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### The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, FEB. 8 1889.

(Continued from last week.)

"No, nad not," answered Morelans. frankly. "lie was in pretty good spirits, though he was put out at first."

"What was the cause of his being put out?" Morenand arose, and, going to a side table, brought Whyte's album, which he laid on the table and opened in silence. The contents were very much the same as the photographs in the room, burlesque actresses and ladies of the ballet predominating; but Mr. Moreland turned over the pages till nearly the end. when he stopped at a large cabinet photograph, and pushed the album toward Mr.

"That was the cause," he said. It was the portrait of a charmingly pretty girl, dressed in white, with a sailor hat on her fair hair, and holding a lawn tennis racket. She was bending half forward, with winning sinile, and in the background was mass of some tropical plants. Mrs. Hable ton gave a cry of surprise at seeing this. 'Why, it's Miss Frettlby," she said. How

"Knew her father-letters of introduction, nd all that sort of thing." said Mr. Moreland, glibly. "Ah, indeed!" said Mr. Gorby slowly.

"So Mr. Whyte knew Mark Frettlby, the millionaire; but how did he obtain a photograph of the daughter?" "She gave it to him," said Moreland. The fact is. Whyte was very much in love with Miss Frettlby."

"Was in love with some one else," finished Moreland

"Yes, she loved a Mr. Brian Fitzgerald, to whom she is now engaged. He was mad on her, and Whyte and he used to "Indeed!" said Mr. Gorby. "And do you knew this Mr. Fitzgerald?"

"Oh, dear, no!" answered the other, coolly. "Whyte's friends were not mine. He was a sich young man who had good introductions. I am only a poor devil on the outskirts of society, trying to push my way in the

"You know his personal appearance, of course?" observed Mr. Gorby.

"Oh, yes, I can tell you that," said More-"In fact, he's not at all unlike me, which I take to be rather a compliment, as he is said to be good looking. He is tall, rather fair, talks in a bored sort of manner. and is altogether what one would call a beavy swell; but you must have seen him," he went on, turning to Mrs. Hableton; "he was here three or four weeks ago, Whyte

"Oh, that was Mr. Fitzgerald, was it?" said Mrs. Hableton, in surprise. was rather like you; and so the lady they quarreled over must have been Miss Fret-

"Very likely," said Moreland, rising.
"Well, I'm off. Here's my address," putting a card in Gorby's hand. "I'm glad to be of any use to you in this matter, as Whyte was my dearest friend, and I'll do all in my power to help you to find out the murderer. "I don't think that is a very difficult mat-

ter," said Mr. Gorby, slowly.
"Oh, you have suspicions?" said Moreland, looking at him.

"I have" Then who do you think murdered Whyte!" Mr. Gorby paused a moment, and then said deliberately:

"I have an idea—but I am not certain when I am certain, I'll speak." "You think Fitzgerald killed my friend," said Moreland. "I see it in your face." Mr Gorby smiled. "Perhaps," he said, ambiguously. "Wait till I am certain."

A WOOL KING.

Mark Frettiby was one of those fortunate individuals who turned everything he touched into gold. His luck was proverbial throughout Australia. If there was any speculation for which Mark Frettlby went in, other men would be sure to follow, and in every case the result turned out as well, and in many cases even better than they expected. He had come out in the early days of the colony with comparatively little money, but his great perseverance and never failing luck had soon changed his hundreds into thousands, and now at the age of 55 he did not himself know the extent of his income. He had large stations scattered all over the colon; of Victoria, which brought him in a splendid income; a charming country house, where at certain seasons of the year he dispensed hospitality to his friends, like the lord of an English manor, and a magnifi-cent town house down in St. Kilda, which

would not have been unworthy of Park lane Nor were his domestic relations less happy. He had a charming wife, who was one of the best known and most popular ladies of Mel-bourne, and an equally charming daughter, who, being both pretty and an heiress, natur-ally attracted crowds of suitors. But Madge Frettlby was capricious, and refused innumerable offers. Being an extremely independent young person, with a mind of her own, as she had not yet seen any one she could love, she decided to remain single.

hospitality of the mansion at St. Kilda. But, the fairy prince comes to every woman, even if she has to wait a hundred years like the Sleep ag Beauty, and is this case he arrived at the appointed time. Ah! what a delight ful prince he was, tall, handsome and fair haired, who came from Ireland, and answered to the name of Brian Fitagerald. He had left behind him in the old country a ruined castle and a few acres of barren land, inhabited by discontented tenants who refused to pay the rent, and talked darkly about the Land league and other disagreeable things. Tinder these circumstances with no vent coming in, and no prospect of doing anything in the future, Brian had left the castle of his forefathers to the rats and the family ban. forefathers to the rats and the family ban-shee, and came out to Australia to make his fortune. He brought letters of introduction to Mark Frettlby, and that gentleman, hav-ing taken a fancy to him, assisted him by every means in his power. Under Frettlby's advice Brian bought a station, and, to his astonishment, in a few years found himself growing rich. The Fitzgeralds had always hear more famous for mendias than for suving, and it was an agreeable surprise to their latest representative to find the money rolling in instead of out. He began to indulge in castles in the air concerning that other castle in Ireland, with the barren acres and discontented tenants. In his mind's eye he saw the old place rise up in all its pristine splendor out of its ruins; he saw the barren acres well cultivated, and the tenants happy and content-he was rather doubtful on this latter point, but, with the rash confidence of eight-and-twenty, determined to do his best to perform even the impossible. Having built and furnished his castle in the air, Brian naturally thought of giving it a mistress, and this time actual appearance took the place of vision. He fell in love with Madge Frettlby, and having decided in his own mind that she and none other was fitted to grace the visionary halls of his renevated castle, he watched his opportunity and declured himself. She, woman like, coquetted with him for some time, but at last, unable to withstand the impetuosity of her Irish lover, confessed in a low voice, with a pretty smile on her face, that she could not live without him. Whereupon-well-lovers being of a conservative turn of mind, and accustomed to observe the traditional forms of wooing, the result can easily be guessed.
Brian hunted all over the jewelers' shops in
Melbourne with love like assiduity, and having obtained a ring wherein were set some
turquois stones as blue as his own eyes, he placed it on her slender finger, and at last felt that his engagement was an accomplished fact. This being satisfactorily arranged, he next proceeded to interview the father, and had just screwed his courage up to the awful ordeal, when something occurred which postponed the interview indefinitely. Mrs. Frettlby was out driving, when the horses took fright and bolted. The coachman and groom both escaped unhurt, but Mrs. Frettlby was thrown out and killed instantaneously. This was the first really great trouble which had fallen on Mark Frettlby, and he

eemed to be stunned by it. Shutting himself up in his room he refused to see any one, even his daughter, and appeared at the funeral with a white and haggard face, which shocked every one. When everything was over, and the body of the late Mrs. Frettiby was consigned to the earth with all the pomp and ceremony which money could give, the bereaved husband rode home and resumed his old life. But he was never the same again. His face, which had always been so genial and bright, became stern and sad. He seldom smiled, and when he did it was a faint, wintry smile, which scemed mechanical. His whole heart seemed centered in his daughter. She became the sole father idolized her. She seemed to be the one thing left to him which gave him an interest in life, and had it not been for her bright presence constantly near him, Mark Frettlby would have wished himself lying beside his dead wife in the quiet graveyard. where there is no trouble or care. After a time had elapsed Brian again resolved to ask Mr. Frettlby for the hand of his daughter when for the second time fate interposed. This time it was a rival suitor who made his appearance, and Brian's hot Irish temper rose when he saw another Richmond in the field. The gentleman in question was a Mr. Oliver Whyte, who had come out from England a few months previously, and brought a letter of introduction to Mr. Frettlby, who received him hospitably, as

was his custom, and Whyte soon made him-

self perfectly at home in the St. Kilda man-

sion.

Prian took a dislike to the new comer the first time he saw him, for Mr. Fitzgerald was a student of Lavater, and prided himself on his reading of character. His opinion of Whyte was anything but flattering to that gentleman, for in spite of his handsome face and suave manners, both Brian and Madge felt the same repulsion toward him as they would have to a snake. Mr. Whyte, however, with true diplomacy, affected not to notice the cold way in which Madge received him, and began to pay marked attention to her, much to Brian's disgust. At last he asked her to be his wife, and notwithstanding her prompt refusal, spoke to Mr. Frettlby on the subject. Much to the daughter's astonishment, that gentleman consented to Whyte's paying his addresses to Madge, and told her that he wished her to consider the young man's proposal favorably. In spite of all Madge could say, he refused to alter his decision, and Whyte, feeling aimself safe, began to treat Brian with an insolence which was highly galling to Fitzgerald's proud nature. He called on Whyte at his lodgings, and after a violent quarrel with him had left the house, vowing to kill Whyte should he marry Madge Frettlby. Fitzgerald went alone to Mr. Frettlby that same night, and had an interview with him. He confessed that he loved Madge, and that his love was returned. So, when Madge added her entreaties to Brian's, Mr. Frettlby found himself unable to withstand the combined forces, and gave his consent to their engagement. Whyte was absent in the country for the next few days after his stormy interview with Brian, and it was only on his return that he learnt that Madge was engaged to his rival. He saw Mr. Frettlby on the subject, and having learnt from his own lips that such was the case, he left the house at once, and swore that he would never enter it again. He little knew how prophetic his words were, for on that same night he met his death in a hansom cab. He had passed out of the life of both the lovers, and they, glad that he troubled them no more, never suspected for a moment that the body of the

unknown man found in Royston's cab was that of Oliver Whyte.

About two weeks after Whyte's disappearance Mr. Frettlby gave a dinner party in honor of his daughter's birthday. It was a delightful evening, and the wide French windows which led on to the veranda were open, letting in a gentle breeze, blowing with a fresh, salt odor from the ocean. Outside there was a kind of screen of tropical plants, and through the tangle of the boughs the guests, seated at the table, could just see the guests, seated at the table, could just see the waters of the bay glittering like silver in the pale moonlight. Brian was seated opposite to Madge, and every now and then he caught a glimpse of her bright face behind the great silver epergne, filled with fruit and flowers, which stood in the center of the table. Mark Frettlby was at the head of the table, and appeared in very good spirits, for his starm, features were somewhat relaxed, and he drank more wine than usual. The soup had just been removed when some one who was waters of the bay glittering like silver in the pale moonlight. Brian was sented opposite to Madge, and every now and then he cought a glimpse of her bright face behind the great into the beautiful moonlight might, silver epergne, filled with fruit and flowers, which stood in the center of the table. Mark Frettlby was at the head of the table, and appeared in very good spirits, for his stern features were somewhat relaxed, and he drank more wine than usual. The scup had just been removed when some one who was late entered with spologies and took his sent. Some one in this case was Mr. Felix Rolleiton, one of the best known young men in Mel-

hearn. He had an income of his own, such-hied a little for the paper, was to be seen at every house of any presentions to feshion in. Malbourne, and was always tright, happy, and full of name. Whenever only sometal e-served Felix Rolleston was sure to knew it. first, and could tell more about it than any me clea. He knew synything that was ping on, both at home and abroad. He knowledge, if not very accurate, was at least extensive, and his conversation was piquante and witty. As Calten, one of the leasting lawyers of the city, said, "Rolleston put him, in mind of what Beaconfield said of one of his characters in 'Lothair,' 'He wasn't an in-hallastonal Creams. but his pockets was always full of sixpences." There was a good deal of truth in Calton's remark, and Falix, always distributed his sixpences freely. The distributed his sixpences freely. The ation had been dull for the last few minutes at the Frettlby dinner table; consequently when Felix arrived everybody brightened up, as they felt cartain now that the conversation would be amusing.

"So awfully sorry, don't you know," said Felix, as he slipped into a sent by Madge; "but a fellow like me has got to be careful of: his time—so many calls on it."

"So many calls in it, you mean," retorted Madge with a disbelieving smile. "Cenfess, now, you have been paying a round of

"Well, yes," assented Mr. Rolleston; "that's the disalvantage of having a large circle of acquaintances. They give you weak tea and thin bread and butter, "You would rather have a B. and S. and

"You would rather have a B. and S. and some deviled kidneys," finished Brian.

There was a laugh at this, but Mr. Rolleston disdained to notice the interruption.

"The only advantage of 5 o'clock tea," he went on, "is that it brings people together, and one hears what's going on."

"Ah, yes, Rolleston," said Mr. Frettlby, who was looking at him with an amused smile. "What news have you?"

smile. "What news have you?" "Good news, bad news, and such news as you have never heard of," quoted Rolleston gravely. "Yes, I have a bit of news.

Haven't you heard it?" As no one knew what the news was could not very well say that they had, so Rolleston was happy, having found out that

he could make a sensation.
"Well, do you knew," he said, gravely fixing in his eyeglass, "they found out the name of the fellow that wat murdered in the om cab?" "Never!" cried every one eagerly. "Yes," went on Rolleston, "and what's

more, you all know him." "It's never Whyte?" said Brian, in a horri-

"Hang it, how did you know?" said Rolleston, rather annoyed at being forestalled. "Why, I just heard it at the St. Kilds "Oh, easily enough," said Brian, rather confused. "I used to see Whyte constantly, and as I had not set eyes on him for the last

"How did they find out who it was?" asked Mr. Frettlby, idly toying with his wine "Oh, one of those detective fellows, you know," answered Felix. "They know every-

"I am sorry to hear it," said Frettlby, re-ferring to the fact that Whyte was murdered. "He had a letter of introduction to me, and seemed a clever, pushing young fellow."

"A confounded cad," muttered Felix, under his breath; and Brian, who overheard

bim, seemed inclined to assent For the rest of the meal nothing was talked about but the murder and the mystery in which it was shrouded. When the ladies retired they chatted about it in the drawing room, but finally dropped it for more agreesubjects. The gentlemen, however, glasses, and continued their discussion with unabated vigor. Brian alone did not take part in the conversation. He sat moodily staring at his untasted wine, and wrapped in

CHAPTER VIIL

BRIAN TAKES A WALK AND A DRIVE When the gentlemen entered the drawing room a young lady was engaged in playing one of those detestable pieces of music called morceau de salon, in which an unoffending air is taken and variations embroidered on it till it becomes a perfect ageny to distinguish the tune amid the perpetual rattle of quavers

and demi-semi-quavers.

Brian quickly found his way to Madge's side. The talk drifted on to the subject of Whyte's death. "I never did like him," she said, "but it was horrible to think of him dying like

"from all I can bear, chloroform is a very

"Death can never be easy," replied Madge, "especially to a young man so full of health and spirits as Mr. Whyte was." "I believe you are sorry he's dead," said

Brian, jealously.

"Aren't you?" she asked in some surprise. "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," quoted Fitz-gerald; "but as I detested him when alive, you can't expect me to regret his end."

Madge did not answer him, but glanced

quickly at his face, and for the first time it struck her that he looked ill. What is the matter with you, dearf' she asked, placing her hand on his arm. "You



"What is the matter with you, dear?" "Nothing - nothing," he answered hur-"I've been a little worried about ness lately; but come," he said, rising, "let us go outside, for I see your father has got that girl with the steam whistle voice to

The girl with the steam whistle voice was Julia Peatherweight, the sister of Rolleston's inamorata, and Madge stifled a laugh as she went out on the veranda with Fitzgerald. "What a shame of you," she said, bursting

"What a shame of you," she said, bursting into a laugh when they were sarely outside; "she's been taught by the best mastera."

"How I pity them, "retorted Brian, grimly, as Julia wailed out, "Meet me once again," with an ear piercing shrillness. "I'd much rather listen to our ancestral bankse, and as so meet her again, one interview would be more then energy."

he went in health-site with gin allow many from the gate-gall and said. The control is the frequent, "ask taken up with the maste, I suppose; their all?"

Masky did not my anything, but controls all the wind of the controls with a title wind the property of the title wind the property below to point.

"Why?" said Reign, who was lying back in a constortable main, making a cigarette. "It must attend bony guest, "she answered, rising. "You stop here and finish your signification," and with a party length she flitted not the none may a manure.

mon the none mas a susper.

Brian and and smoked, staring out into the monlight meanwhile. Yes, the man was bertainly watching the house, for he sat on one of the seats, and hept his eyes fixed on the brilliantly lighted windows. Brian threw away his eigenvite and shivered stightly.

tightly.

"Could any one have seen me?" he muttered, tising uneasily. "Pshaw! of course not, and he cabman would never recognize me again. Curse Whyte, "I wish I'd never set eyes upon

He gave one glance at the dark figure on the sest, and then, with a shiver, passed into the warm, well lighted room. He did not seel easy in his mind, and he would have felt still less so had he known that the man on the seat was one of the cleverest of the Mel-Mr. Gorby had been watching the Frettlby

mansion the whole evening, and was getting mather annoyed. Moreland did not know where Fitzgerald lived, and as the detective wanted to find out, he determined to watch Brian's movements and trace him home.

"If he's that pretty girl's lover, I'll wait till he leaves the house," argued Mr. Gorby to himself, when he first took his seat on the Esplanade. "He won't stay long away from her, and once he leaves the house I'll follow him up till I find out where he lives."

When Brian made his appearance early in the evening on his way to Mark Frettlby's mansion, he was in evening dress, with a light coat over it, and also had on a soft hat. "Well, I'm dashed!" ejaculated Mr. Gorby, when he saw Fitzgerald disappear; "if he isn't a fool I don't know who is, to go about in the very clothes he wore when he polished Whyte off, and think he won't be recognized Melbourne ain't Paris or London, that he can afford to be so careless, and when I put the darbies on him he will be astonished. Ah, well," he went on, lighting his pipe and taking a seat on the Esplanade, "I suppose I'll have to wait here till he comes out."

Mr. Gorby's patience was pretty severely tried, for hour after hour passed and no one appeared. Then he saw Madge and Brian come out on the veranda, and heard Miss Featherweight's shrill voice singing, which sounded weird and unearthly in the stillness of the night. He saw Madge go in, and then Brian, the latter turning and staring at him

"Ah!" said Gorby to himself, relighting his pipe, "your conscience is a smitting you, is
by Wait till you're in iail."
Then the guests came out of the house and disappeared one by one, black figures in the moonlight, after kisses and handshaking. Shortly afterwards Brian came down the path with Frettlby by his side and Madge hanging on to her father's arm. Frettlby opened the gate and held out his hand.

"Good-night, Fitzgerald," he said, in hearty voice; "come down soon again." "Good-night, Bryan, dearest," said Madge, kissing him, "and don't forget to-morrow. Then father and daughter closed the gate, leaving Brian outside, and walked back to

when the cloth had been removed, filled their knew what I knew, you wouldn't be so pre-glasses, and continued their discussion with Brian walked, strolled along the Esplanade

and then crossing over, passed by Gorby and walked on till he was opposite the Esplanade hotel. Then he lighted a cigarette and walked down the steps on to the pier.

"Suicide, is it?" muttered Mr. Gorby to himself, as he saw the tall, black figure

striding resolutely on, a long way ahead. "Not if I can help it." So he lighted his pipe, and strolled down the pier in an ap-

parently aimless manner.

He found Brian leaning over the parapet at the end of the pier, and looking at the glittering waters beneath, which kept rising and falling in a dreamy rhythm, that soothed and charmed the ear. "Poor girl! poor girl!" the detective heard him mutter as he came up. "If she only knew all! If she"-

At this moment he heard the approaching step, and turned round sharply. The detective saw that his face was ghastly pale in the moonlight, and his brows wrinkled angrily. "What the devil do you want?" he burst out, as Gorby paused. "What do you mean by following me all over the place?"

"Saw me watching the house," said Gerby to himself. "I'm not following you, sir," he said aloud. "I suppose the pier ain't private property. I only came down here for a breath of fresh air."

Fitzgerald did not answer, but turned sharply on his heel, and walked quickly up the pier, leaving Gorby staring after him. "He's getting frightened," soliloquized the detective to himself, as he strolled easily: along, keeping the black figure in front well in view. "I'll have to keep a sharp eye on

him or he'll be clearing out of Victoria.' Brian walked quickly up to the St. Kilda station, for on looking at his watch he found be would just have time to catch the last started, so, getting into the smoking car-riage at the near end of the platform, he lit a cigarette, and, leaning back in his seat, watched late comers hurrying into the sta-tion. Just as the last bell rang he saw a mar rush along, who seemed likely to miss the train. It was the same man who had been watching him the whole evening, and Brian felt confident that he was following him. He comforted himself, however, with the thought that this pertinacious follower would lose the train, and, being in the last carriage himself, he kept a lookout along the platform, expecting to see his friend of the Esplanade standing disappointed on it. There was no appearance of him, however, so is all leads in the latest the standard or t ing back into his seat, cursed his ill luck in not having shaken off this man who kept him under such strict surveillance.

"D— him!" he muttered, softly. "I expect he will follow me to East Melbourne, and find out where I live, but he shan't if I ean belp it."

There was no one in the carriage except himself, on which he felt a sense of relief, for he was in that humor which comes on men emetimes of talking to himself.

"Murdered in a cab," he said, lighting a fresh cigarette, and blowing a cloud of smoke. "A romance in real life, which beats Miss Braddon hollow. There is one thing certain, he won't come between Madge and me again. Poor Madge!" with an impatient sigh. "If she only knew all, there would not be much chance of our marriage; but she can never find out, and I don't suppose any one else ever will,"

Here a sudden thought struck him, and rising out of his seat, he walked to the other said of the carriage and threw himself on the sushions, as if desirous of escape from him-

however, at all the the man he had not on the St. Kilds nive, and with a sigh of relief, left the station. Mr. Gorby, however, was to the watch, ar I followed him at a safe distince along the platform. Brian left the station and walked along along Timbers, street, apparently in deep thought. When he got to Russell street he turned up there, and did not stop-until he came close to the Burke and Wills monument, in the very place where the cab had stopped on the night as Whatle's massian.

"Ah?" said the determine to himself, as me stood in the shadow on the opposite side of the street. "You're going to have a look at it, are you! I wouldn't, if I were you—it's dangerous."

Fitzgerald stood for a few minutes at the Fitzgerald stood for a few minutes at the corner and then walked up Collins street. When he got to the cab stand, opposite the Melbourne club, still suspecting he was followed, he hailed a hansom and drove away in the direction of Spring street. Gorby was rather perplexed at this sudden move, but without delay he hailed another cab and told the driver to follow the first till it stopped.

"Two can play at that game," he said, set-ting himself back in the cab, "and I'll get the better of you, clever as you are—and you are clever," he went on in a tone of admiration, as he looked round the luxurious hansom, "to choose such a convenient place for a murder; no disturbance and plenty of time for escape after you had finished; it's a pleasure going after a chap like you instead of men who tumble down like ripe fruit, and ain't got any brains to keep their

While the detective thus solilog cab, following on the trail of the other, had turned down Spring street and was being driven rapidly along the Wellington parade in the direction of East Melbourne. It then turned up Powlett street, at which Mr.

"Ain't so clever as I thought," he said to himself, "Shows his nest right off, without

any attempt to hide it."

The detective, however, had reckoned without his host, for the cab in front kept driving on, through an interminable mass of streets, until it seemed as if Brian was determined never to stop the whole night.

"Look 'ere, sir!" cried Gorby's cabman

looking through his trapdoor in the roof of the hansom, "'ow long's this 'ere game a-goin' to larst? My 'oss is knocked up, 'e is, and 'is blessed old legs a-givin' away under 'im!"
"Go on! go on!" answered the detective

impatiently; "I'll pay you well."

The cabman's spirits were raised by this, and by dint of coaxing and a liberal use of the silk, he managed to get his jaded horse up to a pretty good pace. They were in Fitzroy by this time, and then both cabs turned out of Gertrude street into Nicholson street, thence passed on to Evelyn street and along Spring street, until Brian's cab stopped at .the corner of Collins street, and Gorby saw him alight and dismiss his cabman. He then walked down the street and disappeared into the Treasury gardens.
"Confound it," said the detective, as he got

out and paid his fare, which was not by any neans a light one, but over which he had no time to argue, "we've come in a circle, and I do believe he lives in Powlett street, after

He went into the gardens, and saw Brian some distance ahead of him, walking rapidly. It was bright moonlight, and he could easily distinguish Fitzgerald by his light coat. He left the gardens by the end gate. Then he went along the Wellington parade, and tarned up Powlett street, where he stopped at a house near Cairns' Memorial church, much to Mr. Gorby's relief, who, being, like Hamlet, "fat and scant of breath," found himself rather exhausted. He kept well in the shadow, however, and saw Fitzgerald give one final look around before he disappeared into the house. Then Mr. Gorby, like the Robber Captain in "Ali Baba," took careful stock of the house, and fixed its locality and appearance well in his mind, as he intended to call at it on the morrow.

"What I'm going to do," he said, as he walked slowly back to Melbourne, "is to see his landlady when he's out, and find out what time he came in on the night of the murder. If it fits into the time he got out of Rankin's cab I'll get out a warrant, and arrest him straight off."

> CHAPTER IX MR. GORBY IS SATISFIED AT LAST.

In spite of his long walk and still longer drive Brian did not sleep well that night. He kept tossing and turning, or else lying on his back wide awake, looking into the darkness and thinking of Whyte. Toward dawn, when the first faint glimmer of morning came through the Venetian blinds, he fell into a sort of uneasy doze, haunted by horrible dreams. He thought he was driving in hansom, when suddenly he found Whyte by his side, clad in white cerements, grinning and gibbering at him with ghastly merrimest. Then the cab went over a precipice, and he fell from a great height down, down, with the mocking laughter still sounding in his ears, until he woke with a loud cry and found it was broad daylight, and that drops of perspiration were standing on his brow. It was no good trying to sleep any longer, so, with a weary sigh, he arose and went for his tub, feeling jaded and worn out by worry and want of sleep. His bath did him some good, as the cold water brightened him up and pulled him together. Still he could not help giving a start of surprise when he saw his face looking at him from the mirror, old and baggard looking, with dark circles round

"A pleasant life I'm going to have of it if this sort of thing goes on," he said bitterly; "I wish to G— I had never seen or heard of

He dressed himself carefully, however, for Brian was a man who never neglected his toilet, however worried and out of sorts he might feel. Yet, notwithstanding his efforts to throw off his gloom and fee! cheerful, his landlady was startled when she saw how haggard and wan his handsome face is sked one was a small, aried up little woman. with a wrinkled, yellow face, and looked so parched and brittle that strangers could not belp thinking it would do her good if she were

soaked in water for a year, in order to soften her a little. Whenever she moved she crackled, and one was in constant dread of seeing one of her wizen looking limbs break off short, like the branch of a dend tree. When she spoke it was in a hard, shrill voice, like a cricket; and being dressed in a faded brown tilk. what with her or a and attenuated today, she was not unuse that noisy inserts She crackled into Brian's sitting room with The Argus and coffee, and a look of dismay came over her stony face as she saw his

"Dear me, sir," she chirped out in her shrill voice, as she placed her burden on the table, "are you took bad?" Brian shook his head.

"Want of sleep, that's all, Mrs. Sampson,"
he answered, unfolding The Argus.
"Ah! that's because ye ain't got enough
blood in yer 'ead," said Mrs. Sampson, wisely,
for she had her own ideas on the subject of health "If you ain't got blood you ain's

there seemed such an obvious want of blood in her veins that he wondered if she had ever plent in all her life.

However, he said nothing, but merely inti-ted that if she would have the room he ald take his breakfast Continued on 2nd page.

Ingle & Ryley.

Lindsay, Oct. 31st, 1888.—21

The practical way to make your house warm is to keep the cold out. To this end Frost Sashes are a great help.

We manufacture Saskes to fit any size or shape of window and guarantee close fit and perfect stop to draughts of

of cold air. Send in your orders or call at the factory Prices the lowest consistent with good work.

INGLE & RYLEY,

Hogg Bros.-Oakwood.

## CLOVER SEED

We are prepared to pay Highest market prices for

ALSIKE CLOYER, RED CLOYER

TIMOTHY SEEDS.

Bring along your sacks and get the cash.

# HOGG BROS.

OAKWOOD.

Oakwood, Dec. 5, 1888.-26.

E. Gregory.

PATENT MEDICINES. Toilet Soaps in great variety and at low prices to suit the times. Hair, Tooth and Nail

Brushes. Perfumery and Toilet Requisites of all kinds. Library, Table and Hand Lamps, Chimneys, etc.

ORNER KENT and WILLIAM-STS... LINDSAY.

Lindsay, July 31st, 1888 -8. E. Z. Yerex.

PRÆTON AND MNEMOSYNE'S STORY ECLIPSED.

We are going to give you a few quotations of interest. We have a quantity of these goods that must be sold in 30 days to make room for new goods. IN DRESS GOODS. 120. goods for . . . . . 10c. goods for . . . .

Yard wide Cotton for Sic. a yd., best value ever shown. 6 in, Plates, English Ware, . 50c. a dez. S in. Soup Plates, English Ware, 80c. a doz. Cups and Saucers, . . . 80c. a doz.

Those wanting pails of Lard will find it to their advantage to call on us. We have a few pieces of Tapestry Carpet that will be sold very cheap. Call and see them. Thanking you for past very liberal patronage,

E. Z. YEREX. P. S.-See our \$2.00 setts of Dishes.

Little Britain, Jan. 28, 1889.-34-1. G. A. Metherell.

LATEST TEXT BOOKS CAN BE PROCURED AT

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SCHOOL BOOK AND MUSIC EMPORIUM

-AT-PUBLISHERS' PRICES.

School Requisites of every kind kept constantly on hand and sold at the lowest figures.

The Largest 5c. Scribbler known to the trade is handed over his counter. School Bags, Music Portfolios, etc. Foolscap and other Papers, Pens. Inks, Pencils, Erasers, etc., a large stock. For these and other supplies

G. A. METHERELL.

Oup. New Post office Agent for the celebrated Uxbridge Organ and other instruments; also the famous Sizger Sewing Machine. J. G. Edwards.

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SHELF and HEAVY HARDWARE

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 . weepers, Plated Goods, Spoons. Knives and Forks,

Pick's and Cruet Stands. Butter Dishes, Napkin Rings Children's Sets, any of which would make a nice Christmas Present; Acme Club Skates. Sleigh Bells, Wire Door Mats. Fanning Mill Cloth, Cinder Sifters, Buck Saws, Saw Bucks. Axes. Axe Handles, Cross Cut Saws. Cow Chains, Rope Halters, Scales, Lanterns, Meat Chonpers, and all kinds of Builders

and Carriage Makers Hardware. J. G. EDWARDS. Lindsay. Dec. 10, 1888 -27.

Grain and Produce. TIGHET CASH PRICE PALO FOR

The undersigned are prepared to pay the

HIGHEST CASH PRICE for WHEAT at their Beav-ron and Woodville Roller mills. Having introduced the latest improved Roller System for the manufacture of FLOUR they are now prepared to fill all orders with

A Chopping done at all times. DOBSON & CAMPBELL. BEAVERTON and WOODVILLE N. B.-Baker's trade a specialty.

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