

Gough Bros.

Cuticura Remedies.

25 CENTS

Proves the efficacy of CUTICURA

Since a cake of CUTICURA SOAP costing 25 cents is sufficient to test the virtues of these great curatives there is now no reason why thousands should go through life

Tortured Disfigured Humiliated by skin, scalp and blood diseases which are speedily and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES at a trifling cost.

Cuticura Works Wonders and its cures are the most remarkable performed by any blood and skin remedy of modern times.

Sold throughout the world. For sale by all Chemists, Druggists, Grocers, and Dealers. Beware of cheap imitations. All about the Skin, Scalp and Hair, Free.

Complexion, hands and hair preserved, purified and beautified by Cuticura Soap.

Pain is the cry of a suffering nerve. Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster is the first and only pain-killing plaster.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, NOV. 10, 1893.

A MEXICAN BELLE.

An Intensely Interesting Tale of Life in

Austria and Mexico.

(Continued from last week)

But why pity him? He is happy without knowing the cause of it; and perhaps his very unconsciousness is part of his bliss. Next morning he will awake with an undefined thrill of delight at his heart—a sense that something new has happened to him; and yet not new either, for it belongs to the character of love to fancy that its object has never been unknown. The lover can hardly realize that the time ever existed before he set eyes on the one he adores. "How could I be fool enough to imagine that life had any interest, or the world any beauty, before knowing her? Why have I wasted so many precious years of my life, which ought to have been spent in adoring? Why did I not feel, why did I not guess, that such an angel existed?"

Such are the passionate thoughts which rather illogical questions which many a lover addresses to himself, after beholding or recognizing for the first time the real object of his affections.

But Otto had not yet reached that point; he is still at the first supremely peaceful stage, when he neither looks into the past nor the future, but is content in the consciousness that the present moment is one of unquestioned happiness.

Had it been love at first sight in his case? Probably Otto, even after his eyes are opened to his state, will never be able to answer this question—never be able to render himself account of the exact moment when the enchantment began.

He has loved before—frequently, in fact, and has loved at the moment; but the passion which possesses him now, the memory of those affections is pale and weak if he could bethink himself of them now—if all else were not swallowed up in the burning light of this new love, of this love which is the truest one of his life.

The walk through the forest came to an end at last. Otto could not find a sign as they emerged from the black shadows into the starlight, and Reata said, "We are at home."

CHAPTER VIII.—CROAKING. The hot June sun was sending its rays through the green shutters of the little study at Steinbuhl. They lighted up a room not devoid of comfort, but with stamp of shabbiness on every detail.

for him to speak. But Arnold was standing at the window, with his hands behind his back, and his nose rather high up the air—intent, it seemed, upon getting a favorable view of the trees outside through the bars of the lattice shutters.

"But surely it always was a half-arranged matter between us," the father began, most timidly, after a pause, "that you and Hermine should marry some day; and what is the good of putting it off longer?"

"Oh, yes, it always was an arranged matter," was the answer, rather absently; "but then"—relinquishing his study of the trees, and turning away from the window—"I think there is some good in putting it off longer. We have every hope now that our fortunes are going to undergo some sort of improvement; by next year we may be in a different position from what we are in now, and I should then be able to offer Hermine something of what she will bring me."

"But will you not change your mind, Arnold, before that time? You know how I have set my heart on your marrying Hermine, and young people are sometimes so apt to do that."

"No fear, father," laughed Arnold; "you know I have a wholesome dread of womankind in general. Hermine is the only woman I could ever think of as my wife."

"But if you are so fond of her—" the Baron was beginning; but his son continued without heeding—

"A few years ago, when I was still serving, nothing would have induced me to take such a step—to any aspiring soldier matrimony is, in my eyes, no less than ruin; but now having given up the career, it has become practicable for me; and—in short, my mind is made up on the subject."

"Are you quite sure?" his father persisted, seemingly unable to give up pressed the point.

"I am perfectly certain," Arnold replied, drawing up his figure with a slight degree of haughtiness—a somewhat frequent habit with him. "I think, father, that I do not often change my mind when it has been made up."

"Of course, of course not; I am quite aware of that,—you are quite right. I am sure; but just for my peace of mind, Arnold, if nothing goes wrong, next summer, next June, let us say—I could not think of binding you by any promise, Arnold, my dear boy—but you will speak to Hermine next June?"

At this moment lightsteps were heard coming rapidly along the passage towards the room.

"We need not speak on this subject again," said Arnold, quickly; "but if you wish it, it shall be next June."

The door flew open, and Gabrielle, with her Italian greyhound racing at her heels, rushed in breathless.

"A letter from Otto—a letter from Otto! and it is for you, Arnold!" she screamed at the pitch of her voice, while waving the paper wildly above her head. She had been watching at the drawing-room window, as she had been doing every day lately; and the moment she caught sight, through the trees, of a lad who served them as letter-bearer, had rushed out into the hot sun, and returned a minute later, breathless and panting, but triumphantly clasping the precious envelope.

"There now, you foolish child," said Arnold, taking the letter from her, while he looked severely at her flushed cheeks and dilated eyes, "you have run out without your hat or parasol, and have knocked yourself up for to-day. In an hour Hermine will be here, and you won't be fit to go out walking with her; you had better go and lie down at once."

"Oh, no, Arnold," she implored—and the corners of her mouth began going down ominously—"I can't lie down till I have heard what there is in the letter; don't make me—please, don't make me!"

"You are rather hard upon her, I think, Arnold," put in the old Baron, who had lain aside his cigar with trembling hands, and was sitting up in an attitude of eager expectation; "let her hear what Otto says first."

"Very well, let her stay," Arnold assented, rather ungraciously, while he opened the letter.

It was written in good spirits, but it was not long. Otto gave a brief account of his arrival and reception, and then passed on to a slight description of aunt Olivia. "In appearance my aunt is considerably older than I was led to expect—nearer sixty than fifty. I should have guessed; but climate, I suppose, has something to do with that. Although I looked out sharp, there were no traces of beauty which I could for the life of me make out; and as for the much-vaunted eyebrows, they have, I fear, been transferred, and now occupy a lower position on her face—above the upper lip, in fact."

Further on he wrote: "My aunt appeared much agitated at first reference to my father. Of course, not a word about business has passed yet between us; that is to be left for later, I suppose. She does not look as if she were going to be difficult to tackle; and I flatter myself that I shall be able to talk her over to my own views. My only fear is that her companion, who seems to have an immense influence over her, may try to wheedle her out of her fortune—that is, a good slice of it. If so, it is lucky I came out here to represent our interest."

necessities, at Steinbuhl. In fact, Otto had always been the chief anxiety. He was so impressionable, so susceptible to many things—to a pretty face, for instance—that there would always be some danger of a sudden, undesirable attachment spring up, which might entangle him against his will in a mesh of passion, and thus destroy his best chance of gaining a comfortable independence. For although nobody as much as O. to so truly appreciated and coveted that comfortable independence, and although to make a rich marriage (as has been said before) was his chief object and aim, still there was no answering for what he might not do under the influence of passion, and how far he might not lose sight, for the moment at least, of the more important point.

His father never would feel quite at rest till Otto was fairly settled down in matrimonial life; and therefore the Baron had been greatly pleased on hearing of his son's attention to a Polish heiress, Countess Halka Przeszeckowa. It might have been supposed that the personal experience which the old man had undergone should have cooled his faith in any marriage of convenience; but it was not so, and in spite of his fancied lifelong attachment to his cousin, he was eager to make one of his sons, at least, follow his example by marrying an heiress.

Whether Otto's suit with the Polish Countess would have prospered ultimately, it could hardly have been expected that the girl's parents would be very willing to give her to a man so utterly without fortune as was Otto. The old Baron's hopes would have been still fainter if he had known what a dangerous rival Otto had in his captain. Now, however, this was different; or at least the old Baron, buying himself in thought with the matter, decided that it would be all different—that uncle Max's will or cousin Olivia's generosity would provide for them all brilliantly, and that, therefore, Otto would be in a position in which his hopes with regard to Countess Halka would be almost sure of fulfilment.

As for Arnold, they never had for him been any danger of the sort before mentioned. He was far better able to take care of himself than his brother; and being so thoroughly, even exaggeratedly, aristocratic in his notions, there was no fear of his ever lowering himself by a foolish marriage. It has been said before that Arnold was nothing of what is called "a ladies' man," and never was a favourite in women's society. From his own choice he never began conversation with a lady, and if forced into it by circumstances, was sure to start with a topic never said a compliment or noticed a woman's dress; usually forgot to pick up fans or handkerchiefs, drape cloaks round fair shoulders, or any of the hundred and one little attentions which ladies think they are entitled to expect from gentlemen.

And this did not come in the least degree from shyness; but simply because he did not know how to talk to women, and did not care to acquire the art.

The only girl besides his sister with whom he was on intimate terms was Hermine Schwenendorf, the guest whom they expected to-day.

The Schwenendorfs were of an old aristocracy, possessed of a estate and a fortune which, although not much larger than what the Bodenbachs had, still enabled the two old people and their one daughter, Hermine, to live in a far more comfortable style than these neighbors of theirs. The intimacy between the two families had sprung up thirty years ago, when the Schwenendorfs had come to that part of the country and settled down. The Bodenbachs were then enjoying the temporary prosperity which immediately after Baron Walther had married his rich wife. Since then, their fortunes had rapidly declined, while the position of the newly-settled family had remained unchanged. But their relations to each other underwent no difference. The Schwenendorfs still continued to look up to their friends in the same way they had done when the Bodenbachs were the great name in the country. A constant intercourse was kept up between them; the young people had played together as children, and called each other by their Christian names. The old summer-house at Steinbuhl had been the scene of many of their exploits; sometimes it was a fortress which Arnold defended against Otto—sometimes it was a settlement, and Otto, as the occasion demanded. These were but children's games, but many a lady's romance has grown out of slender materials. And it was so with Hermine. Imperceptibly to herself and others, Arnold became the one hero of her life.

To her he was the imperiousification of everything good and great and noble. All this strengthened and took shape as Hermine grew up. It colored her existence, and became part of her being, in the same way, as she could not remember any past in which Arnold had had no part, she never realized that there might be a possible future away from him. Not being of an imaginative disposition, she did not, as many other girls in her place would have done, weave this romance of childhood into brilliant castles, and paint out the years to come in all their details; but merely, when she did look into the future, she always thought of herself as Arnold's wife—and felt intensely though calmly happy at the thought that it was to be so.

In the girl's simplicity and singleness of character, she thought never once crossed her mind that this merging of her whole being into one idea, this utter reliance on one person, might prove dangerous to her peace. Fortunately there seemed to be little ground to fear the disappointment of her hopes, for the same idea had long been entertained by both families. Nothing definite had ever been said on either side, and it was only to-day that Baron Bodenbach had distinctively spoken to his son on the subject; but there existed a passive sort of half-understanding about the matter—just so much, namely, that no member of the two families would have been in the slightest degree surprised any day by the announcement that Arnold and Hermine were engaged; whereas the astonishment would have been great on hearing that either of the two was about to form another union. Arnold himself seemed in no way averse to the idea.

It was a lovely June evening, that day of Hermine's visit to Steinbuhl. The heat had been intense; and it was not till after their evening meal that the three young people started out to enjoy the softness of the night air and the delicious fragrance of the new-mown hay. The moon had completed her second quarter, and, standing out from a cloudless sky, made everything as light as day, and far more beautiful. It lent a touch almost of stardust to the old-fashioned house: the pointed red roof with the gable-windmill looked almost grand from the end of the

AN ELEPHANT LOAD OF OVERCOATS Gough Bros. THE Sledge Hammer is Getting in its Work in Good Style at Gough Bros., THE WONDERFUL CHEAP MEN.

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.

OUR SWELL OVERCOAT STOCK Is bigger and brighter than ever before, and GOUGH BROS. have stripped the prices of their whilom terrors. They have inaugurated a system by which the man of limited means may be as well and tastefully clothed as his brother of wealth.

Table with 2 columns: MEN'S OVERCOATS and BOYS' OVERCOATS. Lists various styles and prices.

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

GOUGH BROS., THE WONDERFUL CHEAP MEN. LINDSAY AND PETERBORO.

Miscellaneous. PLANTS AND CUT FLOWERS, Wreaths and Mourning Emblems, at the Lindsay Green House. Leave Orders at Hugh's Jewellery Store. EDWARD MAXSON. Lindsay, July 15, 1893.-41.

S. Davis & Sons. THE LONG AND SHORT of it is that S. DAVIS & SONS' Cigars have no equal.

Pain Killer. DR. CURED BY ALLEN'S COUGHS, COLDS, LUNG CROUP, BALSAM. Per Bottle, 25c, 50c, or \$1.00

SHILON'S CURE. Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Bone Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee.

SHILON'S VITALIZER. Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chatham, Ga., Test. My husband's health was so bad that I was obliged to give up my work. I tried many remedies but failed. I then tried Shilon's Vitalizer and in a few days I was able to resume my work. I feel like a new woman.

SHILON'S CATARRH REMEDY. Have you Catarrh? Try this Remedy. It will positively relieve and cure you. Price 50c. This Remedy is the successful treatment of Catarrh of the Bladder, Prostate, Uterus, etc. It is sold on a guarantee to give satisfaction.

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. AND GUARANTEE SATISFACTION. All kinds of Tin and Granite ware. Eye-troughting and Plumbing a specialty. Save worry and annoyance by sending for our new place Stoves and Pipes for the cold spell. W. G. WOODS, A FEW DOORS WEST OF ONTARIO GATE. S. Corneil. INSURANCE. A PROMPT SETTLEMENT. On Saturday, the 16th inst., my barn in Emily was burnt by blazing shingle from a burning barn on an adjacent farm. On the 21st my claim for loss on contents was adjusted to my satisfaction, and to-day, the 25th, Mr. S. Corneil has a cheque for the amount of my claim in full. It is hardly necessary to say that I am highly pleased with the fairness of the settlement and the promptness of the insurance company in paying my claim. Farmers will promote their own interests by entrusting their insurance business to Mr. Corneil. JAMES MITCHELL.

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 are prepared for DRESS and HAT MAKING as usual. We 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 5 cts. a lb. Don't miss our Tea; it is as good as some 5c. 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.

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.

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.

INSURANCE. A PROMPT SETTLEMENT. On Saturday, the 16th inst., my barn in Emily was burnt by blazing shingle from a burning barn on an adjacent farm. On the 21st my claim for loss on contents was adjusted to my satisfaction, and to-day, the 25th, Mr. S. Corneil has a cheque for the amount of my claim in full. It is hardly necessary to say that I am highly pleased with the fairness of the settlement and the promptness of the insurance company in paying my claim. Farmers will promote their own interests by entrusting their insurance business to Mr. Corneil. JAMES MITCHELL.

Scott's Emulsion. Bronchitis. ACUTE or CHRONIC, Can be cured by the use of SCOTT'S EMULSION of pure Cod Liver Oil, with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. A feeble stomach takes kindly to it, and its continued use adds flesh, and makes one feel strong and well.

Publishers' Notice. THE CANADIAN POST. ADVERTISING RATES. Ten cents per line (solid type) nonpareil, first insertion; three cents each subsequent insertion. Reading notices in local columns, 10c. per line first insertion; 5c. each subsequent insertion.

The Canadian Post. LINDSAY, FRIDAY, NOV. 10, 1893. NEWS OF THE WEEK. HOME AND FOREIGN ITEMS OF INTEREST. Gathered from the Telegraph and Exchanges. Baron Ven Plaiantz, nephew of the Saxon war minister, praises the efficiency of the French army.