BY "WARASH."

CHAPTER L If I take the wings of the morning and by the uttermost parts of the earth, even not a 100 band and me Joh.



and to improve on mines. the teams or two which it armses exceeds by far such feeling created under or linary circumstance and in paths of life where such dights are not uncommon. The violent conthe moment we know not how to act or what forthe We stand and saws in horses, as if Menck durah, until the actual truth which burst suddenly upon us is made clear and indisputable, when we begin to use our rea-months powers, and look for cause. Ruch an experience was that of Anton Roy-

man on a bright duty morning, as far back Anton was the foreman of the Possila wine cellars. Three years before he had left his home on the fibme, and had come to bempt fortune in the land of the setting sun. For months he had wandered around earning what little he could, doing old jobs in varione large towns of Mittle California, but poor survives, or rather united lack of survives, of last made him so discussed with city life that he turned his basic upon bricks and mortur and set his face and lost towards the

brow, from country, make him a very useful hand in a vineyard or a wine cellar, and after wearying in his assumes of his to reap a fortune from the way fo the brantiful and fortile Sonome valley. He advant here was as devold of good femily as his maining through San Francisco. une to ment a friend in the person of Mario Polaro, a prosparous vintager, who had need at that time of such a man as Anton.

from that day until the one in the early morning of which we find him wonding his way to wo k by had given his master faithe ful orrive and had been rewarded are rding-

He had breakfasted well and had kissed his Joung with and poartall babe when he parted from them with such bright smiles as had not worn for many a day. His thoughts were tinged with gayest hues, and so he walked along he sang lustily an old German hunting song in a manner which would have done credit to a Saxon Juger

beautiful rural acamery, but nature had not her its of arms for him. He was never weary of suring admiringly at the brantiful landscape which lay stratched before him. For him the brown, vine clad hill possessed a kered to roval in the grandour of the sight While he come evel it with the enchanting connected her had left heroard the was for this namual was he engaged when he care he did so he halso I suddenly and stooped to make serbila that it was a thick line of blood which his inset historick in this dust of the soud. No, he had not mistaken. Blood indeed it was but what could it means

the followed the trail a few feet and found that it burns I binearly the times. A have stone further and has save the body of a A sire does not man, I fing that on his hards. In absent a streets bound he was he side it, and from with an elastistion which come but florings for also an possibly uttor, he chose up his some with mixed feelings of



horsely and anguish. "Moto fast;" he aselamand, "who has done thises it was entitle to sher ter atronger nerves than And hy are beloved and respected employer, for y hundred vines he had apparently crawl-

abnost second as though he had thought the black too from to mingle with the dest on the semble and had therefore with his that round ting strength dragged himself to the of , forthe will which he had for so many

Plat while come of as have seen on the face o a dat so her, when death has come by a two or found, winds he a hand skilled he the new of that reapon, boolds which he lay outward and one knew bont, while his eyes gives the of death, somet to gase upward with a wiki, weigh stage. Every thing part to a court, sudden and mexposted

perfected the archit, inexplicable sensation where new add this evar over simple minded warm we have loved and cherished lie cold when we have loved and charished he cold in death after leng and todious sickness—when we saw him the presence of the King of terrors, after we have been, perhaps, or it was the arrival for many days—even then we are prone to ask; "Can this be our friend steeping his last sleep? Can this be he who took our hand and spoke so cheerify has a few days since?" An I suddenden only intensities this droudful insulity to gray and comprehend what is, along as

Yesterday, Mario Dolaro, in the warm flow describe, healthy manhoods to-day, a confless corps, ghastly and livid; if any anton some moments to recover from the check, but when he did, his first

the beloved of all who knew him, the mawho never feared to face his enemy, had been struck from behind. He was mistifled, and the terror with

which his soul was filled prevented him from action, so that for many moments he knee staring at the corpse, as though he expected

At last, however, he awakened to the necessity of the hour and arose to look around. There was not a being in sight, so without stopping from further reflection he hastened in the direction of the callers, the entrance to which was scarcely a stone's throw from where he stock There he expected he ing sight meets
the gase amidsurround in as
where he sexure
would find some one. He was not disappointed, for two of the collar-men soon
appeared and in a short time he had told
them the dreadful news, as well as his excited state would permit, and they all three made their way to the victim of a foul and, at present, mysterious crime. They were all formens and with antural Tentonic caution each refused to touch the corpse until some person of authority was present. One of there was an old man who had worked around the vineyard and cellars for years and the other a tail, gaunt young fellow who was a

recent acquisition to the place.

Neither of the three could advance any reasonable theories. The old man knew everybody for miles around, but could not mber that Mario had an enemy, Anton had known the dead man for more than two years, and had never heard a bitter word spoken of him, while the youngest man of the three only knew that during the short time he had been there he had received his pay regularly, and had heard his employer spoken of as a good fellow,

The other two looked to Anton for some suggestion, and he gave the only one of which he could think. It was that the young man should make all haste into the town of San-Paola and inform the authorities of what had happened, without letting any more people know of it than was absolutely neces-

The messenger was hardly out of sight when the two watchers fell to talking of the excellent qualifies in the character of him who had met with such a violent death,

With tears in his eyes and a voice thick with emotion, Anton told of the tender regard he had for his dead employer; he men-flored the many little kindnesses he had received from Dolaro, and said that he had seldom heard a harsh or unkind word from him since the first day they had met,

The old man could go further back into Mario's history than Anton, and he told of deads and acts of charity which all redounded to the credit of the vintager. It seemed as though neither of them would

ever tire of talking about him, and when they ceased for a moment to eulogise his character they would endeavor to speculate on the probable cause of the murder, but no tangible theory presented itself to either of their minds. In the space of half an hour assenger was seen returning up the road owed by two uniformed officers (the only two of which the little town could boast accompanied by another man in civilian's

As they neared the spot where the dead man lay, they were overtaken by a doctor who had received instructions to follow them and had done so, calling into the service the wagon and horse of a grocer, with the grocer's boy for driver.

The sight of these people gave Anton influite relief, and he breathed more easily when he felt that the care of his ghastly charge was heing shared by others

The first of the cilicers to approach the body was the marshal. He took a careful survey of the surroundings, but found nothdegree; nothing that would serve as a clew, The doctor, with the assistance of the others, examined the body, and found only the one wound immediately below the left shoulder blade, though that was evidently very deep. Plainty the blow had been struck by a strong arm and hand, which had not erred cept the plain, horrible truth that it was a coals looded murder, though whose hand had dealt the blow no person could imagine The officers noted all the particulars which they possibly could, and the doctor. having taken a diagram of the exact posi-tion of the body, there was nothing left to

They carefully carried the remains to the wagon and covoring it up with some empty bags the metancholy little procession startest for the town. They had not gone far back. His appearance denoted that he was a person of especial importance in the comnunity. He was tall but rather thin and had a very perceptible stoop, although being on horse and it was not assity no load. His eyes were jet black and were covered by heavy, bushy eye brows; his heard was carefully tenmed and his dress rather too

While the expression on his face was not repulsive, it was of a kind which would sause a man to exercise extreme care and saution in dealing with him.

A glands at his features was enough to nake clear the fact that he was not American born, although his dress and na ners would not have indicated other-

As the party with the wagen drew near to him he stopped his horse and inquired; "What is the meaning of this crowd so early in the morning?" (It was not yet even o'clock) "and what is it that you have lying in the waston covered with those bagat The body of an injured man, if I mistake not-who is it?" and as he spoke he moved

his horse closer to the wagon, The marshal replied to his inquiries: "Mr. Volasquez, I am sorry to have to tell you hat Anton Royman has fois morning fou the dead body of your friend and partner Mr. Delaro in his own vineyard, and we are now removing it to the town." "The dead body



of my partner?" responded Velasquez, "and are there are," said the efficer, "there is no doubt but that he has been foully murdered," "but, my God," exclaimed Velasquez, "can it be possible that a gentleman who have the

you kindly undertake to see that the news is

"I can not at present," was the reply, "for the went yesterday morning with her little daughter, Armida, to Sauta Rosa; but I will try to make arrangements so that the news can not reach her suddenly and will telegraph to her friends at Santa Rosa as soon as I can reach the depot. It is not a long ride, but I will start at once and join you later at the mayor's office." Saying which, Volusquez started his horse at a brisk trot, and the and little party moved on at a slower pace.

Mario Delaro, the man whose dead body had been found, was, as his name indicates, an Italian who had emigrated to America immediately after the close of the civil war, while he was still a youth.

His parents had been well-to-do, but his father met with reverses in consequence of a patriotic endeavor to establish some large ctories near to Naples, which had turned

Young Mario, full of pluck and spirit, de-termined not to become in any way depend-ent on his father in his straitened circumstances, so with praise-worthy energy he re-solved to try his luck in California. Like many others, before and since, he was doomed to meet with some bitter disappointments, but as he had made up his mind to battle in earnest with the world, there was little fear that he would starve.

He first tried the mining districts, but there met with indifferent success. Still, by hard work he managed to get a little money ahead ed a fruit store. There he was more suc ful and soon saved several thousand dollars.

Growing tired of the busy, yet humdrum-life of the city, he resolved on trying his hand in the wine-growing districts, and

Owing to his imperfect knowledge of the business he at first lost a great deal of money in the venture, and by the time that he had mastered all the necessary points and was furning out satisfactory wines, he found that he poor wines which many of his competitors were putting on the market had caused the people to speak disparagingly of domestic wines, so that the trade in them was considerably fallen off. However he continued to

Elated with his good fortune, he conceived the idea of becoming part owner and manager of one of the largest wine growing conerns in Sonoma County, and in an evil hour took into partnership a Portuguese named Leon Velasquez, so toat he might have the means to purchase some neighboring vine-

Velasquez brought quite a large sum of money into the business, though how he came by it was often afterwards a theme for speculation in the mind of Mario.

For nearly a year all went well and the prospects for the next year were quite brilliant. But before the end of twelve months' artnership Velasquez began to show signs ening personal interest in the business He took oft-repeated trips to San Fransisco and made frequent demands for money,

which at first Mario invariably mot without questioning; but when one day Velasquez roposed to considerably overdraw his account, a quarrel ensued, caused by Mario's Thereupon Volasquez displayed characteristics which told that he was not quite the polished gentleman he protonded to be.

But Mario's refusal served a good purpose; for, after this, Velasquez was not so imporsources of the firm. Matters went on with Mario was not well satisfied with his partner and often wished that he had kept along alone in his old quiet way. As year followed year the Posada property continued to inrease in value and Sonoma wines found a ready sale at all times. Both Mario and his partner were making large sums of money

Mario was a careful man and invested his money very cautiously as fast as he made it, but Vela-quez was given to rash speculation, and frequently lost large sums of money dabbling in mining stocks in San Francisco. This and his frequent absence from the Posada collare gave Delaro good cause for complaint, and he suggested to Velasquez the purchase of his share in the business,

To this Velasquez would not listen. He was always sure of a good thing, as he knew full well, so long as he retained his interest in the vineyard and the wine-cellars and he knew anough to stick to his partner, Mario Delaro had built himself a pleasant

home on the hillside a little below San Paols. To this home he took a lovely wife, by whom he had one child, a daughter, who was at the time of her father's death about eight years old. The child, Armida, was a bright little brunette, combining in horself the beauty of her handsome lather and the sweetness of her wealthy Spanish merchant in Santa Rosa. Mario had been very proud of his lovely wife and child and was the tenderest of hus-

Leon Velasquez, on the other hand, possessed a history which was quite obscure up to the time when he made his first bow in San Paola with a profusion of money and the appearance of one whose path in life was

particularly smooth and easy.

As related, he soon became the partner of Delaro, and at the time when the partnership was formed he appeared to be a man of about thirty five years, though none ever

know his exact age. If any one had followed him on his frequent trips to San Francisco they would have discovered that he went there to participate in all kinds of vices, and, as men whose deeds are evil love arkness rather than light, they would have found that he did not expose

himself much during the day. He acted like a man who was afraid of being seen, and his haunts at night were places where it required a poculiar knock on the door as well as a glance through a peophele before the applicant was admitted.

It looked as though his seclusion in the

quiet Posada vineyard was a forced one, though he had not apparently enough dis-cretion or force of will to keep entirely from the outside world. He was, in short, an inveterate gambler,

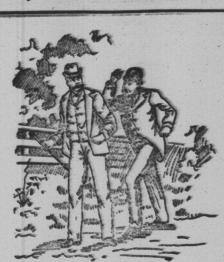
and would resort to any means in order to gain the material with which to tempt forune's cards. He had jogged othows with the worst classes of thiever and villains in San Francisco, and any one aware of his history would have known that it was not the first time he had as ociated with questionable

The fact of the matter was that Volasquez had walked in crime from an early age. His parents had afforded him a good educa-

tion, and at the age of sixteen he had entered a large mercautile house in Lisbon.

H: took advantage of the first opportunity which presented itself to steal quite a large star of money, and, failing in his efforts to fasten the crime upon a fellow clerk, he cluded the vigilance of the Lisbon police and secreted himself on a sailing vessel bound for America. The captain being susceptible to a bribe he managed to land safety in New York.

York.
Velocques lost no time in improving his invalidate of the English language, and after perfecting himself as far as possible he started across the continent.
At Chicago he found his way into a ring of gambiers who soon feeced him, and he then canh into every kind of vice and do in-



aginable. From Chicago he drifted West, but he always, however, managed to keep his

A short time before he fell in with Delaro he had been implicated in a stage-coach robbery in Nevada, but being new in that business the authorities did not suspect or even know him and he thus got clear with his share of the booty.

Being somewhat scared, and fearing lest his phenomenal luck should desert him and leave him at last in the hands of justice, he concluded to try a few years' seclusion in the valley of Sonoma. With the exception of his too frequent absence and cails for money, all went well with him after he entered into partnership with Mario Delaro,

at last settled down to a civil reasonable | self-pos essed. kind of life, and towards the beginning of of 1875 Mario had so restored his confidence in his Portuguese partner that he sometimes listened to his propositions of a joint investment in mining stocks, at which for a time to friends of his victim's young wife telling then both made money, so much so that the them of the herrible occurrence and warndeals continued to increase in amount until ing them to be careful in breaking the news one day Velasquez induced Delaro to in- to her. vest twenty thousand dollars with him in a ing to be "boomed" for all it was worth. The speculation turned out to be a success,

and, elated at his lucky hit, Velasquez became greedy for more. He invested in other mines and lost heavily: then he gave his notes for large sums, and a day or two before settling time with Delaro for the successful deal ne found himself nearly fifty thousand dollars in debt, with no mediate prospect of being able to meet his

He had realized on his own share of the deal in which Delaro was interested, but Delaro had not yet cashed his certificates. meet any emergency with fraud or violence when he started back to San Paola to meet Delaro. He reached Delaro's house, where he had always been a guest, about seven o'clock on the evening preciding the morning

on which Delaro had been found dead. After dinner he and Delaro repaired to the library, and commenced to discuss matters of

Velasquez, as we know, was in no very pleasant state of mind, and Delaro was in an equally bad mood, owing to the fact that a quantity of wine had been spoiled at the cel- in the place of Delaro and acted as though part of one of the workmen.

The conversation was quiet enough at first and Delaro calmiv signed the transfer of the | together and commenced his official investi mining stock so that Velasquez might complete the negotiations on his return to San Francisco.



thousand dollars Delaro refused to lend the amount, and dissolve partnership, offering to pay Velasquez fifty thousand dollars for his share

After a long discussion Velasquez consented on condition that Delaro would give him a note for the amount then and there, for which he would make over a receipt. papers of dissolution to be filled out and signed in the course of a day or two. On his part Vela-quez gave Delaro a note for the value of the mining stock, which he

held to realize on, and the deal; was end-It was nine o'clock before the business was settled. At that hour Delaro rang a bell and the call was answered by a colored servant. "I'm going out, John, may not be back till late, so you need not wait up for me; but see tha all lights are put out except the one at the head of the stairs, and the

in my bedroom," said his master. "All right, sir," responded the attendant "but is there any thing you want before you start, sir?" "Yes, you may bring in some claret and

ice and cigars."

After each had lit a cigar and drank some of the wine, Dalaro arose to start. "If you care for my company," said Velasquez, "I will walk with you."
"I have no objections," was the response.
"We can finish talking over the matter or

the way." During this few moments a great deal was passing in Velasquez's mind. He was meditating on committing a deed which would

He rapidly weighed the chances of detection and made up his mind what he would

to rest unless his hands were steeped in crime, and he hesitated at nothing when a chance came within his reach to secure a good round

sum of money.

Delaro had not pleased him with his carefulness; besides he was exasperated at his repeated losses by speculation and ready for any kind of a deed as a means to escape his

He was only gone for a few moments, but it was long enough to get what he wanted.

There was not much said between the two men on their walk towards the town and on beyond it to the cellars; their differences were settled and only one or two minor matters were left to discuss. When they were about two hundred yards from the entrance to the cellars, Velasquez stopped and seated himself on a log, saying that he would remain there until Mario returned.

Mario Delaro proceeded toward the entrance and was soon inside. It did not take him more than twenty minutes to conclude his impection, after which he did not wait, but at once started down the road toward

where he had left Velasquez sitting.

He could not see Velasquez where he had left him, but supposed that he had walked on a little way. He whistled and shouted: "Velasquez!" But no ans

groan, and Mario De aro was in the dust, ie had received his death wound and Velas puez was the murderer.

The blow had been aimed too sure for the victim to retain consciousness more than a

Vala quez dragged the body in between he vines, and, after making sure that the deadly biade had done its work well, he left his victin to die.

Shortly afterwards Anton Reyman passed ny, followed in the course of haif an hour by three of the ceilarmen, who had been helping him with some work that had caused a great deal of trouble and worry in the cellars of

time. He had entered the study, picked the lock of the desk and taken out his own note and the receipt he had given Delaro for the fifty thousand dollars.

After that he reured to his room, and slept as soundly as if guilt and crime were perfect strangers to him.

CHAPTER III. The morning after the murder Valasquez arose early, as was the custom with every one in the Sonoma valley, and started out for a ride. He did not appear to have had a very bad night of it and, for a man who must have had the recollection of a recent murder Indeed it seemed as though Velasquez had ever present before him, he was remerkably

> Af er leaving the party of men who were escolding the dead body of Mario Delaro into the little town of San Paola, he hastened to the railroad depot and sent a message

He then started back and reached the lit mine which he had privately heard was go- tle, low building, dignified by the name of City Hall, a few moments after the officers had arrived with their charge.

The body was placed in a room connected with the hall, after which the coroner was promptly notified, and it was not long before the news spread through the town. The body had hardly been carried in before a servant from Deliro's house came

rushing along in eager haste on his way to the ceilars. The man had gone up to the bedroom to call Delaro and found that the door was opened, the lamb still burning with a low, flickering light, but the bed had not

been siept on. Knowing his master's intention to visit the bound thither.

The man was soon told of the sad news and bastened back to the house to inform the other servants about it. During the long hours of that hazy, warm

summer afternoon there was a great deal of bustle and extraordinary excitement in San Paola. It reached fever heat, however, at Delaro's late home and among the workmen at the cellars.

Velasquez undertook the charge of affairs lars that day, the result of neglect on the he intended to run matters with a high In the afternoon the coroner called a jury

gation into the cause of the death. The first witness called was Anton Rey man, who testified to having parted with After this Velasquez told Delaro that he Belaro on the previous n.g.t about ten had been speculating further and had lost con- o'clock, near the entrance of the cellars, also to finding him dead among the vines on th

following morning. From the surr undings of the murdered nan he could imagine nothing which would indicate by whom the deed had been committed, but noticed that he had been stabbed

The other workmen were then called, but only corroborated Anton's statement. Then the men who were present at the cellars when Delaro called in on that fatal night were questioned as to what had transpired on that occasion.

They each told the same story, saying

that Mr. Delaro was in a very bad temper over the fact that a large quantity of wine had been spoiled owing to carelessness on the part of the man who had charge of it, and that he spoke rather sharply to all of them. "Did he pass angry works with any one in particular?" asked the coroner of the last witness, a burly German.

The man hesitated before replying, then said: "Yes, he spoke quite angrily to Anton Reyman, about keeping a sharper eye on the

Were these the first cross words spoken that day between Mr. Delaro and Anton!"

was the next question. "No." replied the workman; "they had several noisy talks that day and Anton, who is himself rather hot-tempered at times, talked back and said something about understanding his business, but that he could not be responsible for the mistakes and carelessness of idle worthiess fellows like those Mr. Delaro sometimes employed at a busy

Then the coroner inquired if Anton often showed signs of hot temper. "He gets in a rage sometimes, when things don't go quite right, but it soon passes off," was the res-

After this other witnesses were called who testified to several recent quarrels between Delaro and Anton, though all insisted that none of these hot-word passages were at all

serious affairs. Just about this time one of the officers approached Anton and bent down as though to examine his clothing.

"Where did you get this blood on your overalls?" he inquired of Anton. Realizing the horrible purport of the question, Anton replied: "I got that as I knelt over the body of my dead employer this

morning," was the reply.
"Some on your shirt, too," said the officer. is that the same shirt you wore last night?" Anton's quick temper made the hot blood fly to his cheeks, and the veins in his neck distended as he angrily replied:

"Yes, it is; but why do you ask such insinuating questions? I must have

got the blood on my shirt when I examined the body in my cariosity to see whether the wound was self-inflicted or not." "A pretty thin story, ain't it, coroner

The coroner looked wise and said that that was for the jury to decide. There being no further witnesses to be examined the jury were called upon for a verdict. It did not take them long to reach a decision, and in a very few moments they declared that the dead man c m to his death at the hands of an unknown mur-

Practically, however, the "unknown man" of their verdict was a farce, for they added: "We strongly advise that Anton Reyman be held in custody for further examination before a justice."

The same day Anton was taken before a justice—people in these parts lose no time in such matters—for examination.

such matters—for examination.

It is not necessary to go over the ground covered by the witnesses again. The same witnesses who had been brought before the coroner once more appeared and repeated what they had already said. Many minor points were magnified, however, and the



THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

Your face is like a drooping flower,

Sweetheart!
I see you fading, hour by hour,

Sweetheart!
Your rounded outlines waste away,
In vain I weep, in vain I pray,
What power Death's cruel hand can stay?

Sweetheart! Sweetheart!

Prescription

Why, nothing but Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The hand of time deals lightly with a woman in perfect health. But all functional derangements and disorders peline, imparting strength to the whole culiar to women leave their mark. You system in general, and to the uterine

needn't have them. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes to your rescue as no other medicine can. It cures them.

For periodical pains, prolapsus and other displacements, bearing-down sensations, and all "female complaints" and to the interine organs and appendages in particular. It keeps years from your face and figure—but adds years to your life. It's guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case. If it doesn't, your money is restained.

World's Dispensary Medical Association Proprietors Buffalo, N. Y.

"weaknesses," it is a positive remedy. | tion, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.



" Well! Well!" That's the way you feel after one or two of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets have done their Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Peliets have done their work. You feel well, instead of bilious and constipated; your sick headache, dizziness and indigestion are gone. It's done mildly and easily, too. You don't have to feel worse before you feel better. That is the trouble with the huge, old-fashioned pill. These are small, sugar-coated, easiest to take. One little Peliet's a laxative, three to four are extentic. They regulate and to four are cathartic. They regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels—quickly, but thoroughly. They're the cheapest pill, sold by druggists, because you only pay for the good you get.

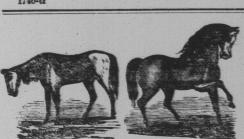
MISS MITCHELL

New Cutting System. Having secured the services of a first class Cutter, I am prepared to warrant all Curting and Fitting. Is always ready to assist in

matching Trimmings. All customers from a distance waited upon on Saturdays. Latest Fashions always on hand. All orders promptly attended to. MILLINERY-I have on hand a select stock of Millinery, and am now prepared to make Hats and Bonnets and all Millinery in the Latest Fashious. Prices reasonable.

ROOMS-Over Warner & Perry's Dry Goods Store, Doheny Black, next door to

A. Higinbotham's Drug Store.



OLD ENGLISH Condition Powder.

Twelfth year the farmers of this district have been using it. Sales larger than ever. Sold in Manitoba, Muskoka, Eastern Ontario, —in fact all over. Rsin or shine it won't hurt any animal. 25 cents each, 5 for \$1.00

A. HIGINBOTHAM, - Druggist Lindsay.

FOR

FURNITURE Cheap GO TO

ANDERSON, NUGENT, & Co.

Undertakers and Cabinet Makers.

KENT STREET, LINDSAY.

Call and see our stock. No trouble to show it. ANDERSON, NUGERT & CO.

Builders' Interests Looked After

DRY KILN

Now in full blast, and dry Doors, Sash, Blinds. Mouldings, &c...

guaranteed, with prices right. Parties intending to build should call and inspect our work before buying elsewhere, and we will convince them that they will save money by

doing so.

Corner Cambridge and Wellington Streets