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To know that a single application of the Cuticura Remedies will afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy and economical cure of torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning and scaly humors, and not to use them without a moment's delay is to fail in your duty.

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If tired, aching, nervous mothers knew of Cuticura Remedies, they would never be without them.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1893

A MEXICAN BELLE.

An Intensely Interesting Tale of Life in Austria and Mexico

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Felix and Max Bodenbach, on the death of their father, were left with a fortune which was the pride of the Austrian families had done the best to squander.

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Since his death the establishment had not been reorganised; the servants brought to this hacienda consisted only of one indoor maid-servant, and the three or four stable-servants requisite for the attendance of the carriage-horses, which in that part of the country were a positive necessity.

It did not surprise Otto that his aunt should be in the continuation to be continually recurring to Reata—dwelling on the subject with great fondness and affection, and seemingly anxious to know whether the girl's abrupt manner at times had not impressed Otto unfavourably.

Then they went on to talk of his relations: the old lady inquired very kindly after Otto and Gabrielle, and showed interest in Baron Bodenbach, however, or at any allusion to former times, she became as once flurried in the same unaccountable manner Otto had noticed last night; and when at last he rose, saying that he would fetch his father's letter and the little packet he had been intrusted with, her distress became apparently increased, and she entreated him to put it off till later.

"My eyes are so weak," she said, "I could not read it myself; indeed I think it would be better if you give it to me after dinner, when Reata is with me—she always reads my letters aloud."

"Very well my dear aunt; just as you like," said Otto, resignedly, but had to rise again at once, as dinner was announced by Reata putting her head in at the door and saying, "La comedia en la mesa."

"Here is the letter, aunt Olivia," he said, after dinner, returning from his room. "I will also give you this small packet from my father. I dare say you know what it contains."

"Of course she does; she has been thinking of nothing else," answered Reata, promptly. "Please give the letter and the packet, Baron Bodenbach; I will read it to you, and dole out as much as I consider to be good for the dear old thing's constitution. Oh, no, don't go away," as Otto made a movement towards effacing himself, thinking that his presence might be undesirable. "I assure you she does not mind it in the least. Sit down there and listen."

As the old lady made no objections to the rather odd arrangement beyond a resigned sigh, Reata sat down with the packet of rose-leaves on her lap, and began reading the letter.

"My beloved Cousin Olivia!" Reata glanced significantly at the old lady, who gave a start and blushed painfully. "You will get these lines from the hand of my son, who, more fortunate than myself, will soon have the happiness of beholding again your dear face, and imprinting a filial kiss on your small white hand."

"Now, Reata, my dear, how can you torment me so! You know how bad my memory is!"

"But Reata only shook her head and proceeded:— "I have intrusted him with a precious packet, which he is to give into your hands; it is the dried rose-leaves which you gave me on the 25th of June, 1837. Of course you remember that day, although you would not allude to it in a former letter. Do you remember the moonlight, and the waterfall, and the nightingale? You threw one rose into the rushing waters and gave me the other to keep."

"How dreadfully frivolous!" said Reata, gravely shaking her head. "I had no notion that you had gone through such romantic episodes. She does not look like it; does she, Baron Bodenbach?" Then the old lady endeavored to speak. "No, no, don't excuse yourself; I know exactly what you were going to say, and I make every allowance for your youth and foolishness. There is more about the roses coming."

outwardly. Are you really so very like him?"

"I must appeal to my aunt for that particular," said Otto, looking towards the old lady, who immediately turned to the window and appeared absorbed in the deciphering of the letter.

"There is a strong family likeness, I believe," went on Otto, discussing his personal appearance with confident coolness; "but the resemblance is much more marked between my uncle Max and myself. I am said to be very like him."

"Are you?" looking across at him with some curiosity. "I should not have thought so; but then you are taller, of course—that makes a difference," she added, inadvertently.

"Taller!" repeated Otto, with a shade of surprise in his tone and look. "I always believe that my uncle Max had been remarkably tall."

"I don't think he was," she said speaking of Reata. "You must be mistaken," he continued, with increased surprise. "I remember now quite well that we have got the mark of his height cut into one of the door-posts at Steinbüh; it is just Arnold's height too, but I am a little under it."

Reata was bending over the packet of dead rose leaves, stuffing them back into the paper rather roughly.

"Well, perhaps I am wrong," she said, without looking up; "but I did not know Mr. Boden at all; I only saw him once, and he was not standing then."

"How strange! I thought you had known him quite well for several years."

"I hardly knew him," she repeated. "But have you not been living with my aunt?"

"Never mind about that," she said implicitly, with heightened colour. "But I should like to clear up the matter about my uncle Max's height," he persisted, half in amusement, half in curiosity. "Perhaps my aunt will be kind enough to pronounce her verdict as to the difference of height between me and my uncle—am I as tall as he spoke Otto was, and turning towards aunt Olivia, stood waiting for her decision."

To his surprise he perceived that the embarrassment on Reata's face was reflected on his aunt's countenance with double force. Was she, too, as ignorant as Reata on the subject of Maximilian's length of limbs?

mock sounded like that of some tormenting spirit.

Otto made one more effort, and answered in an indistinct voice, "Immensely fond of riding!" Reata persisted,—"but "answer there came none for Otto had sunk into a delicious state of oblivion."

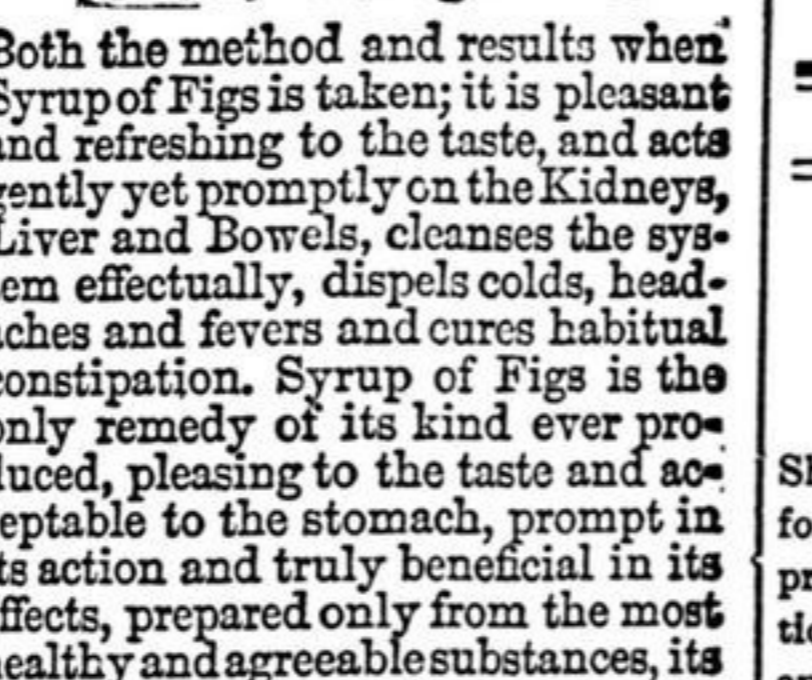
CHAPTER VII.—LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT. THERE ARE few sensations as strange and delightful, and few feelings of surprise as pleasurable, as those we experience in finding ourselves for the first time in life within the precincts of a tropical forest.

Reata had by no means exaggerated when she said that this forest looked like an enchanted wood in a fairy tale. At every step fresh beauties discovered themselves. Gigantic, broad-leaved trees bent their heavy lower branches down to the ground, and these had taken root again, and formed verdant bowers. Where many of these stood close together, the bowers joined into natural arched; and under their green shade a man could walk for some minutes upright. Protected by this leafy roof from the sun's devouring rays, the ground was clothed in these spots with a thick, tender covering of green,—a velvet carpet, more perfect than our most carefully tended lawns; elastic and soft, retaining no impression, and giving back no sound. In the close parts of the forest, where palm and cocconut trees stood crowded together, everything was a mass of unbroken green; but what variety in this sameness. Here the emerald green of the sward, and hanging over it—nay, on it to—masses of dark leaves; large cushions of moss, in all manner of strange and eccentric shapes—like huge ottomans and footstools, into which you sank as into deep-delved velvet couches; furniture made of fairy hands, you would guess them to be; and yet nothing but blocks of stone which nature has seized upon, and covered with large mosses and little ferns more than a foot deep. So compact and springy is the covering, that in plunging your hand into its depths, you could barely touch with your fingers the hard stone beneath.

From the crevices of larger rocks, deemed to unsuited to serve as furniture, sprang enormous tufts of ferns, standing boldly from their nooks, and tossed by the slightest breath of air, like plumes in the wind. Creepers of all descriptions, some with narrow-pointed leaves, others with broad, dark ones, twined around every trunk, and hung in luxuriant profusion from every branch.

Sounds of animal life enlivened this lovely solitude,—cries of animals, songs of birds, humming buzz of insects; and now and then a rustle and a gliding movement in the grass would remind you of (Continued next week.)

California Fig Syrup Co.



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Advertisement for Old Chum Virginia Flake Cut Smoking Tobacco, manufactured by Ritchie & Co. in Montreal, Canada and London, England.

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Advertisement for John Makins Lindsay Foundry, featuring John Makins and Miss O'Brien, with details of their foundry services.

Advertisement for Miss O'Brien, a Grocer, offering a variety of goods at low prices.

Large advertisement for Spratt & Killen's General Groceries and Crockery, featuring a list of products and a promotional message.

Advertisement for The Rathbun Co., featuring Hardwood products and Scott's Emulsion, with contact information for their office.

Advertisement for The Canadian Post, detailing advertising rates and subscription information.

NEWS OF THE WEEK. HOME AND FOREIGN ITEMS OF INTEREST. Gathered from the Telegraph and elsewhere.

Advertisement for Jos. Maunder's Coal, highlighting the quality and price of their products.

Advertisement for Lindsay Green Jewellery, featuring various jewelry items and contact details.

Advertisement for Spratt & Killen's General Groceries, emphasizing their wide selection and competitive pricing.

Continuation of news items and advertisements from the right edge of the page.