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A FEW PIECES OF SILVERWAND FROM

## J.G. EDWARDS.

### The Canadian Yost,

LINDSAY, PRIDAY PER. 27, 1896. EYRE'S ACQUITTAL

A SEQUEL TO "THE MYSTERY OF SHIFTING POOL"

[CONTINUED.]

"I had forced my way through the narrow window; I was feelingher heart, her pulse, when the light of your candle showed zigzag on the private stairs, and at the same moment came the sound of hurrying feet; some impulse made me snatch the knife from the cabinet in which I had seen you place it, and I escaped barely in time, only to be intercepted by Digges at its foot. I struggled with him and got away, stumbling on for miles till I thought myself safe from pursuit. But the child drew me back-suddenly it was borne in upon me that he was very ill, and in the dead of night I returned to find him dying in Lord Lovel's arms. But he died in mine—thank God for that -my little love, my angel; and as he lay dead upon my knees you entered with the officers of the law, and ordered them to take me to prison, charged with the murder I had seen you com-

Mr. Eyre suddenly burst out into a 65 of violent, shocking laughter, that revealed his state of incipient madness more clearly than a thousand other extravagances could have done.

"So that is the story into which you nave persuaded Frank Lovel." he sau. "This is the tissue of lies that you hav taken seventeen years to build up, but hudge will find out these, for to-morow morning I will give myself up to justice, on your evidence, as the mus-No. not cried Hester, passionatery.

from me; but for her sake-for the sake of the vow I made to her the day before the died, I would hang for your crime rather than publicly accuse you of it!"
"No," said Mr. Eyre, "you would only slay my soul, as my friend has done; but each syllable that you and

he have spoken to-day shall be sifted in a court of law; for by the God against whom I have sinned I swear that this hand is innocent of my wife's blood!"

In the awful silence that followed Madcap's heart seemed to cease to beat, and the very life-blood to ebb from her veins. Then came the sound of a woman's sob--hard, anguished as the last hopeless cry of a profound despair

"Ay, weep if you can, said Mr. Eyre, in a terrible voice. "You, who destroyed the happiness, took the life of the sweetest soul God ever made; for if your hand hesitated to slay her, your deeds stood fast to break her heart, and but for you she would be living now."

"I know it," said Hester, in a voice scarcely less unnatural than his, "It

was my sin, my weakness, that brought about the whole tragedy from first to last; and that's why I let you accuse me falsely; that's why I would have died without speaking if they had brought me in guilty at the trial—for her sake and Dody's; and because she loved you . . . and it was the only way I could make it up to her . . . though she's happy now, for she has got him." woman's voice broke and became human, tears came and relieved her; but Mr. Eyre, dry-eyed, incredulous, yet shaken to the very center of his being, laughed again as he looked

"You and my Lord Lovel have managed it very well between you,"he said; 'you must have had many interviews to dovetail your stories so circumstantially; but I find more than one flaw in your ingenious narrative—though the best legal talent in England will dis-cover them without my help before I am a week older.'

Yes," said Hester, "Lord Lovel and I have managed well, as you say. What he learned he learned from your lips alone in your delirlum—then we combined, and decided on your ac-

count to live as extles."
"Say on your own," cried Mr. Eyre furiously, as one whose endurance fails him; "a pair of traitors who deserve to die a hundred deaths to avenge her one; but this time you shall not escape me' -and he strode to the door, and was about to call to the woman of the house, when he stumbled over Madcap's body as she kneeled with her brow to the

lintel, pale and with the look of death imprinted on her face.

Ite stooped to lift her, and carried her iff... if he could have uttered soo or cry, as Ilester had done but now, his reason might have been saved; but grim and silent he sat down with his burden, and only looked at her . . here was his punishment; here in the suffering of this innocent soul he found the chastisement that he had impiously denied his Maker, and in that moment (though imeonsciously to himself) the core of his heart became human, and as a child who bows to the rod, so bowed he then

to the hand of God-Hester had drawn near... nor years, nor loss, nor anguish could stife in her that throb of motherhood that had governed the greater part of her life; and in this pale, still shape she seemed to see once more the Madeap whose life she had cut short by her sinwhose he she had cut short by her san tion even thus late in the day, though she might now do no more thus leneel to kiss the pale hand that hung down, and which Mr. Hyre instantly snatched away, as if the woman's touch were pollulates.

ed Mr. Eyre naturally and profoundly

for a moment his iron features relaxed, but the next he put her aside
and turned to Hester.

"You will consider yourself under
arrest," he said; "and until I can secure
assistance I will myself remain to
watch you. And now, child, if you are
able, get home with you; and since this
confounded woman of the house seems
to be absent, send down some people
from the Hail."

Disobedience had never been hard in

Disobedience had never been bred in Madcap's nature, but for a moment she paused, and thought deeply; then, with a gesture to Hester that Mr. Eyre did not see, went out, only to meet, on the threshold of the open door, Lord Lovel. "I was going to look for you," she said, without a thought of self, and as a soul might speak who has lost its body; "there is some frightful mistake here... for she speaks the truth, and so does my father; and between them

"So here are more secrets," said Mr. Eyre's voice behind them; and his glance fell cold as ice on his daughter. "There seems to be a conspiracy among you; but a man is mostly betrayed by his nearest and dearest. And here is my tenant," he added, as a woman came up the narrow granten exhausted by the up the narrow garden, exhausted by the unusual business of a day spent in Marmiton, no more expecting thieves than debtors at the humble house that was left on the latch morning, noon,

and night.

Madcap stood between the two men whom she loved best upon earth, her heart torn between them, now espous-ing this side, now that, but firm in faithfulness to her father, whom she was re-solved to save, though how was a ques-

solved to save, though now was a question of the future.

"Your servant, Miss," said the woman, courtesying low to Madeap and coldly to Mr. Eyre. "I left my house empty, but I find it full"—and she turned a curious look on Lord Lovel as at a stranger whose features she desired to learn them as menomition broke on to learn, then, as recognition broke on her, ran forward crying. 'And have you come back, my Lord,

"He had better have stayed away," said Mr. Eyre; "but mind you, the woman in that room yonder is a prisoner, and you will look to it that she does not

"And the charge against her, Sir?" said the mistress of the house, coldly. "False accusation and bearing of false witness," said Mr. Eyre, grimly; but you are in her pay and not to be trusted. And so you must go home, Madeap," headded, as he drew out his pocket book, "and send a servant of on horseback at once with these instructions"—and he wrote them down with a firm hand and gave her the torn-out leaf without a tremor. She took it as calmly as he gave it,

not knowing whence came the reserve of strength that enabled her to meet this fearful hour; but, looking at him as she turned away, saw a sudden, terrible change in his face, and was barely in time to catch him as he fell, swaying slowly as some mighty monarch of the woods that quivers as with a mortal ony ere it crashes slowly to the earth. But Madcap was young and strong to five and save, and she neither sobbed nor cried out as, with Frank's help, they two ore that beloved body up, the one his head and the other his feet, and carried hun in and laid him down where he seemed to lie in a deep slumber, that was neither a natural one nor yet a swoon or stupor. But to Madcap's mind a sentence of Hester Clarke's was working to the exclusion of every other thought or outward impression; "He stept down statics as consistent down statics as consistent down statics." steen down stairs as one who walks in his sleep.". Madcap drew her hand from her eyes to see Frank standing

near and looking at her earnestly.
"Leave me now." she said. "There is something that I must think out. I must save him. But do not go away from the house, for you must help me to get him home presently."
He went without a word—what could

any human being do for her in such an hour as this? Hhe drew down the thick green blind to shut out the broad June sunshine, and seated herself in the twilight thus made near the window, unconsciously occupying the same chair, and in the same attitude, as Hester Clarke had filled on a certain fatal night, over seventeen years ago.
"As one icho walks in his sleep."
and from childhood Doune, who in mind

and body was Mr. Eyre's younger replies, had walked in his, and had once startled his sister by coming to her room at midnight, light in hand, and, sitting down at her table, read from a favorite book till dawn, when, replacng the volume, he went away, though next morning he recollected nothing of the occurrence, and declared she had

been dreaming.

Had Mr. Eyre murdered her mother. in his sleep, and was this the explanation of the utter irreconcilability of Mr. Eyre's oath of innocence, and the convincing proofs that Hester Clarke's evidence and Lord Lovel's self-banish-

ment gave of his guilt? Each told truth so far as he knew it. Hester had seen it; Mr. Eyre denied it; and this girl's clear, logical brain, bent wholly to the riddle, seemed suddenly to have solved it; but to proce it—was this within the scope of even s-daugh-

She bowed her head upon her hands, and prayed for a sign; and even as she prayed it came, for Mr. Eyre, waking suddenly and seeing that seated white figure in the gloom beyond advanced toward it with fury, and lifted his hand violently as if in the act to strike it.

But as he looked up and saw the features of wife and daughter in one, he stepped back, for he had found the lost link in his 'memory that had escaped him seventeen years . . . he had desired to kill Hester, and he had killed ... no, no! it was impossible; yet this last aecident had determined the course of his already unsettled reason, and be-fore Madcap could reach him he had

opened the door, and was gone.

There was a short cut from Syngelane to the Hall, and this he took, while Madeap followed at a distance, dreading to startle him, yet nourishing in her heart a clew to what might be his redemption... and behind her again came Frank, while in the cottage the two women clung together as straws two women clung together as straws caught in the eddy of a whirlpool. Frank watched father and daughter into the Red Hall, and all that summer evening he waited without, hidden, but within call, though, overpowered with sleep in early morning, lay down in his smbush, not knowing how in the dark-est hours of the night to Madeap light had come.

CHAPTER VIL Mr. Byre locked himself in intestudy on his return, and though he had not fasted food since his arrival at more from durat disturb him—not over Mad-cup, who forced herself to est, having story yesterday, in the night he had be-

solves, come into a human soul? Are they born of need, agony, or prayer? But to Madeap a Divine memage seemed to have come, as, while the household sink to rest, she imeeled in the darkness outside the door of her mother's room, waiting for the moment to arrive when her daring experiment should be put into practice.

The door was locked against her; Mr. Eyre's hand had turned the key when, two hours ago, he had ascended by the private staircase and approached that cabinet about which for seventeen years his brain had held some secret knowledge that defied.

Madeap heard him open a drawer, and then followed a long and profound thence, in which, for the last time, the one half of his brain struggled with the other, and as he had wrong the truth from Lord Lovel and Hester that day, so now he forced the lock of that sealed chamber which had defied him, and

so now he forced the lock of that sealed chamber which had defied him, and suc. All was clear to him now—the seated figure by the window in Syngelane that he had desired to kill was Hester, the figure that he had actually killed in a fit of madness of which he had no memory was his wife, and he had put the knife in the cabinet as the woman described . . he remembered now that the cry for help that night had aroused him from a dream of appalling vividness in which he was in palling vividness in which he was in the act of stabbing Hester to the heart, and how he was possessed of a passion-ate feeling of exultation that he was rid of her, and that his wife's happiness Was now secure.

A dressing-room communicated with Mr. Eyre's bed-room, the outer door of which was always kept locked and the key withdrawn, and this key had been in her hand during the past hours, when, frozen even in the midsummer heat, she had waited without, and she shivered as the key turned harshly and

she went in.

She locked the door behind her, opened the next, and in the dim, faint light that came through the window seated herself in her mother's chair, and with a prayer on her lips closed her eyes and waited. Half an hour passed, an hour—she grew colder and colder in her thin white gown, and hope began to leave her: but at last she saw the sigleave her; but at last she saw the sig-zag light of a candle showing on the corkscrew staircase, and her father entered, the light wavering over his fixed face and wideopened eyes—O! Heavens! in his sleep? Almost aloud she prayed it, as at sight of her he stopped short, then advanced with violence toward her, feeling in his breast as for a weather, feeling in his breast as for a weather. pon; then, turning as by remembered instinct to the cabinet near, opened a drawer, in imagination, snatched a knife, and stabbed at her, once, twice,

exclaiming:
"Die, die!" in a voice of fury. Then, making as though he replaced the wea-pon, turned, and went down the stair-case, holding the light steadily, and with no sign of either hurry or discomposure on his features.

She followed him down, love's work being not completed yet, and saw him seat himself at the table, but when, trembling, she stole nearer she saw by his wide opened fixed eyes that he was still asleep, though his folded arms rested on the edges of a large book that he had opened and set before him.

Then Madcap sank down beside him, knowing that her prayer had been granted, and that love's miracle had then sight and sense saved him . . . then sight and sense failed her, and she fell forward with her bright hair veiling her face as her head sank forward on his knees.

Madcap came out of that long swoon like a soldier who has lain down to sleep at the post of duty, for the room was empty, the fresh morning wind blew in through the open window, and on the table before her there lay a sealed letter addressed to herself; Mr. Eyre had wrapped his cloak about her, and placed a pillow beneath her head, and she noticed these signs of love as she tore open the letter, and in Mr. Eyre's firm handwriting read the following:

"Madcap—child-beloved daughter—by the time you receive this I shall have delivered myself up to justice for the murder of your mother. In heart and hand I am guilty, and will suffer for it in due course. She has forgiven me—perhaps in time you, who have been the joy of my life, the light of my eyes, my good and most faithful daughter, von who in the two darkest hours of my life have come to me, and perchance love me still, in time may learn to forgive your most unhappy guilty father,

Madcan kissed the letter as she leid

Madcap kissed the letter as she laid t in her breast, never had she loved her father so deeply as in that moment. . "O! Dad . . . dad," . . . she cried aloud, with a sob in her voice as she fled up stairs to the room where Nan stood gazing in wonder at the unslept-in bed of her mistress. "Order me some coffee, Nan," cried the girl, "quickly; then come back and dress me, for I must go out directly." And she began to strip off the tumbled white gown she had worn throughout that dreadful yet

most blessed night.
"Get me one of my freshest dresses
out, Nan," cried Madcap, eagerly; "for I am going to save someone—to carry good news, Nan—and he likes me to look well—and tell them to have Tommy round in five minutes-but someone must drive me," she added, looking down at the hands that trembled so she could not fasten the lace at her throat. "And you will have breakfast ready by

nine o'clock, for father will come back with me, and he will be . . . hungry."
"Master Gordon arrived at the Towers last night," said Nan, in an aggrieved tone; "but Sanders wouldn't let him come in—and what's come to your hair, Miss Madcap",' added the woman, staring; "there's a long thick piece cut

right away from the side—"
"There's plenty lett," said Madcap, feverishly, as she tried to swallow some coffee. "Is not that Tommy?" and she ran out of the room, putting on her hat and gloves as she went.

. . . . . . . Meanwhile an extraordinary scene was being enacted at Marmiton Jail. At eight o'clock Mr. Eyre had walked in and given himself in custody for the murder of his wife; and before dreadful confession had properly re ed the brain of the governor, who agined Mr. Eyre to have suddenly gone

mad, named Hester Clarke as witness to the deed, and Lord Lovel as being acquainted with the fact. The man was at first stupefied; but Mr. Eyre persisting in his story, and showing no other signs of madness, in less than an hour his brother Justices were summoned, and a scene of the utmost confusion among them prevailed. He alone was calm, and before being conducted to a cell, asked that no one might be admitted to him, especially his daughter—and as he named her the first sign of emotion he had yet shown crossed his features. To Lord Lovel, who was present, and who vainly implement him to withdraw him cells. plored him to withdraw his self-accusa tion, he said he was resolved on doing his duty, and hoped Frank would do his, and make Hester Carke do hers.

C STORED NEXT WEEK-1

that though he had disbelieved their

LOCAL NEWSLETTERS

SADOWA.

OUR SCHOOL is prospering under the management of Mr. Ramsay. It is doing very nicely. A great many of the scholars have quite a distance to come. It requires

HAY SCARCE.—Hay is scarce here. This is something that don't often happen at Sadowa, but owing to the dry weather in the summer the hay crop was short. This makes some a little scarce of feed for their

LITTLE BRITAIN. Correspondence of The Post. | OPENED AGAIN. - Mr. Wm. Morgan, who had his premises burnt on the night of the

had his premises burnt on the night of the Mst uit., has purchased the property owned by Mr. Hambly, and has again commenced business. We wish him success.

JOTTINGS.—It is rumoured that the saved army are coming to our village.

PERSONAL.—Miss Kelly of Toronto is visiting her uncle Mr. John Kelly... Miss Dix is home again after a visit of about three mouths.... Miss Sailes has also returned from her visit... Miss Wills is visiting friends in Toronto; and Miss Hambly her sister in Oshawa.

HYMENEAL.—Mr. Fleury and Miss Hates

HTMENEAL.- Mr. Fleury and Miss Hate-ly were united in matrimony on Saturday, 14th inst., by Elder Willoughby. A FINE PAIR.—Mrs. Gideon Mark presented her husband with a handsome pair of twine on the night of the 13th inst. IN FULL BLAST.—Sailes & Maunder's sask and door factory and shingle mill be in full blast again in a few days. After the successful business they carried on last year no doubt they will go into it stronger than

ever this year. Crushed out last week.)

OPEN GRANGE AND WILD OATS.—On Saturday, Feb. 14th, Alma subordinate grange met at the usual hour, 2 p.m. After the initiation of Bro. Donson, and some other business in connection with the grange had been disposed of the doors were opened to the public, when quite a number of the leading farmers of the neighborhood met in connection with the grange favored of the leading farmers of the neighborhood met in connection with the grange favored us with their presence. Quite a number of ladies cheered us by their presence and added not a little to the interest of our meeting. And here permit me to say I think the grange worthy of imitation in recognizing and encouraging the presence of our wives and daughters in our social and business meetings, and for which we claim a precedent in from the injunction "It is not good for man to be alone." After the officers for the ensuing year nad been duly installed the subject for consideration (as previously announced) was taken up, duly installed the subject for consideration (as previously announced) was taken up, "The best method to prevent the spread or to subdue wild oata." Bro. J. Dix opened the discussion in his usual pleasant and genial manner, saying he was pleased with his surroundings, pleased to be a resident of the neighborhood in which he lived, namely, Little Britain, proud of its social, moral and religious standing whatever might be said to the contrary, and also proud to see so many present with us to-day and especially so many ladies. In speaking of Ontario he claimed for her, and justly, a preeminence among her sister pro-

justly, a preeminence among hersister provinces, and a place second to none among the most vaunted states of the neighboring republic, and that our own township of Ontario's crown. With the subject of wild oats he had but little experience, but would urge that every precaution be taken to prevent their spread, and a thorough system of cultivation pursued to retain unimpaired the fertility of the soil and to maintain our present enviable position..... Bro. Snel-grove said he had some little experience grove said he had some little experience with wild oats. He advised that immediately after harvest all land upon which which wild oats had grown be cultivated or lightly gauged, which would cause the oats to grow, after which plow it down to a good depth which would destroy most of the seed, and that all manure be turned to destroy seed by hearing. destroy seed by heating....Bro. Foy did not think fall cultivation would have the desired effect as the oats were very early growers, and unless under very favorable circumstances would not germinate in the

circumstances would not germinate in the fall but remain in the ground and grow the next spring. He advocated a thorough system of cultivation, followed by seeding to grass (clover preferred.) Upon breaking up thoroughly, cultivate again; take one crop and re-seed.....Mr. Wm. Stevens said he knew a farm badly over-run with wild oats, the owner of which was cultivating until late in the season and them vating until late in the season and then sowing to barley, which was cut for fodder, and he thought the plan was succeeding well... Mr. Thos. Broad expressed his pleasure at being present and in a pleasant reference to the ladies said he thought they were as much interested in these business affairs as the men, as our interests were their's, our homes their's, and the benefit derived from careful labor, study and toil were shared with them around the family hearth. He had had but little or no experieace with wild oats. The time was when we could sow and reap with little care, and and some would say such a one was lucky because he succeeded best, but he had no faith in luck. In fact he hardly thought there was such a thing. At all events the time had come when he who would succeed must possess a clear head and practice the best methods and pursue the best system of cultivation. While he thought prevention better than cure where it could be succeedable among the succeedable among th cessfully practiced, he thought it impossible to entirely prevent the spread of wild oats, and that we should be prepared to adopt the best means to subdue them where 

you, as a friend coming to make an even-ing visit might carry them in his cutter, or you might get them in exchanging hags, or a sleigh in crossing your fields might drop a seed; in fact it was impossible to guard against their invoads and we must be prenared to fight them to the bitter end.

Bro. Henderson said he went to the expense of purchasing a machine for his own use to guard against their introduction. in that way. He got it second-hand and had to take it all a part and those oughly clean it before using, and found a quantity of wild oats in it which he burnen; and now wild cate in it which he burned; and now he did not feel safe, as even in going to market with a load of grain some grains might adhere to his bags and thus seed his farm..... Bro. Yeo spoke from practical experience. He had at one time one hundred and fifty bushels in his barn cleaned from other grains, but still he hought they could be subdued. His plan was to cultivate in the fall, immediately after a shower, and then harrow thoroughly which caused them to come un freely. after a shower, and then harrow thoroughly which caused them to come up freely, after which ne ploughed them down to a good depth. In the spring he again cultivated theroughly and sewed to barley. This time he had thirty-five bushels of barley and five of outs to the acre. The next year he followed the same planton the same field and had forty bushels of harley and half a bushel of outs to the acre. He thought this would subdue them so as not to interfere with the arrowth of other crops; or, better will, follow the second crops for barley with a hee crop and thoroughly do your work, which he thought would almost if not entirely down the ground.... The above is a very conducted report, but I have striven to confine myself to facts. I feel that justice has not been done the sprakers, but it the above of moton as I had no intention of writing until after the meeting, I had to take my memory which is very imperfectat but.

(Additional News-Estument than 7th pages)

# FOR TWO WEEKS!

## TAKING STOCK AT RITCHIE'S BAZAAR

BIG DRIVES

REMNANTS.

Lindsay, Feb. 12, 1885.—27.

Spratt & Killen

## PLEASE PAY UP.

It would be a great convenience to us to have all outstanding accounts settled at once. Those who owe us are asked to call and settle at as early a date as possible.

SPRATT & KILLEN.

Lindsay, Feb. 5, 1885.—26.

John Anderson.

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F. C. Taylor.

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McLENNAN & Co. Lindsay, Aug. 14th. 1884. -1301.

John Makins.

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A. Higinbotham.

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