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The Cook's Puzzle

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COTTOLENE

which makes light, crisp, healthy, wholesome pastry. Mrs. M. S. Bride, Marion Harland, and other expert cooking authorities endorse COTTOLENE. You can't afford to do without COTTOLENE.

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The Canadian Post. LINDSAY, FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1894

A MEXICAN BELLE.

An Intensely Interesting Tale of Life in Austria and Mexico. (Continued from last week.)

"I suppose Mr. Fadenhech has got the right to walk in the wood too if he pleases; it is a common thoroughfare," and, for want of something to occupy her feverish hands, she begins pulling off large flakes of moss from the tree-stem beside her.

"But you have not got the right," thunders out Arnold, coming a step nearer, so near that only two paces divide them now, "to compromise yourself by having meetings with a low-bred snob, who has been sneaking after you from D—bad."

"And what right have you to question me?"

"By heavens!" he says, without heeding her question, "if ever I stumble across that man here again I will—"

"Shoot him," suggests Reata, with an attempt at a laugh.

"Horsewhip him," says Arnold, savagely, kicking over and stamping down a clump of little bright yellow toadstools, gummy and sticky-looking; they crunch into a pulp under his foot.

"You are welcome to do that," mutters Reata under her breath, but Arnold does hear it.

If she had been more collected, and less frightened, she would have seen that the passion in Arnold's tone and manner must spring from some keen interest in herself; but as it is, she is too bewildered to understand it. She knows she has been doing something foolish, if not wrong; and in his voice and manner she reads only anger towards a culprit. It is fear that is scattering her wits. Within the last few minutes her face has changed strangely; she looks older and harder; her lips are firmly set, the lines about them are square; and every trace of softness is gone from her eyes. With one hand she goes on tearing off little green patches from the trunk. He watches her for a few seconds, with his chest heaving; and the indifference which her position and gesture seems to imply drives him wilder still. He sees her white fingers pulling at the moss as if it were in play; but he does not see how they tremble, and how quick and alert her breath is coming.

"You know you came here to meet that hound—don't deny it!"

"I will not take the trouble to deny it," she says, haughtily, "if by that epithet you mean Mr. Fadenhech. You came here for the express purpose of seeing him?" he asks again, half hostile for a denial, or at least a mortification, but she vouchsafes him none.

"I came here for the express purpose of seeing him."

"And you have got letters from him? You got a letter from him yesterday?"

"I got a letter from him yesterday," she says again, in a low impassioned voice.

"And you dare say that so coolly! She only shrugs her shoulders. Cool! He thinks she is cool; while to her it seems that the hot pain in her soul is no less than a burning fire.

The sunlight, which has been lying on the moss below, carpeting the woodland floor with streaks and daubs of yellow light, is beginning to creep up the tree-trunks slowly. A little breath of wind bends the hemlock gently down. The thrushes and the blackbirds are singing so clearly, and so peacefully, while these two human beings stand only two paces apart saying hard things and rousing each other's anger, when, by a few words, so much could be made right. But she does not say the words—there are so many things struggling for mastery within her: there is terror, hard defiance; there is false, morbid pride, and a bitter sense of humiliation; and there is love—love fighting there too—wild love for the man before whom she quails. His hard words and contempt make it burn fiercer—so fierce, that in the midst of her bewilderment she fears to betray it.

"Will you give me an explanation?" Arnold calls out, in a voice far harsher than his usual tone.

"Certainly no explanation to such an unaccountable question. I have done nothing to you for my actions."

As she says it, she looks at him again, as calmly as she can. Her voice is perfect in its ring of indifference; never before has she been a good actress, but she becomes so now for a moment. Her color alone she cannot command, as it comes and goes; but the flicker of light and shade through the leaves prevents that being seen distinctly.

Her tone and her look take sudden effect on Arnold—they bring him to his senses. He takes her coldness for more than it is worth—it chills his heat instantaneously.

"You are quite right," he says, in a different tone, more like his usual voice but for an icy contempt which cuts her more than his passion did. "You are perfectly free to do what you like; it is no concern of mine, and no interest either." His features have settled into an iron rigidity; he stands straight, with folded arms, the angry flush still darkening his face. She has succeeded perfectly in her little piece of acting; she can congratulate herself on it, but she does not.

Now that she has regained his self-command, she is beginning to lose hers. If she did not keep her lips so firmly closed, her teeth would be chattering, so violently does she tremble. Her shoulders are stiff and sore from the rough work which she is leaving it against the rough bark. For the last two days, ever since the ball at D—bad, she has grown pale, and blue streaks have come under her eyes, for want of sleep and rest of mind; and now the emotions of the last ten minutes have deepened the blue shades and taken more color from her cheeks.

The hemlocks are standing up again straight on their green hollow stalks; the little breath of wind has not returned to bend them down again. It was going to be fine. All the patches of sky that show through the trees are bright blue, without a speck of cloud. The summer morning is unfolding into beauty; but to Reata it seems that nothing can ever more be beautiful. Hope and happiness are dying in her heart, and all through her own fault and folly.

"Then I have only to apologise for having disturbed you in your morning rambles," Arnold says, with an accent that is dry and mocking.

"Just so," Reata murmurs unconsciously, quoting Mr. Fadenhech.

"And I will take care to steer clear of the place of your meetings in future."

She throws up her head proudly, stung by the taunt in his words.

Go where you like; I have done nothing to be ashamed of. I am going home now and I suppose you will let me pass.

"Certainly! I have no wish to detain you," he says, in the same icy tone that has been wounding her so fearfully; and as he stands back, she passes him quickly, with a scarcely perceptible inclination of her head and disappears on the path homeward.

"Been out for a walk, my dear?" the Baron says as they meet in the avenue. It is the Baron's system always to take a little stroll down to the gate before breakfast.

"Yes, to the wood. I am not late, am I?"

"Late, my dear child! It is quite early still; not much past seven. You cannot have been out long."

"No, I cannot have been out long," she repeats after him; and it seems to her that she has been out for eternity—that she has lived through half a lifetime since she left the house.

"You have not seen Arnold anywhere about, have you? I must speak to him about what arrangements are to be made in case the new handle for the pump should arrive while we are away. I should show you the drawing of it, my dear, did I not?"

She is looking tolerably composed now; the walk home has given back a little colour to her face.

"Yes, she answers, swallowing down something that feels like a hard lump in her throat.

"(You remember about it, do you not?) I made the design from memory—this sort of thing, a curve with knobs—"

It is fear that is scattering her wits. Within the last few minutes her face has changed strangely; she looks older and harder; her lips are firmly set, the lines about them are square; and every trace of softness is gone from her eyes. With one hand she goes on tearing off little green patches from the trunk. He watches her for a few seconds, with his chest heaving; and the indifference which her position and gesture seems to imply drives him wilder still. He sees her white fingers pulling at the moss as if it were in play; but he does not see how they tremble, and how quick and alert her breath is coming.

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"Will you give me an explanation?" Arnold calls out, in a voice far harsher than his usual tone.

Arnold had never known her to be so talkative either, and was enraged. She laughed out loud, once or twice, at some very harmless remarks of the Baron, and meeting Arnold's eyes upon her, laughed louder, and then helped herself for a second time to pudding, and ate every morsel on her plate, although it tasted to her like dry sticks, and she thought that each mouthful was going to choke her.

"What wonderful spirits that dear girl has!" the Baron said to his son after dinner, when she had left the room.

"Wonderful," Arnold replied; and soon after he followed his father to the writing-room, and there was a little conversation between them about the plans for the next fortnight.

Reata spent her afternoon in the garden, walking about listlessly among the rose-beds, but not gathering any of the overblown roses that were beginning to sink very low; she found the sitting-room dark and all fiery with the red and yellow rays, and Gabrielle in the next room eating strawberries.

"Only fancy how provoking!" she began as Reata entered; "Arnold is coming to Vienna with us, after all. He has suddenly invited Prince D—."

"Oh, I don't care about the prince," she says; "he does not care about the exhibition in this heat and that he will go by himself in September. Isn't it provoking?"

"Is it? I suppose he can please himself."

"Of course he can please himself," pouted Gabrielle. "He has pleased himself already; he went off half an hour ago."

"He is gone?" Reata's lips and face had become white, but the glowing sunset tints reflected all around and upon her, so that she could not see her emotion.

"Yes, but not to the Prince at once; he is to go to the Scherendorfs first. Papa has given him a message to take about their joining us in Vienna, and papa says that he hopes that it may all come right again between Hermine and Arnold, now that Count Stays is gone."

"I forget; he said that I was not to tell you anything about it, but I don't see why I shouldn't. I have nobody else to tell things to."

"You certainly should not tell me things when your father has forbidden you," she said, so sharply that Gabrielle looked up from her strawberries surprised. "Not that it matters much in this case, for your brother's movements can in no way interest me;" and saying this superciliously, with high rolled-up eyes, she walked back into the sitting-room, still blazed full of the red and yellow sunset light.

CHAPTER XLII.—"LA PALOMA."

There is a Mexican air, wild, fitful, haunting, beginning with notes of sadness, like a wind rising and falling, sobbing and sighing, amid barren rocks, or sweeping with gusts of mournful music over the prairie grass—a melancholy complaint, which quickens and loudens and swells till it culminates in a frenzy of passion. Grief and despair are speaking out of the hurried, pressing, crying notes, discordant almost in their clamor, yet soul-stirring in their wild grace.

It has been brought to Europe under the name of "La Paloma," and become a favourite of society, played upon pianofortes and zithers and by grand orchestras, but at this time it was not so widely known.

After Reata had passed out through the open door of the sitting-room, Gabrielle went on to her strawberries, feeling that she had been out for eternity—that she has lived through half a lifetime since she left the house.

"You have not seen Arnold anywhere about, have you? I must speak to him about what arrangements are to be made in case the new handle for the pump should arrive while we are away. I should show you the drawing of it, my dear, did I not?"

She is looking tolerably composed now; the walk home has given back a little colour to her face.

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along under the trees, where the horse-chestnut leaves have grown into big coarse-ribbed green fans, and are drooping a little with their own weight and the heat of the day that is past.

"What is the matter, Reata?" and Gabrielle laid her hand softly on the other's shoulder. Reata started at the light touch, half turned round, and looked at the girl beside her with wide eyes that did not seem quite sure of what they saw; then, fingering her hair down on to her arms, she brooded passionately. That touch upon her shoulder and sob. That touch upon her shoulder and sob. That touch upon her shoulder and sob.

"What is the matter?" she asked, beginning to cry for sympathy, out of sheer surprise and fright, terrified at the burst of grief which is shaking the stronger woman as if she were a weak child. "What is the matter?" she asked, beginning to cry for sympathy, out of sheer surprise and fright, terrified at the burst of grief which is shaking the stronger woman as if she were a weak child.

"Never mind me," she said, uncovering her eyes and making an attempt at smiling reassuringly, although she was still trembling. "I don't know what I have been saying; it was all that music, it reminded me so of Mexico."

"But are you quite sure you are not unhappy, Reata, or ill?—I look ill," persisted Gabrielle, and beginning to rub her cold hands, and beginning to rub her cold hands, and beginning to rub her cold hands.

"No, no; I am not ill—it is nothing," and Reata looked away with a deep-drawn, quivering sigh, as if to shake off the last trace of delirium into which she had been betrayed unawares.

"Then it was only the music?" Gabrielle said again, in a soft whisper; and Reata answered, still looking away—

"Yes, only the music."

CHAPTER XLIII.—"DEAD HEARTS."

"How can people talk such rubbish about breaking their hearts, and being in love for life! How easy it is, after all, to get over a disappointment in love!"

Reata was knocking beside her open box, packing her dresses and other small articles of her possession, for the departure to Vienna was fixed for next day. The floor around her was strewn with miscellaneous articles, and she held her open diary in her hand. She was not reading it to read—but she had taken it up to put into her trunk along with two or three other books, which formed the whole of her collection, and the leather-bound volume has fallen open at a page.

(To be continued.)

Pneumatic Carpet Mat.

A pneumatic mat for use under the stair carpet has been patented by Sidney Starr. It is formed of one length of tubing, which goes back and forth and forward, and is inflated through a lengthwise slit. The pressure is constantly the same all through, and is so arranged that it will not feel as though it were a mat, but as though it were a mat, but as though it were a mat.

Finger Tip Resemblance.

Gallon declares that the patterns on the finger-tips are not only unchangeable throughout life, but that the chance of the finger prints of two persons being alike is less than one in 64,000,000.

World's Dispensary.

The Old-fashioned Style

of pill gives you a feeling of horror when you see it and when you feel it. Like the "blunderbuss" of a flunder decade it is big and clumsy, but not effective. In this century of enlightenment you have Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which cure all liver troubles in the most effective way.

They're not easily seen for they're small as grains of mustard seed, but the effect is lasting and the cure complete. For Indigestion, Constipation, Bilious Attacks, Sick and Bilious Headache, nothing has been found to equal these pills of Dr. Pierce's invention. They give such complete relief that their makers promise that your money will be returned.

Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One a dose. 25 cts. a vial. A vest-pocket remedy.

Some very Special Bargains in Flower Tips and Ribbons. Sailor Hats and Trimmed Millinery at special prices.

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STANDARD PLOUGHS

The Wilkinson No. 4 and 7.

The Wilkinson 2-furrow Gang Plow leads them all.

Points and Soles on hand for all Wilkinson Ploughs.

THRESHERS' SUPPLIES

Machine Oils, Hemp, Rubber, Lace Leather, Leather Mitts, Soap, Stone and Asbestos Packings.

RUBBER and LEATHER BELTING all at Bottom Prices at

F. VAN CAMP'S,

112 KENT STREET

Lindsay, August 10th, 1894—22.

Pain Killer.

SAFE THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER RELIABLE PLEASANT



BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA CURES ALL Taints of the Blood. CERTAIN

J. J. Turner & Sons.

For the Very BEST and CHEAPEST

Awnings, Tents, Sails, Waterproof Horse and Wagon Covers, Laps, Rugs, Coats, Hats, Rubber Mitts and Gloves.

J. J. TURNER & SONS, PETERBOROUGH, ONT. PETERBOROUGH, FEBRUARY 24th, 1894—20.

R. D. THEXTON. THE VERY BEST Coal and Wood, Pressed Hay and Straw delivered to all parts of the town promptly at lowest rates.

LONG and SHORT HARDWOOD. It is the greatest value to be had in the town. Leave your order for your winter supply of coal and wood with me, and you will be satisfied.

R. D. THEXTON, Office in E. Smyth's Block. Lindsay, Oct. 12th, 1893—79. (Telephone.) MISS O'BRIEN.

Summer Millinery VERY LOW. Pattern Hats, Pattern Bonnets, Untrimmed Hats, Artificial Flowers. Novelties in Trimmings.

Some very Special Bargains in Flower Tips and Ribbons. Sailor Hats and Trimmed Millinery at special prices.

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JOHN MAKINS. JOHN MAKINS, Brass and Iron Founder is prepared to do all kinds of Casting and Foundry Work, Repairing of Implements and Machinery, etc., Setting up Steam Engines, Boilers, etc.

N. B.—Two Portable Watering Engines (15 h. p. for sale cheap. Apply to JOHN MAKINS, William-st. North Lindsay, April 18, 1894—15.

J. J. WETHERUP. J. J. WETHERUP Cor. Sussex and Peel-sts. Sells the BELL, the BERLIN, the DOMINION, the GERMAN HEINTZMAN Pianos and Organs at Lowest Possible Prices and One Price Only. P. S.—I pay net cash for all my goods, discount customer's paper.

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Scott's Emulsion

Watch your Weight

If you are losing flesh your system is drawing on latent strength. Sometimes wrong. Take

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver oil to give your system its normal strength and restore your healthy weight. Physicians the world over, endorse

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THE Canadian Post

FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1894.

CROPS BY IRRIGATION

THE CULTURE OF ONIONS BY AR

FICIAL RAIN.

Rich Sandy Loam is Preferable

Land Will Produce Fine Crops

Irrigated and Properly Fertilized.

The experiences of onion grow

ers in a rich, sandy loam are pre

ferred to those in a heavy soil.

In the West, onions are suc

cessfully raised on "sage brush" land.

The sandy and not cultivated soil

is better than the heavy soil, and

irrigated and properly fertilized

lands, such as the edge of a

prairie, might produce a large crop.

It is not necessary to cultivate

the soil in the spring, but to

prepare it in the fall, and to

planting seed level land.

When the soil is in the

condition; corn leaves too much

weed. Seed to carrots, parsnips

and potatoes in the spring and

to make the field perfect.

From 20 to 40 loads of well

manure should be spread

before the manure evenly, plow

it deep.

Market should determine the

quantity of manure to be used.

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