By Cutcliffe Kyne

MR. GEDGE'S CATSPAW.

Capt. Owen Kettle folded the lettercard, put it in his pocket, and relit his cigar. He drew paper toward him, and took out a stub of pencil and tried to make verse, which was his habit when things were shaping themselves awry, but the rhymes refused to come. He changed the meter; he gave up laborfing to fit the words to the air of "Swanes River." and started fresh which would go to the tune of "Greenland's Icy Mountains," a meter with which at other times he had been notoriously successful. But it failed him now. He could not get the jingle; spare feet bristled at every turn; and the field of poppies, on which his muse was engaged, became every moment more and more elusive. It was no use. He put down the pen-

ch and sighed, and then, frowing at himself for his indecision, took out the Setter-card again, and deliberately remend it, front and back, Capt. Kettle was a man who made up

his mind over most matters with the autekness of a pistol shot; and once settled, rightly or wrongly, he always stuck to his decision. But here, on the better-card, was a matter he could not met the balance of at all; it refused to be dismissed, even temporarily, from large to be hazarded by a hasty verdict atther one way or the other; and the again quite recently, and you said conclusion irritated him heavily. The letter-card was anonymous, and

degree whatever. But it made statements which, if true, ought to have seat somebody to penal servitude; and threw out hints which, true or untrue, made Capt. Kettle heir to a whole world of anxiety and trouble. It is an excellent academic rule to boilers.

entirely disregard anonymous letters, but it is by no means always an easy gule to follow. And there are times when a friendly warning must be con- tin saint when you're within hail of veyed anonymously or not at all. But Kettle did not worry his head about the ethics of anonymous letter writing you've got the name for not being over as a profession; his attention saken up by this type-written card from "Well-wisher," which he held in a sigh, "I am what I have to be. But

yet are being made a common gull of." I can't lose her for you." And the writer wound up by saying: Labuan safely out and back, and may- at a profit for all that; and even if be you'll get something more solid than couldn't I am not the sort of man a drink. From Your Well-wisher."

many conflicting sentiments. Loyalty tain; I've got my name to keep up. to Mr. Gedge, his owner, was one of them. Gedge had sold him before, but lief. "Glad to hear it, sir; I'm glad to Labuan. And he wanted very much to upset me. know what were Mr. Gedge's wishes over the matter.

His own code of morality on this sub- | did it myself." ject was peculiar. Ashore in South Shields he was as honest as a bishop: he was a strict chapel member; he did mot even steal matches from the captain's room at Hallett's, his house of call, which has always been a recogmized peculation. At sea he conceived himself to be bought, body and soul, by bis owner for the time being, and was the doorway. perfectly ready to risk body and soul a sarning his pay.

keeping down expense; and, in fact, by making the steamer earn the largest possible dividend in the ordinary way of commerce." But this typewritten letter-card hinted at other purposes. which he knew were quite within the

ing made a catspawhe muttered, "a catspaw? I didn't think better have a clear understanding we can't have any time wasted. Here, shout the matter."

He got up, crammed the blue letter eard into his pocket, and took his cap. "My dear," he called down to Mrs. mettle, who was engaged on the family wash in the kitchen below. "I've got for run up to the office to see Mr. Gedge. I don't think I quite understand his your tea when it's ready. I don't want to keep you and the youngsters wait- who feels physically sick.

Capt. Kettle thought out many things me he journeyed from South Shield to o'clock mail roared out that night the grimy office of his employer Newcastle, but his data were insufficient, and he was unable to get hold of sary scheme by which he could safely sporoach what was, to say the very least of it, a very delicate subject. Mr. Gedge had hired him as captain of the Sultan of Labuan, had said no word about losing her, and how was he to force the man's confidence? It looked the most unpromising enterprise in the world. Moreover, although in the outer world, he was as brave a fellow as ever lived, he had all a shipmaster's timidity at tackling a shipowner in his kair, and this, of course, handicapped

In this mood, then, he was ushered apon Gedge in his office, and saw him signing letters and casting occasional sentences to a young woman who dicked them down in shorthand. The shipowner frowned. He was

very busy. "Well, captain," he said, whilst I sign these letters."

"It's a private question I'd like to ask god about running the boat." "Want Miss Payne to go out?" "If I might trouble her so far."

Goor, "Type out what you've got," he said. The shorthand writer went out replace. His reception, however, surand closed the glass door after her. prised him. Williams, the former mas-

Capt. Kettle hesitated. It was an www.ward subject to begin upon. boat Do you want me to-I mean-" Well, get on, get on." When do you want her back?"

Gedge leaned back in his chair, tap-"Look here, captain," he said, "you didn't come here to talk rot like this You've had your orders already. You aren't a drinking man, or I'd say you were screwed. So there's something else behind. Come, out with it."

"I hardly know how to begin." "I don't want rhetoric. If you've got a tale tell it, if not-" Mr. Gedge leant over his desk again and went on sign-

Capt. Kettle stood the rudeness without so much as a flush. He sighed a little, and then, after another few moments' thought, took the letter card from his pocket and laid it on his employer's table. After Gedge had conned through and signed a couple more sheets he took the card up in his fingers and skimmed it over.

As he read the color deepened in his face, and Kettle saw that he was moved, but said nothing. For a me ment there was silence between them and Gedge tapped at his teeth and was apparently lost in thought. Then he said: "Where did you get this?" "Through the post."

"And why did you bring it to me?" "I thought you might have something to say about it." "Shown it to anyone else?"

"No, sir; I'm in your service, and "Yes: I pulled you out of the gutter

difficulty in coming to any satisfactory you'd be able to get your wife's clothes out of pawn with your advance note." "I'm very grateful to you for giving seemed to present no clew to its au- me the berth, sir, and I shall be a Chorship. It was typewritten: it was faithful servant to you as long as I'm posted, as the stamp showed, in New- in your employ. But if there's anything on, I'd like to be in your confidence. I know she isn't an old ship,

"She's uneconomical. Her engines are old-fashioned. It wouldn't pay to fit her with triple expansions and new

"I see. You appear to know a lot about the ship, captain-more than I do myself, in fact. I know you're a small that Ebenezer, or Bethel, or whatever you call it here ashore, but at sea "At sea," said the little sailor with

I couldn't do that. I'm a poor man "Your ship goes to sea never to sir; I'm pretty nearly a desperate man, reach port. There is an insurance rob- but there are some kinds of things that bery cleverly rigged. You think your- are beyond me. I know it's done often self very smart. I know, but this time enough, but-you'll have to excuse me.

"Who's asking you?" said Gedge "I can't give you any hint of how it's cheerily. "I'm not. Don't jump at moing to be done. Only I know the conclusions, man. I don't want the rame's fixed. So keep your weather Sultan of Labuan lost. She's not my skinned and take the Sultan of best ship, I'll grant; but I can run her try and make my dividends out Capt. Kettle was torn, as he read, by Lloyd's. No, not by any means, cap-Capt. Kettle brought up a sigh of re-

that was in a way condoned by this hear it. But I thought it best to have present appointment to the Sultan of it out with you. That beastly letter Gedge laughed slily. "Well, if you

want to know who wrote the letter, I Kettle started. He was obviously in-

"Well, to be accurate, I did it by deputy. You hae yer doots, eh? Hang it man; what an unbelieving Jew you are." He pressed one of the electric pushes by the side of his desk, and the shorthand writer came in and stood at "Miss Payne, you typed this letter-

card, didn't you?" he asked, and Miss But the question was, how was this Payne dutifully answered, "Yes." "Thank you. That'll do. Well, Kettle, Up till then he would have said: "By I hope you're satisfied now? I sent this driving the Sultan of Labuan over the | blessed card because I wanted to see seas as fast as could be done on a how deep this shore-going honesty of given coal consumption, by ruthlessly | yours went, which I've heard so much about and now I know, and you may take it from me that you'll profit by it financially in the very near future. The shipmasters I've had to do with have been mostly rogues, and when I get hold of a straight man I know how to bounds of possibility, and if he was be- appreciate him. Now, good-by, captain, and a prosperous voyage to you. He hit the unfinished poems on the you catch the midnight mail from here, table a blow with his fist. "By James!" | you'll just get down to Newport tomorrow in time to see her come into of it in that light before. Well, we'd dock. Take her over at once, you know;

good-by. I'm frantically busy.' But busy though he might be, Mr. Gedge did not immediately return to signing his letters after Capt. Kettle's departure. Instead, he took out a handkerchief and wiped his forehead and wiped his hands, which for some reason seemed to have grown unaccountwishes about running the boat. Get ably clammy; and for awhile he lay back in his writing chair like a man

> Capt. Kettle, however, went his ways humming a cheerful air, and as the 12 across the high-level bridge, he settled himself to sleep in his corner of a third-class carriage and to dream the dreams of a man who, after many vicissitudes, has at last found righteous employment. It was a new experience for him, and he permitted himself the luxury of enjoying it to

A train clattered him into Monmouthshire some 12 hours later, and he stepped out on Newport platform into a fog raw and fresh from the Bristol channel. His small, worn portmanteau he could easily have carried in his hand, but there is an etiquette about these matters which even hardup shipmasters, to whom a shilling is a financial rarity, must observe; and so he took a four-wheeler down to the agent's office, and made himself known. The Sultan of Labuan, it seemed, had come up the Usk and gone into dock barely an hour before, and so Kettle, what is it? Talk ahead. I can listen ! obedient to his orders, went down at

once to take her over. It was not a pleasant operation, this ousting another man from his livelihood, and as Kettle had been supplanted a weary number of times himself he mate was aft; the chief himself and on board. He had the undoubted Gedge jerked his head toward the thought he knew pretty well the feel and the reversing gear below. The ings of the man whom he had come to replace. His reception, however, sur ship's entire complement had quite sur- erty, but he had an unfortunate habit seas more fairly on the bow.

A mack of commanding men, he could look exactly after his employer's property, but he had an unfortunate habit seas more fairly on the bow. over his charge with an air of obvious and sincere relief, and Kettle felt that Now then, captain, out with it he was being eyed with a certain em-

"Not had bad weather, have you?" "No. weather's been right enoug Bit thickish, that's all."

"Wait till I know her, pilot, and then

"Haven't got nerves enough. Look

"Never bent a plate to my life."

the way of seamanship."

keep my blushes back."

captain, and good bonuses."

and brought out a letter card.

after you sailed."

yours?"

"Well, I hope you never will. Look

"Quartermaster," said Kettle, "tell

you, now, you're a little tin wonder in

me steward to bring two goes of whis-

key up here on the bridge. Pilot, if you

say such things to me you make me

feel like a girl with a new dress, and

I want a drop of Dutch courage to

whiskey came, "here's lots of cargo,

"Here's deep-draft steamers for you

The whiskey drained down its ap-

"Typewritten address," said Kettle.

"Man I came across. Look you,

though, I didn't know him; but he

said there was a useful tip in the let-

ter which it would please you to have

Kettle tore off the perforated edges,

and looked inside the card. Here was

another anonymous communication,

also from "Well-wisher," and, as be-

fore, warning him against the machina-

tions of Gedge. "Got no idea who the

"Well, I did have a bit of a talk

man was who gave it you?" he asked.

with him and a drink, and I rather

gathered he might have had something

to do with insurance; but he didn't say

his name. Why, isn't he a friend of

"but I can't be quite sure yet." He

did not add that the anonymous writer

guaranteed him a present of £50 if

the Sultan of Labuan drew no insur-

were gone beyond replacement. Whilst

waters of the Bristol channel, there

With Murgatroyd, the old blue-face

fore, and there existed between the two

men a strong dislike and a certain mu-

tual esteem. They interviewed over

duty matters when the pilot left. "Mr.

Murgatroyd," said the little skipper,

"you'll keep hatches off, and do every-

"Aye, aye," rumbled the mate: "but

"You'll have fresh orders from me

"Aye, aye; but the hands are dog-

"Then it's your place to drive them.

enough at sea to know that. But if you

aren't up to your business, just say,

and I'll swop you over with the second

The old mate's face grew purpler. "If

you want a driver," he said, "you shall

have one"; and with that he went his

ways and roused the tired deckhands

to work after the time-honored meth-

entirely different piece of mental me-

actions ashore. He had received Mr.

Gedge's precise instructions to run the

coal boat in the ordinary method, and

the episode of Miss Payne, the type

he intended to do it relentlessly and

how about when heavy weather comes

before then. Get hoses to work now

and sluice down. The ship's a pigstye."

and the decks are full of water?"

pages and anxious repairs.

as gassy as petroleum."

mate right now."

"I rather think he is," said Kettle,

"No postmark on the stamp. Who's it

pointed channels, and the pilot said:

"By the by. I've this for you, captain,"

pilot, and plenty of water under 'em."

"Well," said the pilot when the

can handle her." "What's kept you from having "Fraid of losing the ship, captain. never been up before the board you, captain, you'll be having a bad trade yet and don't want to try what steamboat about the docks at that "O!" said Kettle with a sigh, "it's

horrible; they're brutes. I know. I have "So I might have guessed," said Williams drily.

"Look here," said Kettle, "what are you driving at?" "No offence, captain, no offence. I'll just shut my head now. Guess I've been talking too much already. Result of being overtired, I suppose. Let's get on with the ship's papers. They are all in this tin box."

"But I'd rather you said out what you got to say." "Thanks, captain, but no. This is the first time we've met. I think?"

"So far as I remember." "Well, there you are then; personally you no doubt are a very nice pleasant gentleman, but still there's no getting over the fact that you're a stranger to me; and anyway, you're in Gedge's employ, and I'm not; and there's a law of libel in this country which gets up and hits you whether you are talking truth

"English laws are beastly, and that's a fact."

quite enough for me. Now, captain, suppose we go ashore with these papers and I can sign off and you can sign on. Afterward we'll have a drop of whiskey together if you like, just to show there's no ill-will." "You are very polite, captain," said

"Reading about them in the paper's

Kettle. "I'm sure I don't like the notion of stepping in to take away your employment. But if it hadn't been me, he'd have got some one else." The other turned on him quickly. "Don't think you're doing me a bad turn captain, because you aren't. I was

never so pleased to step out of a charthouse in my life. Only thing is. I hope I aren't doing you a bad turn by letting you step in. "By James," said Kettle, "do speak plain, captain; don't go on hinting like

"I am maundering on too much, captain, and that's a fact. Result of being about tired-out, I suppose. But you must excuse me speaking further; there's that confounded libel law to think about. Now, captain, here's the key of the charthouse door, and you'll let me, I'll go out first and you can lock it behind you. You'll find one of the tumblers beside the water-bottle broken; it fell out of my hand this

tory; and I'll knock off threepence for the tumbler when we square up." They plunged straightway into the aridities of business, and kept at it till the captaincy had been formally laid down and handed over, and then the opportunity for further revelations

morning just after I'd docked her; but

all the rest is according to the inven-

Capt. Williams was clearly worn out with weariness; responsibility had kept him going till then, but now that responsibility had ended he was like a man in a trance. His eyes drooped, his knees failed drunkenly; he was speech, and if Kettle had not by main force dragged him off to a bed at a temperance hotel, he would have toppled down incontinently and slept in the gutter like one dead. As it was he lay on the counterpane in the heavfest of sleep, the picture of a strong man worn out with watching and labor, and for a minute or so Kettle stood beside the bed and gazed upon him

thoughtfully. "By James," he muttered, "if I could make you speak, captain, I believe you could tell a queerish tale." But Kettle did not loiter by this tac-

fturn bedside. He had signed on master of the Sultan of Labuan; he was in Mr. Gedge's employ and earning Mr. Gedge's pay; and every minute wasted on a steamer means money lost. He went briskly across to the south dock and set the machinery of business to work without delay. There was grumbling from mates, engineers and crew that they had been given leisure for scarcely a breath of shore air, but Kettle was not a man courted popularity from his underlings offering them indulgences. stated that their duty was to get the water ballast out and the coal under hatches in the shortest time on record and mentioned that he was the man

The men grumbled of course: be hind their driver's back they swore; two deck hands and three of the stokecrew deserted, leaving their wages, and were replaced by others from the shipping office; and still the work went remorselessly on under the gray glow of the fog so long as daylight lasted, and then under the glare of raw electric arc lamps. The air was full of gritty dust and the roar of falling coal. A wagon was shunted dangled aloft in hydraulic arms, nominiously emptied end first, and then put to ground again and petulantly sent away to find a fresh load, whilst its successor was being nursed and relieved. Two hundred tons to the hour was what that hydraulic staith could handle, but for all that it did not break the coal unduly.

who would see it done.

In the forehold the trimmers gasped and choked as they steered the black avalanches into place; and presently another of the huge staiths crawled up along the dock wall, with a gasping tank-loco and a train of wagons in attendance, and then the Sultan of Labuan was being loaded through the after hatch also. It was a triumph of machinery and organization, and tired men in a dozen departments cursed Kettle for keeping them at such a remorseless pressure over their tasks. Down to her fresh-water plimsol the steamer was sunk, and then the loading ceased. Even Kettle did not dare to overload. He knew quite well that there were jealous eyes of a seamen's and firemen's union official watching him from somewhere on the quays, and if she was trimmed an inch above her marks the Sultan of Labuan would never be let go through the outer dock gate. So the burden was limited to its. egal bounds, and Kettle got his clearance papers with the same fierce, businesslike bustle, and came back and stepped lightly up on to the tramp's

The pilot was there waiting for him half-admiring, half-repelled; the old blue-faced mate tad the carpenter were and their tiredness ready to jump at

him: but the second letter from "Wellwisher," which the pilot brought on board, cleared the matter up beyond doubt. There was not the chance that Gedge had written that; there was not the faintest reason to disbelieve now that Gedge wished his uneconomical steamboat off his hands, and had arranged for her never again to come into port. Now, properly approached—say with sealed orders to be opened only at sea

what Capt, Kettle would have undertaken to carry out this piece of nefarious business himself. The average mariner thinks no more of "making the insurance pay" than the average traveler does of robbing his fellowcountrymen by the importation of Belgian cigars and Tauchnitz novels from a channel packet. And with Kettle, too, loyalty to an employer, so long as that employer treated him squarely, ranked high. But for a second time wisher" had repeated the word "catspaw," and for his purpose he could not have used a better spur. The little captain's face grew grim

as he read it. "By James!" he muttered, "If that's the game he's trying to play, I'll make him rue it."

a voyage it may be easy to make a resolve like this, it is not so easy to carry it into practical effect. If the machinery was on board, human or otherwise, for making the Sultan of Labuan fail to reach port, it was not at all probable that Kettle would find it beore he saw it in working order. When arrangements for a bit of barratry of this kind are gone about nowadays, they are performed with shrewdness.

four ingenious gentlemen, who makes a devil of clockwork and guncotton to blow out a steamer's bottom, or makes compact with one of her crew to open the bilgecocks, is dexterous nough to cover up his trail very comletely, having a wholesome awe of the law of the land and a large distaste With the chief engineer alone, al-

hough he does not sit at meat with m, may a merchant captain t Labuan Kettle had picked a difference

Over that initial episode of washing a degree, and if the ventilation was mal half his time under water.

which gave him chills down the back. "By gum, captain," he said, when they were fairly out of the river, "you



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ance money till he had moored her in spruce and clean, and laid Impartially into the whole grimy gang of them From the very outset the voyage of with a deck-scrubber. They were new the Sultan of Labuan was unpropitious. to their little skipper's virtues, and Before she was clear of the Usk it was thought at first that they would treat found that three more of her crew had him as they had already treated the fat managed to slip away ashore, and so old mate and as a consequence bleeding faces and cracked heads were she was still in the brown, muddy plentiful, and curses went up, bitter and deep, in half the tongues of were too several breakdowns in the Europe. But Kettle still remained engine room which necessitated stopspruce and clean and aggressive and untouched. mate. Kettle had been shipmates be-

It takes some art to thoroughly thrash a dozen savage, full-grown men with a light broom without breaking the stick or knocking off the head, and the crew of the Sultan of Labuan were not slow to recognize their captain's ability. But at the same time they were not inspired with any overpowering thing for ventilation. This Welsh coal's love for him.

In the course of that night an iron belaying pin whisked up out of the darkness, and knocked off his cap as he stood on the upper bridge, and just before the dawn a chunk of coal whizzed up and smashed itself into splinters on the wheelhouse wall, not an inch from his ear. But as Kettle replied to the first of these compliments by three prompt revolver shets almost before should have thought you'd been long the thrower had time to think, and rushed out and caught the second as sailant by the neck-scruff and forced him to eat up every scrap of coal that had been thrown, the all-nation crew decided that he was too ugly to tackle usefully, and tacitly agreed to let him alone for the future, and to do their lawful work. The which, of course, was exactly what Kettle desired.

By this time the Sultan of Labuan But if Capt. Kettle did not spare had run down the Cornish coast, had his crew he was equally hard on him- rounded Lands End, and was standing self. He was at sea now and wearing off on a course which would make Finhis sea-going conscience, which was an isterre her next landfall. The glass was sinking steadily; the seascape was chanism to that which regulated his made up of blacks and whites and lurid grays; but though the air was cold and raw, the weather was not any worse than need have been expected for the time of year. The hatches were off, and a good strong smell of coal gas He had had his doubts about Mr. billowed up from below and mingled Gedge's real wishes before, and even with the sea scents.

writer, had not altogether deceived for a "Dago," Kettle had spotted his spruce young Italian second mate as Gedge's probable tool, and watched him like the apple of his eye. No man's actions could have been more innocen and normal, and this, of course, made things all the more suspicious. The engineer staff, who had access to the bilge cocks, and could arrange disasters to machinery, were likewise, exofficio, suspicious persons, but as it was quite impossible to overlook them at all hours and on all occasions, he -I think there is very little doubt but had regretfully to take them very largely on trust.

Blundering, incompetent old Murgatroyd, the mate, was the only man on board in whose honesty Kettle had the least faith, simply because he considered him too stupid to be intrusted with any operation so delicate as barratry, and to Murgatroyd he more or less confided his intentions

"I hear there's a scheme on board to scuttle this steamboat," he said, "because she's to expensive to run. Well, Mr. Gedge, the owner, gave me orders to run her, and he told me he made a profit on her. I'm going by Mr. Gedge's words, and I'm going to take her to Port Said. And let me tell you this, if she stops anywhere on the road and does down, all hands go down with However, though at the beginning of her, even if I have to shoot them myself. So they'd better hear what's in the wind and have a chance to save their own skins. You understand what "Aye," grunted the mate.

"Well, just let the word of it slip out -in the right way, you understand." "Aye, aye. Hadn't we better get the hatches on and battened down? She's shipping in green pretty often now, and the weather's worsening. There's a good slop of water getting down below, and they say it's all the bilge pumps can do to keep it under." "Mr. Meddle Murgatroyd," Kettle snapped. "are you master of this blamed ship, or am I? You leave me to give my orders when I think fit, and get down off this bridge." "Aye," grunted the mate, and wad

The old man's suggestion about the Kettle new quite well that it was dan gerous to leave the great gaps in the paulin. A high sea was running, and aft, or being incontinently swamped. "You know will the heavy-laden coal boat rode both The hands clustered on the lurching like, Mr. Mate?" deep and sodden. Already he had put | iron decks with the water swirling

Now then, captain, out with it he was being eyed with a certain embarrassing curiosity. The man was not wish you'd let me know a little disposed to be verbally communicative.

The was being eyed with a certain embarrassing curiosity. The man was not going to be quick work if they did not tired deckhands had refused duty.

The was being eyed with a certain embarrassing curiosity. The man was not going to be quick work if they did not tired deckhands had refused duty.

The was being eyed with a certain embarrassing curiosity. The man was not going to be quick work if they did not tired deckhands had refused duty. the coal grime from the ship's outer stopped it would be terrible liable to fabric, he had already come into in- explosion. The engine and boiler rooms no cowl ventilators to her holds, and Mr. Murgatroyd please. Wetch the "You look knocked up," said Kettle, and the pilot, who had "Might well be," retorted Capt. Williams, "I haven't had a blessed wink of sleep since I pulled my anchors out of thought otherwise, and the pilot in thought otherwise, and the pilot in thought otherwise, and the pilot in the matter said it could not be done. Kettle, however, thought otherwise, and the pilot in the matter said it could not be done. Kettle, however, thought otherwise, and the pilot in the matter said it could not be done. Kettle, however, thought otherwise, and the pilot in the matter said it could not be done. Kettle, however, thought otherwise, and the pilot in the matter said it could not be done. Kettle, however, thought otherwise, and the pilot in the matter said it could not be done. Kettle, however, thought otherwise, and the pilot in the matter said it could not be done. Kettle, however, thought otherwise, and the pilot in the matter said it could not be done. Kettle, however, thought otherwise, and the pilot in the matter said it could not be done. Kettle, however, thought otherwise, and the pilot in the matter said it could not be done. Kettle, however, thought otherwise, and the pilot in the matter said it could not be done. Kettle, however, thought otherwise, and the pilot in the matter said it could not be done. Kettle, however, thought otherwise, and the pilot in the matter said it could not be done. Kettle, however, thought otherwise, and the pilot in the matter said it could not be done. Kettle, however, the matter said it could not be done the matter said it could not be done. Kettle, however, the matter said it could not be done the matter said it could not

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afr. Rettle had no wish to meet Mr Gedge's unspoken wishes by an acci-However, it began to be plain that as they drew nearer to the bay the weather worsened steadily, and at last ing down the hatches both forward and

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ly attended to. Satisfaction Anazy anteed Lindsay P. O., Ont. Kettle called his mate to him and gave

"You know what a powder hulk is "Aye," said Murgatroyd. "Well, this ship is a sight more dangerous, and we have got to take care

tarpaulins over; then the Norwegian if we do not want to go to heaven But still he hung on to the open carpenter keyed all fast with the wedg-hatches. The coal below was gassy to es, working like some amphibious ani-aboard this ship till the weather eases. no cowl ventilators to her holds, and Mr. Murgatroyd, please. Watch the even if these had been fitted they doctor dowse the galley fire, and then (Continued on Page 3

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