ASTBURY'S BARGAIN.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER I.

Before the mid-day train from Longered, and almost fell backwards. The porters shouted at him; the passengers looked from the windows in alarm; and master came up. His name and ad- find the afternoons chilly; consequently, Would nothing make you change your me a share of his bed at an inn at tress were demanded with a view to there was a pleasant blaze in the grate. Mind?" He spoke with a faint tremor Deal called the Lonely Star." ulterior proceedings for the defence of Finding no one in the room, Gilbert in his voice, as one who is making a Deal called the Lonely Star." leaving the train whilst in motion.

looking, fair, with blue eyes and brown noustache and whiskers. He was pale, and evidently much agitated, not so that she is too ill to see any one to-day, Even if it were possible that I could much by the danger he had escaped as sir. him to risk it. He gave the required to authenticate his statements, at the same time expressing his regret for being the cause of so much commotion. His name was Gilbert Astbury, confidential clerk to Messrs. Ellicott & Co., ship-owners and ship-brokers, Fen-Hill. He was at present engaged on most urgent business requiring his speediest return to the city, and that leaving the train.

"Well, as no harm has come of it, I daresay you will hear no more about turedly; "but don't try it again, for that was a narrow squeak. I recollect seeing you at this station before." "Yes," rejoined Astbury, smiling

faintly, "you may have seen me alight here many times before.-Thank you. Good-day.

Clutching a little black leather bag tightly in the left hand and his brella in the right, Astbury made his way hurriedly along the then rural footpaths of Dulwich Fields. But he saw nothing of the bright spring verdure-the rich grass and the budding foliage of the trees-around him. the corner of the old and long disused graveyard near the entrance to the village he turned up a green lane and hurried on, unconscious of the perfume from the hedgerows or the merry of birds busy nest-building. Along the lane were the newly erected mansions of city magnates in glaring red brick pointed with white, and the glass of large conservatories flashed in the sunlight. But there was an ancient farmhouse with black-looking out-buildings and haystacks, round which were cocks and hens, whilst in the meadows cows were browsing on the Here and there, too, was an old-fashioned cottage, standing well back from the roadway, in garden where the cultivation of vegetables was combined with that of flowers, and thus preserving

Baiore the white-painted gate of one of the old-fashioned cottages Gilbert Astbury halted. It was a modest and comfortable-looking dwelling, clematis, took the letter to Miss Silverton. rose-trees, and Virginia creeper striving which should do most to adorn the to the window. He saw Daisy watering front and curtain the windows; whilst and tending the plants in the flowera vine of many years' growth nearly beds as calmly as if she had no care was no sacrifice that you would not covered the south, and thick-growing in the world but them. "Ay, there is make. This is how you show the ivy the north gables. A small well- the bliss of life," was his bitter reflect truth of your fine words-by making trimmed lawn was bordered with flow- tion; "to care only for those er-teds, and the gravel path leading to whose failure to answer our expectathe doorway was smoothly rolled. The tions can be remedied by the planting kitchen and fruit garden behind the of a new seed or sprig. She does not house was, as auctioneers would say, know what it is to have only one flowwell stocked and productive. One ex- er in the garden of life-one flower perienced a pleasing sense of neatness which can never be replaced-and to and comfort even in looking over the find it withering in spite of the tendergate, in spite of the gloomy but fine est care. She will be lucky if she old cedar tree which stood in the cen- never knows it." ter of the lawn and gave the Cottage

the Crystal Palace glistened and shim-

mered dazllingly in the eyes.

This was the residence of Mrs. Silverton, the widow of a medical gentleman who had left her with an annuity of four hundred, an only child-a daughter-and an orphan niece to take care of. The doctor had died at the comparatively early age of forty-nine, to amass more than enough to ensure for his wife the annuity of four hundred which expired with her. Cedar Cottage was, however, her own prop- of coldness which had really no part erty; and being a shrewd practical woman, she succeeded in keeping her place in the "fashionable society" of the district without incurring debt or dis- true that I am not feeling well, and playing any sign of undue pinching to I hope you will tell me at once what make ends meet. Indeed, some people is this question you wish to ask me, on said that she managed to make a great- the answer to which so much dependser show with her limited income than many could do with four or five times emphasis of doubt laid on the word the amount. She certainly contrived "you." to give her daughter Henrietta ("Hetty') the best education the girl could attain; and the orphan niece, Daisy, had ed it at the sound of the last three a full share of these advantages.

and with soft light-blue eyes, advanced ther's and of my future-depends or from beneath the shadow of the cedar | it." to meet him. She wore a simple dress of dark cashmere; and her head irregular, and yet there was an inexderness and trustfulness were in the eyes and on the soft nervous lips. "Why are you here at this hour, Gilbert?" she inquired anxiously. "Has anything been discovered?"

"Yes; I have discovered something which will make me happy or miserable her. Is she in the house?"

brightened as if tears were nearly forc- | do so. "I shall be as brief as I can ing their way over the lids, and her but you must forgive me for dividing conscious of these signs of agitation as in your thoughts of the terrible he had been of the aspects and voices picion hanging over Henry Dacon and of happy spring-time whilst coming myself, which of us do you believe in

"Yes. But she is not very well, and perhaps she will not be able to see you.' answered Daisy with hesitation. "I must see her-for her own sake." he responded resolutely as he passed

She looked after him with sad eyes for a moment; then she turned away, and with bowed head returned to the don Bridge stopped at the Champion seat under the cedar and picked up the Hill Station, a man jumped out, stag- magazine she had dropped on seeing

He did not knock at the door, but opened it and walked into the drawingroom. Although the sun was bright, the guard seized him till the station- fires had not yet been discontinued for the season, lest stray visitors should Silverton," he said, "that I wish to see me a cruel wrong?" her on business of great importance." "No!—no proofs w

by other matters which had induced He took out a note-book and wrote hastily: "The business on which I wish to see you concerns Dacon as much information calmly, producing letters as myself. I ought to say, concerns addressed to him and to his employers h m more than myself." On a writingtable in the corner of the room he found an envelope, and into it he put his brief note. "Give this to Miss Silverton, please," he said quietly. The servant answered mechanically,

"Yes, sir," and departed. Whilst waiting her return, he placed his black bag on the table, unlocked church Street, and he resided at Herne it, and taking from it a small packet of papers, began to glance over their

The servant returned in a few minutes with the answer: "Miss Silverton's was why he had been so precipitate in compliments, and regrets that she is unable to see you."

He was bitterly disappointed; but was too anxious to resent the refusal of an interview, or the cold conventionit," said the station-master good-na- ality of the phrase in which it had been conveyed. Such a response might have been made to a charity collector or a begging imposter, but was altogether an insult to an old friend who had once been regarded almost as a favored lover. Moreover, as a distant relation of Mrs. Silverton, he had been for years regarded almost as one of the family and treated as if he had been the brother of the girls. He had never before, however, presumed on the freedom which had been allowed him in the house. He presumed now. "is your mistress at home?"

> No, sir. She went out after lunch, and said the young ladies were not to wait tea for her.' "Very well. I am going to write to Miss Silverton, and when I ring, you can take the note to her."

> He sat down at the writing-table and wrote as follows, without any of the

customary formalities of address: "You must see me for your own sake and his. Proofs of guilt are in my hands, which I will use or destroy according to the nature of the answer you give me to one question I have to ask. But the answer must be given to me by your own lips-here and now. If you refuse, I go straight to Scotland Yard, be the consequences what they may to me, to you, and to others. You need not fear that I am going to plague you with any reproaches about my disappointed hopes, etcetera -the bitterness and pain with which hat "etcetera" is put down here hope you will never realize. I simply ask you to see me for a few minutes in order to help me to a decision in crisis which will determine your fate and mine for good or ill. I am ready to bear anything-disgrace, ruin, even the doom of a convict, if I can only some of the rural characteristics of the save you pain. But you must your place. The gaudy and ugly new Dul- self help me to determine which of the wich College giared at the passer-by two courses will be the most kindly to from a little distance; and farther on, you.

> He affixed only his initials to the letter, and having enclosed it in an envelope, he summoned the attendant She came quickly, for curiosity had prompted her to be close at hand. She

> Whilst waiting her return, he went

The door opened and closed. Turning quickly, he saw Henrietta Silverton. Like her cousin, she was fair; bu the eyes were of a deeper blue, whilst the hair was lighter, the features more regular, and at a first glance the whole face more attractive-even beautiful The lips were soft and ruddy; and yet they had a knack of contracting when she was annoyed, as at present, which gave them a false appearance of firmness. The eyes, too, when the long lashes were lowered, gave an impression

in her warm impulsive nature. "You have forced me to come to you, she began hesitatingly; "but it is quite as you say." She could not help th

His first impulse had been to vance and take her hand, but he check words. "Everything depends on it. As Gilbert Astbury passed through he answered excitedly. "The whole the gateway, a young lady, fair, tall, happiness of your future-of your mo

"Ask, then, and let me answer," sh said with apparent firmness, as if she being uncovered, a mass of silken hair, had prepared herself for the worst orplainly brushed back and plaited, was deal through which she might be callvisible. The features were somewhat ed to pass. But there was a nervous movement of the tapering fingers, as pressible charm in her expression-ten- they played with the tassels of her scarf, which belied her courage. count upon the promise in your note that you will confine yourself to this

one question." He looked at her for a moment sadly and earnestly. He saw that she was really ill, and that it had been no for life. I have discovered something mere conventional excuse which had which will save your cousin or destroy been offered for her first refusal to see him. He wished he could spare he The girl's lips quivered, her eyes pain; but it was not in his power to whole form seemed to suffer from a my question into two parts. The first sudden chill. But Gilbert was as un- is to me the least important. Tell me.

> nocent?" Whatever degree of trepidation she experienced at the first sight of his troubled face vanished now. There was an indignant flash in her eyes as she gazed at him steadily. "If one of you two has perpetrated this fraud," dollars a week for reading to us both." they turned to and gagged me, and "Jeremy York. sir."

she replied deliberately, "Henry Dacon

"I expected that would be your answer; but I am too indifferent to my own fate now to mind it much. I would have liked, however, to know that you of all others had faith in me."

"I did not say I believed you guilty." "You seemed to do so as plainly as words and manner could express your meaning.-But let that pass," he went on despairingly. "Here is the second part of my question-does your happiness depend on his safety?" "My life depends on it," she replied

and a fervour in her tone which left. no doubt that she spoke from heartfelt

rang the bell, which was answered by last feeble appeal for the mercy he The man was a stalwart young fellow, about twenty-eight or thirty; good-

> I am sorry that you should have again suggested it, for I was trying for the

face. At the same time he was busy hanged me!" turning over each paper of the packet in his hand, as if seeking some special

She was irritated even more by his "Hanged him, hanged him for me!" pain was the more probable cause of it -and she spoke angrily.

"Even supposing you are blameless this dreadful business, do you think do not understand the motives by which you are actuated in attempting to dishonor Henry in my eyes?-You who should have been the first to defend

"And wished to be." "Do you think I can forget, as you have done, that you owe him everything-your rapid promotion-your prospect of a partnership in a firm in which, but for his noble generosity, you might have gone on for years earning the wages of an ordinary clerk?"

"I have not forgotten anything he has done for me, and I am grateful," said Gilbert huskily as he pulled out document he had been seeking. came to London with no better prospect of being speedily able to earn a living

than thousands of others who arrive daily without friends or introductions. I had only two chances-the first that your mother might, on the strength of my distant kinship, recommend me to some one who could give me employment; the second, that my old schoolfellow Henry Dacon might in his proud position still remember me and help He did remember me-you did not know him then-and he did help me. He did more for me than my vainest expectations could have looked for. He helped me to a situation at once; by his assistance I won in a few years the position which gave me the right to think of you and even to speak to you—you did not know him then—Oh, I remember all, and I am grateful. There was such a mingling of sadness and bitterness in his tone that it was impossible to divine which element pre-

iominated. He made no reference to the fact that his own ability had early attracted the attention of Mr. Ellicott the head of the firm, and won the rapid promotion which no influence unsupported by merit could have secured for nim. As he finished speaking he unfolded the paper he had taken from the packet and appeared to read it. "And you show your gratitude," sh exclaimed with increasing resentment, by this new attempt to degrade him

in my eyes! You do this-you, Gilbert Astbury-you who pretend to care for me so much that my happiness was your first concern in life-you who pretended that to ensure my happiness there me miserable because I have chosen him instead of you." She was conscious that in the presence of his apparent calmness her outburst of passionate reproaches was a sign of weakness, and she was ready to cry with vexation at

"One word more," he said earnestly. Suppose it should be proved that he

her inability to control it.

She interrupted him with a cry rage, and turned to the door, Passion again banished all weakness. "Even if all the judges and juries in the land found him guilty of the greatest crimes and sent him to a felon's jail, I would still believe him innocent. I would wait for him ten-twenty years, and be the first to meet him when the prison gates were opened for him, and offer him my hand. I would try with all my life's affection to comfort and to help him to forget the degradation which he had been wickedly condemned to endure."

(To Be Continued.)

LILIAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

An agreeable field for money-making and began. s one which Lilian G- has found, or rather into which Lilian walked one and pottered about in a pretty old-fashoned garden, Miss Betsey and Miss Annie were fond of the bright girls who heir class rooms, and they had their

One morning Lilian observed that Miss Betsey groped a little and felt about with her stick, instead of stepping briskly around the garden as she used to do.

"My sister," Miss Annie confided to fears. It is a cataract, and it cannot than I was ever likely to get back young fellow could answer, "I've no poor Betsey will do I don't know, for meaning to run round to the barber's than I have that I'm a murdered man.

Miss Annie's faced lightened. "You sweet child!" she said. "If you will come, and your mother will let you Downs. I tried to make 'em understand captain.—" What is your name. my

ant in charge of the deck, coming forward angrily.

"Sir," shrieked York, "I have been hanged for the murder of that man!" "Mad, by Heaven!" cried the lieutenant; "sunstroke, no doubt. Take the poor devil below, and see to him."

"Sir," cried York, clasping his hands, with a glow of devotion on her face "I beg you to listen to me one minute. I am not mad indeed. Mr. Worksop there will remember that one night "Are you sure-quite sure of that? more than eight months ago he gave

Worksop started and looked intently

"I quitted the bed to get some water; when I returned, my companion was "No!-no proofs would satisfy me gone. Blood was found in the bed; there "Miss Silverton has told me to say that he has done wrong to any man were bloodstains down the staircase, have a moment's doubt of the honor along the roadway to the beech; there of the man who is to be my husband, was blood upon my shirt, although as it would certainly not be inspired by God is my witness I knew not how it anything you could say or show me. came there. They found his knife upon me, which I had taken from his sake of our former friendship to think pocket whilst he slept to pry open the door with; and also a gold coin belong-"I must thank you for the effort, alling to him they found, though how commented with a painful flicker of came by it I vow, before Heaven, a smile on his now perfectly white know not; and on this evidence the

> He faltered, hid his face, and fell to the deck in a dead faint.

smile than by his words, although they shouted Worksop in the voice of a man in her ears contained a sufficiently in-sulting sneer to rouse her indignation. about to suffocate. "Hanged him for But the smile she regarded as one of contempt—never thinking that acute soul and body! I was never murdered, mates!" and in a very ecstasy of astonishment, he hooked an immense quid out of his cheek and flung it overboard. "Rally this poor fellow, some of you," exclaimed the lieutenant, and hastened aft to the captain to make his report."

A bucket of cold water topped with a dram of rum served to restore York to consciousness; and when he had his wits, he and Worksop were conducted by a midshipman to the captain's cabin. "What is all this?" inquired the grayhaired commander, levelling a piercing glance at York, as though he had made up his mind to be confronted by a madman. "D've mean to tell us that

yonder seaman alongside of you?" "Yes, sir; I've been hanged as his murderer;" and thus breaking the silence, York proceeded. He told his story in good language, plainly and intelligently, with an 'occasional catch of his breath and a sob or two when he spoke

you've been hanged for the murder of

of his sweetheart. "You were hanged," cried the commander, watching him with fascinated countenance, for the corroborative looks and nods of Worksop as York delivered his tale had soon abundantly satisfied the captain that the poor young fellow was speaking the truth-"you were hanged," he repeated, "strung up by your neck in the customary style, I suppose, and left to dangle for the usual ime. And yet you are alive!'

"I am coming to that, sir," said York respectfully. "Everybody was against me whilst I lay in jail awaiting my trial et the assizes; but after I had been sentenced to be hanged, there came a bit of change in some folks' minds; not that they doubted my guilt, but they thought it hard, perhaps, that a young fellow should die for a crime he swore he had never committed—that he should suffer death on no stronger evidence than some blood marks and a knife and a coin, when by rights they should have found the murdered man's money upon him, besides making sure that he was dead," glancing as he spoke at Worksop, "by the discovery of his body. Sir, my sweetheart got to hear of this feeling and worked upon it, and got a number of young fellows to hang about the gibet, and shore me up, as is often done, 'm told, after the cart had been drawn away. The rope was too long, my feet touched the ground-that's what they told me. It all went black with me soon after I felt the tightness in my throat; and when I recovered my mind I found myself in a little cottage someway the Deal side of Sandwich, with my and a Sandwich barber letting blood from my arm. What was then to be done, sir, being a live man, but to get out of the country, as fast as I could? Jenny helped to disguise me, gave me all the money she had, having spent what the owners of my ship had sent her on a lawyer to defend me at the trial; and walking as far as Ramsgate I found a vessel there that wanted a man; and coming to the Thames after a coasting trip, I signed for the West Indiaman out of which I have just been pressed. That's the truth of the story, sir as Heaven hears me.' Once again he hid his face, and his

strong frame shook with a violent fit of sobbing. They waited until he had collected himself, burning as they were with curiosity to hear Worksop's story, for the solution of the amazing mystery must lie in that. "And now what's your yarn?" says

the captain. Worksop seemed to emerge with his prodigiously elongated countenance out of a very trance of stupefacation of astonishment. He wiped his brow, threw a bewildered look around, dried his lips,

two or three times a day walked past Lonely Star, I'd called upon a barber | "Did you miss the knife?" inquired that was a stranger to me to let me the commander. favorites among them, often stopping the side; and when this poor young feel in my pockets." some blood for an ugly pain I had in | "I did, your honour, when I came to Lily, for instance, and giving her a fellow came to bed, I was lying very uneasy with the smart of the wound the barber had made. Well, I fell asleep, but was awakened by feeling my side cold and damp. There was light enough coming through the window, as this young man has already told your honour, to throw things out middling session of it?" inquired the captain, visible; and with half an eye I saw that addressing York. her, "is growing blind. We went to Dr. I was bleeding badly, and that if I did- Why, your honour, I think I can ex-N-- yesterday, and he confirmed our n't look sharp I must lose more blood plain that," cried Worksop, before the be operated on for a long time. What again. I dressed myself in a hurry, more belief that I was robbed of it reading has been her great occupation house that he might strap up the and her one pleasure. I cannot read to wound he had made in ship-shape fash. The blade of my knife was a bit worn, her, for it hurts my throat to read ion just noticing, whilst I pulled on and there was a wacant length in the "Let me come every afternoon, dear had left the bed and was out of the must have got jammed into the wacan- public emotion was su Miss Annie," said Lilian. "I'll read to room, though I scarce gave the matter cy. It would fit well, sir; mor'n once by the representations Miss Betsey from four to five every a moment's heed, being too anxious to I have drawed out the knife with the an hour in the morning and another in the afternoon I can do it just as a fairness and a large transfer of the suppose, but the wish to keep that coin suppose, but the wish to keep that coin the afternoon, I can do it just as staircase, and as I arrived on the pave- away from my other money that allow-

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life. My brother advised me as a last resort to can Prestment and in a few weeks was a new man, where specialists to all my afflicted fellowmen."

If and ambition. This was four years ago, and the specialists to all my afflicted fellowmen."

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carried me, dripping as I was, which they wouldn't take much notice of in the dark, down to a bit of a pier, on "Your honour," he said, "this is how the beach, tossed me into the boat, and it was; and I do hope Heaven'll forgive put me aboard where I was properly summer morning. On her way to school this poor gentleman's most tremendious looked at. When I'd served two months she had to pass the house of two very sufferings. He comes to bed on that aboard the Thunderer, they transferr dear old ladies, who lived by themselves precious night all right, just as he says, ed me to a sloop, and afterwards draftand found me a bit growling and sur- ed me into this here vessel, your honly, I dessay, for the fact was, your our; and that's the blessed truth," cried honour, that same afternoon, unbe- he, smiting the palm of his hand with

"And the Spanish gold coin?"

"I did, sir, to my sorrow, I had thirty-six guineas in cash; the money was all right; but I'd have given it four times over to have got that Spanish bit back again." "How do you account for your pos-

my clothes, that this young gentleman hollow of it when clasped. The coin

he vessel at Havana, Workson on board a king's first-lieutenant down contrive that the

oughly re-established, a reparation from governa enough not only to enable to marry his faithful sweeth Bax, but to free the young the obligation of going living, and establish them snug business in the neigh

Limehouse.

(The End.)

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