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A PEW PISCAS OF SILVERWARE PROM THE DEST MANUFACTURES

## J. G. EDWARDS.

Lindery, Sept 16th, 1881, 1865.

## The Canadian Yost.

LEVININ, PHIDAY, DRC & INC. THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT.

A tender child of anomerathree Serione her little bed at highl. Panaud on the dark states timidly. "Oh. Mottoot lake my hand," said she. "And then the dark will all be light."

Wanderschildren grope our was grom dock behind to dark before; And only when our hands we las, Dear Lowe, in Thing, the night is day

Houch downward to the minless days Wherein our suides are blind as we.
And let be small and hope delays;
Inke Thou the hands of prayer we rate
And let us feet the light of Theet White in in Christmas St. Nicholas

## EYRE'S ACQUITTAL

A SEQUEL TO "THE MYSTERY OF SHIFTING POOL"

PART L

CHAPTER I. And let me wring your heart, for so I small. If it be made of penetrally stuff.

Hamlet. The remote village of Lovel was one afternoon electrified by news of the death of its Squire, and the intimation that his body might be expected to arrive before night, under the care of his record Lovel Frend, Lard Lavet.

In less than an hour Mr. Eyre's grave has being dug beside that of the womanwhose lover and husband he had been, and of whose murder he was secret believed to be guilty; though if he had killed her, it had been for love-be cause, though he could endure to see her die, he could not brook the sight of hunself decreded in her eyes or, as others mid know himself supplanted in her leve by his friend.

He had never been accused of the crime, nor even for some time suspected of it, and this was partly due to the fact that at his instigation a woman named Clarke had been tried for the muster, and, by circumstantial evidence, so nearly convicted, that her acquittal w - indignantly declared by the Indiges to be a gross miscarriage of ins-

But some extraordinary disclosures made by Mr. Eyre in the course of the trial buil, in the eyes of many of those pres at, reversed the position of accuser and accused; while the ruthless lifting by his own hand of the curtain that had screened his inner life appalled the govers, who in one scathing flash of light saw him stripped naked of his worldly rooms, and he as the man that tiod and his own heart had long known

He stood before them a man who for years had been at the mercy of a secret sing him which the fatal moving power out of which had sprung three successive transities of unspeakable pathos and horrer, upon which he gazed impassive and misubdued-less repentant of his misdeeds than callously hold in vaunt-ing them casting aside like a wornout gious the honorable life he had wern in those years when he had

Built Got a church, and laughed fit word and by his inhumanity rather than his sins, curing himself off from all sympa-

they we to his kind. As betrayer and deserter of the woman Clarke in her youth, and remorse-less bringer to justice of her only friend for the murder of his unacknowledged chied orivately exerting his great influence to bank her)—as the man who first robbed his best friend of his sweetheart, then-filehed his good name and wore it before the world-as the assassin who attempted Hester Clarke's life beginse be had an hourly dread lest she should tell Mrs. Eyre the truth-as the seenser of that unhappy woman of his wife's murder- and as magistrate committing her to jail while yet his child's corps av warm upon her knee-thus, but by bit, his character during the trial painted as if to the shrinking beholders' gaze, till all felt themselves in the pres a of a man whose hand would not sor no from any deed to which his

From that day the secret conviction rewards strengthened that Mr. Eyre had hims if been the murderer of the of so passionately loved, the most no plar reason assigned being a violent padousy of Lord Lovel, culminating in a lit of madness, in which

But those who were best acquainted with Mr. Evre's haughty and inflexible character, said that he never needed to know j mousy, and felt none; but that the comp. cations of his position with regard to Hester Clarke becoming unbearable and rather than see his wife endure those miseries that the knowledge of he sin must cost her, he had out the knot of his difficulties and her life with a single blow, and so secured ig-

norance to her for ever-Others denied the murder to have been one of either jealousy or pride, declaring it to be one of simple greed, committ d for the sake of the magnifi-

Give me dismende like makene wave, and I will marry rou? desting smill to him not haif an house few the mulder; and the diamonds had disappeared, and the gardener been caught almost red-handed, yet Mr. Eyre had retused for one moment to believe in the man's guilt, all his energies being bent to the conviction of the woman Clarke; and before setting out on that lengthened journey, that extended to three years, he had the man and maid married in his presence, and left them established in sole charge of the Red Hall, with cartain funds to be disposed of according to his directions. And, though keenly watched by the village, the oddly-matched pair had given rise to no suspicion, and gradually people ceased to believe in their guilt.

Of Mr. Eyre nothing was known. He and Lord Lovel had gone abroad within a few days of each other and were conjectured to be together, but as both preserved an unbroken silence, sending home neither word nor sign of their existence, the first positive news that had reached the village being contained in the telegram that announced the speedy arrival of living and dead.

And those who gathered round to see the digging of Mr. Eyre's grave, whispered that the real secret of Mrs. Eyre's death would never be known now, since the key to it was for ever locked within the cold heart of the man whom she

the key to it was for ever locked within the cold heart of the man whom she alone had so passionately loved, while all other men and women feared him.

CHAPTER IL

"Seems like yesterday I were digging her grave," said the sexton, jerking his head toward the narrow, green mound where Madeap Eyre lay with her child on her breast, and I'd sooner ha! dug his the first. . . I misdoubt me if the daisies and crocuses 'll ever spring as free above his, as they do out o' her pretty head—tiod bless her!"

"If he'd been a poor man he'd lie at the cross roads with a stake through his heart." said Nanev of the Mill. who

the cross roads with a stake through his heart," said Nancy of the Mill, who stood with arms a-kimbo. "Lord! to think that she died as happy—like a baby in its mother's arms—'tis said she felt so safe-like, she didn't even kiss him before... and he'll never get near enough for her to kiss him now—God A'mighty 'ud never stand it."

"I never thowt he'd a died till he'd swung somebody or 'nother for her," said the blacksmith; "to see his grave a-digging, seems like a story broke off short-like in its middle—t'other world gets the end o't, and neither they norus is a bit the wiser."

"Love begins all things and death

"Love begins all things and death ends 'em," said the gravedigger, senten-tiously: "half the sin in the world's born of the taste o' a cherry lip, and a gentle eye'll sink many a soul as has kept the commandments from his youth

kept the commandments from his youth up—'twas a most powerful true love as turned th' Squire from an honest man, to a black-hearted siner."

"He give his sowl for her," said a mdfaced woman who stood by, "and he couldn't do more for her if 'twas ever so—he knew that if ever she comed to know about Hester Clarke and the drowned child, 't would kill her.. 'tis said that just afore she died she said 'twas the happiest moment of her life, and niver knowed she'd been murdered each went so quick after she'd come ont of the chloroform."

"There's a man for you!" cried Nancy, lifting up her hands: "if so be as he did stab her through jealousy, to hide be-side her all through that night, holding the handkercher to her mouth, and not letting her come to herself one blessed minnit, and the doctor saying," sez he, "if she dies, 'tis murder, and the Squire looks up and sez, What then? It minds me of Otheller," said a vil-

lage pedagogue, whose rusty coat-tails swept his heels. "He killed his wife for jealousy; but there was no knife or chloroform there, only pillows."
"The master had no call to be jeal-

ons," said Sally Genge, who had just toined the group; "she never loved but him, and he knowed it." "And what a pair they made," said

the gravedigger, resting on his spade, "so lightsome, spirity, and beautiful! She'd walk beside master, but dance

She'd walk beside master, but dance along side of t'other—seems like as if they two ought to lyin' here side by side... he left his heart wi' her the day we laid the mool above her.

"She were well loved," said the sexton's wife, softly; "and for her sake the two men loved one another. "Twas grand to see 'em standing shoulder to shoulder at th' 'sizes—'twas the only week o' worker in master's character. speck o' vartue in master's character when he up an' said 'twas he, an' not the young Lord, as had brought Hester ('larke to shame—seemin' as if he didn't vally the wurld's opinion a groat, so long as she never heard the whispero't.''

"He was ever of a murderish sort of mind," said the pedagogue, shaking his his head—"twas greatly in my mind, when he set out so quick after Lord Lovel, that revenge was at the bottom; for, though a man may kill his wife for love, he mostly kills her lover for hate."
"Very bookish talk!" said the sexton, diagoguetrely. "wome more leaving of disparagingly; "some more leavings of Otheller, I s pose; but them as sits down to write books is mostly pore creatures, and nat'rally the folks they set struttin' on the page is like theirselves . . . they ain't true to human natur'; an' if you ain't true to human natur; an' it you ticket a man wi' a-deadly sin, an' expect him to act accordin', ten to one but he'll bust out with a bit o' vartue as'll make you feel as if you'd never knowed its right color before . . . an' if the master slew her as he lov'd best of all upon earth, 'tis ten to one 'twas for some reason as never entered into for some reason as never entered into your Otheller's or any of them dummies'

"Dummies!" ejaculated the peda-gogue, furious at this insult to the creatures of his own discovery—ergo his own; but a push from one of the crowd-nearly precipitating him into the open-grave compelled him to take an awkward leap backward, in the course of which his head met a tombstone that made him think of Othello with disgust

for a week. The cause of the catastrophe was Job, who came to the very edge and looked down with bitter hatred at the yawn-

"Dig it deep," he said; "he's been the curse of the place this manya year, and there's no knowing where his sins may sprout up again—but please God we've done with bastards and murders now—a bad man," cried Job, striking his foot against the crumb'ing earth; "he spoilt my little Master Frank's life, and made him carry on his shoulders a sin that wasn't his'n, and speaks up the truth

wasn't his'n, and speaks up the truth too late, for she never knowed it... there's naught but hemlock 'll grow here, though them two sweet souls laid alongside might save him... but, thank God, he's dead, and my little Master Frank's above-ground!"

His old voice ceased in a triumphant quaver as he turned from the grave to the dwindling group of villagers, for the short November afternoon closing in, and a chilly mist was rising in spectral shapes about the nearer tombetones, and gathering more closely about the little group, formed a wall that shut out all objects beyond.

"Ay!" said the sexton, looking down, "but I'd rather to day was to-morrer, and we'd got him here. Th' Squire were never warsted in anything yet, an' it

me, and my little Master Frank'll be expectin"—

What was it that froze the words on his lips? Whose was this tall shape that loomed gigantic through the mist, and from which after one shuddering gance all fell away, clutching at each other like drowning creatures in a sinking ship? Job standing erect, the vigor of youth rekindled in his veins, withered and grew old, as, with a lightning conviction of the truth, he stammered, "My master—where is my master?" Mr. Eyrs looked down at the half-veiled chasm at his feet.

"His grave is already dug," he said, "and you have received my message. He lies at the house yonder."

"His grave?" repeated Job, slowly and stupidly; "his grave... but he's alive—the message was from him... 't was gow body he was bringing... his dinner's preparing, and his chair's set.... My little Frank," he sobbed, "my dear, dear little Master Frank"—then seized Mr. Eyre's arm and shook him like a greed; "did you kill him as you killed your wife." he shrieked.

"He was killed in battle abroad," said Mr. Eyre, and his voice, hollow and worn, might have been a ghost's. "He had been an hour dead when I found him. I laid him in his coffin and brought him straight home. The message must have blundered on its way."

But Job did not hear ... by the side of that empty grave his faithful old heart broke, and, palsied and tottering, he had crept away home to where, for the first, last time, his little Master Frank was waiting to receive him.

"And so you dug my grave with a will, my friend," said Mr. Eyre, looking keenly at the gravedigger, "and I've disappointed you; but it sha'n't be love's labor lost. Lord Lovel loved my wife -and she him-and there's room for me on the other side. And they shall me on the other side. And they shall have no monument, and no stained glass yonder; but only the flowers they both loved, with the sun shining through them—and there 'll be no brier to grow out of either breast, but only a rose. And so you thought I killed my wife?" he added, turning abruptly to the terrified villagers, who began to mark under a more wholesome frag of

mart under a more wholesome fear of him in the flesh than in the spirit.

"Nay, sir," said the sexton's wife, courtesying, "'tis not for poor folks like we to judge our master; "th' old man did but prate out what he's caught up from his betters."

"Good God!" cried Mr. Eyre, like a man violently awakened from a dream. "is it possible?" then stooped and plucked a daisy from her grave. "Poor, poor Madcap!" he said, so low that none might hear him, "and is that all my love hath brought thee?" Then, shrouding himself in his black cloak, the mist swallowed him up from the frightened gazers' eyes, and was gone. "Tis well that Frank lies yonder, not I," he said aloud as he crossed the churchyard, "since that's the popular idea. I'll have to disprove it, if only for her sake—as if the sweet soul could have loved her murderer—and though I've thought of most things. I never

I've thought of most things, I never thought of that, though clearly some fool did—most likely Busby—and set the country farm-yard in a cackle, because its chief goose had laid another egg. But she can't hearthem, and she's happy; and Frank's found her by now; and he loves her too well to tell her the secret he wouldn't tell me. What was it?" he cried aloud, and standing still in the darkness. "Three years I've lost in hunting for it and meanwhile the in hunting for it, and meanwhile the woman's escaped me. But I'll find her

As he climbed the familiar hill to his home, he thought of how often those two bright young creatures now sound in death below had trod it beside him; and once he drew back, as though physically unable to face the empty house, across whose threshold his Madcap would never dance to meet him any more. He entered the courtvard, and mechanically turned to that wing of the house in which her chamber lay, and from the force of habit looked up as if he would have distinguished her window through the darkness. But what was this? A clear light burned within, and as he paused below, his foot struck against a ladder placed against the wall. Good God! he thought; has it stood here since that night? And then he remembered that it was the very day and month of the year upon which she had

been murdered.

He had thought it unnatural that
Hester should climb the ladder unless with sinister intent; yet he found his foot on the first rung before he was aware; and as he rose, step by step, put him-self in her place, and in the lighted room above seemed to see Madcap, asleep and unconscious of her doom.

As his head and shoulders rose above the sill, filling the window from lintel to lintel, he saw that it was unshuttered and ajar, while through the clouded pane before him he once more beheld the diamonds that he had last seen on his wife's neck when he left her in the

drawing-room below with Lord Lovel.
"I'd rather have the right to wear
these openly than own the finest farm
in Canada," said a woman whose petticoat of linsey-wolsey, drab stays, and coarse white bodice contrasted as curiously with the jewels she wore, as did her personal beauty with the sordic plainness of the man who stood at some ittle distance from her, his features expressing a stupid admiration that struggled with an almost abject terror.

"You're just doited to deck y'rself but they'll hang the two on us yet. "There's only we two in the house," she said; 'the child's asleep, and every door locked, and master's body's at the Towers by now. There's none likely to come nigh us to-night. Sit down, you fool," she added, as she turned herself this way and that before the mirror, "did ever you see fireflies give out such

a shine as you?" "Sit me down-here?" he said, looking not at his soiled fustian, but at the middle of the room, his eyes fixed as if he saw there some fearsome sight, "seems like as I see her now as I seen her that night sittin' in her white gown, and the red blood gurglin' out"—as though involuntarily, his earth-stained hand lifted itself, and pointed to where his eyes dwelt—"I were mad to let my sel' he dragged here the night and that sel' be dragged here this night; and that poor soul—innocent of all save peepin, and almost hanged for our sin—I'd ha confessed all afore I saw her swinging. An' all for naught but to see you wi' a halter of diamonds round your wearle

"Tis handsomer than many a lady's," said the woman, slowly, as one whom a thought has struck; "why should I go with the poor fool at all?" she muttered, haif aloud; "in Paris I might wear

"I always take a good steady look at a deal-face in its coffin whiles I madigain! its grave, but somehow I can the the manual states of crime.

"So you'd like to give me the go-by." When saked if the men could search matter's."

"You shall within the hour," said Job, briskly, "and now I must be hast-crushed the woman's white arm in his coarse hand; "just you try it," and he breathed hard and thick; "if so be as I vested hard and thick; "if so be as I vested hard and water with penny's worth, an' where I go you'll follor. I allus knew you was a bad lot, but your first faney man'll be the last, that foomed gigantic through the mist, that loomed gigantic through the mist,

ties of crime:

"Se you'd like to give me the go-by."

suid Digges with a bitter curse, as he crusted the woman's white arm in his coarse hand; "just you try it," and he breathed hard and thick; "if so be as I've sold my sowl for you, I'll git my penny's worth, an' where I go you'll foller. I allus knew you was a had lot, but your first fancy man'll be the last, for I'll kill the pair o'ye. I've half the mind to tear 'em off yer body this night an' 'fess to the truth—"

The woman laughed as she put her free arm about his neck and kissed him—her beauty held him in bondage yet. In the lower ranks of life it is seldom that a man ill-uses his handsome mate se long as she is true to him.

se long as she is true to him.
"Didn't I promise to love you if you could give me diamonds like madame's,"

could give me diamonds like madame's,"
she said, sickening at the contrast of
their two faces in the glass, "and I've
worn them once. To-night we'll unpick
them from their settings, and hide
them for the last time."

"We maun bide awhile afore we
makes a move," said Digges, who had
relapsed into his usual stolid self;
"m'appen the neebors'll keep their eyes
open yet awhile."

"They've given over suspecting long
ago," said Josephine. "folks that dress

"They've given over suspecting long ago," said Josephine, "folks that dress themselves in woolen must be virtuous -and poverty's a grand cloak to hide

She was flaunting backward and forward before the mirror now, and beyond her lay the pure, simple back-ground of Madcap's chamber, arranged just as she had left it when she had ignorantly started on her last long journey without farewell kiss or word to the husband and children she so passion-

ately loved.

There stood her white bed, and beside it the table that held her Bible, Prayer book, and portrait of her husband alone and her two boys together; near them lay the broken toy that her boy had dropped when he had paid her his last visit, and wept at leaving her, not knowing how soon he would share with her that sleep which knows no waking.

... Yonder, too, was the cabinet of which one unlocked drawer held a secret that defied Mr. Eyre, while by its side the easy-chair stood in which Madcap had been "twinn'd of her sweet

life" unknowing. . . . On the borders of the half light Digges hovered fearful to remain, as to depart, alone, his round eyes resting on anything rather than his wife. All at once the blackness of the windows attracted Josephine's attention; it would make a longer looking-glass than the one in which she gazed, and she approached it, seeing but night beyond, for Mr. Eyre-covered his face with his mantle as she advanced, so that she saw

the jewels flashing like sun rays upon an inky pool.
But as she looked, some horrible. lightning impression of gazing at dark against dark seized her; involuntarily she pressed nearer, and as the heavy mantle slipped, and Mr. Eyre's eyes met hers through the glass, his features menacing and stern, pale and haggard as a man now risen from the tomb, icy terror congealed the very blood in her veins, and slew in her the power to cry out—to stir. Ignorant and superstitious, she never doubted that this was her dead master in his cere-clothes, come to confront her with the witnesses reason tottered, but was not overthrown,

till, dashing the casement wide, he stretched his arm and seized her then her wits fled, and even as Mr. Eyre knew it, and saw the chamber door open, and Digges gone, he knew that once more the secret of Madcap's death had escaped him.

Mr. Eyre cursed himself for a melodramatic fool as he let the woman go. and hastened to regain earth, knowing that there were but two exits from the Red Hall, by one or the other of which Digges was certain to effect his escape. But the pitch darkness aided the fugitive, and when he dropped noiselessly from the nursery window, Mr. Eyre grimly watching a hundred yards distant, heard nothing, but was so certain of his having got off that he wasted no time in searching the house, but deseended to the village, where he had the curious misfortune to be mistaken at every other step for his own ghost. The story of his appearance in the churchyard was not yet fully circulated through the place, and many believed his body to be then reposing at the Towers, so that some hinderance to the

search for Digges was unavoidable. "Save your cackles," he said at last, sternly, "and search for this man throughout every yard of the village-a hundred pounds to him who seizes and brings him to me alive; but let no one enter the Red Hall," he added, as he mounted the horse that he had himself hastily saddled, and set out at full

lop for Marmiton.
Within five minutes the whole population of the village was abroad, with lanterns, others with hastily made and kindled brands, whose light they flung on outhouses, and startled fowl-cotes, beating each foot of field and wood, and even climbing to the steep cliff that rose sheer behind the Red Hall, in one upper window of which a light shone, tempting the seekers to pursue their search within.

But none dare withstand their mas-ter's commands—he had returned grimmer and more terrible than he departed but surely not the guilty man they had supposed, as his search for Digges, and a few hasty words he had let fall pointed to a discovery on his part that the gardener and his wife were the crimi-

But when, half an hour later, Mr. Eyre rode through the village, accompanied by mounted constables, many were the seekers who volunteered to accompany them to the hall, only to be peremptorily refused. Mr. Eyre's keen clance at once discerned that no trace of Digges had been found; and, without pausing to make inquiry, he and those with him rode on to the house, where an entrance was effected by breaking a

But for the gardener's fatal error in leaving the ladder against the wall no one could possibly have surprised the woman that night; and those who followed Mr. Eyre uttered a cry of amaze-ment as, pausing on the threshold of what had been his wife's chamber, he

made a sign to them to look in.

Before the glass sat Josephine, laughing softly to herself and playing with the diamonds that now in the idiot's kingdom were her own—to be worn without fear, and gloated over to heart's content. For the first time in without fear, and gloated over to her heart's content. For the first time in her life she was happy—ay, and to the last day of it, for Mr. Eyre never allowed them to be taken from her during that long and weary time through which he waited patiently for the flicker of reason that should east its light upon the manner of Madeap's end.

"The man's not gnilty," said one of the constables who had been earefully watching her. "If she'd only stelen the diamonds, the shock of seeing you wouldn't have driven her mad. Most likely she committed the murder after. Mrs. Eyre's maid had left this room for the sight.

commute of for the sake of the magnificent of monds she had worn that night,
and when were found missing when
the was discovered stabled to the heatty
but breathing yet, in her chair.

Strong suspicion had at the time at
tached in solf to the gardener, who was
feited or a ladder, placed against her
window, within a few moments of the
deed, and whose inflatuation for Mr.

Lyre's French muss was said to be
flowerful enough to precipitate him into
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The man's not guilty," said the waited patiently for the meths
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she fell asleep, hugging the diamonds in her arms.

He then returned to his wife's chamber, and sat down just within, not stirring till he heard approaching steps, when he rose, and, standing on the threshold, asked the chief constable if

he had discovered anything? "Nothing, Sir—leastways only a child, all alone, and sound asleep, Sir."

Mr. Eyre locked and barred the hall door upon the searchers, then returned to his wife's bedroom, and, closing the window, drew the curtains before it. Here the murderer had stood-What, Diggest From here he must have seen her asleep in the chair that stood midway between bed and window, beside it the diamonds whose wicked shine in a dullard's eyes might have lit the way to an unprincipled, covetous woman be-yond . . . but the gardener Diggest

Dropping the curtain, Mr. Eyre advanced as though he were acting a part—how easy to aim one blow at you sleeping shape—to seize the diamonds and escape by the open window—to hide them and return, dragged by the miserable power of the victim over its destroyer-to encounter Hester Clarke hurrying from the sight upon which she had privily looked—to seize, and fasten the guilt upon her, she keeping silence throughout her trial, knowing that a word would save her! Digges, the murderer. . mechanically he turned to a cabinet that stood near him, and opened a certain drawer—then brought the light, and stood looking down fixedly on a dim outline traced upon the wood

Here the knife had lain that was afterward found in Hester Clarke's possession; but who had placed it there and did the same hand remove it? He lifted his own, and, as one who makes an experiment, stretched it toward the cabinet; his will making imperious question of his mind, as though he would wrest from it some secret that had been acquired against his knowl-edge, and must be forced to yield up to his command.

But force of will would not unber that hidden chamber of his soul, locked even against himself, whose keys he had lost, and his friend found. "God forgive you." Frank had written, when he had left Mr. Eyre's sick bed

to set out on his journey. "I know the The truth . . . unless brain, ear, and eye mocked Mr. Eyre to-night, he knew that the clew held in Frank's dead hand, out yonder, was worthless; that the mystery of Madcap's death was for-ever solved, and himself the sport of an illusion that had made the opportunity

of a clown. Hester innocent—for the gardener's overheard words cleared her of guilt and he, that poor worm, that clod, guilty. A fierce sense of the meanness of the instrument that had compassed so great crime alone moved Mr. Eyre's l as, in that silent chamber. ized his own bitter, black mistake

Come with me now to the storming of the trenches before Sevastopol-see a sunny-haired young fellow leading his men on . . . see him struck by a cannon-ball and reel from his saddle, while his followers trample him beneath theri feet as they rush onward to victory . . . see how, amid a storm of shot and shell, a man rushes forward, and, lifting that yet warm body up, bears it away to a place of safety, where he tears aside the scarlet coat, only to find that the heart beneath is still—the heart that holds the lost clew to Madcap's death!

"Silent, with closed lips, unconscious of bravery," so young that his mother in heaven could not have forgotten his likeness, yet, the soldier lay-beaten in the fight, but with a gleam of victory shining athwart his wide open blue eyes and shattered features that, to one who loved him, might have seemed more nobly beautiful than the glance that had been his in life. Yet as enemy rather than friend, Mr. Eyre lifted that lifeless body, and gently laid it down. He and the man before him had been comrades, sworn to one cause, and it had been no part of Mr. Evre's scheme that either should die before it was won. No pity for that gallant fate stirred him—no memory of how he had loved his friend, and stolen his Madcap from h.m softened his heart; only a bleak and a bitter rage filled his soul that, after three long years of pursuit, in which he had wasted the whole forces of his brain and body, he had at last come up with the pursued to find him-

"He should have been shot through the heart as a deserter, not buried as a hero." Mr. Eyre thought, as he folded his cloak across Frank and left him alone in the rude hut, while he himself went to search for those proofs of Lord Lovel's identity that he must take with him to Lovel when he bore the body home for burial.

He carried his life in his hand that night, but, as if he had been Belial's self, no harm touched him, and day was breaking when he found Frank's Colonel-dying-but able to recognize Mr. Eyre as an old friend, and to answer his questions about Frank. Lord Lovel had joined quite recently,

and seemed to court death. He had confided to him, a few days previously, a packet of papers that he desired might be sent to Mr. Eyre if he fell. These papers were on the dying man's body at that moment, and as Mr. Eyre drew them from above his heart, a fierce throb of hope animated him; for here, perhaps. Frank, though dead, spoke to him the truth. As he tore them open, the dying man suddenly cried out," Has any one seen Methuen? Take care there's no mis-

take . . . their own mothers couldn't tell" . . . then died, with the untinished sentence on his lips.

A withered bunch of flowers . . . faded ribbon . . . a pale photograph of a girl's face made out of sunshine . . . half-a-dozen letters written in childish letters, and signed, "your little sweet-heart, Madcap"... one or two notes, of which the ink was fresher, and the

tone sedater, with the name of "Eyre" added to that of "Madcap"... these and no more. Not a word to his friend—not a syl-lable to call back the awful burden he had laid upon him . . . and as, later, Mr. Eyre stood looking down upon that shrouded clay, he could have spurned it with his foot in loathing.

When the rude coffin had been made

ready, Mr. Eyre and his dead man set out for home, his mind a sullen blank, that last stage of the impotent rebellion against God that had for three

Root. Bryans.

INDSAY LUMBER YARD. ROBT. BRYANS.

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LUMBER, WOOD COAL and LIME.

Lumber of all descriptions and lengths and Bill Stuff suitable for all kinds of work, kept always in stock. Leth and Pine and Cedar Shingles of all grades from 90cts per 1,000 upwards.

Lime, Lumber, Shingles and Bill Stuff to whole-sale customers at much reduced Prices for Cash.

Dry Dressed and Matched Lumber, ready for use.

A large quantity of DRY WOOD 2 and 4 feet long, of all kinds, to be sold cheap. Also a large quantity of all kinds of

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which will be delivered at any place in town for \$7.25 per ton, cash. All orders promptly at-tended to.

I have al-0 150,000 ft. of dry one-inch STOCK HEMLOCK Lumber, 16ft long, that I will sell at astonishingly low prices—for much less than it can be taken out for. Parties going to build will find it to their advantage to call before buying elsewhere. I have all kinds of DRY BILL STUPP. LUMBER and SHINGLES which will be said at very low prices.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION. ee and Yard, corner of Russell-st. Victoria avenue, near the W. P. P. &

ROBT. BRYANS, Nov. 26th. 1884.-78-1y.5.

Miscellaneous. TYRIAL TRIP.—THE Post for three

months for 25c.; for six months for 50c. one year for \$1.00. Send on names. STRAYED from J. DONNELLY'S TRAYED from J. DONNELLY'S ranche, about first July, 1884, FOUR YEARLINGS: One polled Steer, red and white, branded on left side on last ribs and kidney bone, P; one Steer red, branded on right hip bone J, and on kidney bone, when last seen was near Point Mara; one Steer, white, branded on right hip, M; and one Heifer, red, branded on right shoulder, PG, Any information of where I will find them will be rewarded by \$1 a head. The brand may not show plain, but will see in the difference of the hair. JOHN DONNELLY, Breehin PQ, Nov. 15, 1884.—15-3.

DON'T FORGET

AN OLD ESTABLISHMENT.

Mrs. Jemsjager

has a good stock of all kinds of Underwear Woollen Goods, Fancy Goods, Cashmere Jerseys, Silk and Cashmere Gloves, Cheap Berlin and Knitting Wools, and a good as-

sortment of fine JEWBLEY.

Lindsay, Oct. 16th, 1884.-10-11. Harper's Magazine

For 1885, Illustrated. With the new volume, beginning in December, Harper's Magazine will conclude its thirty-fifth year. The oldest periodical of its type, it is yet, in each new volume, a new magazine, not simply because it presents fresh subjects and new pictures, but also, and chiefly, because it steadily advances in the method itself of magazine-making. In a word, the magazine becomes more and more the faithful mirror of current life and movement. Leading features in the attractive programme for 1885 are: new serial novels by Constance Fenimore Woolson and W. D. Howells; a new novel entitled "At the Red Glove;" descriptive illustrated papers by F. D. Millet, R. Swain Gifford, E. A. Abbey, H. Gibson, and others; Goldsmith's "She Stoopsto Conquer," illustrated by Abbey; important papers on Art, Science, etc,

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

mportant papers on Art, Science, etc.

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Lindsay, Oct 22, 1884.-11. S. Corneil.

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CARD.

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requirements in this serious calamity by which we so recently suffered. (Signed,) W. H. McCAW, B. F. ACKERMAN. C. B. DIESFELD & W. F. DOLL

plainly that they fully appreciate our immediate

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HENRY CHARLES. DAVENPORT, JONES & Co., W. T. PARRISH. T. S. CORRIGAN. J. W. ISAACS, North Star En-

campment, No. 18, I.O.O.F. N. F. PATTERSON, Q. C. Port Perry, 16th July, 1884. S. CORNEIL Agent.

Lindsay. Aug. 26th. 1884.—1330. Lindsay. John Skitch.

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