

Shiloh's Cure. TAKE THE BEST CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE. Sells by A. Higginbotham, Lindsay.

The Canadian Post. LINDSAY, FRIDAY, NOV. 22, 1895. SINNERS TWIN.

sonal animus to my superior officer was to take such a practical and forcible expression. He paused, shut the door behind him carefully as if to prevent the sound of their voices from reaching the other room, and with an expressive grin upon his face, continued in a somewhat lower voice: "And I hope you will let him be the good and hard when you do give it to him. I can assure you it's the only way that any expression of an absence of sympathy with his style will ever be brought home to him."

And now he seemed somewhat diffident, and his eyes wandered round the room. Then, as if he had found what he wanted, he caught up the two empty bottles he had carried off again. "Good boy; gone to fetch some water," explained Jeannette. "What a nice face, and what a beautiful curly head of hair he has," said the girl abstractedly. She was in a dan-



gerous mood now, for it is a remarkable psychological paradox that it is often the most likely and the soberest individuals who on occasions do and say the maddest and most incomprehensible things. "But he seems rather self-conscious," she continued, "and as if he were almost afraid of a girl. I wonder if he has ever kissed one. Jeannette, you won't look, will you, if I kiss him?"

And to the horror and confusion of poor Marie the youthful trooper, who had been in the passage all the time pulling on his mitts, again put his head into the room and smiled in a fashion that was hardly in accordance with the diffidence with which he was accredited. Marie fairly put her hands up to hide her face, which, judging from the color that had mounted into her beautiful throat and neck, must have been of a telltale crimson. She had never before in her life made such a bold speech, and it seemed to her innocent mind as if it were a special dispensation of Providence that she should be caught in the very act of making it and covered with confusion.

As for Jeannette, her suspicions were confirmed. Her dear and modest mistress had contracted that mysterious disease which she had seen in another form compel highborn dames to throw about china ornaments, to use absurd and incomprehensible language and generally misconduct themselves. To think that this poor girl, whom she had hardly ever before heard mention the name of a man, should actually talk about forcibly kissing away her breath. Or could it be that her knowledge of the double risk and danger her father ran just then had temporarily unblinded her reason? She—Jeannette—would look up that bag of Indian medicinal roots and herbs which she resorted to in cases of emergency, and would probably find some potent medicine which would counteract and arrest the progress of the disease, for such she regarded it.

So far as the youthful member of the police force himself was concerned, who had been the innocent cause of all the trouble, he was the least concerned of the three. It would have rather surprised the two women and added to their peace of mind could they have known that this not so bashful as he appeared to be young man was in no way shocked by the unblushing declaration of poor Marie. For had he not in his time been in the company of jolly, light hearted and perhaps not a little mischievously inclined English girls, who had not only threatened to kiss him (not under the mistletoe either), but had actually done it too?

And he had not thought much about it either, for he had been one of those enviable ones who, for certain reasons being made much of, grow accustomed to attentions that would turn the heads of less favored individuals, and who even come to look upon such attentions as theirs by natural right. Therefore the diffidence of this ingenious youth was indeed a refreshing thing and often surprised the unspiciated. But his halcyon days in the old country had been all too brief, for like many more younger sons of younger sons, he had been packed off to Manitoba to learn farming. There, finding the task of expostulating with perverse oxen and milking deceitful cows hardly the idyllic and congenial employment he had imagined it to be, he had, like many more of his kind, drifted into the ranks of the Northwest mounted police, there to moralize with kindred spirits over "joys departed never to return."

tion. But you haven't told me what you think of Mlle. St. Denis yet, Dick. Don't you think a girl is bound to vegetate in such a place? "Now, Dick Townley had no particular desire to discuss the merits of this girl with his comrade. He had somehow not thought the latter had sufficient interest in the fair sex to converse intelligently on such a momentous subject. His first impression, when he had seen Marie St. Denis, had been one of surprise and admiration at discovering such a rara avis in such an unlikely place. Certainly he had heard rumors regarding her good looks, but had ascribed them to the usual delusive talk peculiar to mounted policemen, who talk peculiarly of the sex. He had, therefore, taken every bird to be a jay and the plainest featured woman the personification of female loveliness. Moreover, after the, to him, flattering speech he had heard the girl give utterance to, he had resolved to cultivate her acquaintance. Being only human, and not wanting in worldly wisdom, he had refrained from openly expressing his admiration of her, in case his superior might take it into his head to step in before him and spoil a projected and agreeable flirtation. It was, therefore, with not a little surprise he heard his usually reticent comrade ask him for his opinion of the girl. The ingenious youth felt flattered and replied with an air of superior knowledge of the subject in question: "Well, Yorkie," he said, "since you've asked me for my opinion I'll give it you. I believe that girl's a brick, a regular little brick, and as good as she's good looking. I don't mean to say, either, that she's one of your milk and water sort, because I believe she's just as fond of a lark as any other girl. But where and how she has picked up her manners and style gets over me. Why, she would pass muster as a lady any day. I would not be surprised if there was a drop of good blood in her. She talks beautifully, and from her hands

And on the day of their coming the scout had been summoned to the kitchen by Jeannette shortly after the wedding, and coming back he had spread the table with a snow white cloth and brought in, much to Jamie's surprise and delight, a dish of hot potatoes, some cold venison, a dish of steaming and juicy beef steaks and a large dish of pancakes with maple syrup. On this occasion Jamie showed signs of returning consciousness such as he had never before been seen to exhibit. Moreover, he was heard to exclaim as he rubbed his hands together, "Well, I'm darned!" After this mental feat he sat down at the table with a look of intense interest in the company with any further exhibitions of his conversational powers. They all sat down at the same table together, for on the prairie this is the usual way. The meal passed in comparative silence; the sergeant seemed to be engrossed with his own thoughts, the officer—if he had any—were concentrated upon the beef steaks, and the youthful trooper and the scout soon allowed the light and cheerful tone of banter in which they had at first indulged to gradually pass aside, for the sight of their officer's face had a depressing effect. At last the latter could not resist, and rising from the table left the room to have a look at the horses in the stable.

A stable was to Jamie what a drawing room would have been to one of his more civilized brother officers. He felt literally at home in the stable; the absence of conventionalities there and something in its very odor suggested congenial environment. He was in the habit of spending many hours when he could manage it, with a straw in his mouth, surveying the equine race. He felt perfectly at ease in the company of horses. On the occasion referred to, when he had left the room, Dick Townley, the private, laid down his knife and fork and for a few moments indulged in a quiet laugh. The sergeant asked him what was amusing him.

"I wonder when he's in the mess-room at Regina," said the youth, referring to his departed superior. "If he gets with his knife as he does here, dips his fingers into the saltcellars and otherwise does so many extraordinary things? But I have forgotten—he is a married man, so don't suppose he will often honor the mess with his presence."

"You bet your boots," chimed in the little scout, who prided himself upon his superior manners. "When I down in Regina was once, the waiter in the officer's mess did in confidence communicate to me that one occasion when the monster was dining in the mess—the commissioner and a number of guests were there—he spilled his potage all over the table, used his fingers as a fourchette, and when those—finger glasses, I believe it is you will call them, were brought in he did stare upon them, and asked if there was going to be a christening match. Mon Dieu! These are pancakes magnifique."

"Oh, come now, you fellows," said the sergeant, who, however, could not conceal a smile, "your talk is of a high, unreasonable nature. Why can't you leave your superior officer alone? By the way, we must not allow those women to send in food like this to us. It makes me feel horribly ashamed when I think of their kindness, considering our errand here; but, as the boss won't think of thanking them, I shall go in and do so myself later on. I wonder if we could annex a crosscut saw somewhere. I don't believe in burning other people's firewood for nothing, but I noticed an outthrust at the back. Perhaps we could get a few logs into it and cut up sufficient wood for the whole lot of us. In the meantime I'm going out to look after their cattle in the corral. I wonder if they have any water in their buckets in the next room. You might just go in and see, Pierre. I wonder which of the women made these pancakes? They are superb."

And now, as he went to the covered well, he bowed his head to the icy blast. "By Jove," he said to himself, "who would have dreamed of seeing a girl like that in this God forsaken part of the world? But she's only like all the rest of them. The girl who looks as if she were thinking of heaven all the time, and who you think only requires a pair of wings to make her an angel, is probably thinking of nothing higher than man's gullibility and wondering if the right chap will have sand enough to come forward at the right time. But I'll have that kiss yet in spite of the old lady."

But he did not have that kiss. CHAPTER VI. The blizzard raged for two days. The snow then ceased falling, but the fierce wind hurried the dry, powdery, crystalline flakes along over the exposed and frosttreching prairie in one dense and cloudlike sheet, making it impossible for any one to see five yards ahead. And still it was a paradoxical thing, when one came to think of it, that the sun shone brilliantly down all the time, and lit up that ghostly but tangible atmosphere of snow till it became instinct

with rings of prismatic coloring and sparkled as if it were a shower of fine diamonds. This is perhaps the one great redeeming feature in this great lone land in the long winter time—what indeed may be said to give it a life peculiarly its own, for were there no shading in nature's pictures there would the comparative effects of light and color be meaningless. No matter how the blizzard rages, no matter how the quicksilver sinks in the thermometer—30 degrees, 40 degrees, 50 degrees below zero—and over the silent and illimitable stretches of snowland, windswept prairie Jack Frost securely reigns, the all enveloping and unintermittently generally shines down unimpeded from a cloudless sky through it all, bright and desolate indeed would be that oceanlike surface of rolling prairie without its cheering rays; a shipless sea in a region of eternal twilight would not be more weirdly melancholy.

In Gabriel St. Denis' room the officer, the sergeant, the private and the scout passed the time as they best could. The officer and the scout had doubtless been so happily constituted by nature that he never felt the leaden weight of time. He could, like a thought reader, when he wishes to receive an impression or a brain wave, allow his mind to become a perfect blank, in which he existed in an almost trance-like state. Generally speaking, this was Jamie's normal condition, only it needed no great exercise of will power on his part to arrive at this happy state—there were seldom any thoughts to get rid of in his brain. As for as for receding impressions—these were the unpleasant ones—these had never required more than the hypothetical surgical operation associated with Scotsmen to inoculate him with one. It would have required some violent shock to a system—something of the nature of wood or iron brought in forcible contact with his bulletlike head—to arouse in him the faintest suspicion of intellectual activity. He would lie on his back, stretched on a buffalo robe in front of the stove, for hours at a stretch and gaze vacantly at the ceiling. The only part of the day in which he seemed to evince any interest was mealtime.

And as if he diverted attention from his rather egotistic and somewhat rambling opinion he broke out into a well known Gilbertian rhyme. The sergeant looked out of the window for a minute and smiled grimly. Then, as if impelled to say something, he said, in a tone that was meant to convey an impression of half heartedness in the subject, but was of a peculiar dryness and significance: "And so she is a regular little brick, is she? And she is fond of a lark? In fact, as our superior officer would characteristically put it, she has several good points in her general get up. By Jove, Dick, she would feel flattered, I'm sure, if she could only hear your estimate of her. As for there being a strain of good blood in her, as you remark—why, hang it, man!—would he tamed suddenly from the window and faced the somewhat surprised youth—"talking about blood, did some of the names that even these half breeds have in this country never strike you? Don't you know that, generally speaking and in comparison with their numbers, there are more representatives of a noble and historical aristocracy in Canada than there are in France, though some of them are humble and poor enough now, goodness only knows? Now, just listen to a few of the names you meet with in this country—names that people have grown so familiar with that no one attaches any significance to them: St. Denis, St. Cloud, St. Arnaud, La Fontaine, L'Esperance, St. Croix, Xavier and many others. Why, the forefathers of some of those people our parvenus hardly know were noblemen long before William the Conqueror took a trip over to Anjou. As to who her mother was I

World's Med. Disp. Bary. The contrast between disease and health is as sharply marked as that between darkness and light. The sufferings of disease make enjoyment of life impossible and perfect ground so gained, leads it makes even a commonplace existence a bright and happy one. The truest thing about disease is that most of it is needless. Nine-tenths of it can be subdued by very simple remedies. Even that most dreadful malady, consumption, can be cured in 98 cases out of a hundred, if it be treated in its early stages with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Consumption is a disease caused by impurity of the blood, and the first thing to be done in its treatment is to make the blood pure, rich and wholesome. That is half the battle. The other half is to impregnate the blood with cleansing, healing, invigorating medicines. The "Golden Medical Discovery" does both. It first puts the whole digestive system into perfect order, rids it of all impurities and from the vantage ground so gained, reaches out to every fiber of the body and restores all to perfect vigor. It cures many diseases, simply because many diseases spring from a set of common causes. The same disorder may lead to different symptoms in different people. What might be only a little indigestion in one person, may combine with a slight cold in another and result in consumption. A treatment that tones up the whole system is always the safest. A medicine that is good for the general health is pretty sure to cure ordinary diseases. Thirty-one cents stamps sent to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., will bring a large 1000 page, well illustrated book, "The Golden Medical Discovery" and letters from hundreds who have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

VARIETIES. Lumbermen say that the best times of the year for selling timber are midwinter and midsummer. Experience has proved it. A triumph in medicine was attained when experience proved that Scott's Emulsion would not only stop the progress of Pulmonary Consumption, but by its continued use health and vigor could be fully restored.

CASTORIA. for Infants and Children. THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine. Castoria destroys Worms. Castoria allays Feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Caid. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles. Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air. Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. CLOVER SEED. Clover Seed wanted, for which the HIGHEST PRICE will be Paid. J. H. Garret, a prominent politician of Liverpool, N. S. makes, for the benefit of the public, the following statement: "I was greatly troubled with rheumatic pains for a number of years. On several occasions I could not walk, nor even put my feet to the floor. I tried everything and all local physicians, but my suffering continued. At last I was prevailed upon to try S. W. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT, stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulcers, and in most cases removes the tumors. At Druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, Wholesale Agents.

J. J. Wetherup. ORGANS AND PIANOS. J. J. WETHERUP, Cor. Sussex and Peel Sts., Lindsay. Menthol Flaster. THIS IS A PICTURE OF THE FAMOUS CURE FOR SCIENTIFIC PAIN.

Dunn's Baking Powder. FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS. DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND LARGEST SALE IN CANADA. Jas. H. Lennor.

World's Med. Disp. Bary. LENNON'S LIST. New and Second Hand Cook Stoves, Second Hand Coal Stoves, Second Hand Box Stoves, Coal Scuttles, Ash Sifters, Lanterns, Lamps, X Cut Saws, Tinware, Crockery, Glassware, Knives, Forks, Looking Glasses, A Good Whip for 10c.

THE AUCTION MART, JAS. H. LENNON, Opposite Benson House. Book-Binding. Orders for book-binding should be left at this office. It is surprising how nice a volume can be made of those magazines, even though they are somewhat soiled from much handling. Prices very reasonable. Books, magazines, or periodicals bound or rebound in any style at very reasonable prices.

CASTORIA. for Infants and Children. THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine. Castoria destroys Worms. Castoria allays Feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Caid. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles. Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air. Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. CLOVER SEED. Clover Seed wanted, for which the HIGHEST PRICE will be Paid. J. H. Garret, a prominent politician of Liverpool, N. S. makes, for the benefit of the public, the following statement: "I was greatly troubled with rheumatic pains for a number of years. On several occasions I could not walk, nor even put my feet to the floor. I tried everything and all local physicians, but my suffering continued. At last I was prevailed upon to try S. W. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT, stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulcers, and in most cases removes the tumors. At Druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, Wholesale Agents.

ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME. Don't count for much unless your weekly grocery account is satisfactory and the quality right. It takes but a little thing to spoil the pleasure of a meal, and it takes but a trifle more to mar the peace of the household for a week.

YOUR WIFE CAN RUN. Your household ever so much easier, more economical, and with infinitely less friction and domestic infelicity, if you will permit her to buy the family groceries from us.

WE KEEP THE RIGHT GOODS. and pay particular attention to quality. You've heard of shoddy dry goods, maybe? Well, there's shoddy groceries too,—more than you suspect, perhaps. The desire to make an extra profit induces some dealers to buy them, and of course the consumer suffers. We pin our business honor to our goods as a guarantee that quality and price are right. If goods do happen to turn out unsatisfactory—as they sometimes will—we take them back. Can anything be fairer?

HURLEY & BRADY, Family Grocers, East of the Benson House, Lindsay. THE POST JOB DEPARTMENT. Orders neatly and promptly executed. Estimates and samples sent by mail when so required.