Canadian Post.

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BY CHARLES J. BELLAMY.

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(Continued from last week.)

They two had been sitting in her garden on the afternoon of a summer day. It was two, three, almost four years ago, but he she has." could see the blooming roses and hear the drowsy hum of the bees as if it had been yesterday. He had been reading a love poem to her; that was as near as he dared come to love making; sometimes letting his voice soften and tremble a little over the tenderer passages. He was but a timid lover, and Bertha so royally cold. Suddenly glancing at her, he saw she was overcome with the heat, and had fallen asleep leaning her shapely head back against the rough bark of the tree. Her fingers loosely clasped in her sloping lap suggested perfect repose; the girlish bosom rose and fell with her still breathing, and there was an exquisite pout on her lips, as if vaguely mutinous against the hardness of her pillow. His heart was beating violently as he laid aside his book and scated himself on the bench by her side. But he dared not profane the vestal purity of such sleep as hers; he devoured her face with his eyes, but did not steal one kiss from the red lips, though there was such a sweet, mute invitation on them. But he put his arm about her and drew her toward him heart makes for itself. as gently as if she were a sleeping infant, and made her head rest on his shoulder. Then he looked down the red tinged cheeks, like the woods in autumn's tenderest mood, swept by | threw open the doors. Four horses stood in her long, golden eyelashes, and tried to fancy she was awake, though her eyes were closed,

on his breast and her hair like fine threads of twisted Roman gold kiss his burning face. But she moved in her slumber, and then her star like eyes opened and looked mute astonishment into his eager face. For one startled moment she did not move, and in sudden boldness from the liberty he had already taken he poured his passionate declarations into her ears, covering her hair and her forehead and then her cool white hands with

and that she was willing her head should rest

"You frighten me, Philip." Her quick, startled tones as she rose to her feet yet rang in his ears. She looked at him as half of a mind to run away. "I don't understand you," she said, reproachfully. The porcelain picture is just as she was then.

"Why, Bertha!" He had risen, too; but she drew back from him. "I love you. I want you for my wife."

How coldly she had looked at his flushed, excited face. He thought it was the supreme moment in his life; but it seemed to be nothing

"Is that all? Why, I thought you were mad." Ah, and the same madness burned in his soul this moment. Time could not wear it Shame, outrage, desolation could not kill it. He rose to his feet and pushed the tinted porcelain away from him.

Mrs. Silas Ellingsworth was all smiles and grace as Philip entered her parlor, and she shook hands with him, lingered as cordially over the greeting as if she had quite forgotton her pretty fingers had ever been on his threat. She made him take a seat and began to make conversation with him, as if she supposed he had called to see her. But suddenly she affected to be struck with an idea.

"Oh, I know why you are not more talkative, you didn't come to see me at all." She stepped to the door. "Susan, call Miss Edingsworth."

"hiss!" Then there was no longer any room for doubt. Philip shrank at the blow she gave him. He had thought all uncerteinty was gone long ago, but he found that up to this very instant he had cherished a speak of hope that Bertha had a right to the name of the man she had fled with. And she was "Miss" still. His hostess way saying something, but he did not hear it, there was such a deathly faintness about his heart.

Then there came a step in the hall, and his farsiliar thrill of tenderness at her coming. She lingered an instant on the threshold, an old habit of hers that gave him time to step awake from his despair, as if h were but a forward and meet ber.

waiting to speak. It was only tenderness in | his door to go out into the sweet scented Sep-Philip Breton's eyes as he took both Bertha's | tember air, he felt happier than for many hands so gently, but she said:

"Am I very much changed, then?" and a to leave no place for cruel distrust and unrepoince look flitted across her face. Philip lenting pride. He even represched himself did not answer her for a moment, he was so for his ungenerousness of yesterday. The distressed at her interpretation of the love | world of nature left no unsightly wounds and

that made his sight misty as he gazed at her. "Well, I suppose I am in the way," remarked the mistress of the house, with inbred volgarity. She was smiling sweetly, but women's smiles do not always signify amicbility. "I suppose," she added, letting her whirts touch her two guests as she passed out, "you want to talk over old times with

Misa Ellingsworth." Now came the last terrible assurances Philip winced at the heartless blow, but not so much as a flush passed over Bertha's cold face. She accepted the name without even a shade of silent denial on her calm features, though it was the badge of shame for her.

"On, no," but he dared not look her in the face for fear she should see his anxious pity for her. "You have been ill, perhaps, but I always thought you the loveliest woman in lover she had ever known. She had no sethe world."

"You always said that." Then she glanced to him. No whisper to her shame could ever sadly into the mirror. "But it is more pleas- reach his insulted ears. Her life was comant to hear now, for I know I am not pretty | monplace, but no blot was on it, no guilty any longer."

had come over her radiant beauty only to put his arm about her waist in broad shanged his love to make it deeper? Could | daylight could pour his foolish love making she not see the new intensity of yearning in | into her eager ears without stint. There was his eyes as he raised them to her face again? no theme he must avoid with her, no page in He longed to draw her into his arms and kiss | her life he must not cut. her tired face into eternal smiles. His love | He loved the soiled lily, loved it more than had been refined into a new divineness; a love all the fresh roses. All other women might capable of all sacrifices for her; that asked no as well never have been born for him; this price, but would pour itself in an eternal woman he would have died for. Could he Good against her dull indifference, if it must | not protect her from evil tongues! If she

be; a love more pain than joy, of unutterable yearnings for what he believed she could never have for him; that would seem to grow on her unresponsiveness; that welled up the mightier for her coldness, content if hereafter it might throw a little brightness on the path her snowy feet should tread; content if she would but let him warm her cold heart with his tenderness.

"Are you glad to be at home?" he asked, "Do you call this home, with my servant its mistress?" For a moment it was Bertha, as she used to be, her anger curling her red lips and flashing new fire into her tired eyes.

"Does she insult you?" "It is insult enough that she is my father's wife. She can not go beyond that." "Shall you stay here alway?" asked Philip stupidly enough.

"I suppose so; where else is there?" A wild impulse touched him; he loved her and she needed love, had he not waited long enough? But a sudden fear came into his mind and chilled his hope like a frozen fountain. She might have a child-how strange he had never thought of it before. Ah, it would be a strong love which could endure that, a baby to hang on her bosom and take her kisses, a baby with Curran's face. No, he could never bear that, anything better than that. Her sin he could forgive. Though it must linger forever in his memory, he would bury it beneath more blessed experiences. His love should hallow her, he would kiss away Curran's caresses from her lips. But if there were a child-

Philip started violently and looked at the door; he fancied he heard a sound like the pattering of infant feet. In a moment Bertha would catch to her arms her child and Curran's, and half smother it with a mother's kisses. "Isn't that a child's voice?" he cried, rising

to his feet and his eyes rested on her in a new pitiful reproach. He thought she started strangely, as if a mother's instincts stirred in her bosom.

"Oh, no; it is only Jane-I mean Mrs. Ellingsworth. What an innocent little laugh

A child, with sweet winning ways, is a strange thing to hate, a lovely little rosebud to blossom no one knows how faultlessly by and by. But Philip thought he would hate her child-Bertha's child, perhaps with his darling's star like eyes; ah, was it not Curran's, too, the symbol of her shame? As he walked home in the twilight he saw in each toddling baby in the doorways and windows, an image of his own materialized fear and horror. Philip looked back from the hill on which stood his home to the village his father had built up. Those massive mills with their thousands of looms were his: those long rows of white houses, each one of which held a family rich in possibilities of virtue and hope, they all were his, and the new element of brightness and thrif, that had made the whole village a nursery of comfort and happiness was his work. Behind him was the great stone mansion with its arched gothic windows green with clustering woodbine, it was his too. How powerless he thought all that wealth and material power can do to solve one of the terrible problems a

Moodily he walked to his stables, in a kind of vague longing for companionship, and their stalls within, noble looking creatures all of them. They turned their stately heads toward the sound of their master's feet; they returned his love with love. One of them whinnied welcome and laid back his ears as his master came into the stall beside him.

"Poor fellow, good boy;" Philip patted his white neck affectionately. "You would do what you could for me, wouldn't you, Joe? I know you would, old fellow." He laid his



An image of his own materialized feer. cheek against the animal's velves ness. "But you couldn't go fast enough to get me out of this trouble, not if you died to de it

> CHAPTER XXII NO BARRIBR.

Sensitiveness is a very unfertunate quality in life since no object is molded in ascerdance with the strict rules of art since there is no character but has a repulsive exet in it. no history but with its dark page. The hopey man is neither too enthusiastic over the virtues of his acquaintance, which may be accidental or merely a pretty optical delusion, or too stern and unvelenting toward sins. which he fancies might have been virtues under different conditions. But Philip Breton had fallen out with life. The great world seemed to jar him as it relled. Each hour had revealed unguessed means of suffering, and even the beams of genial saulight had daggers for kim.

Yet it is hard for a man to understand thee his fate may be pure, unalleyed pain. He is ever smiling through his tears and toying to dream of disordered fancy. So as the next Mrs. Ellingsworth had risen, too, and was | morning came, and Philip Breten threw open weeks; the peace that came over him seemed

breaks in its whole demanion. Gaping graves are soon covered with green grass and wild flowers; life springs quickly out of death, and apparent rain is soon forgotten in renewed magnificence. Why should he, then, let two lives be wrecked for one water set in the past-forever past?

He swurz down his watk in a new buoyancy. He believed he had passed through the cloud and come out into the clear light of

But at his gate a carriage refled elevely by him. It contained a bridge couple, and be stopped to smile at them. The girls face had no culture in it, but was speed, and less the innocence of childhood. That ungality fellow, who now wore his first broadcloth suit, at whom she looked so fondly, was the only crets from him, no past his jealous eyes might She smiled as she let him lead her to a seat, not scan without a pang. Her soul was open thought had ever left its trail across her Could she understand that the change that heart. The rough lad, who was bold enough

was unhitching Joe from the post, that he had occasion to doff his hat to Mrs. Ellings-

were trampled, could he not lift her into his bosom? If she were insulted, could he not put his man's heart and strength between her and shame? He would hurry to his darling, throw himself at her feet, her past should be buried, her life should begin with his happiness to-night. "You want to marry Bertha? I supposed

you were acquainted with her past." It was in Mr. Ellingsworth's room, where he sat in dressing gown and slippers, well back in his easy chair. He was looking at Philip Breton very curiously. He had really fancied he understood human nature before. "I suppose I am," answered Philip simply.

"Well, I know more of it than I wish I did. She ran away with a beggar, and she has come back. I dislike unpleasant memories, so I avoid unpleasant information. You know her-her-her relations with Curran? Yes, well," and the gentleman shrugged his slight shoulders, "no doubt you know what you are doing, you run your own risks,"

"Understand me, I asked but two questions-have you left Curran forever? do you want to come home? I had heard she had never been married. Jane has heard it. I feared it. Do you wonder I did not ask, not caring for a disagreeable certainty. Well, do your own questioning. I suppose the fact of her keeping her maiden name shows some-

What if he should find she was indeed married after all, when he had at last decided he could not live without her; when he had at last made up his mind that he must have her if he took a burden of life long shame into his soul with her? That would be a wretched freak for fortune to play with him; but how foolish he was, did not her name prove that she was unmarried? "But I hate so to harrow up her memo-

should think that would be a father's "Can it be, my dear Philip," remarked Mr. Ellingsworth, with his own brilliant smile, "that you know me so little as to expect me to perform an unpleasant duty? There are people that love them-that never seem so much in their element as when engaged in

some act of self sacrifice. You must really When Philip went down into the parlor Bertha was sitting there alone, and his fate seemed thrust upon him. Before he had time to dread breaking the subject to her he stood at the back of her chair, looking down on her thin, white fingers moving over her embroidery work. He laid his hand very gently on her shoulder. Ah, it was less round than it used to be. She was good enough to keep her eyes fixed on her work. There was no shade of heightened color on her cheeks, nor did she

"Bertha," he began, in a low, sweet voice, "I am going to ask you something." Still she "If, at some time before you died, a man whom you liked came and asked you to

marry him," he spoke very slowly, "is there any reason why you must say no?" Not one flush or nervous tremor. threaded her needle again with the red worsted "What do you mean by reason?"

"I mean," he said, in forced calm, "is there any barrier which the laws make to prevent you from marrying him?" Since he had begun to dream of marriage, he had thought only of the barrier of her shame; he had not thought that there might be a barrier more impregnable. But it came over him all the more terribly now. That would explain her lack of shame, her unbroken pride, that would be more consistent with his lifelong idea of her, if she had preserved her honor, and, alas, was already married and cut forever away from him. That would save her purity which he had thought sullied. No fingers of scorn could ever be pointed at her. No; but she would be lost to him forever. God forgive him, then, if he would rather have her dishonored, insulted, degraded, than lose her. Would she never answer? She laid down her needle and turned her face up toward him. He trembled like a child as he watched her lips part; in a moment his fate would be decided. It was terrible that his happiness could come only through her shame, and her honor meant a life of despair and loneliness for him, but so it seemed to

"There is no barrier," she replied. "Thank God," he whispered. The strain was removed. She had established her own disgrace with her own lips, without a drooping of her eyes, without a quiver of her lips. Ah, but he suffered in his very hope. It wounded him that he must rejoice in her shame, it was almost as if he had caused it. He bent low over her shoulder, in another moment he would have told her of the unchanging passion-of his love. All the bounds of his nature were broken down now. His whole soul seemed dissolving in ineffable tenderness for this cold woman, into whose calm, beautiful eyes he looked so hungrily.

"Like embroidery, don't you, Mr. Breton?" Mrs. Ellingsworth flashed her small black eyes in delight. Philip started back in ill concealed dismay, but Bertha's face changed not one shade of expression as she rose magnificently to her feet and swept from the

The lady of the house looked unpleasantly "Isn't it funny, she don't seem to like me?

Do you suppose it is that Curran scrape that has put her so much above me Philip glanced savagely at her; he could almost have struck her, without thinking of her wemanhood, there was such a snake like look in the glistening black eyes. One might as well reproach a wild creature of the forest for following out its instincts; but after a

moment he said: "Mrs. Eilingsworth forgets she is a lady?" But she was beautiful, if not a lady, her hot bleed lighting up her round olive cheeks as if it were liquid fire and her carled lips glowing like a perfect rose just bursting into bloom. No man could look at her now and not feel a mad soulless fascination for her, a fascination the greater because mixed with revulsion. She was a perfect type of the wemanhood that can madden a man with passion, without tenderness, that can wreck his life, banish every noble hope or ideal from his soul and feed him nothing but

"It's stronge what makes a lady," she enswered him in growing excitement. "Your Bertha is one no master what vileness she sinks to, but I can't whisper one

rude word." She came close to him and put her burnyou better than that woman. She will top- word he thought was on her lips. ing fingers on his hand. "Your horse loves ture you to death, let her alone." Then she sprang away from him, and walked backward and forward clasping and unclasping her elinging fingers in her old habit. "Oh, hate her, I hate her; but what good is M! I would dash myself to pieces to break her, but I could not. She steals my lover and then leaves him. She comes back disgraced in the eyes of her own father; but she does not feel it. And now comes her lover with his riches, and offers everything to her. She deserves nothing, but gets everything." She would have raved on, but Philip Breton walked slowly out of the room. Nothing could ever | borers waited with their spades over their move him now; he preferred the woman she | shoulders, and with them the young mill maligned to all the other hopes or possessions

in the world. CHAPTER XXIII. NO APPRECIATION OF EMBROIDERY. It was the next afternoon, as Philip Breton

neither of them had souls. Philip had been ending to go to his factory, there was some business he ought to attend to, but the made his heart give a great bound. What

"Not in?" he repeated after the servant in dismay. Would his luck never change? Had

"But she isn't far away," and the girl lifted its burden of green turf. smiled at the disappointment that had come over his face. "I guess, now, you will find her in the garden; or I will call her if you | their green stems, but Philip, spade in hand,

to the garden. What more fitting place for | tives who gathered expectantly about him. what he had to say if he could find his voice for the great lump in his throat. He must be very eloquent to persuade her, to answer all pity that moved him, for she would resent that, but love-a love that craved her

She looked up from her embroidery at the sound of his footsteps and smiled. Her beauty might all go, as its first bloom and freshness had gone, and her cheeks fade like the autumn leaves whose glowing tints they had once worn; her golden hair might whiten with age, he knew it would make no difference in his love. She wore the same dress she had worn in that other garden scene. She had grown thin and gone back to the dresses of her girlhood. It was a light blue silk, open low in the neck, filled in with nestling folds of lace. The sunbeams made their way through the low hanging trees, and ries," said Philip, in an unsteady voice; "to with them came the breath of the roses, and make her confess her shame before me. I the humming of the bees, just as on that other day.

Philip seated himself on the bench beside her, and tried to make his voice calm as he

"Do you remember when you last wore Would she be frightened at the intensity of gentleness in his voice? But she smiled as frankly at him as if he

were her brother. "Oh, yes." He put his hand on her arm, cool as if love and passion were forever outside her experience. "Bertha, I love you more now than then. I will not frighten you with my vehemence; I have learned to conquer myself. I will cherish you as a child, but, oh, Bertha, I want to be near you."

The woman did not draw away from him. She was looking with a changed expression at his eager face-the face of the lover whom no coldness could chill; who returned again after her descrition of him; whom no shame could alter. He had stirred something like admiration in her at last. A tinge of delicate color rose from her neck among the folds of lace, and mounted to the roots of her golden hair. It was the first time he had ever moved

"And you love me as much now as that day I fell asleep on your shoulder-ages ago, it must have been?" Then her great blue eyes drooped under the intensity of love that looked from his face-a love beyond her power to understand. He gathered her hands in his. "As much

and more-a deeper, purer, gentler love that will protect you against its own very vehemence-that would rather make sacrifices for you than joys for itself."

"Take me, then," and she let him draw her head on his breast, where she felt the throbbing growing mightier and mightier, though he only pressed his lips upon her cool forehead. Then she drew back. She did not look in his face, which had a great light in-it, perhaps she was ashamed that she had nothing to give him, ashamed that her heart was so cold under the rapture that looked out of

"But Philip, you must not hurry me too much. I am slow, and this is so sudden, I would as soon have thought of an earthquake." Then she glanced wonderingly at him as if to make sure. "Ah, Philip, you deserve a better love than mine." But he caught her hand to his lips, and held it there while he covered it with kisses, "I would rather the flower you wear in

your bosom than any woman in the world besides you. I learned to love with you, But she took her hand away uneasily.

"But you won't hurry me, will you, Philip?" How could she ask him to wait much longer! "Oh, no-I will give you a whole week."

He laughed, and then grew suddenly very ober. "Haven't I given you long enough! "I must take a little journey first," and her eyes appeared to avoid his. A sudden tide jealousy swept over him. Had she deserved his trust!" "I will go with you. It shall be our wed-

ding journey. She flushed nervously-"Oh, no, not yet." Where could she be going? To one last interview with Curran, perhaps, and he felt that he could not bear one thought of him should ever cross her soul again. How short a time it took to spoil his happiness. The glow had left his heart, the light had gone out of his eyes, all in a moment. Is misery

then the only thing that can last? "Only this once," she said. "You shall go with me always then."

His mood melted and in a moment he was kneeling before her. "Oh, Bertha, be fair with me-for you hold me in the hollow of your hand. Do not fail me new when you have seemed so near me." She put her hand on his bowed head, per-

haps some sweet word trembled on her lips. He hungered for it, and when she did not speak, he looked up into the face of his bride. She had seemed so far from him, a world could not have parted them more, but he was at her feet, and she had promised to be

"My dear Philip, excuse me, but you are crushing my embroidery." So he was. He was kneeling on it in his fond idolatry, as if a piece of worsted work was of no account. He found his feet and cast a pathetic ghance at the square of canvas before he stooped to pick it up. It was strange, indeed, that he should have been so carried away in his passicuate ardor as not to notice what he was

"I hope I have not ruined your work," he said simply. No, he had only rumpled it a kittle, and he would have been willing to purchase all the canvas and worsted in two chics, rather than have missed the tender

WOMAN'S SYMPATHY.

Birtha has returned, never to leave her lover again, in safety, and still thathful to him: his fears were unfounded, his suspihe had looked into her beautiful eyes once and justice. In the mill yard a hundred laborers waited with their spades over their Cattle and Sheep.

A Certain Cure for Epidemic in Nails, Tar and Building Paper, Paints, Uils, Gills, Gattle and Sheep. owner, grasping a spade like the rest. At the contractor's word the iron glistened in the sunlight, and in an instant more a hundred and one spades struck earth. Ten thousand eager workmen all over the land were waiting on the undertaking. Each night 10,000 anxious tongues will ask how many feet the new walls have risen that day; will reproach the masons if they are slow, will bless them worth, driving by with her husband. They if they work mightily.

The looms in the Breton mills are still today, the great water wheel is unharnessed from the myriad belts, while the men and women and children gathered around the neers for the foundation of the new mill. It SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and was to be their mill, too, and the face of the bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases of the blessed hope which was making life for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. make her happy? So his business was post- over for them. Not a voice was heard. For Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal, Wholesale poned, and he rang the bell at Mr. Ellings- | the moment all eyes were fixed on the bending forms. Philip Breton's slight form was bent, too, as he drove his spade deep into the stubborn sod. Every laborer stayed his she been frightened at his manner the night | hand until the young master threw up the before, and gone away to avoid his unpleas- first earth. Then a cheer broke from each brawny throat, and every spade at once

The hundred laborers bent again to their task, and the frightened daisies trembled on had mounted the steps of the nearest mill, "No, don't call her," and Philip hurried out | and now looked down kindly on the opera-"I mean that not one injustice shall ever

desecrate these new walls. I mean that the mill shall be a temple of co-operation. I beher objections, to assure her that it was not lieve the world is just entering on a new epoch, more glorious than any before, because blessings that have been confined to the few, comforts that have comforted only the few, leisure and amusement, even, that has cheered only the few, shall be universal; that each hand that tills the earth shall share in its bountiful harvests, which now pack the store houses of a few in useless profusion; that each hand that weaves our cloth shall share in its prefits according to his worth. It isn't because the world is so poor that you have been poor so long; but because its wealth is wasted. Yet be patient. Violence only destroys, it does not build up, and every article of wealth destroyed leaves so much less of your heritage. We will not work any more today; it shall be a holiday to be kept sacred in our memories, as an inspiration to more faithful labor and more honest, contented lives.

But for a moment no one moved, till he leaned his spade against the wall, and started to come down. Then a murmur ran through the crowd till it swelled to a cheer, and as he made his way out, he had to clasp a thousand dingy hands, reached out to the young master in token of the love and trust of a thousand brightened lives.

His destiny that had frowned so long and so terribly, smiled at last. As if by a miracle his life, that had seemed so dreary and barren, was become a path of flowers. All langers were averted, all evils turned into blessings, and it was so short a time ago that he saw no spark of joy in life. It had been like a day when the clouds had shut away the sun, and settled gloomily over the earth for a storm. A shadow creeps into every human face, darkness cowers in every home, the birds flutter in terror from tree to tree, or nestle fearfully in their retreats. The very brooks moan instead of babbling. Then suddenly the summer sun burn through the clouds, which scatter to their caves beneath the hills; the rippling rivers glisten and sparkle like rarest jewels, and the birds break forth in song as they mount in ecstasy toward the sunlight. Not a human thing but brightens into sudden gladness. So short a time ago he thought life only a dull, cheerless struggle, that he rose in the morning heavy and disheartened, that he lay down at night, careless if he slept forever. But suddenly the world looked like an enchanted palace to Philip Breton, and his life seemed as perfect as a day in paradise. (Continued next week)

New Advertisements. TEACHERS WANTED .- Male, hold-I ing 2nd class Certificate, salary \$400; female holding 3rd class Certificate, salary \$200; for Coboconk Public school. Duties to com-mence Jan. 11th. 1893 Applications, with testimonials, to HENRY DOUGHTY, Secretary, Coboconk Sept. 21st, 1892.—214.

PENDERS.-Tenders will be received L until the 15th October at 5 o'clock p. m., for the Erection of a Brick Church at Glenarm. Separate tenders received for one with basement and one without. For information and plans apply to MR. THO3. SMITHSON, Glenarm. Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. September 24th, 1832. - 25-3.



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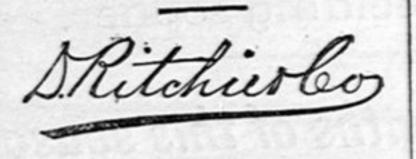
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Our Stock of Granulated, Demarara and Yellow Sugars is Complete.

FRUIT JARS.

We have Glass Gem Jars, pint, quart and half gallon sizes, also EARTHEN PRUN JARS with corks or covers, quart, half gallon, gallon and two gallon sizes.

Picklings and Table Vinegars.

The best qualities of Pure Malt, White Wine, Cider and Fruit Vinegar in stock Leading Brands of BINDER TWINE on hand

BUTTER WANTED.

E. Z. Yerex-Little Britain.

We want a quantity of good Dairy Butter and will pay the Highs Market Prices, either Cash or Trade, for Rolls, Tubs, Crocks or Pak and will furnish Tubs and Crocks to pack in, during hot weather.

HOGG BROS.,

NO, WE DON'T so the people say, go where we get less for our money, but we stick to the on

22 lbs. Redpath's Granulated Sugar (not grocers A) for 25 lbs. good White Sugar 28 lbs. very Light Yellow Sugar Canadian Coal Oil per galion Cut Natis per 1b. Good Relier Flour per 100 We know some of you have paid 20 per cent. above these prices during the last two ments.

Our Fall Stock is arriving and we intend showing you a better range is all departments that have ever done before. We have engaged a first-class Dress and Mantie maker and Millis Give us your work; we guarantee satisfaction. One thing we would easy, we are determined give you as much as any other person, even if it be the great I Am. Thanking you for our great increased summer trade, and hoping to be favored with it during the fall and winter. I remain your trade, the fall and

E. Z. YEREX, Little Britain, Aug. 24, 1802,-30.

J. P. Ryley.

Philip for another reason. He was to break ground this morning for a new mill, whose walls and foundations would be laid in love and justice. In the mill yard a hundred la-

Putty, Locks, Hinges, etc., etc. ONE DOOR EAST BENSON HOUSE.

March 21 11892 .-

Scott's Emulsion

ACUTE or CHRONIC, Can be cured by the use

of pure Cod Liver Oil, w and Soda. A feeble stom takes kindly to it, and continued use adds flesh, makes one feel strong

Genuine prepared by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Sold by all druggists, 50c. and \$1.00.

Publisher's Notic THE CANADIAN P

ADVERTISING RATE Ten cents per line (solid type) nonpe sertion; three cents each subsequent Resding notices in local columns, the first insertion; 5c. each subset Small condensed advertisements

trayed cattle, teachers wanted, farm of six or eight lines) \$1.00 cash for cour insertions. If more than eight tional proportionate charge is may [Aberal discount to merchants for advertisements by the year or for time. Rates made known on applicat WILSON & WILSON, Propr

NEWS OF THE HOME AND FOREIGN ITE Gathered from the Telegraph

-The Columbian celebration -Over \$1 000 was collected in ca at Sault Ste. Marie Saturday. -Heavy rains have caused con

-There was a big demonstration lin Sunday in honor of Parnell's di -Tangier advices tell of further outrages on Austrian and Span -A terrific gale raged on Lake Saturday. It is feared many an

damage to the cotton crop in Texa

borhood of the volcano of Colima, -The pope has decided to hole sistory at the end of the year for pose of creating new French and

-Subterranean rumblings in th

-A Goderich farmer named Jo fell from a load of apples near l and slighting among the horses' kicked to death. -George Greer, who was engine Monitor at the time of that vetsel

engagement with the Merrimac, Charleston, S.C., Monday. -Ten thousand dollars, it is an has been offered by the Remingt writer Co. for the first coin of the fair haif-dollar series.

-Dr. Henry Prior, for a qual century stipendary magistrate at who represented the city in the it at the time of confederation, died

-Ada Gallagher, 26 years old, actress known on the stage as vere, committed spicide at Pai Monday by cutting her throat -Wm, E. Lord of Bangor, Ma

a magnificent buck Sunday. The wandered within the city limits r the business centre when -The autumn mackerel fisher Skibbereen district of Ireland profitable this season. Enormou

ties of mackerel are being thipp -The Canadian Pacific Naviga steamer Premier was struck by t by island, about ten miles south Townsend, Wash., Saturday a Five were killed and drowned at teen badly wounded.

-The bark Bourman B. Law of

as she was rounding cape Aguiba into a hurricane. A frightful created and lasted for eleven da fore and main lower top sails w and two of her boats smashed. Quantity of oil was used and p many of the seas from breaking (During the storm the bark drifte her course 200 miles. -Tuesday week William Scam was brought to Belleville from Tr charge of burning his father's

September 18, with intent to kill h John Scamerhorn, and mother an who were eleeping in the house time. It appears that the scn is of mind, and had a grudge against hi The family, however, escaped, the house and all the outbuilding destroyed with contents. The pleaded guilty to the charge, and he would do it again. In view of of his mind, however, he was co For trial. -In commenting upon a special

of the condition of British crops p in its columns the London Tim The conclusion on the whole cas the present year will be a disast for the British farmer. The loss wheat, while there will be no set-off in any other crop. The ou the winter is gloomy for all classe ecomes a grave question how ma ors will be able to struggle thro Considering the continued shri wheat cultivation the Times advis

dairy produce. -News has been received of t piete overthrow of the de facto ment of Venezuela in the per Villegas-Polido and his minist government troops, which had t their position near Teques to pre capital from the insurgent army, saged in battle by the forces of G

DO, some 14 000 to 15 000 strong, therly roused. The place where t occurred was at San Pedro, an o battle, but of short duration. Th tented soldiers of the governmenters no match for the trained ve made desperate chorts to rally the out it was a hopeless task. Dist the terrible onelaught of the en wavered and fled after the battle

followed up their advantage, us