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## Special Features for EASTER WEEK BUYING

Spring Coats in Chesterfields, with fly fronts and button through styles.

Priced at \$10.00

We have provided for those who would rather have the rain-coat in regular and raglan styles, fawns, dark fawns and olives. Priced \$7.50 and \$10.00

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EVERYTHING NEW.

## Ed. C. Armstrong

NEW MEN'S-WEAR STORE

Next Beall Building - Kent st.

Men's and Boys' Hats and Caps

Men's and Boys' Furnishings

### PENIEL.

(Special to The Post.)

Miss Winnifred Haroy has returned home after spending the week end with Whitty friend.

Mr. John and Birdie McLean are spending some time visiting with friends in Cartwright.

Mr. Fred Gilson, accompanied by his mother, spent a few days in Fenelon this week and while there attended the marriage of Mr. Arthur Parkin, Mrs. Gilson's brother.

Mrs. Ernest Wright is recovering after an attack of appendicitis.

Mr. John Copeland has purchased Mr. Peter Kinn's house and intends moving there in the near future. We understand that Mr. and Mrs. Kinn are moving to Toronto. We are sorry to lose them from our midst as they have been lifelong residents here but wish them all success in their new home.

Mr. Elwyn Brennell has returned to his home here after visiting with Bexley friends.

We are sorry to lose from our neighborhood Messrs S. Ainsworth, D. Murray, A. Ware and families. Mr. Ainsworth is moving to Game, bridge, where he has purchased a farm. Mr. Murray to Sonya, and Mr. Ware near Salem. We wish them all prosperity in their new homes.

## Louis Yeotes Was Wounded

Peterboro Examiner—"The local Greeks are in receipt of a letter, conveying the intelligence that Louis Yeotes had been wounded in the battle of Janina. He was struck in the shoulder by a piece of bursting shell, and at the time of writing was in the hospital, where he was making satisfactory progress towards recovery. The wounded man is well known in Lindsay being proprietor of the shooting gallery and shoe shine parlor on Kent st.

# Keith of the Border

"No, that trick won't work, Scott. We could do it easily enough if we were down in Carson, where the boys would help us out. The trouble up here is that 'Wild Bill' Hickock is Marshal of Sheridan, and he and I never did hitch. Besides, Keith was one of his deputies down at Dodge two years ago—you remember when Dutch Charlie's place was cleaned out? Well, Hickock and Keith did that job all alone, and 'Wild Bill' isn't going back on that kind of a pal, is he? I tell you we've got to fight this affair alone, and on the quiet. Maybe the fellow don't know much yet, but he's sure on the trail, or else he wouldn't have been in here talking to Willoughby. We've got to get him, Scott, somehow. Lord, man, there's a clean million dollars waiting for us in this deal, and I'm ready to fight for it. But I'm damned sleepy, and I'm going to bed. You locate Keith tomorrow, and then, when you're sober, we'll figure out how we can get to him best; I've got to set Christie right. Good-night Bill.

He went out into the hall and down the creaking stairs, the man he wanted so badly listening to his descending footsteps, half tempted to follow. Scott did not move, perhaps had already fallen drunkenly asleep on his chair, and finally Keith crossed his own room and lay down. The dis outside continued unabated, but the man's intense weariness overcame it all, and he fell asleep, his last conscious thought a memory of Hope.

### CHAPTER XX.

Hope Goes to Sheridan. The discovery of the locked which had fallen from about Keith's neck made it impossible for Hope to remain quietly for long in the hotel at Fort Larned. The more carefully she thought over the story of that murder at the Cimarron Crossing, and Keith's tale of how he had discovered and buried the mutilated bodies, the more assured she became that that was where this locked came from, and that the slain freighter must have been her own father. She never once questioned the truth of Keith's report; there was that about the man which would not permit of her doubting him. He had simply failed to mention what he removed from the bodies, supposing this would be of no special interest.

Mrs. Murphy, hoping thus to quiet the apprehensions of her charge, set herself diligently at work to discover the facts. As her house was filled with transients, including occasional visitors from Carson City, and was also lounging headquarters for many of the officers from the near-by fort, she experienced no difficulty in picking up all the floating rumors. Out of these, with Irish shrewdness, she soon managed to patch together a consistent fabric of fact.

"Shure, honey, it's not so bad the way they tell it now," she explained, consolingly. "Nobody believes now it was yer father that got kilt. It was two fellers what stole his outfit, clothes an' all, an' was drivin' off wid 'em inter the sand hills. Divil a wan does know who kilt 'em, but there's some ugly stories travellin' about. Some says Injuns; some says the posse run 'em down; an' Black Bart an' his dirty outfit, they swear it was Keith. Ol've got me own notion. Anyhow, there's 'bout three hundred dollars, some mules, an' a lot of valuable papers missin'."

"But if it wasn't yer father, where is he now?" "That's what Ol've been tryin' ter find out. First off he went out to the Cimarron Crossing, gyarded by a squad of cavalry from the fort here. Tommy Caine went along, an' told me all about it. They dug up the bodies, but niver a thing did they find on 'em—not a paper, nor a dollar. They'd bin robbed all right. The owld General swore loike a wild man all the way back, Tommy said, an' the first thing he did at Carson City was to start huntin' for 'Black Bart'. He was two days gittin' on the trail ar him; then he heard the feller was gone away trapping after a stag's er dancin' grurl called Christie Macaire. She was supposed to be arther at Topeky or Sheridan. A freighter told the owld man she was at Sheridan, an' so he started there overland, hopin' ter head off 'Black Bart'. Ol reckon we could 'a towld mo'n that."

"What do you mean?" "Why shure, honey, what's the use tryin' ter decture me? Didn't Jack Keith, wid his own lips, tell me ye was Christie Macaire?"

"But I'm not! I'm not! Mrs. Murphy. I don't even know the woman. It is such a strange thing; I cannot account for it—both those men mis-took me for her, and—and I tell them I didn't care who the man Hawley supposed me to be, but I intended to have told Mr. Keith he was mistaken. I don't know why I didn't, only I supposed he finally understood. But I want you to believe, Mrs. Murphy—I am Hope Waite, and not Christie Macaire."

"It's little the loss to ye not ter be her, an' Ol'm thinkin' loikely Jack Keith will be moighty well pleased ter know the truth. What's 'Black Bart' so ayger ter git hold ar this Macaire gyurl fer?"

"I do not in the least know. He must have induced me to go to that place in the desert believing me to be the other woman. Yet he said noth'ing ar any purpose; indeed, he found no opportunity."

Mrs. Murphy shook her head disparagingly.

"It was shure some divilment," she asserted, stoutly. "He'll be up to

some trick wid the 'poor gyurl; Ol know the loikes ar him. Shure, the two av yez must look as much aloike as two payes in a pod. Loikely now, it's a twin sister ye've got?"

Hope smiled, although her eyes were misty.

"Oh, no; Fred and I were the only children; but what shall I do? What ought I to do?"

The Irish mouth of Kate Murphy set firmly, her blue eyes burning.

"It's not shtrong Ol am ar advisin'," she said, shortly, "but if it was me Ol'd be fer foindin' out what all this mix-up was about. There's some th'ing moighty quare in it. It's my notion that Hawley's got hold ar thim papers av yer father's. The owld gint thinks so, too, an' that's why he's so hot afther catchin' him. May the devil admoire me av Ol know where this Maclaire gyurl comes in, but Ol'll bet the black devil has get her marked fer some part in the play. What would Ol do? Be goory, Ol'd go to Sheridan, an' foind the Ginerale, an' till him all I knew. Maybe he could piece it together, and guess what Hawley was up ter."

Hope was already upon her feet, her puzzled face brightening.

"Oh, that is what I wanted to do, but I was not sure it would be best. How can I get there from here?"

Ye have ter take the stage back to Topeky; loikely they'd be runnin' thrauns out from there on the new road. It'll be aisy fer me ter feind out from some av the lads down below."

The only equipment operating into Sheridan was a construction train, with an old battered passenger coach heavily armed infantry rode along, as protection against possible Indian raiders, but there was no crowd aboard on this special trip, as all construction work had been suspended on the line indefinitely, and most of the travel, therefore, had-changed to the eastward. The coach used had a partition run through it, and, as soon as the busy trainmen discovered ladies on board, they unceremoniously drove the more bibulous passengers, protesting, into the forward-compartment. This left Hope in comparative peace, her remaining neighbors quiet, tactful men, whom she looked at through the folds of her veil during the long, slow, exasperating journey, mentally guessing at their various occupations. It was an exceedingly tedious, monotonous trip, the train slogging up, and jerking forward, apparently without slightest reason; then occasionally achieving a full stop, while men, always under guard, went ahead to fix up some bit of damaged track, across which the engineer dared not advance. At each bridge spanning the numerous small streams, trainmen examined the structure before venturing forward, and at each stop the wearied passengers grew more impatient and sarcastic, a perfect stream of fluent profanity being wasted back whenever the door between the two sections chanced to be left ajar.

Hope was not the only woman on board, yet a glance at the others was sufficient to decide their status, even had their freedom of manner and loud talking not made it equally obvious. Fearful lest she might be mistaken for one of the same class, she remained in silence, her veil merely lifted enough to enable her to peer out through the grimy window at the barren view slipping slowly past. This consisted of the bare prairie, brown and desolate, occasionally intersected by some small watercourse, the low hills rising and falling like waves to the far horizon. Few incidents broke the dead monotony; occasionally a herd of antelope appeared in the distance, silhouetted against the skyline, and once they fairly crept for an hour through a mass of buffalo, grazing so close that a fusillade of guns sounded from the front end of the train. A little farther along she caught a glimpse of a troop of wild horses dashing recklessly down into a sheltering ravine. Yet principally all that met her straining eyes was sterile desolation. Here and there a great ugly water tank roared its hideous shape beside the track, the engine always pausing for a fresh supply. Beside it was invariably a pile of coal, a few construction cars, a hut half buried under earth, loop-holed and harrassed, with several rough men loafing about, heavily armed and inequiditative. A few of these points had once been terminal, the surrounding scenery evidencing past glories by piles of tin cans, and all manner of debris, with occasionally a vacant shack, left deserted and forlorn.

Wearied and heart-sick, Hope turned away from this outside dreariness to contemplate more closely her neighbors on board, but found them scarcely more interesting. Several were playing cards, others moodily staring out of the windows, while a few were laughing and talking with the girls, their conversation tame and punctuated with profanity. One man was figuring on a scratch pad, and Hope decided he must be an engineer employed on the line; others she classed as small merchants, saloon-keepers, and frontier rif-raff. They would glance curiously at her as they marched up and down the narrow aisle, but her veil, and averted face, prevented even the boldest from speaking. Once she addressed the conductor, and the man who was figuring turned and looked back at her, evidently attracted by the soft note of her voice. But he made no effort at advances, returning immediately to his pad, oblivious to all else.

It was growing dark, the outside world now consisting of level plains fading into darkness, with a few great stars burning overhead. Trainmen lit the few smoking oil lamps screwed against the sides of the car, and its occupants became little more than dim shadows. All by this time were fatigued into silence, and several were asleep, finding such small comfort as was possible on the cramped seats.

Hope glanced toward the heretofore noisy group at the rear—the girl nearest her rested with unconscious head pillowed upon the shoulder of her man friend, and both were sleeping. How haggard and ghastly the woman's powdered face looked, with the light just above it, and all semblance of joy gone. It was as though a mask had been taken off. Out in the darkness the engine whistled sharply, and then came to a bumping stop at some desert station. Through the black window a few lanterns could be seen flickering about, and there arose the sound of gruff voices speaking. The sleepers inside, aroused by the sharp stop, rolled over and swore, seeking easier postures. Then the front door opened, and slammed shut, and a new passenger entered. He came down the aisle, glancing carelessly at the upturned faces, and finally eask into the seat directly opposite Hope. He was a broad shouldered man, his coat buttoned to the throat, with strong face showing clearly beneath the broad hat brim and lighted up with a pair of shrewd, kindly eyes. The conductor came through, nodded at him, and passed on. Hope thought he must be some official of the road, and ventured to break the prolonged silence with a question:

"Could you tell me how long it will be before we reach Sheridan?"

"She had partially pushed aside her veil in order to speak more clearly, and the man, turning at sound of her voice, took off his hat, his searching eyes quizzical.

"Well, no, I can't, ma'am," the words coming with a jerk. "For I'm not at all sure we'll keep the track. Ought to make it in an hour, however, if everything goes right. Live in Sheridan?"

(To be continued.)

# DUNDAS & FLAVELLES LTD

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"Peabody's Overalls wear like a Pig's Nose"

A cash guarantee of 10c a button and 25c for a rip in any seam, to be had only at

### FOUND

**HORSE FOUND**—Came into my premises on Wednesday, March 5, a bay horse. Owner is requested to prove property and pay expenses. R. W. Brien, Dunsford.

### FOR SALE OR TO RENT

**FARM FOR SALE**—North half of lots 4 and 6 concession 6 Mari-Posa. Two hundred acres, eighty five acres clear, balance good woodland with quite an amount of cedar pulp wood. Half a mile from Cra well Market, Church, Post Office, an School and one mile from Manilla Junction. Good brick house and first class modern barn, also hog pen and hen house. Two wells, one never failing well at barn. For sale separately or together. Prices right for quick sale. For further particulars apply to D. McIntyre, 274 Carlton St., Toronto.

**FARM FOR SALE**—100 acres more or less, lot 9, con. 11, Eldon, about 1/2 mile south of Glenora, the property of Mr. Hector McKay, all cleared excepting about 4 acres poplar, and 4 acres hardwood, well fenced, and in good state of cultivation, a good house, frame barn 42x60 ft., with stone stabling and outbuildings, small bearing orchard, two good wells, terms reasonable as owner is home from West, and anxious to sell before returning. For further particulars apply to Elias Bowes, real estate agent, Lindsay.

**FARM FOR SALE**—Lot 21 concession 10 Carden, situated eight miles north of Victoria Road, eight miles from Kirkfield, containing 176 acres, more or less, 20 acres cleared, good grain growing land. Balance timber, partly first and second growth, 166 feet drilled well with Ontario wind engine and pump. Well fenced and suitable for either ranch or farming. A clear deed with property. For price and all particulars apply to Mrs. John A. MacDonald, Uphill, Ont.

**FOR SALE**—16 Horse Power stationary engine. Will use either gasoline or coal oil. Also a 10 h. p. gasoline engine. Apply G. W. Hall, east end Wellington st bridge.

**FOR SALE**—Solid brick residence, beautiful grounds, garden and good big barn complete all or about 1 acre situated on main street. Also 81 acres in addition with good orchard. Will sell whole or separately. Splendid chance for farmer retiring and wanting small holding. Mrs. Richard Brandon, Cannington, Ont.

**FARM FOR SALE**—In the township of Verulam, 241 acres, more or less, on the Peterboro road, well built on, double frame house, frame barn with stone foundation, log barn and stable, two orchards, two wells, well fenced, and stoned, fourteen acres valuable bush. This land runs from the Peterboro road to the lake shore, one mile from school and church, four and one half miles from Bobcaygeon, suitable for family of two, can be bought for \$7000 on easy terms. For further particulars apply to P. Brick, 131 Queen-st., Lindsay, or Jos. Meehan, Lindsay.

## Bank Acquired Cordage Works

Examiner—"The buildings and plant of the Canadian Cordage Company, of Peterborough, have been acquired by the Bank of Ottawa. The company it will be remembered, went into liquidation some time ago, and the Bank being the principal creditor, naturally acquired the assets of the defunct company. Mr. G. W. Hatton was liquidator for the concern.

Mr. Wainwright, manager of the Bank of Ottawa, when interviewed in regard to the matter, declined to name the price that was paid, but said that the Bank was negotiating with a prospective industry, which if satisfactory would result in the factory being occupied at an early date.

**Preparing for Spring**

The Board of Works is having the curbing on William st cleared of ice as well as the ditches on other thoroughfares in anticipation of the spring freshet.

**WANTED**

GIRL WANTED—To assist with general house work. Apply Mrs. R. M. Beal, 33 Adelaide St. Lindsay.

**FARM FOR SALE**—120 acres, more or less, lot 14, con. 1, Fenelon, well underdrained, 10 miles northwest of Lindsay, 1/2 mile from Post Office school and black smith shop. Good grain and dairy farm; big barn, 60x48x20 ft, siding, cement floors all through, stabling up-to-date, with water in basins at cattle's heads, with wind mill and sheep pen, pig pen and hen house. Trace four acres of bush land. Farm on clay loam. A large brick house, rooms, and cement cellar, good kitchen, good bearing orchard, summer kitchen and woodshed, and 2 wells, one never failing wells. Apply to W. H. Wilson, 60 King street, east ward, Lindsay, Ont.—wtf.

**FARM TO RENT**—100 acres, 35 cleared and in good state of cultivation, lot north half of 3, con. 10, Emily, 12 miles from Lindsay, two miles from church, school, post office and stores. Leading road from Lindsay Buildings on farm medium. For particulars apply to W. O'Neil, Lindsay, Ont.—wtf.

**FARM FOR SALE**—200 ACRES—Lot 27, con. 5, Ops. Well underdrained; 2 1/2 miles north of Lindsay. Good grain and dairy farm. Barn 52 by 72, cement floor all through, hen house and pig pen; three well small hardwood bush; 13 acres summer fallow. Eight roomed house, 1 story with furnace; young orchard pasture with access to river. Apply to W. R. Helson, Lindsay P.O. or the premises.

**FOR SALE**—In the beautiful village of Kirkfield, one frame house with good stone cellar, soft water system with pump, and an acre of land, suitable for two horses and a cow, 4 pens well wired, six beautiful maple shade trees in front with property adjoining worth two thousand dollars. Just the spot for a retired farmer. Three churches, large school and good stores, and a good doctor in the village. For price and all particulars a clear deed with property, apply to H. Lacey, box. 35, Kirkfield.

**FARM FOR SALE**—Being the west half of lot 32, first Concession Township of Fenelon, on the Victoria Road, containing one hundred acres more or less. Less one fifth an acre taken off for long Point Methodist Church on the farm. Post office on the adjoining farm. Sixty acres under cultivation, balance second growth timber, suitable for ranch or grain. For further particulars apply to Myles Haygarth, Victoria Road, P. O.

## FOR SALE

Or Rent, a good Dwelling House and Blacksmith Shop in village of Oakwood. Near Temperance Hotel. Price and terms apply to

**A CAMERON**  
OAKWOOD

**SEED OATS FOR SALE**

Bumper King variety.  
Apply to  
**PETER MORRISON, Argyle, Ont.**