terms, and you had nothing to do with it?—A. Yes.

By the chairman:

Q. There was no secret about it. They wanted $2,500,000 of a capital sum or $100,000 a year?—A. Yes.

HUGH RYAN, CONTRACTOR:

Examined by the chairman:

Q. Mr. Ryan, you at one time acquired an option for the purchase of the Drummond County road?—A. I never had a written option.

Q. You never had a written option?—A. No.

Q. Well, what was the arrangement made between you and the company?—A. I had no arrangement with the company.

Q. Did you never see a document of that kind (handing witness Exhibit No. 3)?—A. I do not think so.

Q. It is assigned to you?—A. That might be possible and I might never have seen it.

Q. Do you say you had no arrangement with Mr. Farwell or any member of the Drummond County Railway Company?—A. I had a conversation with Mr. Farwell. I did not know he was in anyway connected with that company.

Q. Was it not about this company?—A. It was about that railway, yes.

Q. In what regard?—A. Well, Mr. Farwell wanted me to take an option to purchase that road then and complete a portion of it to where it was built and the railway at the junction of the Grand Trunk, to put the old portion of the road in such a condition as would come up to such a specification as could be approved of by the government engineer, to satisfy them, and take an agreement with them, or from them, for which they were to sell the road at a certain price. I was to furnish all this money that would be required. Then if the road would be sold to the government I was to pay them the price of that road. If it could not be sold to the government—well, I suppose they would have the road.

Q. Who would have the road?—A. The company.

Q. Where did that conversation take place?—A. Down at the Russell House, I think.

Q. Who was present?—A. None other than Mr. Farwell.

Q. What was the price they were to sell the road for?—A. The price they talked about was this $500,000, but I had never seen the road and never was over it.

Q. Did you ever go over it?—A. No.

Q. Did you offer to do anything at all towards carrying out the sale to the government?—A. No.

Q. Did you ever see any member of the government about it?—A. Yes.

Q. Who?—A. Mr. Haggart.

Q. When?—A. Sometime during the summer.

Q. What summer?—A. The summer of 1894.

Q. Did you ever see him about it afterwards?—A. Never except once, after I had heard from Mr. Farwell what their proposition was.

Q. Their proposition was $2,500,000?—A. To whom?

Q. To the government if sold?—A. I do not know anything about that.

Q. Is what Mr. Greenshields says correct, that they were to get a certain price out of which was to be deducted the cost of completion and bringing it up to the standard and the difference was to be divided in the proportion of one-third to them and two-thirds to you?—A. There was no difference. I could not tell what that road would cost to put in condition and if there was I had no guarantee that the government would buy it and consequently I would remain with that railway on my hands.

Q. You would do nothing unless you first got a bargain with the government?—A. I would not do anything until I was assured that the government would purchase the road.

Q. Then you only had one conversation with any member of the government?—A. I think that is all. I may have mentioned it more than once, but I do not recollect that I did.

By Mr. Haggart:

Q. What was the result of the conversation between you and me?—A. I do not think there was anything further done about it.

Q. What was my statement to you about it?—A. I do not know what you mean exactly.

Q. Did I entertain the proposition or refuse it? What was my answer?—A. I think the object of my conversation with you was to ascertain whether you as minister or railways, or the government were favorable to the purchase of the road.

Q. That was all?—A. I think there was no promise as far as I know of, but I understood you to say that you did not know whether the government would see fit to accede to the purchase.

By Mr. Morrison:

Q. When was that?—A. In 1894.

Q. Had you any conversation in the spring of 1896?—A. No.

HON. JOHN HAGGART, M. P.

In reference to this matter the first that I remember about it is a conversation that I think I had with Mr. Ives in 1894—the result of a little conversation we had between ourselves in reference to the extension of the Intercolonial railway to Montreal. He was a colleague of mine. I entertained favorably at that time an opinion of the extension of the road for a good many reasons. We had trouble making connection with the Grand Trunk railway, we had a great deal of trouble with the Canadian Pacific railway, and I thought it was in the interest of the country that the road should be extended to Montreal. That was my personal idea at the time. Mr. Ives proposed to me, then, the acquisition of the Drummond County railway. He told me—or at least I do not know if he told me—I made inquiries about it, and I found that the railway could be cheaply obtained. If I remember rightly the principal indebtedness of the railway at that time was, as I understood it, in the neighborhood of $170,000, to the Eastern Townships Bank. They had floating liabilities of from $25,000 to $30,000 more. I heard that they were anxious to realize, and for a sum, I do not know how much about that, that the railway could be very cheaply obtained. If I remember rightly the principal indebtedness of the railway at that for consideration. I went down and more. I heard that they were anxious the Grand Trunk railway. I had a conversation with him upon the subject, and although he could not speak authoritatively upon it without consulting his board, I understood from him that there would be no difficulty in making an arrangement to get into Montreal and for the use of their terminal facilities there on the same terms as he allowed other railways or on a mileage basis. There was not much further done in the matter, though Mr. Ryan and I had a conversation on the subject. In conversation with Mr. Ryan he stated upon he had spoken to Mr. Farwell upon the subject and asked me if I was ready to consider a proposition from him. I told him that I would have nothing to do with it and advised him to have nothing to do with it. I may state that I never submitted a proposition to council—any proposition to council—but I had a conversation with the premier, I think it was Sir John Thompson, with reference to the matter, and I think with the finance minister, Mr. Foster; but the matter never took any form and never was considered in council. If I remember rightly Mr. Ryan spoke to me something in the direction of which he stated today, something about his finishing the road or making some arrangements with them for finishing the road. I never heard of any proposition for a higher price to be charged for the road than the one named in the option of $500,000, and from information which I had at the time, correctly or not, I understood that other parties had options for the road for a less amount. I understood that they had been negotiating for the sale of the road both to the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific railways. This was in July, 1894, I think. However, the time could be fixed at the time of Mr. Ives's departure for England, I think in July, 1894. I never had any communication with any one of the company, or otherwise, after that date with reference to the road.

By the chairman:

Q. You had a valuation of the road made?—A. Yes, by Mr. Schreiber.

Q. Was that after Mr. Ryan had spoken to you?—A. I do not remember. It must have been somewhere near the time. The proposition was made by Mr. Ryan, I think, in July, 1894, and the date of the valuation will show whether it was before that time or not. I think it was before the proposition was made to Mr. Ryan.

Q. The valuation was made before the proposition?—A. I think so.

Q. If it was not made in consequence of anything Mr. Ryan said to you, then why was the valuation of the Drummond County made?—A. Because Mr. Ives had a conversation with me in reference to the acquisition of the road and I made inquiry with reference to the value of it and the probable cost to reach Montreal.

Q. How long was it between the time Mr. Ryan spoke to you and the time when Mr. Ives had that conversation?—A. I wish Mr. Ryan had fixed that. I think it was July or August, 1894, when I had the conversation with Mr. Ryan. It must have been prior to that when I had a conversation with Mr. Ives, because, if I remember rightly, he went away to the old country, and when going away I had some communication with him.

Q. Did Mr. Ives give you any information as to what the road could be bought for?—A. It was just general information.

Q. Do you undertake to swear that he gave you to understand the road could be bought for $500,000?—A. Oh, I do not think so. He told me the state of the finances of the road and said that the Eastern Townships bank was very anxious to realize; then in the case of a sale to the government, the road to be put into the state it now is. He never went into details.

Q. You do not know how much of the road was completed at that time?—A. No. All I know is I must have had the option long before my conversation with Mr. Ryan. Mr. Farwell had the idea that Mr. Ryan sent me the option. I think it was in conversation with Mr. Ives.

Q. Then in consequence of what Mr. Ives told you, you had Mr. Schreiber go over the road?—A. Yes.

Q. Did Mr. Ives represent the value of it?—A. I do not remember.

Q. After Mr. Schreiber went over the road and put his valuation to you as a minister of railways, did you have a conversation with Mr. Ives?—A. No.

Q. Never spoke to him—A. No. He went away to the old country.

Q. Then you spoke to Sir John Thompson and also to Mr. Foster?—A. I think so.

Q. Was that after the valuation?—A. It was before.

Q. Then in getting the road valued did you act on their advice or suggestion?—A. No, I do not think I did.

Q. Did they approve of the scheme?—A. As to Sir John Thompson I do not know whether he did or not. The finance minister objected to it. He was not objecting to the scheme but to the expenditure of any money.

Q. At that time?—A. At that particular time.

Q. You do not remember the opinion of Sir John Thompson?—A. No.

Q. Did I understand you to say that Mr Ryan spoke to you before or after this?—A. After this.

Q. Did he give you to understand what the company would expect for the road?—A. What he did was this. He spoke to me generally on the subject and said these parties were anxious to put the road in order and enter into negotiations with the government. He entered into no details. I told him I would not entertain the proposition at all.

Q. Were you spoken to afterwards by any member of the government?—A. No.

Q. Mr. Ives did not speak to you again?—A. No.

Q. Nor Mr. Pope, nor any member of parliament?—A. No.

Q. You never informed Mr. Ives or Mr. Pope that you would not purchase or have anything to do with it; you simply told Mr. Ryan?—A. I told him, and I am not certain whether I informed Mr. Ives. I am not certain.

Q. You had some idea of purchasing the Grand Trunk?—A. I considered two or three schemes, one whether to utilize the Grand Trunk, one whether to utilize a direct road running up the shore, or this particular route.

Q. These were the Grand Trunk, the Canada and Lake Superior and the Drummond County railways?—A. I think they call it the South Shore road, which is not completed yet.

Q. So you thought that an entry into Montreal for the Intercolonial might be obtained by one of these routes?—A. Yes.

Q. You tried to buy the Grand Trunk?—A. No.

Q. Never negotiated?—A. No.

Q. And you thought the Intercolonial railway should get into Montreal?—A. That was my opinion.

Q. And you think still that the Intercolonial should get into Montreal?—A. Yes.

Q. In order to make it a success it should get into a business centre like Montreal?—A. Yes, that was my idea.

Q. So it comes down to a question whether the government paid too much for the extension to Montreal?—A. Yes.

Q. So far as policy is concerned you and the present government agree on this question?—A. Yes. Mind you, that is my own individual opinion, not the opinion of the late government.

Q. It never came before the late government?—A. No.

Q. That is your opinion as minister of railways?—A. Yes.

Q. And as a citizen of the country?—A. Yes.

By Mr. Powell:

Q. With reference to the Grand Trunk there were difficulties in the forwarding of freight and passengers, were there not?—A. I will tenn you The Grand Trunk was very badly managed at the time. We could not make connections and could not run through freight punctually from Montreal. For the assistance of the Intercolonial it was necessary that we should have a long haul. The Canadian Pacific agents were more active in every part of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island than the Grand Trunk, and they were diverting traffic around by the short haul, and you could not waken the other fellows up, and the Canadian Pacific agents were using their influence against us on the Intercolonial, and I thought the solution of the whole difficulty was to have our terminal in Montreal.

Q. At that time don't you remember that the normal condition of things on the Intercolonial was to be hours and hours behind time in reaching the maritime terminals with their passenger trains?—A. Yes.

Q. Was not that the fault of the Grand Trunk?—A. Not only the fault of the Grand Trunk but of their connections. The principal reason for the anxiety for a connection in Montreal with the staff of the Intercolonial railway was the bad connection with the Grand Trunk at Levis and the impossibility of urging them up to the effective management of their road between there and Montreal.

Q. In view of this difficulty you looked into the question of the extension of the road to Montreal?—A. I looked into the question of extending the road to Montreal.

Q. And by the different routes?—A. Yes.

Q. You had some information from Mr. Ives that the Drummond County people were willing to sell?—A. Mr. Ives perhaps heard that and suggested the purchase of this road.

Q. But no figures were suggested by Mr. Ives?—A. No.

Q. And you sent an engineer to make an estimate as to the cost of the road when completed?—A. Yes.

Q. The estimate Mr. Schreiber gave you was not for the Nicolet branch which you did not want?—A. No.

Q. Tell me what you instructed Mr. Schreiber to do and what that estimate was?—A. I instructed him to find the cost of building a connection between Levis and this road at Ste. Rosalie, and putting it into such shape as the Intercolonial.

Q. What figures did he give you?—A. That statement there.

Q. That is inclusive of a branch to Nicolet?—A. Yes.

Q. In connection with that you say you also saw the Grand Trunk authorities at Montreal?—A. Yes.

Q. You got your engineer to find out the cost of the line from Ste. Rosalie down completed?—A. Yes.

Q. Did you get from the Grand Trunk authorities a statement of what it would cost to get into Montreal and have terminal facilities there?—A. No. It was first of all suggested that we might have the right of using the bridge and the terminal facilities and build a line paralleling the road from Ste. Rosalie to the bridge.

Q. Was there any statement as to what they would charge?—A. No, but in conversation with the president of the Grand Trunk I came to the conclusion, and he said they would allow our traffic into the station on the usual mileage basis or charge to other roads.

Q. What would that amount to per year?—A. I do not know because I do not know the amount of traffic, but I can tell you this, that Mr. Schreiber estimated it would cost $300,000 or $400,000 to build the road. I understood I had an option for that part which is complete as stated for $500,000, far less than his estimate and I enquired whether they had rolling stock on the Intercolonial to carry on traffic to Montreal, and I found that they had plenty; and I made a calculation that for $1,400,000 we could have got the road extended in connection with the Grand Trunk?

Q. At this particular time, when Mr. Ryan was negotiating with you, you had had this option, not to yourself, but a copy of this option?—A. I had the option a month, perhaps months, before.

Q. And knew they were willing to sell out for $500,000?—A. Yes, and I said that I knew they had given other options for less, for $400,000 less, and were negotiating with the Grand Trunk and other companies, and I would have nothing more to do with them.

Q. And Mr. Ryan did not ask you more than this?—A. No.

By the chairman:

Q. This is the estimate of Mr. Schreiber, including the Nicolet branch, amounting to $1,532,500; did you expect the government to purchase a road which was valued at that by an officer of your department for $500,000?—A. But that is the road completed; I am talking of the road incomplete. It is the one as to which the option was given.

DROWNDING ACCIDENT.

Frank H. Weir Drowned at Northfield, N. S.

AMHERST, N. S., May 24.—The Queen's birthday here has been sadly marred by the sad drowning by accident at Northport at 3 o'clock this afternoon of Frank H. Weir, aged about twenty-two years, son of R. T. H. Weir of Amherst. With four gentlemen and two lady friends he started in his own boat for a sail. There was little wind at the time, and with the aid of the oar he was pushing the boat out from the shore when he fell overboard in about eight feet of water. He came to the surface, but the oar he had been using had floated away, and there was not another in the boat. Before his friends realized his dangerous position the boat had drifted some fifty yards away. He kept afloat for a time, but before assistance could be given he sank to rise no more. The body was recovered about fifteen minutes later and removed to a house where he was staying. He was a resident at Northport as manager of the stone quarry for Mr. Myers of New York. The deceased was the agent of the Home Life Assurance, Toronto.

Some people in the world persist in clinging to old methods. There are men who still use a forked stick in place of a modern plow. There are also men, who, when they are troubled with a disordered stomach or liver, resort to the old-fashioned violent remedies that rack and rend the whole body, and while they give temporary relief, in the long run do the entire system a great amount of harm.

Modern science has discovered remedies infinitely superior to these old-fashioned drugs, that do their work by promoting the natural processes of excretion and secretion and gently correcting all circulatory disturbances. When a man feels generally out of sorts, when he loses sleep at night, when he gets up headachey and with a bad taste in his mouth in the morning, when he feels dull and lethargic all day, when his appetite is poor and his food distresses him, when work comes hard and recreation is an impossibility, that man, though he may not believe it, is a pretty sick man. He is on the road to consumption, nervous prostration, malaria, or some serious blood disease. In cases of this description a man should resort at once to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the best medicine for a weak stomach, impaired digestion and disordered liver. It is the great blood-maker and purifier, flesh-builder and nerve tonic. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs and kindred ailments. Thousands have testified to its marvelous merits. It is a modern, scientific medicine that aids without goading nature, and that has stood the test for thirty years. Medicine dealers sell it.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation.

SEEING THROUGH HIS NOSE.

The following curious case is reported in the Paris Revue Medicale. A countryman who had lost his right eye when but a child, slipped and fell heavily from a cherry tree. In consequence of this, his nose, left eye and cheek were severely mutilated; indeed, the surgeon attending gave it as his opinion that the remaining eyeball had been torn out by the branches as the man fell! At all events, a year afterwards everything had healed up, and it was then that the man found he could detect light, even color, by means of his nose! He was sensible only to light that came from below. Unaccountable as this appears, an explanation has been suggested. As the eyebrow was merged into the eye and nose just after the accident, the blow must have been somwhat oblique. One result of this might be that the back portion of the eye, the retina, was not harmed. The bony cavity which held the eye is now to be put in communication with the nose and light might be seen. Whether this is correct or not is not easy to say.

TRUTHFUL MAN.

"My wife," said the tall, lantern jawed man, "is as womanly a woman as you could find, but she can hammer nails like lightning."

"Wonderful," sang the chorus.

"Lightning," the tall, lantern jawed man continued, "seldom strikes twice in the same place."—Cincinnati Examiner.

THE GERRARD STREET MYSTERY.

A Strange Story, That Was Not Made Public Till the Death of One of the Principal Actors

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"It was cut at Stovel's, I think. It had a fur collar and cuffs."

"When did he begin to wear a wig?"

"About the same time that he began to wear his new overcoat. I wrote you a letter at the time, making merry over his youthful appearance, and hinting—of course only in jest—that he was looking out for a young wife. But you surely did not receive my letter. You must have been on your way home before it was written."

"I left Melbourne on the 11th of October. The wig, I suppose, was buried with him?"

"Yes."

"And where is the overcoat?"

"In the wardrobe up stairs, in uncle's room."

"Come and show it to me."

I led the way upstairs, my cousin following. In the hall on the first floor we encountered my old friend, Mrs. Daly, the housekeeper. She threw up her hands in surprise at seeme. Our greeting was very brief; I was too intent on solving the problem which had exercised my mind ever since receiving the letter at Boston, to pay much attention to anything else. Two words, however, explained to her where we were going, and at our request she accompanied us. We passed into my uncle's room. My cousin drew the key of the wardrobe from a drawer where it was kept, and unlocked the door. There hung the overcoat. A single glance was sufficient. It was the same.

The dazed sensation in my head began to make itself felt again. The atmosphere of the room seemed to oppress me, and, closing the door of the wardrobe, I led the way down stairs again to the dining-room, followed by my cousin. Mrs. Daly had sense enough to perceive that we were discussing family matters, and retired to her own room.

I took my cousin's hand in mine, and asked:

"Will you tell me what you know of Mr. Marcus Weatherly?"

This was evidently another surprise for her. How could I have heard of Marcus Weatherley? She answered, however, without hesitation:

"I know very little of him. Uncle Richard and he had some dealings together a few months since, and in that way he became a visitor here. After a while he began to call pretty often, but his visits suddenly ceased a short time before uncle's death. I need not affect any reserve yith you. Uncle Richard thought he came after me, and gave him a hint that you had a prior claim. He never called afterwards. I am rather glad that he didn't, for there is something about him that I don't quite like. I am at a loss to say what the something is; but his manner always impressed me with the idea that he was not exactly what he seemed to be on the surface. Perhaps I misjudged him. Indeed, I think I must have done so, for he stands well with everybody, and is highly respected."

I looked at the clock on the mantlepiece. It was ten minutes to seven. I rose from my seat.

"I will ask you to excuse me for an hour or two, Alice. I must find Johnny Gray."

"But you will not leave me, Willie, until you have given me some clue to your unexpected arrival, and to the strange questions you have been asking? Dinner is ready, and can be served at once. Pray don't go out again until you have dined."

She clung to my arm. It was evident that she considered me mad, and thought it probable that I might make away with myself. This I could not bear. As for eating any dinner, that was simply impossible, in my then frame of mind, although I had not tasted food since leaving Rochester. I resolved to tell her all. I resumed my seat. She placed herself on a stool at my feet, and listened while I told her all that I have set down as happening to me subsequently to my last letter to her from Melbourne.

"And now, Alice, you know why I wish to see Johnny Gray."

She would have accompanied me, but I thought it better to prosecute my inquiries alone. I promised to return sometime during the night, and tell her the result of my interview with Gray. That gentleman had married, and had become a householder on his own account during my absence in Australia. Alice knew his address and gave me the number of his house, which was on Church street A few minutes' rapid walking brought me to his door. I had no great expectation of finding him at home, as I deemed it probable that he had not returned from whereever he had been going when I met him; but I should be able to find out when he was expected, and would either wait or go in search of him. Fortune favoured me for once, however; he had returned more than an hour before. I was ushered into the drawing room, where I found him playing cribbage with his wife.

"Why, Willie," he exclaimed, advancing to welcome me, "this is kinder than I expected. I hardly looked for you before to-morrow. All the better; we have just been speaking of you. Ellen, this is my old friend, Willie Furlong, the returned convict, whose banishment you have so often heard me deplore."

After exchanging brief courtesies with Mrs. Gray, I turned to her husband.

"Johnny, did you notice anything remarkable about the old gentleman who was with me when we met on Yonge Street, this evening?"

"Old gentleman! who? There was no one with you when I met you."

"Think again. He and I were walking arm in arm, and you had passed us before you recognised me, and mentioned my name."

He looked hard in my face for a moment, and then said positively: You were walking slowly, and I must have noticed if any one had been with you."

"It is you who are wrong," I retorted almost sternly. "I was accompanied by an elderly gentleman, who wore a great coat with fur collar and cuffs, and we were conversing earnestly together when you passed us."

He hesitated an instant, and seemed to consider, but there was no shade of doubt on his face.

"Have it your own way, old boy," he said. "All I can say is, that I saw no one but yourself, and neither did Charley Leitch, who was with me. After parting from you we commented upon your evident abstraction, and the sombre expression of your countenance, which we attributed to your having only recently heard of the sudden death of your Uncle Richard. If any old gentleman had been with you we could not possibly have failed to notice him."

Without a single word by way of explanation or apology, I jumped from my seat, passed out into the hall, seized my hat, and left the house.

CHAPTER III.

Out into the street I rushed like a madman, banging the door after me. I knew that Johnny would follow me for an explanation, so I ran like lightning round the next corner, and thence down to Younge Street. Then I dropped into a walk, regained my breath, and asked myself what I should do next.

Suddenly I bethought me of Dr. Marsden, an old friend of my uncle's. I hailed a passing cab, and drove to his house. The doctor was in his consultation room, and alone.

Of course he was surprised to see me, and gave expression to some appropriate words of sympathy at my bereavement. "But how is it that I see you so soon?" he asked—"I understood that you were not expected for some months to come."

Then I began my story, which I related with great circumstantiality of detail, bringing it down to the moment of my arrival at his house. He listened with the closest attention, never interrupting me by a single exclamation until I had finished. Then he began asking questions, some of which I thought strangely irrelevant.

"Have you enjoyed your usual good health during your residence abroad?"

"Never better in my life. I have not had a moment's illness since you last saw me."

"And how have you prospered in your business enterprises?"

"Reasonably well; but pray doctor, let us confine ourselves to the matter in hand. I have come for friendly not professional advice."

"All in good time, my boy," he calmly remarked. This was tantalizing. My strange narrative did not seem to have disturbed his serenity in the least degree.

"Did you have a pleasant passage?" he asked, after a brief pause. "The ocean, I believe, is generally rough at this time of year."

"I felt a little squeamish for a day or two after leaving Melbourne," I replied, "but I soon got over it, and it was not very bad even while it lasted. I am a tolerably good sailor."

"And you have had no special ground of anxiety of late? At least not until you received this wonderful letter"—he added, with a perceptible contraction of his lips, as though trying to repress a smile.

Then I saw what he was driving at.

"Doctor," I exclaimed, with some exasperation in my tone—"pray dismiss from your mind the idea that what I have told you is the result of a diseased imagination. I am as sane as you are. The letter itself affords sufficient evidence that I am not quite such a fool as you take me for."

"My dear boy, I don't take you for a fool at all, although you are a little excited just at present. But I thought you said you returned the letter to—ahem—your uncle.

For the moment I had forgotten that important fact. But I was not altogether without evidence that I had not been the victim of a disordered brain. My friend Gridley could corroborate the receipt of the letter, and its contents. My cousin could bear witness that I had displayed an acquaintance with facts which I would not have been likely to learn from any one but my uncle. I had referred to his wig and overcoat, and had mentioned to her the name of Mr. Marcus Weatherley—a name which I had never heard before in my life. I called Dr. Marsden's attention to these matters, and asked him to explain them if he could.

"I admit," said the doctor, "that I don't see my way to a satisfactory explanation just at present. But let us look the thing squarely in the face. During an acquaintance of nearly thiry years, I always found your uncle a truthful man, who was cautious enough to make no statements about his neighbors that he was not able to prove. Your informant, on the other hand, does not seem to have confined himself to facts. He mades a charge of forgery against a gentleman whose moral and commercial integrity are unquestioned by all who know him. I know Marcus Weatherley pretty well, and am not disposed to pronounce him a forger and a scoundrel upon the unsupported evidence of a shadowy old gentleman who appears and disappears in the most mysterious manner, and who cannot be laid hold of and held responsible for his slanders in a court of law. And it is not true, as far as I know and believe, that Marcus Weatherley is embarrassed in his circumstances. Such confidence have I in his solvency and integrity that I would not be afraid to take up all his outstanding paper without a question. If you will make inquiry, you will find that my opinion is shared by all the bankers in the city. And I have no hesitation in saying that you will find no acceptances with your uncle's name to them, either in this market or elsewhere."

(To be Continued.)