

J. G. Edwards. HARDWARE. PICK FROM THE LIST WHAT YOU NEED. NOW IN STOCK: Belting and Rivets. Machine Oils. Shingle and Cut Nails. Horse Nails. Builders' Hardware. 10 makes of Apple Parers. A FEW PIECES OF SILVERWARE FROM THE BEST MANUFACTURERS. J. G. EDWARDS.

The Canadian Post. LINDSAY, FRIDAY, FEB. 27, 1926. EYRE'S ACQUITTAL. A SEQUEL TO "THE MYSTERY OF SHIPPIE POOL."

(CONTINUED.) "I had forced my way through the narrow window. I was feeling her heart, her pulse, when the light of your candle showed zigzag on the private stairs, and as 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 his foot. I struggled with him, and, not knowing my way out, I stumbled on for miles till I thought myself safe from pursuit. But the child drew me back—suddenly it was borne 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 to mine—thank God for that—my little love, my angel, and as he lay dead upon my knees you entered with the olive branch, and I understood them to take me to you, and I entered with the murder I had seen you commit.

"No, no, no," said Hester, passionately, "you have told me the truth from me; but for the day before the day you died, I would have for your crime rather than publicly accuse you of it." "No," said Mr. Eyre, "my friend had done; but such a thing, 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. There came the sound of a woman's sob—hard, agonised, as the last, helpless cry of a profane desecration.

Madcap stood between the two men whom she loved best upon earth, her heart torn between them, now espousing this side, now that, but firm in faithfulness to her father, whom she was resolved to save, though how was a question of the future. "Your servant, Miss," said the woman, curtly, and she turned to Madcap, 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, then, as recognition broke on her, ran forward crying. "And have you come back, my Lord, at last?" "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 escape."

"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, Madcap," he added, as he drew out his pocket book, "and send a servant 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 he 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 agony ere it crashes slowly to the earth. Madcap was young and strong to five and seven, and she neither sobbed nor cried out as with Frank's help, they two, like that beloved body of the one his hand and the other his feet, and carried him in and laid him down where he lay, 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; "If you would do as one who seeks 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? She 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 who walks in his sleep," . . . and from childhood Doune, who in mind and body was Mr. Eyre's younger brother, had walked in his, and had once started his sister by coming to her room at midnight, light in hand, and sitting down at her table, read from his favorite book till dawn, when, replacing the volume, he went away, though next morning he recollcted nothing of that night's visit, 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 out of innocence, and the convincing proof that Hester Clarke's evidence and Lord Lovel's self-banishment 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 prove it—it was this within the scope of even a daughter's love!" 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 her. . . . no, no, it was impossible, yet this last accident had determined the course of his already unsettled reason, and he would Madcap could reach him he had opened the door, and he had stepped into the Hall, and this took, while Madcap followed at a distance, dreading to startle him, yet nourishing in her heart a glow to what might be his redemption, and behind her again came Frank, while in the cottage the two women clung together as straws caught in the eddy of a whirlpool. Frank watched father and daughter in to the Hall, and behind her, as she overtook her, waited without, but within call, though, overpowered with sleep in early morning, lay down in his smother, not knowing how in the darkness hours of the night to Madcap light had come.

CHAPTER VII. Mr. Eyre looked himself in his study on his return, and though he had not seen the door, he was aware of some faint disturbance in the room, which forced herself to stay, having

FOR TWO WEEKS! TAKING STOCK AT RITCHIE'S BAZAAR. BIG DRIVES IN REMNANTS. 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 as early a date as possible. SPRATT & KILLEN.

LOCAL NEWSLETTERS. MUSEOLA. LOCKED IN EASE ORN'S HOME. SADDOWA. LITTLE BRITAIN. FIVE PAIR. JOTTING. HYMNICAL. CRASHED OUT LAST WEEK. ORCH GRASSES AND WILD OATS. JOHN ANDERSON. FURNITURE. WINTER RATES. GREAT REDUCTION IN PARLOR, BEDROOM, AND DINING ROOM SUITES. JOHN ANDERSON. JOHN MAKINS. MILL MACHINERY. JOHN MAKINS. Iron Founder and Machinist. Saws and Shingle Mill Machinery. Flour and Mill Steam Engines and Steam Pumps. A. HIGINBOTHAM. "OLD ENGLISH CONDITION POWDER."

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