The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, NOV. 11, 1892.



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(Continued from last week.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"You are too late, my friend." Philip had been sitting in his study in the darkness which was not more black than his life. But he arose to give his cold hand to Mr. Philbrick, who had come at last.

"Why too late? This is only Wednesday. Have you changed your mind? I did not suppose there was so much hurry, and wanted to have everything ready.'

"It is too late," answered Philip gloomily, What use to tell the old gentleman that Philip Breton's wife was a criminal before the law, that the transfer of the mill property was only a part of his scheme to save her from an infamous penalty, that their deadli-est enemy knew all their plans now, and no doubt her sleepless eyes watched their every movement, lest they should escape her hate. The servant came to the door. "I suppose you will have lights, sir. Some men from the mill folks want to see you." "Oh, yes; show them in," he said care

There were not chairs enough for the four workmen who came stumbling in like pall bearers at a country funeral, but Philip did not seem to look at them. One took his place by the window, and soiled the curtain with his hands; another, apparently the spokesman, disdained to lean against anything, but stood stock still in the centre of the room, bent forward a little in an attitude borrowed from the prize ring. His feet were planted well apart, and his arms bowed out

"I suppose you have some complaints to make," said the young mill owner with a gentleness of tone that was quite misunderstood by the delegation, who immediately tried to look very fierce. "Ye' right, sir," answered the man in the

center of the room. "Ye know yerself, ye aint doin' the right thing by us." Philip did not speak for a moment, and Mr. Philbrick would have thought he had not heard the fellow, only for a little twitching at the corners of his mouth. Apparently the young man was deeply hurt by his failure to satisfy his men.

"I have done the best I knew." "Wal, we kin tell yer, if ye don't know no better," fresumed the workman insolently. Philip's eyes flashed at him, then dropped to the carpet again. "Pay us more wages for one thing, shorten up our hours for an-

"You fare better than others. I divide the profits with you. You thought I was very good with you once." The young man's tone was not argumentative, it was too hopeless

"Yer don't divvy even; our share don't mount to much," put in the man who was soiling the window curtain. "I am sorry for you, but you can't expect me to make you all rich." There was such a sadness of reproach in Philip's voice that a mist gathered before Philbrick's kind eyes. But the workmen got the idea they were

frightening the young master. "I have gone as far as I can see my way Don't you think you had better be patient "Be you goin' to raise our pay?" Philip

shook his head thoughtfully. "I cannot understand it is my duty or my "Are you goin' to shorten up our hours?" asked the man at the window. "I cannot"---

The chief spokesman turned to his companions. "Ther ain't no use. Wal, 'squire, to-morrow you may wish you had. Come along, boys." Philip had dropped back heavily into his chair. He seemed to have forgotten the pres-

ence of Mr. Philbrick, until that gentleman began to explain his more perfect system. "How can you expect your help to be satisfied," Philbrick was saying; "even if they were well paid it would be small object for them to be shut up all their lives, as if they were convicts. But you don't pay them, either. It isn't because the business don't pay, for your father's profits and yours were enormous. It is all the result of a false valuation of the worth of services. Now I shall seek to remove the burdens that crush the people and restrict there natural develop-

Philip said nothing. How well his old friend had kept his enthusiasm through all the years of his life! Well, it would do no harm to let him talk on.

"You will ask me for details." Mr. Philbrick took his seat again and drew up to him a sheet of paper and a pencil. "You will ask what burdens they are that are on the million, besides the common necessary burdens of human nature. I will tell you the principal burden, it is the intolerable tribute to accumulated capital laid upon the working classes, which makes a tyrant of the man who has saved a surplus out of his wages, and caused the hopeless vis inertia of poverty. Like all forms of slavery its effects are great apparent luxury, which never penetrates below the very surface of society, and tireless industry which earns nothing for the workers but food barely enough to support his day's work. It is benefit enough for the man who has saved money that he can work to better advantage; it is a lever in his hands. If we permit capital to take such enormous profits as it does, every day and year it increases, as wealth increases, the crushing tax on labor. I shall pay you but 2 per cent on the money I shall owe you on account of the mill property. The rest of the income of the business above two per cent, belongs to

The reformer glanced expectantly at Philip. But the dull, hopeless look that was on his face an hour ago had not changed. "I am not sure but that is too much," pur sued Mr. Philbrick, "but it will only be a little while before I shall pay up the debt." astic old gentleman, whose great heart was a fountain of human kindness. It would be

had changed his plans later.
"But I shall also shorten the hours of work. Six hours of confinement in the mills is enough, and without leisure all the advantages I can give my work people will be of little avail. I can let different sets of hands relieve each other if it seems necessary, or build new mills and take in a thousand more hands to share the blessings of justice." Mr. Philbrick leaned back in his chair and a great light of benevolence shone in his

time enough for Philip to tell him that he

face. It was a pity to disappoint him.
"This is an opportunity I have hoped for a
whole lifetime. I can show the world that labor ought not and need not be wretched and famished. It is more blindness than willful cruelty that delays great reforms. If I can once show the world what justice is and how it works it will not be long be-

"But, my dear friend," said Philip, drop-ping his eyes to the floor, "did I not tell you it we too late? I am not going to sell. You will have to select some other spot for your Utopia." The young man spoke bitterly.
Unconscious of his selfishness, he begrudged
the rest of the world the harpiness he had

Then came a moment of intense silence which was broken at last, not by a voice, but by the loud ringing of a door bell. It rang so violently the great, silent house echoed again. Had the end come then? Philip leaped to his feet. Wild thoughts of desperate expedients rushed through his fevreish brain, but he yet stood like a statue when the study door opened behind him. He tore open a telegram and read aloud: "Steamer Salvator delayed till to-morrow

For a moment he did not take in its meaning. Then he caught Philbrick's arm so tightly the old gentleman almost cried out. "Do you want the mills as you said? You were not joking, oh, you were not joking?" Philbrick gazed at nim in astonishment. Philip seemed in such a terrible state of excitement. His pallor was replaced by a burning flush, his eyes that had been so duli shone with unnatural brightness. "Your plans will succeed better than mine, and you can't find such a good place as this. You will take my mills." "Of course I will, but I thought you

"Never mind," cried the young man "never mind what I said. Draw the papers at once. But no, I cannot wait." Philip turned on his heel as if no earthly power could detain him a moment longer.
"But the papers are all ready." And Mr. Philbrick took a bundle of documents from his breast pocket, and laid them on the table. "Where shall I sign them-quick?" demanded Philip. "No, no, not there, that is my note to you;

sign here, and here, and here." "I can hardly sec; everything dances before my eyes. Is it all done now?" He hardly waited to take the papers Mr. and bounded up the stairs. Freedom! safety! oh, thank God, thank God! He could save her yet. A castle on the Rhine, a palace in

Venice; he would find the rarest homes for her. How sweet it would be to hide with her. The awful sense of hourly peril would He pushed open the door of the white chamber. Bertha had been sleeping. The tear marks were on her cheeks that had lost their beautiful flush. She was so disappointed, po girl; and yet she never

"Wake up, wake up, my darling." She started from the bed and fell to weeping on "I dreamed they were taking me away from you, Philip." But he dried her tears

go till 3 te-night," CHAPTER XXXIV.

"We are in time yet. The steamer don't

with merry kisses,

UNWELCOME VISITORS. The watchman at the mills was not a little surprised, as he went his first round that night, to see a man's figure leaning against a pillar in one of the weave rooms. The fellow did not appear to mean any harm; he was not breaking anything or stealing any cloth, but how could he have found his way inside? The watchman felt a little uneasy in spite of himself; it was such a thing as had never happened before. 'Hello! what business have you got there?'

But the interloper did not appear to hear him. How oddly he looked at the looms, as if they were living things that he loved. He had not spoken, and his hat shaded his eyes, but the expression of the attitude was so plain that even so rude a man as the watchman could read the tender reminiscence in his heart. Perhaps the fellow might be crazy, but this was no place for him. Oh! I didn't know you, Mr. Breton. It's a nice

But the mill owner did not even answer him, and moved away toward the window as if impatient at being interrupted. The moon was full, and the sky was clear, only for a few silver edged clouds. One, he fancied a ship sailing over the sea, but how slowly it glided; could it go no faster? Ah! suddenly it parted into bright fragments, and the wind scattered them pitilessly. He looked across at the other mills: the moonlight kissed their grim walls fondly, and sparkled in their windows like a hundred brilliant lamps. Why, here were his fire escapes, close to the window coping-his first business venture. Philip raised the window and

It must be nearly time for Bertha to come with the carriage, as he had arranged, to avoid possible suspicion. No, there was half an hour yet. But Philip closed the window behind him and went down the silent stairs. He went into his office. He would wait there for the carriage, it would not be very long, and then there was one last duty he must attend to before it came. He struck a match, and the gas shot up so brightly it

dazzled his eyes. He turned away for an in-

A massive form stood in the doorway, Philip must have left the counting room unlocked when he had come in. Some one had followed him, apparently. But the young mill owner took only one step toward the intruder. It was no stranger that crossed his threshold, but a man whose name was burned into his heart. It was the rightful husband of Philip Breton's wife-Curran. His hair had grown long and almost straight about his neck. His cheeks were thin and haggard, and the form that had been like a proud oak was bowed as if it had been weighed down by a burden too heavy even for a giant to bear. Philip stopped short and looked at the man with speechless terror. He had supposed him hundreds of miles away. Could it be possible the outraged husband had never left the village since their last meeting? Perhaps his flashing eyes had watched Philip wooing his wife a second time, and begrudged him his few cold kisses. Perhaps he had peered in through the windows of Philip's home; had he not a right to look at his wife, and followed them forth on every walk and drive, waiting to strike till the blow should fall most deadly. He had chosen his time well. Poor Bertha, with her dreams of Como and Chamouni. But what would he do? Leap upon his enemy and kill him? The man in the doorway looked too pale and ill for such violence; would he then heap curses upon him, the bitterest human lips ever uttered? But Curran advanced into the room with outstretched hand. "Don't you know me, then, friend?"

Philip hesitated again. There might be a grain of hope yet; he would surely never have given the young man his hand if he had known-or called him friend. "Some one wrote me to come. I don't

know what he wanted," Curran explained wearily. "They expect so much of a man; they want him to be a God; and if he were they would crucify him." Philip was recovering his composure. At first he had felt a wild impulse to confess everything to the wronged husband. He seemed so grand, so magnanimous; he would not be cruel. But then his reason came back to him. In such a case as this there could be no amends. Innoceptly, Bertha and Philip

had done him a terrible wrong-and themselves; forgiveness could not blot it out. God in his mercy might spare them the penalty of infamy; but the injured husband had no choice but vindicate his honor, when he "You look ill," said Philip at last, drawing him out a chair. Should be detain him?

Bertha might come before her time and break in upon them, the two men both of whom she had injured so terribly? Oh! that must sage now? Should he let Curran go, then? The first man he met would pour the story of his shame into his ears, and then the catastrophe. He must not go—but he must not stay. Philip looked out into the passage. No one was there. Curran had dropped into the

chair Philip had offered him.
"Do I look ill?" he asked, pushing his long hair back from his forehead. "Did you ever love a woman who hated you? Did you ever want to pour out your life for her, and see that she despised you? You know whom I mean. Why I once fancied you and she were lovers, till she told me not. I mean Bertha." He

spoke the name so fenderly, a thrill of shame passed over Philip. Bertha was this man's wife. Had he not a right then to speak her name tenderly? And so Curran had fancied Bertha and he were lovers till she told him

The spoke the name so fenderly, a thrill of shame ten; even the girls in the gallery stopped their excited whispering while they waited for his grand ringing tones that had thrilled the faintest hearts so many times before.

Would he never begin?

not-ah, Bertia.
"She has left me," Curran went on/in the same soft, tender tone. "I don't suppose it interests you. But if I could only see her now, I have such a strange feeling that I but that's all, and we mean to fetch the might win her back. She made such a tender sweetheart." Then he lifted his eyes more firmly to Philip's face, set like a wall of rock. "Is there any trouble among your

know which, it might be something of Bertha. It is queer, isn't it, a woman like her should turn my head so completely? What is there about her, did you ever think of it? Of course you haven't." Curran seemed to make an effort to dismiss all thoughts of her at unmanned him. "You need" to make an effort to dismiss all thoughts of her at unmanned him. "You need" to make an effort to dismiss all thoughts of her at unmanned him. "You need" to make an effort to dismiss all thoughts of her at unmanned him. "You need" to make an effort to dismiss all thoughts of her at unmanned him. "You need" to make an effort to dismiss all thoughts of her at unmanned him. "You need" to make an effort to dismiss all thoughts of her at unmanned him. "You need" to make an effort to dismiss all thoughts of her at unmanned him. "You need" to make an effort to dismiss all thoughts of her at unmanned him. "You need" to make an effort to dismiss all thoughts of her at unmanned him. "You need" to make an effort to dismiss all thoughts of her at unmanned him. "You need" to make an effort to dismiss all thoughts of her at unmanned him. "You need" to make an effort to dismiss all thoughts of her at unmanned him. "You need" to make an effort to dismiss all thoughts of her at unmanned him. "You need" to make an effort to dismiss all thoughts of her at unmanned him. "You need" to make an effort to dismiss all thoughts of her at unmanned him. "You need" to make an effort to dismiss all thoughts of her at unmanned him. "You need" to make an effort to dismiss all thoughts of her at unmanned him. "You need" to make an effort to dismiss all thoughts of her at unmanned him. "You need" to make an effort to dismiss all thoughts of her at unmanned him. "You need" to make an effort to dismiss all thoughts of her at unmanned him. "You need" to make an effort to dismiss all thoughts of her at unmanned him. "You need" to make an effort to dismiss all thoughts of her at unmanned him. "You need" to make an effort to dismiss all thoughts of him to make an effort of me; I thought you seemed a little strange when I came in.'

Philip started involuntarily, but Curran continued: "I sha'n't encourage any strikes against you. God will tless your life for your work for the poor. If he hasn't yet, he will give you a happier love than he has given me." Then he rose with new energy to his feet. "I must go and stop the mischief. I can do more with your laborers for good or evil than any man in the world. I suppose they may be in the hall to-night?"
"Yes." But Philip hurried up to him and laid his hand on his arm. "But don't go, not

"I must. Shall you be here long? Well, I will see you again to-night." "God grant not," murmured Philip Breton, as the door closed after him. Then Philip unlocked the great safe and swung back its green door of iron. He took out a packet and locked the safe again, and carried his packet back to his office. He turned the gas still higher and held the packet in the flame till all that was left of it was a little heap of charred paper on the floor—all that was left of Philip Breton's will. With that act be closed up, as he believed, all that part of his life worthy to be remembered. He was young and strong, but he had failed. Hence-forth he must look on while others worked. Fate had taken his work away from him. He Philbrick had signed for him. Then, with- must sit back on the seats with the women great deeds were doing. He would have liked to work, too; but perhaps others would do his work better. "Hallo, hallo, Phil, don't you work pretty

late?" It was Giddings, the lawyer, in a condition of decided intoxication. "I'll bet yer dollar you don't know what I came for? ha, ha, ha; you think money; don't you; more money? But I aint that sort of a feller." Philip had been simply disgusted at first, but there seemed a terrible leer in the drunken eyes. Could it be the man had come to expose him? What was the use of struggling against his destiny any longer? If he could have gone yesterday, he would have saved all risks. But he had waited just too long. Curran had returned to claim his wife. Jane Ellingsworth had discovered everything. And now this Giddings in his drunkard's foolishness was threatening what ruin he

"You are not going to do anything rash are you," said Philip, dropping his eyes in But Giddings came close to him and laid his hand on his shoulder. Then he put his face close to Philip's, with a drunken man's false measure of distance. The young man writhed at his touch, and held his breath to avoid taking the hot fumes of bad liquor the fellow exhaled. But he did not dare to anger

"Did you think," continued Giddings with gushing reproachfulness, "that I aint got any conscience? You're doin' wrong, Mr. Breton. I aint got no right—no right to let it go on. Did you think I aint got no Philip shook him off and his face grew so

errible that the fellow winced as he had done before at that look. "Don't strike-don't kill me, Phil-Mr. Breton, I was only jokin'—can't you tell when a man's jokin'. Got any money 'bout clothes, say \$50; 'm awful hard up. I wouldn't hurt you; your altogether too nice feller.' He leered affectionately at the young man, then suddenly he winked frightfully. Philip threw him a roll of bills. It was the last blood money the scoundrel would ever draw. By to-morrow morning Philip Breton and his wife would be beyond the reach of harm, or beyond the reach of help, one or the other. "There is \$100; take it and go, I have business."

'Ten, twenty, and twenty makes thirty, ten, and twenty and twenty, here aint but \$80. Thought I's too drunk to coun' did "There is \$100 there."

"'S lie. Yer takin' vantage me cause I'm | being This creature must be away if it cost \$1,000. He crowded another \$20 bill into the fellow's "Now go, or you'll stay longer than you

Giddings dried his tears and gathered his on Philip's shaking hands. But even after Giddings had got into the

hall Philip heard the fellow muttering to | mcb. Would he give them that word? He himself. He stepped hurriedly to the door of | had leaped to his feet and thrown out his his office to catch the word, but could not. If Philip bad been a little quicker he would | the murmur of the people died down. His

His wife 'll know me, he, he." Would Bertha never come? If they escaped now it must be but by a hair's breadth. Ruin would be close upon them. For the adjustment of a ribbon she would sacrifice everything. It seemed a great while since Curran had left the office for the labor meeting, and he had not so far to go. Something might have delayed the terrible disclosure for a few have heard the whole story of his shame and dishonor. It would stir him to madness. His noble eyes would flash lightnings, and thunderbolts of hate and scorn would drop from his lips. No human being could stand against the divine dignity of such a man's righteous wrath. Philip fancied the mob sweeping up the road behind this outraged husband, seeking out his wife for the doom that would satisfy his mad thirst for vengeance. Now, perhaps, they were bursting in the gates, now breaking down the oaken door. And Philip could not be there to protect the beautiful woman who had only sinned through love for him. How the color would flee her cheeks as she looked out on the pitiless faces of the frenzied mob. There was no arm now to shield her, none but Curran's, whose love was now embittered into hate. There was no pity in his white, wasted face, only insulted love, only scorn that could grind her fair life, without one throb of tenderness, beneath his feet.
Why did she not come! Philip was almost wild with mingled terror and hope. He walked the room like a caged lion. Now he rushed to the door and glanced desperately up and down the street.

His horses were champing their bits at her door, but the light yet burned in her chamber. There was hardly time to catch the train at the Lockout station. The wild mob with the maddened lover, the most terrible of enemies, at their head would be at her door in a moment. Still other dangers Philip did not guess threw a gathering shadow across her path. But she lingered yet.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A POPULAR LEADER Market hall was full of excited workmen when Curran pushed the door open and stepped in. Some would be orator had been trying to voice the wrongs of the people, but when the whisper ran along the seats that Curran was at the door every head was Then, as if by a common impulse, the whole audience rose to their feet, and the building seemed to tremble with the cheer that burst from the brawny throats. Here was an orator indeed, a man who could set before them their sufferings and wring their hearts with self pity; who could make each soul of them wonder at his own patience.

liest shame upon him? Punishment can wipe out nothing, vengeance never assuaged one pang of human anguish yet. But mercy or pity or reason are fled from his maddened soul to-night, while the furies while him on He made his way slowly up the aisle with simple greetings for his friends, as they stretched out their grimy hands to him. But his smile was so sad and hopeless that every glad face sobered as he passed. He mounted the platform and turned his face toward them. He seemed but the ghost of his former magnificent manhood, but the people cheered him again, and those in the rear leaped upon their seats in the eagerness to see their hero. Then all held their breath to listorefree him marvelously, and in another

"What is this meeting for?"
The orator his coming had interrupted was only too glad to explain. We get a little, "We don't get our rights. We get a little,

A shout of eager assent went up from the crowd. Then all was still again. Now would come the torrent of words of flame. Yes,

will give him time to think. Such mighty ideas as have got into his mind can't be stopped. They will not let him halt long; he must be swept forward. But you must wait for him. You have waited for your cruel and heartless masters thousands of years. Will you only show yourselves impatient and insolent to the first one who shows himself kind toward you? Do you want to make his name an example and a warning for his class? I have heard their scoffs and taunts already-the air is full of them. Look, they say, at the way the people treat the man who tries to help them. Friends, you are making



But Curran had begun to speak. The light of the man's noble genius had flushed his pale cheeks and flashed beautifully in his steel blue eyes. His voice, that had seemed weak and unsteady as he began, rang out its bell like tones again as he saw the sullen faces soften under his match-

"He has made your village blossom by his children's faces; he has planted hope in a | now. thousand desperate hearts. Do you ask me how I know? I see it in your eyes. I see it in the way your heads rest on your broad shoulders. And will you use your new manhood to do beast But the man with the bandaged head had

reached the platform, and at this very mo- | your heart out, you villain. Stop her, stop ment, when the orator paused to let his her!" The officer grew angry at last, and meaning sink into the hearts of the people, drew his billet, but still the fellow struggled he touched Curran on the shoulder and whis- and screamed like a wild creature, till blow pered a few hurried words in his ear. The people saw their hero's face blanch. He turned to the fellow with a look that

would break a man's heart, and seemed to be asking him a question. As the agitator listened to the reply his knees trembled under him and he sank into a chair, and still the messenger of evil bent over him and kept whispering with poisonous breath into his ear. At last Bailes stood back from his victim, who bowed his head upon his hands. Curran's whole body shock with the violence The inert people waited. They knew noth-

ing else to do. Their hero might have died before them, they would never have thought to stir from their seats. But he rose at last, and Bailes grinned diabelically behind him. They would hear another story now.
"Friends, you have heard what I said." He spoke as if a great weight was upon him and his voice came slowly. "I repeat it, be patient with your young master; he means well by you. But Bailes rushed forward and, tearing the

bandages from his head, threw them upon the platform at his feet. Disease had settled in his bruises and his face was frightfully swollen and disfigured. He might have been a ghour or a gnome instead of a human

"Revenge him, men," he screamed, throwing up his arms, "if you have any spirit in you. I have just told him-some of you knew it-how that boy has stole his wife and spit on the laws, as if they were not for the

It was more like a groan than a shout that only waited a word from the bowed, broken man they loved, to become a bloodthirsty long right arm in its grandest gesture, and face was as white as a dead man's, an ashy "Somethin' up, I ain't so drung but I ca' white, but his eyes flashed lightning. see that. Guess 'sil g'up to the boy's house. "Whose wrong is it then, this hideo "Whose wrong is it then, this hideous crea-

ture's or mine ? I will settle my own grievances. I need no mob to right me." Curran paused a moment. When he began again it was in a lower tone. "Besides, the man is wrong," his voice trembled like a child's. "I have no-no," he almost broke down, "I have no wife-I am-I am not well, I must go to my bed, but before I go I want to be sure you will make no mistake to-night or to-morrow." He folded his arms across his broad chest in a sublime effort of selfcontrol. His blood boiled in mad fever, every moment was worth a world to him, agonizing pictures floated before his dimmed vision, but he would not stir from his post till he had conquered this mob. "Philip Breton has shown himself fair to you, be fair with him. If he never did another thing for you—he—he has yet deserved your—your patience. You will excuse me now, I will see you to-morrow, but I need rest. Can I depend on you?" He die not even look at them; his attitude, as he waited with downcast

"Yes-yes," shouted the people, and then he turned and stepped off from the platform. He came down the aisle very strangely. At first he would hurry and notice no one. Then, as if by a mighty effort, he would walk very slowly, then faster again. Then he would stop short and put out his hand to some perfect

Many eyes watched him curiously when he separated from his eager friends at the door of the hall and walked rapidly away. If Curran had turned off to the road that led to Philip Breton's house on the hill he would not have gone far alone, but he did not even look that way so long as the half tamed mob could see him. And the people scattered in disappointment to their homes. But Curran is no longer walking in his first

direction; he has turned on his heel and made a rente for himself across the fields. His face is pointed toward the lights that yet shine down at him from the stone house on the hill. And the roads are not straight enough for the errand he is on, nor is walking fast enough, he breaks into a run. Now he falls over a low fence so violently that a limb might have been broken, but he only loses his hat and runs on, his long hair shaking down over his pale set face as he runs. His breath comes like the puffing of a locomotive; he can hear his heart throb louder than his foot-

What does he seek? What will he do when he looks again on his faithless and dishonored wife and on the man who has put this dead-liest shame upon him? Punishment can wipe

moment he despised the green nonow under the elm that had looked so inviting, and hurried up toward Philip Breton's house. He shook his head wisely as he walked. It He shook his head wisely as he wanted. It took a pretty smart man to get ahead of John Giddings, drunk or scher. The young mill owner wasn't nearly as frightened as asual. Something was in the wind. He ought to have watched him closer lately, but Giddings concluded he was in good time yet with Breton at one end of the village, his wife at the other, and himself, the acute Land 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 wife at the other, and himself, the acute

lawyer, between them. The lawyer had walked as far as Silas Ellingsworth's house, when he caught sight of a pair of horses on a fast trot, drawing a close coupe. Elegant pairs and chariots of that description were not so common in Bretonville as to make it doubt sol who might own this one, and besides it must have been an occasion of peculiar necessity that called for such unaristocratic haste. Giddings was perfectly delighted with his own sagacity. He knew human nature pretty well. When a man gets another in an unpleasant situa-

tion, he must count on the unfortunate struggling to escape. If it happens to be a woman, he need not be so watchful-women are all fatalists. But it takes a pretty smart man to get ahead of John Giddings. "Whoa, whoa, I say." The lawyer had thrown himself in front of the excited horses,

and the driver had to pull up to keep from running over him. "Whoa, I say." Then he stepped to the door of the carriage and turning the knob threw it wide open. The moonlight revealed a woman surrounded with carpet bags and shawls. A thick brown veil concealed her features, but Mr. Giddings took off his hat to her. "Mrs. Breton, I believe."

"Why yes," she did not recognize him, "but I am in a hurry," she said nervously drawing back. "Drive on Henry."
"No, you don't," insisted Giddings, mount-

ing the steps. "I guess you don't know me." His liquor began to overcome him again, "name's Giddings, aint goin' far, are you?" "To Europe," she answered quickly, recog-nizing him at last. "I have no further occasion for your services, I have paid you,

"Not s'much as your second husband's paid me since," he gurgled. "If you're goin' so far, guess I'll go to, I like your family, Miss "Drive on, I command you," she screamed and the horses started. Giddings lurched forward, and Bertha put out her white hands and tried to push him back. He clutched, with an oath, at something to hold to, but

she loosened her India shawl and the man carried it with him into the ditch. But he leaped to his feet. "Hold! stop! police! police!" but Giddings had no sooner spoken than the village policeman laid his hand on his arm. "Here I am, sir, what'll you have?" "Stop that carriage; arrest that woman,

she is a criminal." Giddings had shaken off

the policeman's grasp and started to run after "You must be very drunk," said the other, overtaking him, "that is Mr. Breton's wife." "I know that," screamed the lawyer, "and I tell you to stop her, let me go." "More likely you're the criminal. Hallo, what you doing with that Indy shawl. Guess love; he has brought smiles to your weary | I'll have to lock you up. Come along quiet,

> But Giddings was perfectly frantic. He fought with his feet and hands, and with his teeth, kicking, tearing and biting like a wild "Don't let her escape, I say, never mind

me, I'll give you a thousand dollars. I'll tear after blow paralyzed his arms, and finally stretched him unconscious and bleeding on "Tremens," growled the policeman, as he

lifted him to his feet soon after, and led him

"Where are you going, Jennie?" Her husband looked up calmly from his paper.
"Out a minute," she hardly looked at him, "that is all." "But it is almost 9 o'clock, my dear, what

had never seen her so pretty. He must keep' her so a few moments. He stepped to the door and turned the key, then he put it in his pocket and threw himself back on his chair "How dare you-am I your slave? I want

Her breath came fast, and two bright red

spots burned in her cheeks. Mr. Ellingsworth

Her husband settled down cozily in his seat, and smiled his old brilliant smile. She had never seen him laugh any more than the rest of his acquaintances. He might, perhaps, have laughed before an intimate, but men like Silas Ellingsworth have no inti-

(Continued on sevinth page.) Cuticura Remedies.

Head one Selid Sore. Itching Awful. Had to Tie His Hands to Cradle. Cured by Cuticura.

Our little boy broke out on his head with a bad form of eczema, when he was four months old. We tried three doctors, but they did not help him. We then used your three CUTICURA REMEDIES. and after using them eleven weeks exactly according to directions, he began



to steadily improve, and after the use of them for seven months his head was entirely well. When we began using it his head was a solid sore from the crown to his eyebrows. It was also all over his ears, most of his face, and small places on different parts of his body. There were sixteen weeks that we had to keep his hands tied to the cradle

keep mittens tied on his hands to keep his fingernails out of the sores, as he would scratch if he could in any way get his hands loose. We know your CUTICURA REMEDIES cured him. We fee safe in recommending them to others. GEO. B. & JANETTA HARRIS, Webster, Ind.

Cuticura Resolvent

The new blood and Skin Purifier, and greatest of Humor Remedies, cleanses the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause, while CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin beautifier, clear the skin and scalp, and restore the hair. Thus the CUTICURA REMEDIES cure every species of itching burning, scaly, pimply, and blotchy skin, scalp, and blood diseases, from pimples to scrofula, from nfancy to age, when the best physicians fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 5c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by the POTTER RUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston. ## Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 ages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by Curicura Soar. Absolutely pure. PAINS AND WEAKNESSES

Of females instantly relieved by that new, elegant, and infallible Antidote to Pain, Inflammation, and Weakness, the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster.

New Advertisements.

Have you tried the

CIGAR?

J. R. Shannon Piles! Piles! Itching Piles. SYMPTOMS - Moisture; intense itching stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If NO THE PUBLIC. allowed to continue tumers form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore

D. Ritchie & Co.

(CUT PLUG.)

(PLUG.)

No other brand of

Tobacco has ever en-

joyed such an immense

sale and popularity in

the same period as this

brand of Cut Plug and

Oldest Cut Tobacco manufac-

MONTREAL.

Cut Plug, 10c. 1 lb Plug, 10c. 1 lb Plug, 20c.

MEMORIAL CARDS.—A very choice

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turers in Canada.

Plug Tobacco.

Those in want of First-class

Ales, Porters, Etc.

19 Kent-st., opp. Hurley & Brady's.

where he has the Newest and Best Selected Stock in Town.

GIVE ME A CALL.

J. R. SHANNON. Lindsay May 19 1892.-106-13,

E. Gregory.

BULBS

Hyacinths and Chinese Lilies. We have in stock a choice

collection of Bulbs for Winter Blooming. These should de planted now for Xmas Flowers.

Flower Pots and Saucers all sizes constantly in stock.

E. GREGORY.

Lindsay, Oct. 20, 1892.-28.

Horn Bros.

along, subdued at last. But a woman had stood in her window as the carriage had rolled by, and she had recognized the equipage, too. A sudden change came over her face. HOWVERY PROVIDENCE.

IS IT NOT?

To buy something which appears to be a genuine bargain and find it not at all what you expected. Have you ever been served that way with Woollen Goods? (Yarn which did not pay for knitting Blankets that turned yellow and hard when washed). If so, you had resolved to be more careful in future. Still, with every precaution and large experience you cannot always tell shoddy from honest Goods. The best buyers are deceived. In dealing with us, however, you run no chances, as we do not handle shoddy. Honest Goods and Low Prices are the inducements we offer our customers, Our stock of Yarn is complete-38 different kinds. Heavy Yarns for Men's wear, as good as home made. Fine Yarn, all shades,

Call and see our BLANKETS and FLANNELS before buying. custom weaving done on shortest notice, at 15 cts. per yard; we provide the cotton; double width 30cts. Deal direct with the manu-

HORN BROS, LINDSAY WOOLLEN MILLS

Lindsay, Sept. 21, 1892,-24.

W. A. McRae-Kirkfield.

W. A. McRAE, - KIRKFIELD, Has in stock a very complete assortment of WOOD COOKING STOVES in the latest designs made by our leading manufacturers.

COAL and WOOD PARLOR HEATERS, BOX STOVES Etc., in great variety at rock bottom close prices. LIBRARY HANGING LAMPS, VASE LAMPS, ETJ. SIRD CaGES, Brass and Japanned, at about one half · · · regular price. · · ·

Everything in TINWARE and GRANITEWARE, Sap Kettles, Caldrens, Steam Feed Boilers, Turnip Cutters, Stock Scales, Counter Scales, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Glass, Putty, Hinges, Saws, &xos, Tar Paper, Etc.

Machines and Wringers, Buffalo Portable Forge, Orillia and Brantford Fanning Mills The leading lines of Sewing Machines in open and cabines designs, Oak and Walnut fluish, at 20 per cent. less than these goods are usually sold. CARTS, DEMOCRATS, OPEN and TOP SUGGIES of best style and construction on terms to suit the season. A fine line of stylish and substantially built CUTTERS will arrive 1st Nov. It will pay you to see these goods before purchasing.

We sell nothing but the best goods, and as we have no rent to pay and are not burdened by heavy town taxes, we purpose to give our customers the benefit, and will sell at prices that cannot be duplicated by dealers not possessing these advantages.

Kirk field, 25th October, 1892.—29-1m.

BUILDERS.

J. P. Ryley.

Before buying your supplies you should give me a call and get prices for -

Nails, Tar and Building Paper, Paints, Vils, Glass

Putty, Locks, Hinges, etc., etc.

ONE DOOR EAST BENSON HOUSE. Lindsay, March 24 11892 .-

Scott's Emulsion.

Coughs Persons afflicted with these or any throat or lung troubles

should resort to that Most Excellent Remedy,

of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and

effects such cures. Belleville. Sold by all druggists.

Soda. No other preparation

Publisher's Notice. THE CANADIAN POST

ADVERTISING RATES. Ten cents per line (solid type) nonpareil, fi insertion; three cents each subsequent insertia Resding notices in local columns, 10c. e first insertion; 5c. each subsequent

Small condensed advertisements such rayed cattle, teachers wented, farms for a fof six or eight lines) \$1.00 cash for three four meertions. If more than eight lines Attional proportionate charge is made. [Abstal discount to merchants for busine advertisements by the year or for a short

lime. Rates made known on application. WILSON & WILSON, Proprietors F. W. WILSO

The Canadian Post LINDSAY, FRIDAY, NOV. 11, 1892

HOME AND FOREIGN ITEMS OF Gathered from the Telegraph and

-A commercial treaty has been co cluded between France and Morocco. -Five thousand employees of the Ba breweries in he gland have struck again new regulations. -A serious riot took place in Madrid

enthorities failed in properly celebratic the Columbus fetcs. -Ten carloads of hey were shipped is week from Kingston to England. At the present rate of \$18 a ton 1: is expected small profit will be made,

Monday night because the municip

-It is said there are over 30,000 id workmen in Chicago, who went the expecting to get employment on the World's fair building . -At Walsham, in Norfolk, Eng., a nur girl was arressted Saturday charged with

administering wins to the seven-month old child of Robert Barcham. The gi confessed. The child is in a critical con -One thousand five-tac! cans of opin were seized by custome efficials at Sa Francisco on the steemer Oregon from Portland, Wedgeeday morning isst. Th

oplum was valued at over \$16,000, and the duty thereon is estimated at \$10,000. -The exhibits to be made at the World fair by Krupp, the celebrated German gu maker, will represent an expenditure t \$1,500 000. The largest caunon ever mad weighing 122 tour, will be in the exhibit

se will be also several hundred tone of wa -The steamer Chelkst from Alsek brings the news that four men were foun in a camp at Point Barry, Cuprenoff island with their beads cut off and all the clock ing stripped from their bodies. Th crimes are supposed to have been commit

ted by the Indians. -The Times' Paris correspondent say prohibiting the employment of women in factories for one month before and after confinement and ordering that one-half th wages usually sarned by them shall b paid by the state and one-half by th

-Two children of Mr. Albert Wilkins Fannedale, a boy and a giri, aged respect fully six and three years, where left a home alone while the parents were picking cotton. The boy, becoming angered at he steter, deliberately pushed her toto the fire and then ran away. The chied was

-Chicagoons promise to bave as a new wonder in their city for the centennial ex hibition a hotel building with six thousand on hundred and twenty four roome. Judg ing by the reports that come from the wes of visitors to the dedication having t camp all night in the streets the hug

caravansary will be needed. -Never in the history of Maritoba hav wheat ship ments been rushed forward s rapidly. Up to the end of lest mont 7,000,000 bushels had either been shippe out of the country or is now in store wet of Winnipeg. Wheat is now being move cost at the rate of 200 cars per day, or million bushels per week.

-Before the order of the French cout denying Mrs. Descou's application for the custody of her children could be commun cated to the convent where they were con fined, Wednesday last Mrs. Deacon secure permission to tak- the oldest for a drive Gace cut of sight of the convent she drove spidly off. The police ere now looking -One day last week three masked me

rode boldly into the little town of Speak ville, fifte in miles east of Dodge City, Kan, tied their horses and entered. Mr. J. D. Baird was the only person in the bank Covering bim with their revolvers the scoopedfup all the mon-y in sight, amount ing to over \$10,000. Then they purried! left the bank and fled. -A farmer who lives near Ingersoll ha

in his possession a cleck which was made in the year 1605. It is still running an bide fair to run a few centuries more. has five hands on its face : one ticks off the 8 cands, one points to the bour, while the fourth draws attention to the day of the week and the fitch tells the day of the month. Above the dial to a semiciror through which an artificial moon passes and shows all its phases as they occur. -A few weeks ago County Judge John

aton of Halifax shocked the contiments of the people by sentencing a man to twenty One months in gaol for criminal assault or three little girls, while sentencing a man to penitentiary for four years for assaulting the murder of her husband, but acquitted the pext day. A few weeks ago she mat

a sensation by sensencing Mrs. Jane Day Mre. Doyle was tried some months ago for Then the kept a house of ill fame and mat ried a nineteen year old lad, who left he ried Wm. Bing and moved to Boston, bu returned incor. to obtain her children reasons for such an extraordinary lenien