

Cuticura Remedies.

FRANTIC WITH BOILS

Am itching. Would Scratch Until Blood Ran Down His Limbs. Forced to Take to His Bed. Whole System Affected. Doctor after Doctor Without Cure. Instant Relief, Speedy Cure by Using Cuticura Remedies.

My sufferings might have been stopped if I had only known of your CUTICURA REMEDIES eighteen years ago. I contracted the fever and signs, and it affected my kidneys so badly that I had to have an operation, from which resulted blood poisoning, and I suffered untold agonies. To make my sufferings more, my left leg below the knee broke out in large blood boils, and sometimes I was almost frantic, and would scratch until the blood would trickle down my leg. In the summer these boils would come out during which time I would have three or four to take to my bed. Every winter a dry itching scaly mass would gather on my leg, which with the boils, seemed to effect my whole system. During all this time, a period of three to nine months, I had doctor after doctor, but they gave me only temporary relief. This winter I commenced using your CUTICURA, CUTICURA SOAP, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT. Now the scales have all gone, the itching all gone, I have not felt sick, and have worked all winter. I would not suffer again as I have for the past eighteen years for anything. I had doctors from the west to the east, all to no purpose. I have not felt well or been long in bed since taking your remedies. Thanks to you, and the great merit of Cuticura for my recovery.

DANIEL P. WOODWARD, Warren, Washington County, N.Y.

CUTICURA WORKS WONDERS

CUTICURA Remedies cleanse the system by external and internal medication of every eruption, impurity and disease, and constitute the most effective treatment of modern times.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, The Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, \$1.00; Cuticura, 50c. Cuticura, Cuticura Soap, 50c. Sole Proprietors, Boston.

How to Cure Skin Diseases. Mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped, and all skin eruptions cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

WEAK, PAINFUL KIDNEYS

Backache, nervous and muscular pains, and weaknesses relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The only pain-killing plaster.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, NOV. 3, 1893.

A MEXICAN BELLE.

An intensely interesting Tale of Life in Austria and Mexico.

(Continued from last week.)

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Felix and Max Bodenbach, on the death of their father, were left equal shares of an estate which one of the products of Austrian families had done its best to squander. The sons only reduced their income further, and decided, in order to repair the family fortunes, to unite in marriage. Walter, son of Felix, and Olivia, daughter of Max, were the only ones who occurred between the cousins, when Felix discovered that his brother's estate was hopelessly involved. He ordered his son to think no more of Olivia. Max, receiving a loan from his brother, went in 1858 with his daughter to Mexico, whence they were soon lost sight of by their relations. Ten years later Walter married the daughter of a rich banker, who lived but a few years and whose fortune was soon reduced. When the story opens, in 1872, Baron Walter had been long in bad health and his eldest son, Arnold, had resigned his captaincy in the army to manage his father's affairs. The younger son, Otto, who was in the army, was a handsome fellow, ambitious to be rich, and deeply interested in a wealthy Polish lady, the Countess Halka. The youngest child, Gabriel, a girl of sixteen, was an invalid.

One morning Arnold reads from a local paper a paragraph taken from a Mexican journal, which announced the death at the age of thirty of a Maximilian Boden, or Bodenbach, a wealthy gentleman, formerly of Austria, who had left his entire fortune to his daughter, Miss Olivia Bodenbach, Max's daughter Olivia, was five years younger than Baron Walter and still unmarried and Baron Walter's only sympathetic relative. After a family conference Arnold writes a tender and somewhat letter to Olivia, where he tells her of their straitened circumstances and that a repayment of the loan to her father was not acceptable. Olivia, unassuming, promising reply and invites Arnold to come to Mexico to visit her. But Olivia is in debt, and wants money to marry Halka, and counts on being married to her soon. He easily persuades Arnold to let him go instead. Otto goes to Mexico and reaches his aunt's residence. On entering her room, a grey haired old lady, plain in dress and manner, rises to meet him. He introduces himself as her nephew, and she receives him with a kind and embarrassed manner. He thinks her a funny sort of person, but excuses her as being so old and living in the past. She is introduced to a young girl, the Fraulein Reata, his aunt's companion, who is wonderfully beautiful. Reata is a puzzling creature, who ventures alone in the forest; knows all the flowers, birds, insects and serpents. She has a strange way of talking, and for that matter, over everybody. Otto learns that her mother was the daughter of a dispossessed noble chief, and that her father came from some province in Germany. She has a passion for giving picturesque names to everything. She is a fascinating creature in fact, and Otto is in some danger of falling under the influence of her charms. Chapter VII opens with a description of a tropical forest.

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 the presence of reptiles. Close at hand, the weak chirp of a grasshopper; further on, the shrill chattering of parrots; and in the far distance, the soft cooing of a wood-pigeon came from the depth of the forest. A palm-tree, stretched on the ground by a recent gale, had become the stage on which a family of young monkeys were going through a series of acrobatic feats—swinging from branch to branch, and venting their delight by incomprehensible and unmelodious sounds. At the sight of the party they scampered off to some high place of refuge.

"What do you think of my forest?" asked Reata, turning to Otto, who had hitherto proceeded silently, lost in admiration of the gorgeous display around him. "It surpasses my most sanguine expectations; only I have seen no flowers yet, and you promised me so many."

"Ah, wait a little," she answered, mysteriously; "you are not going to be disappointed. I never make false promises. You can walk a little further; can't you, dear old thing?" to the old lady, who was stepping along cautiously, avoiding contact with anything that might possibly conceal a snake.

Ancient—where will you sit?" she said, casting her eyes about for a convenient resting-place. This was discovered close at hand, in a broad flat stump, which, covered with the famous cashmere shawl, made a passable seat. Whed the two had walked a short distance, the trees seemed to be lightening, and Otto thought they must be coming to the end of the wood.

"Oh no, we are in the very heart of it," Reata said, in answer to a question of his; "but we are just coming to a clearing, the Turkey's Call-room; we will be there in a moment."

A few more steps, and they were standing at the edge of a space, almost circular in shape, and unencumbered by trees. Otto had been so occupied with choosing his footing on the narrow tangled path, that he had not been following; that he had scarcely glanced ahead for the last minute or two, and was quite unprepared for the burst of gorgeous coloring which met his eyes. It was one mass of flowers. The ground was strewn with them—calceolarias, scarlet bells, tiger-lilies, vetches, set off by feathery or bladed grasses. Bright-colored buttercups, green ones, and hovers in the air; large pale-green ones, with the light shining through their half-transparent wings, hung in clusters on the branches.

At the further end stood a curiously-shaped old fig tree, which proved to be the afore-named "Giant's Umbrella," and around it some cactus-bushes in full flower clustered in a luxuriant tangle. "I should like to make a study of that fig-tree," said Otto, after having fully satisfied Reata with his admiration of the spot.

"Do you mean paint it?" she asked. "Can you paint?" "A little; I am very fond of it, and this tropical vegetation will be quite a new field for me."

While they made their way over the meadow through the knee-deep grass, Reata stooped at every moment to gather some flower and keep putting them into her companion's hand; so that by the time they reached the fig-tree, they both of them had as much as they could carry. "Now for some cactus, and then I shall have a grand sorting, and throw away what is not worth keeping. Of course I have forgotten to bring a basket, but I darsay you have a pen-knife?"

She sat down for a moment to take breath and disengage herself of her flowery burden; now she sprang up and stretched to reach down to a thorny branch laden with cactus-blossoms. Her hat fell to the ground; and there she stood on tiptoe in her white dress, her delicate fingers grasping the prickly stalk and dragging it down till the red flowers touched her hair, her upturned face flushed by the exertion, her figure as if by magic, displayed to perfection, while, with laughing eyes, she called Otto to her rescue.

"Baron Bodenbach," she said, impatiently, "don't you hear? You are to help me. What are you staring at? What is the matter with you?" "Ah! what indeed was the matter with me?" His presence of mind seemed to have forsaken him; even his intelligence and good-breeding. Instead of springing to the lady's rescue, as was to be expected, he stood—grieved to report it—open-mouthed, gazing with his eyes the loveliest picture he had seen in his life.

The sound of Reata's voice recalled him to a sense of his duty, and he came forward to disentangle her dress and hair, and to secure the prize for which she had striven so hard. With what care he touched her silky plaits—handling them almost with reverence—synthetic letters to Olivia, where he tells her of their straitened circumstances and that a repayment of the loan to her father was not acceptable. Olivia, unassuming, promising reply and invites Arnold to come to Mexico to visit her. But Olivia is in debt, and wants money to marry Halka, and counts on being married to her soon. He easily persuades Arnold to let him go instead. Otto goes to Mexico and reaches his aunt's residence. On entering her room, a grey haired old lady, plain in dress and manner, rises to meet him. He introduces himself as her nephew, and she receives him with a kind and embarrassed manner. He thinks her a funny sort of person, but excuses her as being so old and living in the past. She is introduced to a young girl, the Fraulein Reata, his aunt's companion, who is wonderfully beautiful. Reata is a puzzling creature, who ventures alone in the forest; knows all the flowers, birds, insects and serpents. She has a strange way of talking, and for that matter, over everybody. Otto learns that her mother was the daughter of a dispossessed noble chief, and that her father came from some province in Germany. She has a passion for giving picturesque names to everything. She is a fascinating creature in fact, and Otto is in some danger of falling under the influence of her charms. Chapter VII opens with a description of a tropical forest.

"Thank you for your tardy help—better late than never," and she sat down and began sorting her flowers. "You can help me now, Baron Bodenbach—for I shall never be able to tie up all these myself," indicating to Otto, by a movement, that he was to sit down to take all this home with you?" he asked, glancing rather anxiously at the many-colored pile, from which Reata was extracting flowers and arranging them into bunches.

"Yes—at least nearly all; it is quite simple, I assure you. You will carry all the thick prickly flowers—cactus, and so on—for I have scratched myself and am quite sore for one day; and I will take all the smooth, comfortable ones. Of course you don't mind pricking your fingers?" she added, as an after-thought.

"Oh no, not at all," he replied enthusiastically, and would have liked to add something about any pain coming through her being a pleasure, but wisely refrained.

"I wonder you have not got tired of them, surely, having lived all your life in this country."

"But I have not lived all my life in this part of the country. I came here only a few weeks ago, and most of the flowers were quite new to me then. There is such a variety of them here, because it lies so high up in the hills; down in the plains there are hardly any."

"How does it come that my aunt never visited this place before? It is surely not a new acquisition to her?" "The what? I assure you I am nerved for anything."

"The Ancient Giraffe," said Reata, hanging her head a little, while the words came out like a rocket. "Is that all?" and Otto burst into a hearty laugh. "Well, if she is able to bear it, there is no reason why I should not do so."

"You see, you are very good friends," she said, "I suppose, speaking rather hurriedly, 'you are surprised at your aunt having a young companion, but I assure you, it works very well, and is far better for her than if she had somebody of her own age. I help to keep her alive, and cheer her up; it is just on the same principle that one selects a staid elderly person to take care of a lively young girl. You surely don't find anything odd in the arrangement?" she concluded, anxiously scanning Otto's face.

Otto had thought the arrangement odd at first, but even after these few hours he had had opportunity of observing Reata's energetic management of all the household matters—taking, in fact, all the trouble off the old lady's hands; and therefore he answered now, "Oh no, not at all, I assure you; it is an excellent arrangement, I think."

Had Otto been in cooler state of mind, he could not have failed to notice the evident nervousness in Reata's voice and manner; as it was these symptoms passed unobserved.

"Now I have finished," she exclaimed, springing up, and shaking from her dress all the loose leaves and fragments of stalks which clung to it.

"And what are you going to do with all the others—these trumpet-flowers, and so on, which are all these azaleas? They surely deserve a place somewhere."

"They will all get places. I am going to arrange the whole house with flowers; that is always what I do when I have such a splendid supply: every jug and cup in the house will have to be pressed into the service."

They sat silent for a few minutes, she intent upon her flowers, and watching him as he worked, at the made up bundles, which she tied with long pliable grass blades—selecting some flowers and rejecting others, with the energy and decision which marked all her actions.

"You are very fond of flowers, are you not?" remarked Otto, at last, more for the sake of hearing her voice again than for any other reason, as he deemed the question superfluous.

"I shall keep it as a remembrance of my first Mexican walk," he said, half to himself, while he secured the daisy. "It will be dark in five minutes," said Reata; "we must be off—we have been too long already."

He followed her along the path, which in the growing darkness offered a very precarious footing.

"I think I see the black and white shawl through the trees," said he, after some silence; "we must be close, where my aunt is now."

"Yes, it is the Ancient—By the way, Baron Bodenbach," and Reata stopped short on the path, "I must say something to you before we go on."

"Can't you tell it to me as we proceed, I mean Reata; it is really getting so dark that I fear we shall lose our way."

"Leave me to take care of that; but I must absolutely speak to you before we go on another step. It is—it is—"

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AN ELEPHANT LOAD OF OVERCOATS. The Sledge Hammer is Getting in its Work in Good Style at Gough Bros., THE WONDERFUL CHEAP MEN. OUR SWELL OVERCOAT STOCK. MEN'S OVERCOATS. 200 Overcoats, marked \$8.00 - \$ 6 50. 225 Overcoats, marked \$10 - 8 00. 170 Overcoats, marked \$12 - 9 50. 190 Overcoats, marked \$14 - 10 00. 100 Cape Overcoats, marked \$16 - 11 50. 100 Ulsters, marked \$13 - 10 25. BOYS' OVERCOATS. 96 Boys' Overcoats, marked \$3 50 - \$ 2 50. 125 Boys' Overcoats, marked \$4 00 - 2 75. 175 Youths' Overcoats, marked \$5 00 - 3 75. 150 Youths' Overcoats, marked \$6 50 - 4 75. 125 Ulsters, marked 5 50 - 4 00. 100 Storm Coats, marked \$7 00 - 5 50. We place before the buying public to-day our entire stock of OVERCOATS, which is double the size it should be, owing to the mild season—at prices such as will pay buyers to come 100 miles to take advantage of. There's no reason why we can't fit every Man, Youth and Boy with his Fall or Winter Overcoat. This is the season when the unseen pneumonia germ is quietly working. In the heat of the noonday, prepare for the evening chill. We make these reductions, not out of love to our customers, nor for fun; but because our Overcoats must get a move on now, and we're going to move them, or know the reason why. Our Overcoats possess style and fit, buttons that are on to stay, seams that won't rip if you sigh, button holes that won't wear shabby, linings that are guaranteed. No other house ever did, ever does, ever can, or ever will, give such good value for the money as

OLD GHUM. D. Ritchie & Co. They won't smoke any other while they can get OLD GHUM even if they have to beg or borrow it, for there is no other tobacco which assures that cool, mild, sweet smoke. E. Z. YEREX—Little Britain. TO THE TRADE. Having a thorough knowledge of our business in every department, and buying from the best houses in the trade, we are placing before you a large stock and extra good value. We will prepare for DRESS and MANTLE MAKING as usual. Have a very fine range of MILLINERY and TRIMMINGS. See our Stock of BOOTS and SHOES. We have a few Boxes of fairly good Raisins to sell at 5c. a lb. Don't miss our 30c. Tea; it is as good as some 45c. Thanks for very liberal patronage in the past. Come and see our Stock. Yours very truly. E. Z. YEREX. Little Britain. W. G. Woods. HAVE YOU A Good Cooking Coal Stove? There are numbers of people in this country who have not and the approaching cold weather will act as a spur to their thoughts in this direction. WE DEAL ONLY IN THE BEST MAKES OF COAL AND WOOD BURNERS. All kinds of Tin and Granite ware. Eye-toughing and Plumbing a specialty. Save worry and annoyance by sending for our men to place Stoves and Pipes for the cold spell. W. G. WOODS. A FEW D. ONE WEST OF ONTARIO ST. E.

Scott's Emulsion. A POOR MAN. Indeed it is he whose blood is poor, who has lost his appetite and his flesh and seems to be in a rapid decline; but SCOTT'S EMULSION. Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Refresh and build up by restoring appetite, flesh and milk, and so giving him energy and perfect physical life, cure Coughs, Colic, Consumption, Scrofula and Bronchitis. IT IS ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK. Prepared only by Scott & Bown, Belleville.

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The Canadian Post. LINDSAY, FRIDAY, NOV. 3, 1893. NEWS OF THE WEEK. HOME AND FOREIGN ITEMS OF INTEREST. Gathered from the Telegraph and Exchange. Theodore Herbert, the French sculptor died in Paris on Sunday. He was born in Paris, July 29, 1829. News has been received in Brussels from the Congo state that the Belgians have captured Kirunda, an Arab strong hold, near Stanley Falls. Mr. John Hunter, of the London road, Clinton, Ont., who had been missing more than a week, was found on Sunday in the hay mow of his own barn in a very weak condition. Prairie fires have lately been doing great damage throughout Manitoba as severe losses are reported from many districts. The destruction of hay is said to have been greater than on any previous occasion. The great Oakley hall estate in Essex, England, which was valued forty years ago at twenty-eight thousand pounds, was offered for sale a few days ago, when the highest bidder was only eight thousand pounds. The sawmill which has been operated at Nowar, Muskoka, this season by a Dominion Bank of Toronto was destroyed by fire last Tuesday night. The origin of the fire is unknown, but it is supposed to be the work of an incendiary. The estimated loss is \$2,000. Voesche's Zeitung publishes a despatch from Darz Saïm Dar, Zambar, chief of the Kilimanjaro district, handed over to and accepted all the terms offered by Germans. The sultan cedes large tracts of territory and gives up all his rifles and ivory. Two companies of the German colonial force remain in the sultan's service for the present. Henrietta Kimball, 18 years old, wife of a despondent from long continued sickness committed suicide Tuesday by throwing herself into the lake at Chicago. She was with grief over her daughter's rash and Andrew Kimball, her father, followed example, and, choosing the spot where daughter's lifeless body was found, he himself into the lake and was drowned. He was a real estate dealer and in prosperous circumstances. Mrs. Kimball is prostrated. Arthur J. Porter, superintendent of the Buffalo Railway Company, suffered a terrible death on Sunday evening. While out driving with his wife, his carriage struck at the Onondaga crossing by a large engine. Both were thrown from the carriage. Mr. Porter fell under the wheels of the engine and was dragged over 200 feet from his body. His left leg was off at the hip, and his right arm torn away. Porter sustained serious, but not fatal, injuries. Count Gurko, one of the most distinguished generals of the Russo-Turkish war, died Tuesday. He was of Lithuanian origin, and was born in 1828. He was educated in the Imperial Court of Posen. In 1858 he was created ensign of the regiment of Hussars of the Imperial body guard. In 1857 he was already captain, and commanded a squadron in the same regiment. In 1860 he was appointed commandant of the Fourth Hussar regiment of Marlburg. In 1867 the emperor named him his general and ordered him to be of his general. Then he commanded the grenadier regiment of the Imperial Guards, and in 1871 he was the first brigade of the second division of Cavalierie de la Garde. Count Gurko's career, although in inferior rank, at Berlin was, being stationer almost too well known to be minutely recorded. On June 1877, with a detachment of cavalry single battery, he attacked and overpowered the town of Tynova. On July 5th, he placed Kazanlik and the village of S and after occupying and defending passes of ships, Hankow, and other together with Monradsky, traversed Balkans in the midst of the winter and frosts with but few losses and victorious Russian troops into the Valley beyond, thus occupying Sofi