COPYRIGHTED BY WM. BRYCE, TORONTO.

"Naturally," Penlyn replied, "I do not want my affairs told to everyone, and made a subject of universal gossip; but then, what reason is to be given for his having left me all his money?" "It might be hinted that you were connections, though distant ones," Mr.

"Would it appear strange that, in such circumstances, we knew so little of at it."

'Yes," the lawyer said, "unless it were said that you were only recently acquainted with the fact. "But the will is dated three years

ago!" Stuart remarked. Then I scarcely know what to sug-

guest," Mr. Fordyce said. They talked it over and over again, but they could arrive at no determination: and at last it was resolved that the best thing would be to let matters take their course. No annoucement would be publicly made, and though, of course it would, eventually leak out that Lord Penlyn was Walter Cundall's heir, the world would have to put its own con-struction upon the fact. Or again, other men had before now made eccentric wills, taking sudden fancies to people who were strangers to them and leaving them all their money. It would be best that Walter Cundall's will should also come to be regarded in

that category.
"After all," Stuart said, "you were acquaintances, and mixed in the same

by the fact that he and the dead man Paul Raughton being in his with a strange feeling in his heart that, when he stood before him, he would stand before a murderer. He had also remembered that conversation in the club about the peculiarity of the dagger, or knife, with which Cundall must have been slain, and his recollection of the hesitating way in which Penlyn had had both loved the same woman, and with a strange feeling in his heart that, the hesitating way in which Penlyn had answered, had added to his suspicions. answered, had added to his suspicions. But, when he had seen the genuine tears of sorrow that had been shed over the will, those suspicions vanished, and he told himself that it was not in this man that the murderer would be found. And, if this new-formed idea had required any strengthening, it would have received it when those importunate and threatening letters had been read from quired any strengthening, it would have received it when those importunate and threatening letters had been read from the unknown person signing himself, Corot. There was the man, who, if in England, must be found at all costs. But how to find him was the question. "There is one to whom I must, at least, disclose my relationship with Walter," Penlyn said, and they both noticed that, for the first time, he spoke of his brother by his Christian name.
"I must tell Miss Raughton the position

we stood in to one another." Stuart, with feelings of a very different nature now in his heart from those with which he had first regarded him, asked him if he thought it was wise to do so? Would she not think that, standing in the position of his affianced wife and having also been beloved by his brother, she would have been the first to be told of the bond between

"It may not be wise," Penlyn said sadly, and with a weary look upon his face, "and it may be that she will think I have deceived her—as, unhappily, I have done by my silence—but still I must tell her. With her, at least, there

must be nothing more suppressed."
Then he told them of the strange dream that she had had (even mentioning that she had said she could recognise the form, if not the face, of the man who sprang upon him), and of the vow she had made him take to endeavor to discover the murderer.
"If dreams were of the slightest im-

portance, which they are not," Mr. Fordyce said, "this one would go to prove that Corot is not the murderer, since it is hardly likely that she has ever known him. Still, it is a strange coincidence that she should have dreamt of his death on the very night that it took

place."
"The idea of knowing the form, or figure, of the man is nothing," Stuart said. "If there was any likelihood of there being anything in that, it would also be the case that we should have to look upon Lady Chesterton's conservators at the goot where it have not at the sport where it has not at the sport where the sport w tory as the spot where it happened, as it was there she dreamt she saw him. But

They discussed, after this, the way in which the information that had come into their possession, from the three letters written in Spanish, should be conveyed to the detectives, and Stuart arranged to take the matter into his

"Leave it to me," he said, "I happen to know two or three of them; in fact, I have already communicated with Dobson, who understands a great deal Dobson, who understands a great deal about foreigners. He has none all the big extraditions cases for a long while, and knows the exact spots in which men of different nationalities are to be to nationalities are to be full landows a knowledge of the carrier,

wer him."
"And you think I had better not ap pear in the matter at all?" Penlyn ask-ed, appealing to both of them.

ed, appealing to both of them.

"Not at present, certainly," Mr.

Fordyce said; "as Mr. Stnart is at present acting in it, it had better be left to him. Mr. Cundall's agents in the city have placed everything in his hands, and I suppose you, as his heir, will have no objection to do so

"I shall be extremely grateful to Mr. Stuart if he will hold the same position towards me that he filled with my brother," Penlyn said; "and if he wants any assistance, my friend and secretary Mr. Smerdon, will be happy to render it

"I will do all I can," Stuart said quiet-ly, "to assist you, both in regard to his affairs and to finding the guilty man, if

Then Lord Penlyn made a suggostion that his own lawyer, Mr. Bell, should also be brought into communication with Mr. Fordyce and Stuart, and the former said that he would call upom him the next day.
"There will then be five of us inter-

ested in finding the assassin," Penlyn said, "for I am quite sure that both Mr. Bell and Philip Smerdon will go hand in hand with us in this search. Surely amongst us, and with the aid of the detectives, who ought to work well for the reward I will pay them, we shall succeed in tracking him." "I hope to God we shall!" Stuart said, and Penlyn solemnly exclaimed,

'Amen I' They were about to separate now, after an interview that had lasted for some hours. when Penlyn said: 'To-morrow is the day of his funeral.

If it were possible—if you think that I could do so, I should wish to be present The others thought a moment, Stuart

looking at Mr. Fordyce as though waiting for him to answer this suggestion, but, instead of doing so, he only said:
"What do you think, Mr. Stuart?" "Stuart still hesitated, and seemed to be pondering deeply, and then he

"I think, if it will not be too great a denial to you, if you will not feel that you are failing in the last duty you can pay him, you should remain away. You could only go as chief mourner if you go at all, and that will render you too conspicuous, and would set every tongue in London wagging. Can you resign yourself to staying away?"

"I must resigu myself, I suppose," the other answered. "Perhaps, too, it is better I should do so; for when I should see his coffin being lowered into its grave, the memory of his nobility and unselfishness, and his cruel end, would come back to me with such force that I fear I should no longer be master of my-

"After all," Stuart said, "you were acquaintances, and mixed in the same circle. Even the fact that you both loved the same woman goes for something, and that must be sufficient for those who take any interest in the matter."

He had come into the house with innumerable suspicions against Lord Pendantes of the dead man, and in some cases their owners were in them inheritor of Cundall's property, and also in the fact that he and dead man. But them is amongst others. Sir

wreaths of flowers that were piled above of those, who had read with intense excitement of the murder, determined

And late that night, as the time was fast approaching for the cemetery to be closed, Lord Penlyn walked swiftly up the path leading to the new-made grave, and, seeing that there was no one near, knelt down and prayed silently by it. Then he whispered, "I will never rest till you are avenged. If you see hear my you in heaven hear me can hear my vow in heaven, hear me now swear this." And, taking a handful of the mould from the grave, he wrapped it in his handkerchief, and passed out into the world.

The Hotel et Cafe Restaurant de Lepanto is one of those many places near, and in the neighborhood of Leicester Square, were foreigners delight to so-journ when in London. No first-class foreigners, perhaps, or, at least, not foreigners of large means, but generally such as come to London to transact business that occupies them for a short business that occupios them for a short time. As a rule, this establishment is patronized by Spanish and Portugal gentlemen of a commercial status, persons who, more often than not, are connected with the wine trade of those countries; and it is also frequented by singers and dancers and other artistes who may find themselves—by what they regard as a stroke of fortune—fulfilling an engagement in our Metropolis. To them, the Hotel Lepanto is a congenial

them, the Hotel Lepanto is a congenial abode; a spot where they can eat of the oily and garlic-flavored dishes partaken of with so much relish when at home in Madrid, Lisbon, Seville, or Granada, and here they can converse in their own tongues with each other and with viazzarates, the Spanish landlord of the house to whom half-a-dozen southern languages and many patios are known.

The hotel seems to exist entirely for the people of these countries, since into it no Frenchman, nor Italian, nor German ever comes; they have their own hostelries of an equally, to them, agreeable nature in other streets in the astighborhood. So these Southerners, with the dark eyes, and coal-black hair, and brown skin, have the little dining-room with the dirty fly-blown paper, and the

was there she dreamt she saw him. But we know that he was killed in St, James' Park."

"If the detectives can only discover this man Corot," Penlyn said, "we might find out what he was doing on that night."

"If they cannot find him," Stuart said, "it shall not be for the want of being paid to look for him."

"I would give every farthing of the fortune my brother has left me to discover him, or to find the real assassin!" Penlyn said.

They discussed, after this, the way in which the information that had come brown skin, have the little dining-room with the dirty fly-blown paper, and the almost as dirty table-covers and curtains, all to themselves; and into it—or to the passage with the three chairs and the marble-table where, as often as not, the Senors and Senoras sit and smoke their cigarettes for hours together, in preference to doing so in the dining-room—no one of another nation intrudes. If, not having Spanish or Portuguese blood in his veins, there ever is any who does so intrude, it is generally some Englishman of a rashly speculative nature, who wants to try a Spanish dinner and see what it is like, and who, having done so, never wants to try having done so, never wants to try

heard of any one bearing the name of Corot in his life.

And it is of such a person with that name, that Bobson has been making little mairies whenever he has dropped in to try a Spanish luncheon or a Spanish dinner. Spanish dinner.

Seated, a few days after the murder of Walter Cundall, on one of the three chairs in the passage, and meditatively smoking cigarettes out of which, as is take with Spanish-made one, the tobacco



SEATED ON A CHAIR WAS SENOR MIGUEL

GUFFANTA. would frequently fall in a lighted mass on the marble table, was Senor Miguel Guffanta, as he was inscribed in Diaz's books. Had the Senor been as carefully washed as the upper classes of Spaniards usually are, had his linen been as white and clean as the linen usually worn by the upper classes of Spaniards, and had he been freshly shaved, he would, in all probability have presented the appearance of a fine. handsome But he had come downstairs this morning to smoke his cigarette, without troubling to make his toilette, putting on his yesterday's shirt, and going through no ablutionary process at all, and with a thick, heavy stubble of twenty-four hours' growth upon his cheeks and chin. Still, with all this carelessness, Senor Miguel Guffanta was a handsome man. He had a dark, Moorish-looking face, the lines of which were very regular, he had large luminous eyes that, when he chose, he could open to an enormous extent, and coal-black hair that curled thickly over his head. His frame was a powerful one; his height being considerable and his chest broad and deep, and his long. sinewy, brown hands looked as though their grasp would be a grasp of iron, if put to their utmost strength. In age he was about thirty-eight or forty, but he looked younger, because no single gray hair had appeared either in his luxurious looks or in his long, black moustache. As he sat there, taking fresh cigarette-papers from his pocket, and, when he had put some dry dusty to-bacco into them, twisting both ends up, and smoking them while he gazed meditatively either at the ceiling of the passage, or into the species of horse-box that was designated as the "bureau," a stranger might have wondered what brought the Senor there. Unkempt as he was this morning, there was some-thing about him, either in the easy grace of his figure or in the contemptus, almost haughtv, look in his face, that proclaimed instantly that this was not a man accustomed to soliciting orders for wine, or to appearing in Spanish ballets or choruses, or of, in any way, ministering to other people's

As he still sat there thinking and smoking, the landlord came down the passage, and bowing and wishing him "Good morning" in Spanish, entered his box, and proceeded to make some entries in his books. The Senor nodded n return, and then made another cigarette and went on with his meditations: but, when that one was smoked through, he rose and leaned against the door-post of the bureau and addressed Zarates.

"And have any more guests arrived since last night," he asked, "and is the hotel vet full?" "No more' Senor, no more as yet,

the landlord answered him. "Dios! but there is little busines doing now." "That is not'well! And he who loves so much our Spanish luncheons and din-ners, our good friend Dobson (he pronounced the name, Dobesoon) with the heavy, fat face and the big beard-

what of him?" "He is a pig, a fool!" Diaz said, as he ran an unclean finger up a column of accounts, "He believes not when I tell him that of his accursed Corot I know nothing, and that I believe no such man is in London."

The Senor laughed gently to himself at this answer, and then he said: "And he has not vet found him?" "Dios! found him, no! Of that name

never heard before, no, never! There is no such name !" "For what does he say he wishes to see this Corot? Is it that he has a legacy to give him, or has he committed a crime for which this fat man, this heavy Alguazil, wants to arrest him?"
"Quien sabe! He says he has a little

friendly question to ask him. that is all. He says if he could see him for one mo-ment, he would tell him all he wants to know. And then he says he must find him. But I do not think now he will

ever find him."

"Nor do I," the Senor said. Then he looked up at the clock, and, seeing it was past twelve, went to his room, saying that it was time he prepared bimself for But when he reached that apartment.

which was a small room on the second floor, that looked out on to the back windows of the street that ran parallel with the one in which the Hotel Lepanto was situated, it did not seem as if those preparations stood in any great need of hurry. The inevitable cigarente-papers were again produced and the dusty to-bacco, and the Senor, throwing himself into the arm-chair that stooe in the corner of the room, gave himself up to medi-

ation. How is it that that man has ever heard the name-what does he know about it, why should he want to find him? hought that, outside Los Torros and Puerto Cortes, that name had never been heard. Walter knew it, and Ju-anna knew it, and I knew it, but of others there was no one alive who knew it. Yet here, is this big, stupid man, in this big, stupid city (where—por Dios! one may be stabbed to death and none find the slayer), with the name upon his lips. How has he ever heardit, how he has never

known of it?"

do. Well, it shall be done, and by my father's blood the reckoning shall be a heavy one if this lord does not clear himself!"

ing them carefully, laid them out upon the bed. From a shelf in it he took out a very good silk hat, which he also brushed, and a pair of nearly new gloves. Then he rang the bell, and bade he servant who answered it bring him sufficient hot water for shaving and

As he went through his toilette, which As he went through his tollette, which he did very carefully, and putting on how linen of dazzling whiteness, with which the most scrapulous person could have found no fault, his thoughts still ran upon the subject that had occupied his mind entirely for many days.

"There is danger in it, of course," he muttered to himself; "but I am used to danger; there was danger when Gonzalez provoked me, though it was not as great as that I stand in now. The English are stupid, but they are crafty also,

lish are stupid, but they are crafty also, and it may be that a trap will be set for me, perhaps is set already. Well, I will escape from it as I have from others. And, after all, I have one damning proof in my favor, one card that, if I am forced to play, must save me! What I have to do shall be done to-day. I am

His toilette was finished now, he was clean shaved and well dressed from head to foot, and the Senor Miguel Guffanta stood in his room a very different looking man from the one who had sat, an hour ag , moking cigarettes in the hotel pa . Before he left it, he unlocked a pertmanteau, and took from it a pocket-book into which he looked for a moment, and then locked his door and descended the stairs. "Going out for the day, Senor?" Diaz asked, as he peered out of his box.

"Yes. I am going to make a call on an English friend. Adios." "Adios, Senor." "It is as hot as Honduras," Senor

Guffanta said to himself as he crossed to the shady side of the street. "I must walk slowly to keep myself cool."

He did walk slowly, making his way through Leicester Square and down Piccadilly, and, at nearly the bottom of the latter, turned off to the right and passed through several streets. Then, when he had arrived at a house which stood at a corner he stopped. He evidently had been here before, for he had found his way without any difficulty through the labyrinth of streets between this house and Leicester Square, and now he paused for one moment previous to mounting the door-step. But, before did so, he turned away and went a short distance down a side-street. The house outside which he was standformed the angle of two streets. ran down the side one that the back of it was a garden, fairly filled with that ran some distance farther down this street, and into which an open-worked iron gate led, a gate through which any passer by could look. It was not a well-kept garden, and in it there was some undergrowth; and it was at this undergrowth, on the farthest right hand side, that Senor Guffanta peered for some few moments through the iron gate.

himself; "nothing appears disturbed since I was last here." Then he re-turned to the front of the house, and mounting the steps knocked at the hall

The footman who opened it had no time to ask the tall, well-dressed foreigner with the handsome face, who was standing before him, what he required, before the Senor said, in good English:
"Is Lord Penlyn within?" "Yes, sir," the man answered. "Do

you wish to see him?" "Yes. Be good enough to take him my card, if you please," and he produced one bearing the name of Senor Miguel Guffanto. "Give him that," he said, "and say that I wish to

The footman motioned him to a seat, and had put the card upon a salver to take to his master, when the Senor said 'Stay, I will put a word upon it," and, taking a pencil from his pocket, he wrote underneath his name, "From Honduras," "He will see me, I think," he said, "when he sees that."

The man bowed and went away, returning a few minutes afterwards to say that Lord Penlyn would see him, and the Senor followed him into the room in which so many other interviews had

Lord Penlyn rose and bowed, and Senor returned the bow gravely, while he fixed his dark eyes intently on the You state on your card, Senor Guf-

fanta, that you are from Honduras. I imagine, therefore, that you have come about a matter that at the present moment is of the utmost importance to me?" Lord Penlyn said. You refer to the late Mr. Cundall? the Senor asked.

"Yes, I do. Pray be seated."
"I knew him intimately," Senor Guffanta said. "It is about him and his murder that I have come to talk."

CHAPTER XIV.

Between the time when Lord Penlyn, Mr. Fordyce, and Stuart had consulted together as to the way in which some endeavours should be made to discover the murderer of Walter Cundall, and

when the Senor Guffanta paid his visit to the former, a week had elasped, a week in which a good many things had taken place. The rewards offered both by the government and by "the friends of the late Mr. Cundall," had been announced, and

the magnitude of them, especially of the latter, had caused much excitement in the public mind, and had tended to keep the general interest in the tragedy The Government reward thousand pounds and a free pardon to some person, or persons not the actual murderers," had been supplemented by another of one thous-and pounds from the "friends and executors;" and the wall of every police ration were placarded with the notices There was, moreover, attached to them a statement describing, as nearly as was possible from the meagre details known, the man who, in the garb of a laborer or mechanic, was last seen near the victim; and for his identification a reward was

But it was known in London, or, at east, very generally believed, that out of these rewards nothing whatever in the way of information had come; and, He could find no answer to these questions which he asked himself, and gradually his thoughts went off into another train.

"So, after all," he continued, "his name was not Cundall but Occleve, and he it was who was this lord, this Penlyn, though that other bears the name. And he, who inherited all that wealth from the old man, had no right to it, no! not so much right as Juanna—poor Juanna!

—and I had. And now he is gone, and it is with the living that I have to

friends, and, presumably, the news on the dead man, who were offering the large reward? To this question no one as yet had discovered the answer; all that was known, or told, being that two lawyers of standing, Mr. Bell, of Lin-coln's Inn, and Mr. Fordyce, of Paper Buildings, were acting for these friends, and for Mr. Cundall's city representa-

they were careful not to say so, had really very little hope that they would ever succeed in tracing the assassin. Dobson (who, in spite of the stolidity of manner, and heaviness of appearance that had excited the contempt both of Senor Guffanta and of the landlord, Zarates, was not by any means lacking in shrewdness) plainly told Stewart, in one of their many interviews, that he did not think much would be done by finding the man called Corot, even if he were successful in doing so, which he were successful in doing so, which he very much doubted.

"You see, sir," he said, "it's this way! He evidently had some claim or other upon Mr. Cundall, or else it isn't likely that every time he wrote for money he would have got it, and that in good sums too, Then we've only seen the notes made by Mr, Cundall on the letters, saying that he sent this and that sun; but who's to know, when he sent them, if he didn't also send some friendly letter or other, acknowledging the justice of this med's demands? He avi tice of this mad's demands? He evidently-I meant this Corot-did have some claim upon him; and supposing that he was—if he could find him—to prove that claim and show us the letters fr. Cundall wrote him in return, where hould we be then? The very fact of his being able to draw on him whenever he wanted money, would go a long way to-wards showing that he wouldn't be very likely to kill him."

"He threatens him in the last letter we have seen. Supposing that Mr. Cundal stopped the supplies after that, would not that probably excite his revengeful passions? These Spanish Americans do not stick at taking life when they fancy themselves in threed."

"He evidently didn't stop them when he answered that letter, because he sent five hundred dollars. And it was written so soon before they both must have started—almost close together—from Honduras, that it wouldn't be likely any fresh demands would have been made

"They might have met in London, and quarrelled," Stuart replied: "and after the quarel this Corot might have tracked him till he found a fitting opportunity and then have killed him.

"Yes, he might," Dobson said, meditatively. "Anything might have happened."
"Only you don't think it likely?" the

"Well, frankly, Mr. Stuart, I don't. He had always got money out of him, and it wasn't likely the supplies would be stopped off altogether, so that to kill him would be killing the goose with the golden eggs."

"Who on earth would have killed him then? Who would have any reathing connected with the case now, and with Mr. Cundall's life and strange, unknown, real position—do you suspect "No." the detective said after a pau

"I can't say I do. Of course, at first, when I heard everything, the idea did strike me that Lord Penlyn, as the most interested person, might have "So it did me," Stuart said; "but after the interview Mr. Fordyce and I had

with him the idea left my mind.' "Where does he say he was on the night of the murder—the night he was staying at that hotel?" "He says he stayed at his club until twelve, and that then he walked about

the streets till nearly two, thinking over the story his brother had told him, and then let himself into the hotel and went "It is strange that he should have been about on that night alone. If he was going to be tried for the murder, it would tell badly against him;

that is, unless he could prove that he was in the hotel before Mr. Cundall started to walk to Grosvenor Place from "He couldn't prove it. because all the servants were asleep; but, nevertheless,

I am certain he did not do it." "I don't think he did." Dobson re plied, "and, at the same time I can't be ieve Corot did it. But I wish I could find him, all the same," "Do you think there is still a chance

of your doing so?" "There is always a chance," the other answered; "but I have exhausted nearly everything. You see. I have so little to go on, and I am obliged to say out openly, in every inquiry I make, that I am looking for a certain man of the name of Corot. And they all give me the same answer, that they never heard of such a name. Yet his name must have

"I do not think so," Stuart said. "A Spaniard would sign an finitial before his name just the same as an Englishman would, and no Englishman

would sign himself simply 'Jones,' or "It can't be a Christian name," Dobson said, "or they would have been sure to say so, and ask me "What Corot?" or 'Corot who' is it that you are looking for?"

"Lord Penlyn thinks it is a nickname," Stuart remarked. "Then I shall certainly nover find him. A man when he is trav lling in a strange country doesn't use his nickn are and, as far as I can learn, ther isn't anyone here from the Republic of Hon-duras who ever heard of him; and it isn't any good asking people from British Honduras.

"Well," Stuart said, "we must go on trying by every means, and in the hope that the amount of the rewards will lead to something. But there seems little prospect of our ever finding the cowardly assassin who slew him. Perhaps, after all that laborer killed him for his watch and chain and any money he might have about him. Such things have been done

"I don't believe that," Dobson said.
"There was a motive for his murder. But, what was that motive?" Then they parted, Stuart to have an interview with Lord Penlyn, and Dobson to again continue his intigations in similer resorts to the

vestigations in similer resorts to the Hotel Lepanto.

Meanwhile, Penlyn had nerved himself for another interview with Ida Raughton, an interview in which he was to tell her everything, and he went down to Belmont to do so.

He found her alone in her pretty drawing-room, Sir Paul having gone to Windsor on some business matter, and Miss Norris being out for a walk. She was still looking very pale, and her lover noticed that a paper was lying beside her in which was a column headed, "The murder of Mr. Cundall." Had she been reading that, he wondered, at the very

(To be Continued.)

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