ter of Therwell, he had determined to examine his own pecuniary affairs, a duty heretofore avoided, and then hasten to Sir Allyn's enemy with a bribe that would tempt him to relinquish the hand of Ilde.

"He shall have every penny I own," he said to himself, "if he demands it as the

price of Sir Allyn's safety, but he shall not

Then his thoughts widened into speculations regarding the mysterious bond that united the baronet to his late father's

secretary.

He could not believe Sir Allyn to be guilty of deliberate wrong-doing, and began to pity him as a helpless victim in the crushing folds of a monster. Resolving to befriend him with filial devotion, he crossed Eden Park, and came upon a pleasant green lane, serving as a by-way to Tressil-

The hall was a large and handsome modern villa, after the Italian style, and belonged, as has been said, to one of the smaller estates of the young viscount. It had a home-like air, wanting to his ancestral house. The estate was much smaller than that of Edencourt, and it lacked the large, handsome park, the ornamental waters, and the broad fields that tended to make Sir Allyn's place an Eden. It had, however, ample lawns and terraced gardens descending to the river's bank, and a few meadows and pastures that made the estate

look larger than it really was.

The viscount emerged from the lane into one of the gardens, and continued his way to a side porch, at which he entered the dwelling. Passing through an airy corridor, and through the wide central hall, he went to the library and closed the door be-

This room was long and wide, with lofty walls lined with books, the monotony of which was relieved here and there by panelled portraits or crowning busts. The furniture had a rich but sombre look, and the carpet was of a dark sea-green hue, that added to the gloomy effect of the apart-

Lord Tressillian's first act was to throw open the window and admit the fresh sunlight and air. He then seated himself before a quaintly carved desk, unlocked it. and engaged in the examination of his late father's papers.

They were neatly packed and labeled. just as the late Lord Tressillian had placed them but a few weeks before, possibly with a presentiment that his son and heir would soon be called upon to examine them. The young viscount felt his new honors press heavily upon him as he regarded these evidences of his father's thoughtful care, and, bowing his head, he indulged in his natural grief for the parent so recently lost. But his sorrow was too deep to find expression in tears, and, with a heavy sigh, he aroused himself, and engaged resolutely in his selfimposed task.

The various documents were untied and over. Receipts for money received from looked at, and at last his lordship mur-

"I am richer than I thought. I had expected to find some heavy debts, for only lately my father wrote to me, saying that he had been extravagant and lost money. He said, too, that he had invested largely in a Welsh mine, which had filled with water, and that his loss would be heavy. Ah, here are the certificates of his shares.' He read them attentively, and his brow

clouded as he saw that the late viscount's losses must have been indeed heavy. He knew that these losses left him so much less to offer Therwell, and he put them away, after glancing at their sum total. Continuing his investigation, he examined all the documents to be found, and finally came to the conclusion that his handsome income would not be seriously impaired by his father's misfortunes.

"I will see Therwell at once," he exclaimed when his search was concluded. "I will settle the matter with him before I

He was about to close his desk and put this resolve into execution, when there came a knock at the door, and his land steward entered the room, bearing a small packet in his hand.

"Good morning, Ressly," said Lord Tressillian, bowing. "I have been looking over my father's papers. What have you there?"

"A letter, my lord; it came during your absence this morning," answered Ressly, advancing. "It bears the seal of his late lordship's lawyer, Mr. Jasper; so I made bold to bring it myself to your lordship, seeing that I may be able to explain anything you do not understand."

The viscount took the packet, montioning the steward to a seat. Breaking the seal, Lord Tressillian drew from the thick envelope a package of papers which presented a formidable appearance, with their rows of figures neatly footed up in

The land steward watched him in silence. and with an anxious look on his honest face. Evidently he understood the nature of the contents of these papers, and dreaded the effect upon his young master. He had been the confidential adviser of the late viscount. and had been perfectly well acquainted with his pecuniary affairs. Once or twice since the present lord's return from the Continent he had endeavored to enlighten him upon the subject of his income, but the viscount had not been in a mood to discuss his affairs, and he had been obliged to wait until the present moment.

"Well, Ressly," said his young master, impatiently, after a minutes' survey of the task of freeing Sir Allyn's daughter from papers, "I can make nothing out of all the hateful coils tightening around her.

this, except that my father was in the habit of borrowing money from his lawyer.

Ah, what is this?" he added, as a letter

dropped from the midst of the papers.

Picking it up, he read it through with contracted brows. It was from the money-lender, announcing in lawyer-like phrase, that he had been of considerable use to the late Lord Tressillian, but that their rela tions had been cut short by his lordship's untimely death; and he added that he should feel obliged to the present lord if he would close the account. With a declaration that he should be happy to honor the

ailiff, "that your late father lost more money than his income would warrant and that he borrowed of Jacob Jasper to meet the demands upon him. If he had lived he would he paid every penny without impoverishing your lordship. A year or two of close economy would have put all to rights, and he never meant that this burden

should fall upon you, my lord."

"I believe it," said Lord Tressillian, endeavoring to conceal his bitter disappointment. "So I must be poor for a year or two, Ressly? I need money now. I have pressing need for it. I suppose I can borrow

it of Jasper."

The bailiff uttered some energetic protesta tions against such a step, begging his young master as he valued his future not to have recourse to a money-lender.

The viscount heard him in silence without mprehending, and then closed his deak. caught up his hat and hurried from the room and the house. He had experienced a painful disappointment, and his mood had become suddenly

reckless. He wandered down by the river's side, thinking of Ilde, and his present powerlessness to assist her, when he conceived the determination to see Therwell at once and decide his fate. He set out immediately, with rapid steps, for Edencourt.

As he quitted the park and came up the terrace toward the mansion, he beheld the object of his visit riding swittly up the avenue. He hastened to intercept him before he could enter the dwelling, and came up to him just after Therwell had dismounted, and was about to ascend the steps.

Therwell greeted him politely, and with a cold smile. Lord Tressillian returned the salutation by a haughty bow, and requested a few minutes conversation.
"With pleasure," said Therwell. "Shall

we go in ?" "No: I will see you here," answered the viscount, his face glowing with conflicting emotions. "Let us come to the point at once, Mr. Therwell. You are the enemy of Sir Allyn Dare, and have his reputation in

your power." "More than that," said Therwell, "his life is in my hands."

"His life 9" "Yes," responded Therwell, carelessly vet with a look that gave force to his words. But what has this to do with your wish to

"Everything," declared Lord Tressillian, impetuously. "Sir Allyn Dare has promised you his daughter in marriage. She does not love you, and shudders at the thought of

becoming your wife." "I know all that," interposed Therwell,

"You know it, and you would force her to the altar ?"

"Certainly. Lord Tressillian was tempted to strike his enemy-for such he considered the enemy of Ilde-to the ground, but he checked the impulse, reflecting that violence would only injure the cause he wished to serve. Therwell seemed to read his thoughts; his dull eyes glowed and his lips assumed a tantalizing smile. Assuming a calmness he did not feel, the viscount

"You demand the hand of Miss Dare as the price of your silence? You cannot love examined. Deeds and leases were glanced her and she will always detest you. I suppose your object in bringing about this marriage is to become master of Edenceurt. Sir Allyn will relinquish all his wealth to you if you will free his daughter, and I will give

"Don Quixote !" said Therwell, looking at the young nobleman as if he were a natural curiosity. Who empowered you to speak about this affair? Do you love Miss Dare yourself ?"

"That is a subject not to be discussed be ween us," replied Lord Tressillian, haughtiv. "I have offered you everthing I can offer, and the reflection that you are impoverishing Sir Allyn and me will doubtless be pleasant to you at this unsuitable marriage."

"Not quite," said Therwell, tapping his boot with his riding-whip, and speaking as coolly as if the matter under consideration were exceedingly trivial. "I have taken a fancy to Miss Dare, and am resolved to make her my wife. She has a haughty spirit, and it would be delightful to break it and make her meek and gentle as a wife

Tressillian's face flushed with indignation. He clenched his hands involuntarily, and with an effort repressed the tide of angry words that arose to his lips.

"Is this your final decision ?" he asked. "It is. And if you will accept my advice you will conquer your love for a girl whe will soon be another man's wife."

"Never, if I live!" declared Tressillian, with flashing eyes. "It is war between us -war to the knife! We will see which will conquer-love or hate !"

He turned on his heel, while Therwell laughed and ascended the steps. All the spirit of his nature was aroused in Lord Tressillian at that moment. He walked as though he were treading down all obstacles. and his face shone with the fire of indomitable resolution. Embarrassed as he was in his pecuniary affairs, worsted as he seemed to be in this struggle for Ilde, he felt a conviction that he should triumph, that little Ilde would yet be his, and that Therwell would be overwhelmed with ruin.

In this mood he wandered again into Eden Park, and encountered near the lake. Ilde Dare, on her return from her self-im-

There was a somewhat lengthened interview between them, which we will not dwell upon, since it consisted principally in lovers' vows, and a discussion of their mutual affairs. But when they separated both were hopeful and determined, and Lord Tressillian, to whom Ilde had partially confided the mystery of her father's life, had vowed to lend every energy to the

THE WELCOME HOME.

me; Like a bird in the forest, whose world is

My home is my all, and the center of rest."

In the midst of a fair and lovely scene, untimely death; and he added that he should feel obliged to the present lord if he would close the account. With a declaration that he should be happy to honor the viscount's paper at any time, he concluded with a host of congratulations and ayouphantic expressions, which Lord Tressillian did dot stop to read "What does all this mean, Ressly?" he asked, tossing the letter on his desk.

"It means, my lord," responded the

played hide and seek with the sunbeams, making the air vocal with melody. The ing commanded a view of the Thames, and was nestled almost upon the rivers bank and was surrounded with a host of protecting trees, that almost concealed it from mere casual observation.

As may be guessed, the house was not a stately mansion, and did not boast of majestic proportions. It was, indeed, simply a cottage orner, but of exquisite beauty, and draped in a profusion of those clinging vines so often found in the description of the poets and so seldom discovered elsewhere. There was a long verandah, with straight, slender columns wreathed with vines in their first flush of spring foliage; there was a delicately latticed projecting window that seemed brought from Persia, and needed only an oriental face at its panes to complete the illusion; there were graceful balconies in profusion, slender spirelike chimneys in clusters surmounting the roof, and various other evidence of a refined and elegant taste. The grounds were in keeping with the dwelling. In front was a well-kept lawn, at one side a pleasaunce filled with a wilderness of rose-bushes, now in early leaf, among which wandered intricate paths, all eading to a summer-house in the center : at either side was a prettily laid out

flower garden, and in the rear were kitchen gardens, screened from view from the house by flowering orchards, whose branches seemed enveloped in hazy clouds of

The place has been well named Monrepose. The heart must have been heavy indeed that would not have grown lighter amid these peaceful sunny scences. It had been the favorite home of the late Admiral Wilmer. The house had been designed by his young wife, and built during his absence at sea. It was here his child had been born. and here that, after his retirement from his profession, he had delighted to sail up and down the river and imagine himself upon the sea he had loved so dearly. It was here that the happiest days of Adah Wilmer had been passed, and to this spot her

heart turned instinctively in the first mo-It was early evening, and the house was all ablaze with lights. The front door stood invitingly open, revealing the long, wide hall, with its niches filled with gleaming sculptured figures, its flaming chandelier lighting the distant corners, the cool mosaic floor with its intricate pattern, the walls ornamented with rich, soft frescoes the work of a skilful hand, and the wide marble staircase winding gracefully upward

until lost to view. Servants were grouped about in the hall, with eager faces and busy tongues, discussing the news that had been brought by some of the town servants, under charge of Mrs. Dilke, of their young mistress' perfect health and intended return to her child hood home. The news had been received with loud rejoicings by the few superanuat-ed retainers who had been for years in charge of the place, and, under the town housekeeper's directions, the house had been made to assume a festal air in honor of the home-coming. Mrs. Dilke herself, important and pompous, in a rustling black silk gown, assumed command of the group, and constituted herself mistress of the cere-

enough to admit a peep into its charming interior. The glittering candelabra presented a blazing show of tall wax candles, whose light gleamed through the pendant cut-glass lusters and fell in a shower of prismatic hues upon the silver inlaid Inlike a fresh bed of woodland moss sprinkled with exquisite flowers, linked together with strange arabesques. The furniture was luxurious-soft couches, yielding armchairs, cozy ottomans and fauteuils, that might have been called "sleep hollows," the whole reflected in plate-glass mirrors that ran from floor to ceiling. The acme of luxury was attained by the liberal distribution of freshly-cut flowers, whose frag rance pervaded the air. Delicately sculptured vases of the purest white were heaped high with vivid scarlet blossoms, whose bright branches trailed over the sides; antique jugs of veritable Egyptian origin were crowded with odorous flowers; and two quaintly-shaped scent jars, on either side of the fire-place, dispensed a spicy sweetness that mingled with the odor of the dowers, and gave an invigorating perfume to the air that might otherwise have been

heavy with fragrance. Behind the drawing room, and seen through the partly open doors, was the luxurious dining-room. The glitter of costly plate and the sparale of gem-like crystal in the lamp-light and fire-light could be seen, thus completing the charm

This department had been under the charge of Watkins, the town butler, who had followed the domestics with the more valuable plate in his keeping, who now joined his subordinates in the corridor, and assumed a commanding air, befitting one who felt himself in a measure the guardian and protector of his young mis-

The servants were in the midst of eager gossiping, which even Watkins' presence failed to check, relative to the mysterious marriage of the late admiral's daughter, and the singular conduct of the uncle. when the rumbling of wheels up the carriage-drive was heard. Voices were instantly hushed, and stillness reigned, while every face turned toward the door. The ex-steward, as became his confidential

osition in the household, advanced to the eranda, followed by the housekeeper, and welcomed his young mistress with a joyful ferve icy that warmed her heart. She paused a moment to speak to him.

then entered the hall, attended by her maid, and looking so like a queen in the hour of her triumph, that an involuntary cheer of admiration greeted her.

She acknowledged the compliment by a bow and smile; her eyes sparkled and her cheeks finshed with sudden pleasure. She had expected to come to a quiet home and be received quietly, and this enthusiastic reception at once surprised and touched

She gave her hand to the housekeeper, uttering a few words of praise that greatly endeared her to the worthy woman's heart; she spoke gently to each of the servants, and addressed by name each of the retainers who had been left in charge of the place since the death of her late father.

Her gentleness and graciousness deepen-ed their admiration into respectful devotion, and when she turned and entered the drawing room with a stately step, every eye followed her affectionately, and every voice lent itself to swell a rousing cheer.
"Well, I am at home again, Nelly," said

the young bride, advancing to the center of the drawing room, and looking around her with moistened eyes. "This is the house where I was born, and where I hope to spend the remainder of my life. This place has few associations connected with Mr. Wilmer, and I believe I can torget the past here, and lead a useful, happy existence."

Sommitation, and, her domestic affairs established on a sound basis, she set out to walk ever the estate, and to indulge in reminiscences of her childhood. Nelly attended her, as usual, but delicately maintained silence except when addressed.

The gardens were explored, the two

here, and lead a useful, happy existence."
"You speak like an old lady, miss," said
the privileged Nelly, with a sigh, "and not
like a beautiful young bride of one-and-"Hush, Nelly. I do not like to think of

my marriage," and a burning blush suffused the lady's cheeks. "Here I may forget by what sacrifice of maidenly delicacy I secured my freedom. You must be careful never to mention my husband's name." "I will remember, my lady," promised the maid, in a tone of disappointment, she having been deeply impressed with the ap-pearance of Sir Hugh Chellis, and having

been engaged in creating pleasant day-dreams in which the young couple would learn to love each other, and their marriage thus become a union hallowed by tenderness and mutual respect. "But what will people say when they hear that you are married, and yet are obliged to call you Miss Wilmer? The neighbors may even say that you are not married at all --

"The neighbors?" "Yes, my lady. The Dares, of Edencourt, near the river; Lord Tressillian of the Hall, and others. Sir Allyn Dare may even forbid his daughter to call. These proud country families do not like family

They can stay away," said Lady Chellis, a look of pain passing over her proud "We will not discuss the subject, Nelly. I have retained Monrepose by a fearful sacrifice, and I am willing to lead a hermit's existence here if necessary. I will not deny that the friendsip of Miss Dare would be very pleasant to me, but if I cannot have it I shall not mourn. I will confess that I do not expect attentions from my neighbors, and that I am quite

She endeavored to speak lightly, but there was an undercurrent of pain in her tones that touched her faithful attendant to the heart. But affecting not to notice it, she came forward, relieved her young mistress of her bonnet and shawl, and wheeled nearer for her ladyship's use an arm-chair.

The cloud upon Adah's brow was but transitory. The proud, calm look returned to her half-haughty face, the smile came back to her red lips, and the consciousness of rectitude gave a repose to her manner. Instead of seating herself and giving way to despondency, she summoned the housekeeper and went with her over the dwelling. Every room was well ligted, and the fair young proprietress went in and out the handsome chambers, indulging in reminiscences of the far-away happy past, and planning a quiet, well-ordered future. Her own suite of rooms was discovered to be the finest in the house, and a throng of ender recollections pressed the heart of the maiden-bride as she entered them and requested to be left alone.

They had been fitted up for her use by her parents shortly before the death of her mother. The portrait of the bluff old admiral hung beside the picture of his fair and gentle wife, and the eyes of both seemed to rest upon their daughter in yearning ve. Adah knelt before the portraits with bowed head and folded hands, murmuring a wild, incoherent prayer, with sobs and tears. She felt her desolation at that moment as she had never done before, and her soul went up in a wild cry for comfort. The prayer was answered. A strange, sweet calm fell upon her perturbed spirit, and it seemed to her that angel presences were about her, and that her parents were whispering words of love and soothing in

The conviction was strengthening when she arose from her knees and looked around her. The delicate frescoes on the wall had been done under the superintendence of her father; the paintings on the wall had been brought from Italy by him for her; the tiny statuettes that abounded had been chosen by him; while the dainty furniture of rose-color and white had been selected by her mother. They were all the appliances of luxury, besides hosts of curiosities and trinklets, each having some association with those loved ones whose darling she had been. What wonder, then, that she cherished a sweet faith in guardian angels and ministering spirits, and believed that her guardian angels were those who had begun their tender ministrations in this life, and the evidences of whose love were now around her?

With a sweet and holy love brooding at her heart, she went through the three or four rooms of the suite, finding everything as she had left it when taken away from Monrepose by her uncle after the death of her father. Gentle hands had kept everything bright and fresh, and it seemed to her that her imprisonment and sorrows were but idle phantasms now happily dis-

There was a happy light in her eyes when she returned to the drawing-room, and a smile on her lips that puzzled Nelly, who wondered that her young mistress did not repine at her compelled isolation. In pleasant abstraction the young bride seated herself at the piano, and evoked a few sweet murmuring sounds, full of harmony with the joyful pulsations of her heart. She lingered at her music until Watkins came to announce supper, nad then she went into the dining-room at the end of the drawing-room. Her cheerfulness had been infectious, for Nellie followed her with a pleasant and contented face.

The repast was worthy the admiration of an epicure, and Lady Chellis complimented her delighted purveyor by bringing to it a better appetite than she had before displayed. Nelly, who was more of a companion than a maid, was invited to share the meal, that it might seem less lonely to her mistress. In quite enjoyment of a scene that appealed to the bride's esthetic tastes, an hour passed quickly, and Lady Chellis then went into the drawing-room, and soon after retired to her own rooms for the

As she took possession of the chamber she had occupied in the lifetime of her parents she felt a thrill of exultation in the reflection that she had saved this cherished spot from the grasp of her scheming relative, and that she was not only its rightful mistress, but the arbitress of her own destinies. This happy consciousness did not desert her in her sleep, and when she awoke at a late hour in the morning her heart was full of strange buoyancy and joy-

She attired herself becomingly, assisted by Nelly, and then descended to breakfast. The repast concluded, she summoned the ex-steward and the housekeeper to a brief

The gardens were explored, the two gar-deners consulted with regard to a few im-material changes in their arrangements, and Lady Chellis then directed her steps to the green fields where the spring daisies stud-ded the ground. With something of child-ish delight she plucked a handful of the flowers, exulting in her freedom, in the bright sunshine, the soft breeze and the tranquil beauty of the scene. After her long imprisonment she saw beauty in everything—in the young lambs, the upspringing grass, the hedge in early leaf, and in the gay, wild birds that sang in sympathetic

She lingered long in the sunny open fields and meadows, but turned her steps at last, when the sun grew fierce in its regards, to the cool and pleasant grove. Here the shadows lay thickly, but the venturesome sunlight strayed in and settled in tiny pools upon the narrow, well-worn footpaths, giving the place the aspect of a fairy dell. Violets, fragrant wood violets of deepest blue, opened their eyes meekly here and dispensed their sweet odors lavishly. Adah gathered them and twined them in bunches with her daisies, and listened to the birds, who fluttered in and out the shade with a delicious sense of enjoyment she had never before known.

In the shade of a giant oak, near a small brook that intersected the grove and ran through the fields, was a wooden bench, and the young bride took possession of it, her maid choosing to wander about in search of other flowers. The cool shade, the fragrance of her wild blossoms, the filtering sunlight, the murmuring of the brook, the songs of the birds, and the happy beatings of her own heart, all conspired to lull the maiden into a dreamy mood, as delightful as it was unusual. Perhaps she thought of Sir Hugh, for a soft color mantled her cheeks, her eyes shone with a sweet, tender light, and she forgot to mark the flight of time.

At last she aroused herself with a heavy sigh, and looked around her. Nelly was sitting on a stone at the foot of a tree at a little distance, her eyes closed drowsily, and her lap filled with flowers. Lady Chellis looked at her watch, and started on discovering that the afternoon had well deepened, and that the luncheon hour had passed unnoticed.

"Why, where has the time gone?" she exclaimed, arising. "Come, Nelly, come at

The maid aroused herself and joined her mistress, and they returned to the dwelling together. After a hasty rearrangement of her toilet Lady Chellis ate her luncheon, and then ascended to her rooms to dress for dinner. Even during her enforced seclusion she had never omitted to make an elaborate daily toilet, but upon this occasion, as if to celebrate her restoration to freedom, her attire was unusually becoming.

She returned to the drawing-room, dress ed in a robe of mauve moire, which trained atter her in a loag, flowing train. Her snowy shoulders were covered only by a bertha of filmy white lace which set off their beauty instead of concealing it, and her rounded white arms were bare and gleamed like delicately chiselled marble. Her dusky hair was caught up low at the back of her head in a classic knot, and confined there by a feathery spray of diamonds. She wore a necklace and bracelets-the identical gems that had been pledged to Sir Hugh as a guarantee for the payment of the promised sum. Beautiful as a Greek statute in the contour of her features, but gifted with a bloom and radiance that statue and painting can never attain, sparkling with a multitude of gems that flashed in the light of the myriad candles. she looked more than like a young queen-

and no longer like a queen uncrowned. The projecting window was filled with flowers, and the evening breeze swept over them, rifling them of their fragrance, and then wantonly flinging it upon the air. The lace curtains fluttered gently, but the lights in the candelabra burned steadily. Dismissing her maid, Lady Chellis took her seat at the piano, and accompanied her thoughts with a strange, liquid melody, now soft and sweet, now sad, and then again wild and full of anguish. So absorbed was she that she failed to hear the sound of an arrival, and was consequently startled beyond expression when the drawing room door opened, and Baker, the footman, announced:

"Miss Chellis !" At the sound of that name Adah sprang up like a startled fawn. Her first thought was of retreat; but retreat was impossible, and she stood like a statue under the chandelier, the color fluttering in and out of her cheeks, and the light waxing and waning in her glorious eves.

Miss Chellis entered almost before her name had been fully enunciated, and found her standing thus. The little old lady, in her antiquated costume, paused and regarded the maiden with surprise and ad-

"I have the pleasure of meeting Miss Wilmer—Adah Wilmer—have I not?" questioned Sir Hugh's aunt, her keen plack eves scrutinizing the young bride's lovely face.

Adah strove to recover her self-posses sion, but her embarrassment was too painful to be readily overcome. Her mind was confused, and but one thought developed itself from the chaos; that thought was that she had carefully preserved her identity from Sir Hugh, and consequently Miss Chellis could not be aware of her singular

"I am Adah Wilmer," she said, with an effort to speak calmly, and stepping toward her guest. "And you," she added, scarcely knowing what she said, yet conscious that she ought to say something—"you are Miss Chellis, my father's old friend, and almost my relative."

"Am I not quite?" inquired Miss Chellis, kindly. "Are you not Lady Chellis—Sir Hugh's bride?"

ing strength to move.

The little old spinster was moved by her confusion. She hobbled forward with her cane, her boot-heels clinking faintly as they sank into the carpet, and her elfish face full or sympathy. She took the cold, unresisting hand of her grand-nephew's bride, and led her to a couch, saying, in her peremp-

(To be Continued.)

# Stood the Test.

We have stood the test now for nearly ten years against all competition, and are satisfied with our steady trade that cur many customers are pleased in their business relations with us. We wish to return thanks to our many triends and the public generally for their generous support. Remember our stock is second to none in this county. Our assortment is the best, and you will receive no better treatment from any one than from

# S. J. PETTY

"The Jeweler," 86 Kent Street, Next the Daley House,



#### WE CAUGHT A WATCH JOBBER

In a Hole last week

He wanted money badly and we bought a line of fine watch movements from him at a great reduction. We did not need them particularly, but the price caught us. We will sell them at about the usual wholesale price. They are genuine American move-ments with all the latest improvements,

HUGHAN & CO.

Watchmakers, Jewelers, and dealers in Fancy Goods and Toys, 45 Kent Street,

## COUCHS - AND - COLDS.

Can be easily cured by using our ELIXIR OF ANISEED. One dose never fails to relieve the most severe cold, 25 cents a bottle. Our PEPTONIZED EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL will be beneficial in all lung troubles. Easy to take and will not disagree with the most delicate stomach. Put up in large bottles 25 and 50 cents.

# Grogory's Brug

Corner Kent and William Streets.

#### MISS MITCHELL

Miss Mitchell wishes to inform the public that she has secured a large and valuable stock of Winter Millinery at a bargain, which she will sell at reduced prices; also the latest novelties in Paris and New York styles, and is fully prepared to wait on her numerous patrons to their satisfaction, having a first class milliner. Latest city styles in dress and mantle making, special attention will be given to all. Persons from a distance waited upon on Saturdays.

Call and see. All are invited.

ROOMS-Over Warner & Co's Dry Goods Store, Doheny Block, next door to

#### RUBBERS. BOOTS

We have just received a shipment of BOOTS, RUBBERS and OVER-SHOES making our Fall and Winter stock complete.

MEN'S AND SOYS' LONG BOOTS, Felt and Leather, Men's Lace Felt Boots, and a full stock of fine wear for men and boys. LADIES' BOOTS in fine Kid, Button and Lace, and stronger quality

in Calf Skin and Buff. Three special lines of lined fine Felt Boots for Ladies in Button, Lace and Gaiters at \$1,25 pair. CHILDREN'S BOOTS suitable for wet weather, in all sizes and

RUBBERS and OVERSHOES, sizes for Men, Ladies and Children, now complete.

### HOGG BROS.. OAKWOOD

Nov. 2nd. 1892,-1598,

## FOR Cheap FURNITURE

ANDERSON, NUGENT, & Co.

GO TO

Undertakers and Cabinet Makers.

KENT STREET, LINDSAY.

Call and see our stock. No trouble to show it.

ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO.

# Adah looked up, with a wild and startled gaze; then soft blushes gave way to a scarlet tide that surged in and out of her cheeks. She dropped her gaze and stood a perfect picture of maidenly shame and confusion, not daring to look up, and not have

of all descriptions neatly and promptly done at "The Warder" office.