Mr. Beresford's having a quarrel with any one in the regiment—he was a great favorite. He (the witness) had not been quite

There was a moment's pause in the

eresford was called, and Jim stood up.
"You are a lieutenant in the Blankshire

"What length of service have you?"

"The deceased was in the regiment

"You and he became friendly very

"Yes; he was my best friend."
"You are on friendly terms with all
your brother officers?"

"Yes; and I have always been so."
"You have never had any quarrel or
misunderstanding with a brother officer?"

or annoyed with me in all his life.

"I am not at liberty to say.

"What was he annoyed about?"

"You must answer the question."

"Because that person never knew, and, to the best of my belief, does not know now that Capt. Owen had any cause for

"And you say it was not a personal

"Then why cannot you disclose the

"Because they were given to me in confidence, and I decline to break it."

"Did Capt. Owen say where he had been

At this point Beautiful Jim raised his

honest eyes and beheld staring at him.

with the fascinated gaze of a bird at-

tracted by a snake, the girl who was bar-maid at the Duck's Tail; her small, sharp

features were strained and anxious, her

dark skin was of a greenish pallor, which

contrasted horribly with her profuse and

unnaturally golden hair. Jim looked at

her steadily for a moment, and then turned

"Yes; he had been into Walmsbury."

"The Duck's Tail? What to do there?"

"To get the address of a horse dealer

"Was the annoyance connected with

"Not in the very least."
Then there followed a long and close

examination on the after events of that

turned answers precisely corroborating the evidence which had gone before. Then at

last he was told to stand aside, and the name of Rose Meeking was called.

ing proved to be the sharp visaged young person from the Duck's Tail; and, if

fright was any sign of guilt, Miss Meeking must have had the credit of being

afternoon Capt. Owen had come into the

bar of the Duck's Tail. There was no

one else there. She did not know the

exact time, but the landlord and the

family were at tea. She was busy tidy-

ing up the bar for the evening. She always did that the last thing before she

Capt. Owen inquired the address of a certain horse dealer, a Mr. Johns. She

knew Mr. Johns' address and gave it to him. She also told him that Mr. Johns

had been in the hotel that morning and

had gone up to London for two or three

days, upon which Capt. Owen remarked

that it was no use his writing or going to

him for a week or so. Capt. Owen stayed a short time, talking to her about other

things, and then left. She did not know

else in the bar during the time he was

She was then asked whether Capt. Owen had often been in the hotel before,

and whether she knew him at all inti-

And to this she replied that she had never seen him in the hotel but once be-

After this, Also Rose Meeking was put down, and several minor witnesses were

put up, from none of whom could any evi-dence worth mentioning be extracted

No, he had not shown the smallest

way he went. There was no one

deposed that rather late in the

Somewhat to Jim's surprise, Rose Meek-

day and evening, to all of which Jim re-

who had been recommended by Maj. Whit-

"I don't know; he did not say."

"Yes; he went to the Duck's Tail."

his attention back to his questioner.

"Did he tell you where?"

"Did he get it?"

this horse dealer?'

went to her tea.

"Eight years."

when you joined it?"

"Yes; he was."

arise between you?"

"How was that?"

during the afternoon?

"Not in the very least."

last word.

matter?

particulars

"With you?"

ceedings, and then the name of Lieut.

a year in the service.

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Peb. 9th, 1888 -83-8mo.

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The Canadian Yost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY. JAN. 4, 1889.

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

or course he had to do it! Doctors in general are not accustomed to stand much nonsense for a mere matter of disinclination, and it was useless for Tommy to protest that he was not hungry, that he couldn't swallow a morsel, that the brandy would be safe to go to his head, and that ne would make an utter and complete fool of himself in consequence.
"Stuff and nonsense! Drink it off at

once without any more argument," re-plied the doctor; "if you don't, I'll just tet these men to help me pour it down your throat. Why, you'd better be downright drunk than look as you look this minute;" and thus pressed, Tommy did the doctor's bidding.

> CHAPTER XVI. BUSPICION

Private Edward Leader, batman to Mr. James Beresford, of the Blankshire regimeet, sat in the kitchen of his master's quarters looking and feeling that a more miserable devil than himself did not exist upon the face of the whole earth that

He was not a young man who had enjoyed the advantages of a liberal educa-tion; in truth, he could just read and write sufficiently well to be able to scrawl notes to his sweetheart, and to make out the addresses on his master's letters, but certainly not sufficiently well to trouble to make himself acquainted with the contents of the epistles which came to and were sent off by Mr. Beresford. Had he been a better educated young man he might have known and felt the wisdom of a certain very sensible remark which comes to us from the Italian: "The word that once escapes the tongue cannot be recalled; the arrow cannot be detained which has once sped from the bow;" but alas! Private Edward Leader was blessed with no wisdom of that kind, and only acquired it after the fashion of most blundering fools, by the aid of the expensive school of sad and bitter experience.

Now that the mischief was done and the effect of his babbling tongue had passed beyond his control, he saw but too plainly the extraordinary value of silence; but it was too late—the mischief was done-the word had escaped his tonguethe arrow had sped from the bow, and its progress could not be stopped by him who had let it fly-no, not even though it should lodge in the very heart of the one who in all the wide world least deserved it.

For, during the excitement of that fearful day on which Capt. Owen was found still and stark in his own quarters, done to the death by the dastardly hand of a murderer. Leader had, in talking over the events of the previous night with his comrades, let slip that his master and Capt. Owen had had "a shindy" in Mr. Beresford's quarters immediately before

"Some 'at must have 'appened to put the captain out," said Leader, shaking his wooden head with a great air of wis-dom, "for in general he's such a quiet sort—ay, dear, was, I mean—'pon my life, it's hard to believe that 'e's really

"And they 'ad a row?" asked one of the bystanders.

"Yes; of course, you know, I wasn't there in the room, but the captain, 'e come up the stairs and banged into my master's room—and then I 'eard 'igh words, and at last the captain banged out again and into his own room.

But you don't mean to say, Leader," claimed another listener, "that you exclaimed another listener, think Mr. Beresford did it?" 'Course not: but it looks rum that they

should ave "gh words that very night," seturned Leader, stubbornly.

Naturally, after this, it did not take very long for a rumor to spread throughout the barracks that Leader had good son to believe that Mr. Beresford was the murderer of Capt. Owen; and when the London detective, who came down from Scotland Yard to watch the case for the Owen family, appeared on the scene, exact the first information he received

was an account of Leader's remarks, an amount doctored and heightened in such easily that the unfortunate young man be beard it again.

Foor wretch, when he realized what he habbing tongue had done, what missing he had wrought, he made every easily in his power to minimize the hadresses which he had given.

"My master murder any one? he or elegions in unmitigated horsor, when the elective's meaning first dewned upon him. "No, no, master, you're on a wrong scort this time. Mr. Beresford ain't one of that sort—'e sin't camble of it."

"I don't say he is, my man; but at the same time I'll trouble you to give me an account of the row that you say task place between the two gantlemen on the night of the murder," said the detective,

"I never said you did, did I?" said the detective, contemptuously. "But you told it to others, and I'll trouble you to tell it "Then I'll be d-d if I tell you say-hing!" shouted Leader, in a blind rage of

And not a single word more could the detective coax or bully out of him; and the immediate result was that Beautiful Jim was a few hours later arrested on sus-

picion of being the murderer of Capt.

Owen.

It cannot be said that Jim was half so seriously disturbed about the matter as his now abjectly repentant servant was. He felt, with the assured consciousness of innocence, that the detective had blundered, and that close investigation would very soon set the whole matter right so far as he was concerned. It was a bore going off to the county jail, of course, but beyond this inconvenience he did not mind very much. And before this had happened, Col. Barnes had arrived from Blankhampton, full of distress at the terrible tragedy, and desperately anxious that the offender should be brought to justice. brought to justice.

It literally took his breath away when he returned to the barracks, after transacting some business in the town, to find that Jim Beresford had been actually arrested on suspicion of being the culprit. and he hastened off to the prison at once to try if he could not see him. The governor raised no objection, and he was at once ushered into Beautiful Jim's pres-

"Well, Beresford," said he, suiting his voice and manner to the occasion, "this is a very terrible business. I"-"I hope it's not necessary for me to pro-test my innocence to you, sir," said Jim,

ing short of your own confession could make me believe you capable of an act so cowardly," said the colonel, kindly; "but at the same time, Beresford, it would be satisfaction to me to have your positive "Col. Barnes," said Jim, solemnly holding out his hand, "I give you my word, on the honor of an officer and a gentle-

man, that I am absolutely innocent of this charge, and as utterly ignorant of the truth as you can be yourself."
"I believe you implicitly," said the

colonel, taking the young man's outstretched hand and gripping it hard.

"It was the greatest blow to me," Beautiful Jim went on, wretchedly. "In fact, colonel, I could scarcely believe my own eyes when I went in the next morning and found him. Oh!" with a shudder, "to think it could be poor old Owen, the best friend I ever had in all my life—the dear chap who smoked his last pipe with me only seven or eight hours before"— "He was with you the last thing?" the

colonel cried. "Yes, colonel; he generally turned into my room on his way to bed, and he did

"But what is this story about your having had a quarrel with him?" the colonel asked. "A quarrel-with Owen-I?" repeated

Jim, in accents of such unmistakable astonishment that the colonel saw an explanation was necessary, and began to make one at once.

"Yes; there's a tale going about, which I suppose accounts for your being here at all, that you and Owen had a quarrel that evening just before dinner." "Never!" exclaimed Jim, indignantly.

"Never, either then or at any other time. Owen and I never had a wrong word in

"I confess it seemed to me incredible, knowing the fast friendship which had existed between you ever since you had been in the regiment," the colonel said; "but such is the tale, and from what ! could gather during the few minutes was in barracks after hearing the news of your-your"-

"Arrest," put in Jim, who was too anxious to hear what the colonel had to tell to be above calling this very unpleasant spade anything but a spade.

"I gathered," the colonel went on, re lieved about having to use the obnoxious term, "that it was your servant who set the idea afloat. It seems that he was in the kitchen just before mess that night and saw Owen dart into your room and heard very high words between you afterward. He seemed to have the impression that you were quarreling, and blurted it out after Owen was found."

"Oh, Leader's a bit of an ass," said Jim, carelessly; "but I shouldn't have thought he would have imagined I was ready to murder my best friend. Utter fool as he is, he might have known better than that."

an that."
"Leader don't think it at all, poor devil," said the colonel, promptly. "He swore through thick and thin that he had never said it, and I left him blubbering like a school boy kept in on a cricket match day. But I'm afraid it will prove a troublesome business; and, by the bye, Beresford, how could Leader have got such an idea?"

Well, colonel, in one way he was right enough," Jim answered. "Owen did come into my room that evening in a towering rage, but not with me, nor in any way concerning me. I can't tell you what about, as it is connected with another person who could not have been mixed up in the later events, for he was and is ab solutely ignorant that Owen knew what he did know and was so affected by it, as I happened to know. Leader was right enough about there being high words, only they were not between us. In fact, it was simply that the poor old chap was full of disgust, and therefore came and poured it all out to me. Of course, all the ther fellows will be able to speak to the fact that Owen and I were on the best of

terms during the whole evening. "Ch, of course, it won't hold water for a moment, Jim," said the colonel, kindly. "It will all come right, there's not a doubt about that; only it was so unfor-tunate that Private Leader should have sired the idea that there were high words between you, more particularly as you

say the matter about which Owen came to you could not in any way be connected with the after events of the day."

There was a moment's silence, but then Beautiful Jim looked up at his commanding officer, who, by the bye, had never called him Jim in all his life be-

"I'm very glad that you believe in me, colonel," he said, simply, "because it puts new heart into me; but I do hope that, while these fools of detectives are trying to fasten it on me, they won't let the real man slip through their fingers. I've an idea that it will all come out—a Fve an idea that it will all come out—a dim and confused sort of feeling that I ought to be able to put my finger on the villain, and yet, though I've been thinking and thinking night and day ever since it happened, I can't hit it.

"It will come out, never faz," said the colonel; "and meantime, your great object must be to prove your own innecesses. Better far that the noor fellow

as this world is concerned, then that the week man should suffer for it. In surse Owen himself would be the very first to say so, more especially as they have picked out you as the wrong man.

"Colonel," said Jim, solemnly, "he was the best and truest friend I ever had in my life, and," speaking slowly and clearly, "I give you my word that I would some the worst myself, if it would insure the murderer being brought to justice, than that his cruel death should go unpunished and unaverged."

"Hush!" said the older man, imperatively, "you do not realize what you say. The issues of life and death and justice he in higher hands than yours. Vengeance is mine. I will repay, saith the Lord," and as the words which the chaplain had used on the previous day fell upon his ears the hardness died out of Jim's resolute face, and he let his hands fall to his side.

"You are right, colonel," he said, humbly. "I'm unhinged and unnerved altogether. I—I—hardly know what I am saying. Don't stay here any longer, sir; you'll do me more good by looking after my interests outside."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE VERDICT. The hour of the inquest had come, and all Walmsbury and the adjacent neighborhood was in a state of the wildest ex-

The great criminal lawyer who had come down from London to watch the case on behalf of Beautiful Jim had given him as his cue two words, "absolute silence," and upon that line his client be-

vate Leader, who swore and foreswore himself until he was threatened with contempt of court, and was finally bundled unceremoniously out of it as a witness who was nothing better than an idiot; and his unwilling and confused evidence was the only evidence which bore in any against the character of the dead man's friend, James Beresford.

On the other hand, there was the testimony of the officer commanding the regi-ment that since the time Capt. Owen and Lieut. Beresford had been in the service they had been on terms of unusual intimacy; that, on his oath, he believed they had never either quarreled or had any approach to a quarrel during all the years they had been officers of his regiment, and that, so far as he knew, Lieut. Beresford had never had any quarrel or unpleasant ness with any other of his brother officers.

Then came the evidence of the other officers whose quarters were on the same landing, namely, the doctor, young Manners and Tommy Earle.

The doctor stated that he occupied room overlooking the barrack yard, and next to that of Mr. Beresford. He was, therefore, the furthest away from the room in which the murder had taken place. It was Capt. Owen's invariable, or almost invariable, custom to spend the last half hour of the evening in Mr. Beresford's room He frequently joined them there, but on that evening he was very tired. He had had a dangerous case under his care for some days previously, and had not had much sleep the two nights

"But you were invited to enter Mr. Beresford's room? "Certainly.

"And by whom?" "Well-practically by both of them." the invitation?

"Oh, yes," answered the doctor, quietly. "I went up the stairs with Capt. Owen; Mr. Beresford was immediately behind us. I said: 'Well, I'm off to bed; good night, all of you.' Whereupon Capt. Owen returned: 'Oh! don't go to bed yet, come in and smoke a pipe with us. Mr. Beresford supplemented the invitation by taking hold of my arm. Yes, come in for half an hour; there's a good chap, he

"But you did not go?"

"I did not. I told them that I was dead tired; that I had been up the greater part of two nights with a bad case in hospital, and wanted to get to bed while I had the chance," Dr. Foster answered. "So I bade them good night and went into

my own room." 'And that was the last time you saw Capt. Owen?" "Alive," replied the doctor.

"And you heard no quarreling or any dispute between them? "Could any such quarrel have taken

place in Lieut. Beresford's room without your knowledge?" "But, being very tired, did you not fall asleep immediately? Did you go to bed at

"I did; but not to sleep. In fact, I heard Capt. Owen go to his own room.' "How long after was that?"

"I should say about half an hour." "And they were apparently on good Well, I heard them laughing several

times. In fact, it was their laughter which kept me awake. And then I heard the door open and Capt. Owen say: 'Well I dare say you're right. Good night, old

chap.'"
"Did Lieut. Beresford make any reply?"
"Did Lieut. Beresford make any reply?" "Yes; he said 'Good night, old man. "You heard Capt. Owen go to his own

"I did, and close the door behind him." "Did you hear Lieut. Beresford moving about his room after that?" "Yes. Well, I heard him, to the best

of my belief, get into bed."
"How could your hear that?" "Because I heard him moving about the room precisely as I had heard him move every night for weeks past-once or twice across the floor; then one boot dropped off after the other, and then I heard his cot

"Through the wall?" The doctor smiled.

"The walls are not particularly thick, and there is, I believe, only a lath and plaster partition between his room and ine, and as our cots stand in the same

position, with only the partition between, I can hear it creak very distinctly. "You can hear voices plainly through the partition?"

have often called out to Mr. Beresford from my room, and received an an-"And what more did you hear after you believed Lieut. Beresford had got into

"Nothing. "How was that?" "I suppose because I went to sleep; at all events, I heard nothing more until I was called in the morning to Capt. Owen's room and found him dead."

Then followed some medical evidence, and the examination of the dector was at Mr. Earle was called next and sworn Mr. Earle was called next and sworn. He had very little to say. He deposed that he occupied the room on the other side of Mr. Beresford to that occupied by Dr. Foster. Yes, it was on the same side of the block, and overlooked the barrack yard. He could not say whether Capt. Owen and Mr. Beresford were on good terms at the time or not, as he had been at Blankhampton, and only reached at Blankbampton, and only reached Walmsbury late in the evening. He had been present in the antercom about half

at him queets at the mess table. That flitted evidence was worth anything twee towied clearing Jim Beresturd the suspicion which Leader's unfortunately long tongree had caused to rise up against him; and then they all set doys to swelt, with what patience they might the decision of which the jury would measured? "Did you hear any dispute between upt. Owen and Lieut. Bereaford imme-staly before finner?"
"Not a dispute. I heard them talking."

"Wese they talking leadly!"
"Capt. Owen was speaking releadly; but as I heard Mr. Berest.
laugh more than unce it did not occur
me that they were quarreline." eventually arrive.

"You are safe enough," said the great criminal lawyer to Jim. "There's not a jot of evidence against you."

"I have never been afraid there would it is a said the great arrive." dector stood down again.

Then young Manners was put up, but he had less even to say than any of the ethers. Apparently he had noticed nothing and suspected nothing, and he had got into bed as soon as he went to his room, and he had gone to sleep imme-

"I have never been afraid there would be," said Jim, coolly.

And presently the jury were ready with their verdict, and amid a breathless hush it was given to the public, when it is safe to say that the only person in that assembly who did not tremble was the one on whem the darkest suspicion had fallen, Besuifful Jim. While the eyes of all were dissured with fear of what the next moment might bring forth, he stood up in his place straight and true, and awaited the verdict with the assurance of complete innocence. And the decision of the Yes, he had noticed, while in the anteroom after dinner, that Capt. Owen and
Mr. Beresford kept pretty close together,
and that they were langhing a good deal
at some joke between them. Yes, he saw
them go up stairs as Dr. Foster had described, and he saw Capt. Owen go in Mr.
Beresford's room. He had never heard of
Mr. Beresford's having a guarral with any

Willful murder against some person or persons unknown.

And oh! what a cheer burst out then and oh! what a cheer burst out then, and how they all—or nearly all—pressed forward to take Jim by the hand and tell him that they had never, never believed him guilty for a moment. And then poor Leader came, shaking and pale as a ghost, to tell him if they had given a verdict against him he should have gone out and hanged himself like Judas; and then when Jim, with rough kindness, told him not to talk rot, but to get back to barracks, he burst out sobbing like a great baby and cursed himself for a blubbering fool, who had risked the neck of the best master man had ever served under. master man had ever served under.

But it was all very delightful, never-theless, to Beautiful Jim. It is easy and well to make little of a danger when it is over; yet this danger had been very real while it had lasted, and more than once Jim, in spite of his innocence, had caught himself furtively stroking his throat and wondering what the feel of the rope would be like, if it should come to that. Oh! without doubt, it was very, very

pleasant to be free once more.
On account of the dead man still lying in the room above the mess room, who had been so great a favorite with them all, there were no open demonstrations of satisfaction and joy at Beautiful Jim's release that evening. But immediately after dinner the colonel filled his glass to the brim, and, turning to Jim, who sat in the place of honor beside him, drunk to him in silence, an example which was followed by every other man at the table in

"By the bye, where is young Tommy?" asked Jim, suddenly becoming aware that Tommy was not in the room. "Gone to bed, or in his room. Seedy, I fancy," returned the doctor, who sat on

his left. "The young duffer's not up to much; he's just about as weak as a cat. In fact, there's no stamina at all about him, and all this business has knocked him over completely." "H'm-there's no reason why it should

"When the deceased came into your particularly," remarked Jim.
"No; but it has, and that's very ceruarters before dinner did any dispute tain." said the doctor decidedly,

Suddenly it occurred to him that it was "He was very angry about something?"
"He was annoyed," emphasizing the just possible that young Tommy might have been down to see his charmer at the Duck's Tail: that that young lady, feeling herself released from silence by poor dear "Oh! no. He was never either angry old Owen's death, might have disclosed to him the episode of the afternoon, when Owen had coolly taken possession of his ring. Further, that Tommy might all this time be in a mortal funk lest his "I cannot. It was an official annoywell known ring should be found among ance, about a person not in Walmsbury poor Owen's belongings, and some very or very near Walmsbury at the time, and unpleasant inquiries be set alloat in conwho could not possibly have been in any way connected with Capt. Owen's mur-

"I should think the sight of that beauty in the witness box today must have cured him completely," Jim thought, with a certain amount of compassion for the lad's foolishness. "Well, I must go up as soon as I can get off and talk to him like a father: and then I'll set his mind at rest

about his precious ring." Accordingly, as soon as he could get free of the colonel's ponderous efforts to show his pleasure at his favorite's freedom, Beautiful Jim betook himself upstairs, his eyes turning with a look which was in itself a reverence to the door before which two sentries were stationed, and with a rap upon the panel of Tommy's door opened it without further ceremony and

The lad was sitting in an easy chair, his pipe in his mouth, his elbows resting on his knees, staring into the fire. He looked up listlessly enough at Jim's entrance, but when he saw who his visitor was, sprung up into an attitude of haughty

"To what." he asked, "do I owe the honor of this visit?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

"YOU WON'T TELL HIM?" "To what," asked Tommy Earle, with icy formality and politeness, "do I owe the honor of this visit?" For the space of quite a minute Beautiful Jim stood still and stared blankly at him, as if he had not understood the meaning of his words. At last, however, he pulled him-self together, and spoke. "What on self together, and spoke. "earth do you mean?" he asked.

"Exactly what I say," returned Tommy Earle, curtly. Most men would have grown furious under such an attack from a lad of Tommy's years and regimental standing; but Beautiful Jim, just freed from the

shadow of a violent and ignominious death, with the weight of his best friend's cruel murder still pressing upon him, did not lose his temper in the least-on the contrary, he became calm and still. "Tommy," he began; when Tommy in-

terrupted him passionately.
"Earle, if you please, sir," he cried.
"Mister Earle," said Jim, with a half smile, and strong emphasis on the word, "tell me plainly what you mean by this extraordinary behavior." "The inference is obvious," said Tommy

"Yes," in an inquiring tone—then, find-ing that the lad did not speak, went on— "and I am to infer—what?" but even as the question passed his lips the pale light broke in upon him, and he grasped Tommy by the arm with a grip that made him ince and shrink. "My God, do you mean to say that you believe I murdered him?" he cried.

Tommy turned away his head and tried to force his arm from the grip of the other's strong fingers.
"Answer me!" thundered Jim. "Let go my arm and go out of my room if you please, Mr. Beresford," returned

But Jim stood still and stared straight into the lad's handsome eyes, as if he would force out of them the plain words to speak; and as they stood so an awful thought flashed into Beautiful Jim's be-wildered mind—a confused manifestation. which apparently Tommy's tongue refused fore, when he had not spoken to her.

The day of the murder was the first time she had ever had any conversation with him. She was not the least intimate with semething gone by, something like a dream, and yet, oh! what was it? What was it? A memory crowded over by the mist of intense drowsiness; and yet, if he could only grasp it, a memory that had something so utterly real and vivid about it that it would show the whole truth to dence worth mentioning be extracted. There were various officers' servants and the men who had been so duty that night. the light at once. But what was it?

Continued on 7th page.

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SHELF and HEAVY HARDWARD Seasonable Goods, Russell's

Carving Knives and Forks-every set warranted; Butcher, Stake and Skinning Knives of every description, all of the best quality, Cutlery in great variety; also Carpet Sweepers, Plated Goods, Spoons, Knives and Forks, Pickle and Cruet Stands.

Batter Dishes, Napkin Rings Children's Sets, any of which would make a nice Christmas Present; Acme Club Skates. Bleigh Bells, Wire Doer Mats, Fanning Mill Cloth, Cinder Sifters, Buck Saws, Saw Bucks, Axes, Axe Handles, Gross Out Beales, Lanterns, Meat Chonpers, and all kinds of Builders and Carriage Makers Hardware.

J. G. EDWARDS Sign of the Ann Lumber.

LUMBER AND WOOD KILLABY & KENNEDY.

Wholesale and retail dealers in all kinds of LUMBER, BILL STUFF AND WOOD.

Lumber of every description, Dry, Dressed and Matched, ready for use. Bill Stuff of all kinds in stock, Framing Timber and Jeists of all lengths. Shingles of all grades cheap. FIREWOOD Of the best quality delivered to any part of the town.

Grain and Produce. HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID

WHEAT and OATS. The undersigned are prepared to pay the High-est Market Price for Wheat and Oats delivere at their mill Lindsay.

PATENT FLOUR—NEW PROCESS. Having introduced the new process for the manufacture of Flour they are now prepared to fill all orders for the patent article. CHOPPING is now being dene at our mill and will continue for the season.

SADLER DUNDAS & Co. Lindsay, Oct 1st, 1884. HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR WHEAT.

The undersigned are prepared to pay the HIGHEST CASH PRICE for WHEAT at the Beaverton Roller Milli.

Having introduced the latest improved Roller System for the manufacture of FLOUR they are now prepared to fill all orders with

as Chopping done at all times. Es DOBSON & CAMPBELL. BEAVERTON

Beaverton, July 7, 1887.-52-19

Miscellaneous. BRECHIN.—A GREAT OPENING in D this village for a DOCTOR, a DRUGGIST. a WAGON MAKER and a good DRESS MAKER, May 1st, 1888.—95-tf. THE CANADIAN POST WILL BE

Britain or the United States for One Dollar a year. Address THE POST, Lindsay, Canada. TORSES WANTED.—Parties having chaser by applying to the undersigned at the Central House, Lindsay, or at his house an landsay-st. I buy all kinds of sound horses. W. WEESE. Lindsay, May 18, 1888,—97-tf.

MEMORIAL CARDS.—It is custom-friends and relatives a memorial card giving name, age, date of death, and some appropriate Soripture text. These cards can be obtained at THE POST Printing Office with envelopes Several beautiful styles. Prices reasonable, Cal and see them.

FOR SALE. — A Span of BLACK COACH MARES, matched, coming 3 and 4 years, good travellers and draught. Also a MULE coming 8 yrs. Apply to THOS. DIXON let 14, con. 7, Maripesa. Oakwood P.O., Dec. 8, 1888.—27-4pd.

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