

Derby Cigarettes. The Canadian Post. LINDSAY, FRIDAY OCT. 1, 1897. RODNEY STONE, By A. Cowan Doyle.

"Miss Hinton cannot see you," said Jim. "But she asked us to come," said Jim. "I can't help that," cried the woman, in a rude voice. "I tell you that she is not at home."

"What a vulgar-looking woman!" said Rodney. "But she asked us to come," said Jim. "I can't help that," cried the woman, in a rude voice. "I tell you that she is not at home."

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she flushing. "Well, now, walk up to it, and let us hear what is written there."

"It is a play-actress," said I. "Oh, you rascal little boy, to say it in such a tone!" she said.

"We were compelled to confess that we never had. And the very name of play-actress had a horror, like the country-folk that we were."

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from one of us to the other and then back again, as if he could never see enough of us. Young as he was, I could well understand that this was the most which he had thought of during a lonely watch, and that the expectation of it had cheered his heart in the time when he came from the sea.

CHAPTER IV. Many a woman's knee was on the ground, and many a woman's soul spent itself in joy and thankfulness when the news came with the fall of peace had been settled. All England weaved her gladness by day and twilight with the news of the peace.

CHAPTER V. It was a long time before my father had a thought to spare upon my education in arithmetic.

CHAPTER VI. I tried to explain that addition was the same upon sea or land, but that history and geography were not.

CHAPTER VII. My mother had been placed on half-pay, like so many others of the old war officers, and so, for nearly a year, I had been at home.

CHAPTER VIII. The spring of 1803 was an early one, and the middle of April saw the leaves thick upon the trees.

CHAPTER IX. I had hoped that it was from Lord Nelson's death that my father had been discharged from the service.

CHAPTER X. My mother seemed to speak with a husky voice when she mentioned the name of her brother.

CHAPTER XI. I could only shake my head. "If I cannot give you three leagues upon your starboard quarter, what would be your port?"

CHAPTER XII. "Well, I don't see that your geography is much better than your arithmetic."

CHAPTER XIII. He shot a mischievous glance at my mother as she spoke, and she laid down her knitting on her lap.

CHAPTER XIV. "Why, Anson, it is a fortune!" cried my mother, clasping her hands.

CHAPTER XV. "Here are the folk coming, Anson," said my mother, blushing as she spoke.

CHAPTER XVI. "You are too good and kind for that," said she.

CHAPTER XVII. "You are too good and kind for that," said she.

CHAPTER XVIII. "You are too good and kind for that," said she.

CHAPTER XIX. "You are too good and kind for that," said she.

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