alone. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is certainly a grand remedy and I would not be without them under any consideration, for I think they are worth their weight in gold, as in my little girl's case they have been true to all they advertise. I am only too glad to tell others who may be unfortunate know of this miraculous cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

When strong tributes as these can be had to the wonderful merits of Pink Pills, it is little wonder that their sales reach such enormous proportions, and they are the favorite remedy with all classes. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. Sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred), and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

Files! Files! itching Piles. SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging, most at night, worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal. Wholesale Agents.

The key to the situation—if you suffer from Catarrh, you'll find in Dr. Sage's Remedy. No matter how bad your case may be, the proprietors of the medicine promise to pay \$500 if they can't cure you. For sale by all druggists.

Insure your Digestion by taking the advice of Dr. Cyrus Edson, President of the Board of Health, New York, and chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. MONEY TO LOAN at Lowest Rates on Mortgage Security, or on approved Indorsed Notes. NOTES DISCOUNTED on any term not exceeding twelve months. REAL ESTATE bought and sold on Commission. J. H. SOOTHERAN, General Insurance Agent, Banker and Broker, 11 Kent Street, Lindsay. F. VanCamp. AXES and Cross-Cut Saws. A First-Class AXE for - 55c. A HELVE for - 10c. CATTLE CHAINS for - 10c. GOOD LANTERNS for - 35c. Nickel Silver T Kettles for \$25. Nickel Silver T POTS for \$1.20. Royal Canadian Wringers, \$2.50. Nice New No. 9 COOK STOVES, \$12.50. EKATES of all Kinds Cheap at VanCAMP'S, KENT ST. WENT.

New Advertisements. HOLSTEIN BULL FOR SALE.—The undersigned has for sale on his farm, Lot 15, Con. 8, Fenelon, a YOUNG HOLSTEIN BULL, which will be registered in the purchaser's name, is 11 months old well grown and a good one in every respect. MOOREHEAD, Fenelon Falls, Ont., Feb. 24, 1895. —22-49d. FOR SALE.—I intend leaving for England for the benefit of my health if I can dispose of my property, which is as follows:—One BRICK veneered storey and half house on corner of Albert and Durham-sts.; two houses on Cambridge-st., South; Cottage and one storey and half house on several good building lots. These houses have been built within seven years. For further particulars apply to FRANK MARKS, 27 Cambridge-st., South.