The Canada Paint Co.
'Prism Brand'
Ready Mixed Paints
Made from Pure Lead and Oil---in the latest artistic shades, to be had in any quantity.
McLENNAN & CO.

If you need
a new suit or overcoat call and see our new line of goods for fall and winter. Prices right. Satisfaction guaranteed
Lou Wickett
2nd door to Post Printing Office
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Marble and Granite Monuments
Still doing business in the same old stand but not in the same old way. We advance with the times and are in a position to do better work than ever. New designs, new granites, new and improved tools and methods, in fact the most up-to-date Marble and Granite Works in this part of Ontario. Get our prices and see our designs before purchasing.
Shop and show rooms 11 & 13 Cambridge St., immediately north of Fire Hall.
Lindsay Marble Works
R. CHAMBERS, Prop

A PRETTY PICTURE
Is always worth Framing and you will often be surprise dat it's appearance when Frame I.
We have just received a large shipment of American Moulding and will give a Special Low Price on Work recei ed during the next month.
Bring Your Picture in and let us quote you for a Frame on it.
Henley Bros.,
Kent-st. Near the Market

Jane Cable

By George Barr McCutcheon

Author of "Beverly of Graustark," Etc.

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Just at this time Bansemer was engaged in the most daring as well as the most prodigious "deal" of his long career. With luck it was bound to enrich him to the extent of $50,000. The plans had been so well prepared and the execution had been so faultless that there seemed to be no possibility of failure. To take his fair minded son, with the mother's eyes, into the game would be suicidal. The young fellow would turn from him forever. Bansemer never went so far as to wonder whence came the honest blood in the boy's veins nor to speculate on the origin of the unquestioned integrity. He had but to recall the woman who bore him, the woman whose love was the only good thing he ever knew, the wife he had worshiped while he sinned.

For years and years he had plied his unwholesome trade in reputations, sometimes evading exposure by the narrowest of margins, and he had come to believe that he was secure for all time to come. But it was the "big job" that brought disaster. Just when it looked as though success was assured the crash came. He barely had time to cover his tracks, throw the figurative pepper into the eyes of his enemies and get away from the scene of danger. But he had been clever and resourceful enough to avoid the penalty that looked inevitable and came off with colors trailing, but uncaptured.

Perhaps no other man could have escaped. But James Bansemer was cleverest when in a corner. He backed away, held them at bay until he could recover his breath and then defied them to their teeth. Despite their proof he baffled them, and virtue was not its own reward—at least in this instance.

In leaving New York he hoped that Elias Droom, who knew too much, might refuse to go into the new territory with him, but the gaunt old clerk took an unnatural and malevolent delight in clinging to his employer. He declined to give up his place in the office, and although he hated James Bansemer, he came like an accusing shadow into the new offices near the Chicago river, and there he toiled, grinned and scowled with the same old faithfulness.

CHAPTER VI.

At first it was hard for James Bansemer to believe that his henchman had not been mistaken. Droom's description of the lady certainly did not correspond to what his memory recalled. Investigation, however, assured him that the Cables in the mansion near the lake were the people he had known in New York. Bansemer took no one into his confidence, not even Droom. Once convinced that the erstwhile fireman was now the rich and powerful magnate, he set to work upon the machinery which was to extract personal gain from the secret in his possession. He soon learned that the child was a young woman of considerable standing in society, but there was no way for him to ascertain whether Frances Cable had told the truth to her husband in those dreary far west days.

Bansemer was rich enough, but avarice had become a habit. The flight from New York had deprived him of but little in worldly goods. His ill gotten gains came with him, and investments were just as easy and just as safe in Chicago as in New York. Now he saw a chance to wring a handsome sum from the rich woman whose only possession had been love when he first knew her. If the secret of Jane's origin still remained locked up in her heart the effort would be an easy one. He learned enough of David Cable, however, to know that if he shared the secret the plan would be profitless and dangerous.

It was this uncertainty that kept him from calling at the Cable home; likewise from writing a note which might prove a most disastrous folly. Time and circumstance could be his only friends, and he was accustomed to the whims of both. He read of the dinners and entertainments given by the Cables and smiled grimly. Time had worked wonders for them. Scandal, he knew, could undo all that ambition and pride had wrought. He could well afford to wait.

However, he did not have long to wait, for his opportunity came one night in Hooley's theater. Graydon and he occupied seats in the orchestra near the stage and not far from the lower right hand boxes. It was during the busy Christmas holidays, but the "star" was of sufficient consequence to pack the house. The audience was no end of a fashionable one. Time and again some strange influence drew his gaze to the gay party in one of the lower boxes. The face of the woman nearest to him was not visible, but the two girls who sat forward turned occasionally to look over the audience, and he saw that they were pretty, one exceptionally so. One of the men was gray haired and strong featured; the others were quite too insignificant to be of interest to him. The woman whose back he could see did not look out over the audience. Her indifference was so marked that it seemed deliberate.

At last he felt that her eyes were upon him. He turned quickly. True enough, for with lips slightly parted, her whole attitude suggestive of intense restraint, Mrs. Cable was staring helplessly into the eyes of the man who could destroy her with a word.

The one thing that flashed through Bansemer's brain was the realization that she was far more beautiful than he had expected her to be. There was a truly aristocratic loveliness in the rather piquant face, and she undeniably possessed "manner." Maturity had improved her vastly, he confessed, with strange exultation; age had been kinder than youth. He forgot the play, seldom taking his eyes from the back which again had been turned to him. Calculating, he reached the conclusion that she was not more than forty years of age. More than once he made some remark to his son, only to surprise that young man glancing surreptitiously at the face of the more beautiful of the two girls. Even in this early stage James Bansemer began to gloat over the beauty of this new found old acquaintance.

In the lobby of the theater as they were leaving he deliberately doffed his hat and extended a pleasant hand to the wife of David Cable. She turned deathly pale, and there was a startled, piteous look in her eyes that convinced him beyond all shadow of a doubt. There was nothing for her to do but introduce him to her husband. Two minutes later Graydon Bansemer and Jane Cable, strangers until then, were asking each other how they liked the play, and Fate was at work.

A few weeks after this scene at the theater young Mr. Bansemer dashed across the hall from the elevator and entered his father's office just as Elias Droom was closing up.

"Where's the governor, Mr. Droom?" he asked, deliberately brushing past the old clerk in the outer office.

"Left some time ago," replied Droom somewhat ungraciously, his blue eyes staring past the young man with a steadiness that suggested reproach because he was out of the direct line of vision. "It is nearly 6 o'clock. He's never here after 5."

"I know that he— I asked you if you knew of his whereabouts. Do you—or not?" The self confident, athletic youth did not stand in physical awe of the clerk.

"No," was the simple and sufficient answer.

"Well, then, I'm off," said Graydon a trifle less airily.

Droom's overcoat was on and buttoned up to his chin. His long feet were encased in rubbers of enormous size and uncertain age. There must have been no blood in the veins of this grim old man, for the weather was far from cold, and the streets were surprisingly dry for Chicago.

"I am closing the office for the day," said Droom. For no apparent reason a smile spread over the lower part of his face, and Grayden, bold as he was, turned his eyes away.

"I thought I'd stop in and pick up the governor for a ride home in my motor," said he, turning to the door.

"Yours is one of the first out here, I suppose," came from the thin lips of the old clerk.

Graydon laughed.

"Possibly. The company charges a nickel a ride, half a dime. Going down, sir?" Graydon had rung for the elevator and was waiting in front of the grating.

A look containing a curious compound of affectionate reproach and a certain senile gratification at being made the object of the boy's condescending raillery crossed Droom's countenance. Without, however, answering his question he slowly and carefully closed the door, tried it vigorously and joined Bansemer at the shaft. With Droom words were unnecessary when actions could speak for themselves.

"Still living over in Wells street, Mr. Droom?" went on Graydon, thoroughly at home with the man whom he had feared and despised by stages from childhood up.

"It's good enough for me," said Droom shortly. "'Tisn't Michigan

There was a startled, piteous look in her eyes.

avenue, the Drive or Lincoln Park boulevard, but it's just as swell as I am or ever hope to be."

"There's nothing against Wells street, but—it got ashamed of itself when it crossed the river."

"They call it [illegible] Droom, "but it isn't *the* avenue, is it?" Bansemer was surprised to note a tone of affectionate pride in the question.

"No indeed!"

"Oh, there's only one, Mr. Graydon,' said the old clerk quite warmly; "out own Fifth avenue!"

"I had no idea you cared so much for swagger things, Mr. Droom," observed the other, genuinely surprised.

"Even Broadway is heaven to me,' said Droom, some of the rasp gone from his voice. "Goodby. I got this way," he said when they reached the sidewalk a little later. The young man watched his gaunt figure as it slouched away in the semidarkness.

"By George, the old chap is actually homesick!" muttered he. "I didn't think it was in him."

Droom had rooms over a millinery shop in Wells street. There was a bedroom at the back and a "living room" in front, overlooking the street from the third story of the building. Of the bedchamber there is but little to say, except that it contained a bed, a washstand, a mirror, two straight backed chairs and a clothespress. Droom went out for his bath—every Saturday night. The "living room," however, was queer in more ways than one. In one corner on a chest of drawers stood his oil stove, while in the opposite corner a big sheet iron heater made itself conspicuous. Firewood was piled behind the stove winter and summer, Droom lamenting that one could not safely discriminate between the seasons in Chicago. The chest of drawers contained his stock of provisions, his cooking and table utensils, his medicine and a small assortment of carpenter's tools. He had no use for an icebox.

A bookcase, old enough to warm the heart of the most ardent antiquarian, held his small and unusual collection of books. Standing side by side on the same shelf were French romances and the Holy Bible, much bethumbed and penciled. There were schoolbooks alongside of sentimental love tales, Greek lexicons and quaint old fairy stories, law books and works on criminology; books on botany, geology, anatomy and physics. In all perhaps there were 200 volumes. A life of Napoleon revealed signs of almost constant usage. There were three portraits of the Corsican on the dingy green walls.

The strange character of the man was best shown by the pictures that adorned or rather disfigured the walls. Vulgar photographs and prints were to be seen on all sides. Mingled with these cheap creations were excellent copies of famous Madonnas, quaint Scriptural drawings, engravings of the Saviour and an allegorical colored print which emphasized the joys of heaven. There was also a badly drawn but idealized portrait of Droom, done in crayon at the age of twenty. This portrait was one of his prized possessions. He loved it best because it was a lie and did not expose his human defects. If Droom ever had entertained a feminine visitor in his apartments, there is no record of the fact. But few men had seen the interior of his home, and they had gone away with distressed, perplexed sensibilities.

He cooked his own meals on the oil stove and, alone, ate them from the little table that stood near the heater. Occasionally he went out to a nearby eating house for a lonely feast. His rooms usually reeked with the odor of boiled coffee, burned cabbage and grease, pungent chemicals and long suffering bed linen. Of his "front" room it may be said that it was kitchen, dining room, parlor, library, workshop, laboratory and conservatory. Four flowerpots, in which as many geraniums existed with difficulty despite Droom's constant and unwavering care, occupied a conspicuous place on the window sills overlooking the street. He watched over them with all the tender solicitude of a lover, surprising as it may appear when one pauses to consider the vicious exterior of the man.

Droom was frugal. He was, in truth, a miser. If any one had asked him what he expected to do with the money he was putting away in the bank, he could not have answered, calculating as he was by nature. He had no relative to whom he would leave it, and he had no inclination to give up the habit of active employment. His salary was small, but he managed to save more than half of it—for a "rainy day," as he said. He did his reading and experimenting by kerosene light and went to bed by candlelight, saving a few pennies a week in that way. The windows in his apartment were washed not oftener than once a year. He was seldom obliged to look through them during the day, and their only duty at night was to provide ventilation, and even that was characteristically meager.

He was a man of habit, not habits. A pipe at night was his only form of dissipation. It was not too far for him to walk home from the office of evenings, and he invariably did so unless the weather was extremely unpleasant. So methodical was he that he never had walked over any other bridge than the one in Wells street, coming and going.

Past sixty-five years of age, Droom's hair still was black and snaky, his teeth were as yellow and jagged as they were in the seventies, and his eyes were as blue and ugly as ever. He had not aged with James Bansemer. In truth, he looked but little older than when we made his acquaintance. The outside world knew no more of Droom's private transactions than it knew of Bansemer's. Up in the horrid little apartment in Wells street the queer old man could do as he willed, unobserved and unannoyed. He could pursue his experiments with strange chemicals, he could construct odd devices with his kit of tools, and he could let off an endless amount of inventive energy that no one knew he possessed.

When he left Graydon Bansemer on the sidewalk in front of the office building he swung off with his long strides toward the Wells street bridge. His brain had laid aside everything that had occupied its attention during office hours and had given itself over to the project that hastened his steps homeward. His supper that night was a small one and hurriedly eaten in order that he might get to work on his new device. Droom grinned and cackled to himself all alone up there in the lamplight, for he was perfecting an "invention" by which the honest citizen could successfully put to rout the "holdup" man that has made Chicago famous.

Elias Droom's inventive genius unfailingly led him toward devices that could inflict pain and discomfiture. His plan to get the better of the wretched, hard working holdup man was unique, if not entirely practical. He was constructing the models for two little bulbs, made of rubber and lined with a material that would resist the effects of an acid, no matter how powerful. On one end of each bulb, which was capable of holding at least an ounce of liquid, there was a thin syringe attachment, also proof against acids. These little bulbs were made so that they could be held in the palm of the hand. By squeezing them suddenly a liquid could be shot from the tube with considerable force.

The bulbs were to contain vitriol.

When the holdup man gave the command to "hold up your hands," the victim had only to squeeze the bulb as the hands went up, and if accurately aimed the miscreant would get the stream of the deadly vitriole full in his eyes and—here saideth the first lesson: Experience alone could do the rest.

Young Bansemer hurried to their apartments on the north side. He found his father dressed and ready to go out to dinner.

"Well, how was everything today?" asked James Bansemer from his easy chair in the library. Graydon threw his hat and gloves on the table.

"Terribly dull market, governor," he said. "It's been that way for a week. How are you feeling?"

"Fit to dine with a queen," answered the older man, with a smile. "How soon can you dress for dinner, Gray?"

"That depends on who is giving the dinner."

"Some people you like. I found the note here when I came in a little after 5. We have an hour in which to get over there. Can you be ready?"

"Do you go security for the affair?" asked Graydon.

"Certainly. You have been there, my boy, and I've not heard you complain."

"You mean over at"—

"Yes; that's where I mean," said the other, breaking in quietly.

"I think I can be ready in ten minutes, father."

While he was dressing his father sat alone and stared reflectively at the small blue gas blaze in the gate. A dark, grim smile unconsciously came over his face, the inspiration of a triumphant joy. Twice he read the dainty note that met him on his return from the office.

"What changes time can make in woman," he mused, "and what changes a woman can make in time! For nearly a year I've waited for this note. I knew it would come; it was bound to come. Grayden has had everything up to this time, while I have waited patiently in the background. Now it is my turn."

"All right, father," called Graydon from the hall. "The cab is at the door."

Together they went down the steps, arm in arm, strong figures.

"To Mr. David Cable's," ordered Bansemer, the father, complacently as he stepped into the carriage after his son.

PILES
Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles. See testimonials in the press and ask your neighbors about it. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied, 60c. at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.
DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines
In addition to our regular stock of High grade Instruments and Sewing Machines we have some real bargains in all these lines in the way of Pianos that have been out a time or two and some longer, but are in good shape and tone, which we will fully guarantee. We also have some good second hand Sewing Machines at very low prices to clear. Our line of new machines is complete in the VERY BEST CANADIAN AND AMERICAN MAKES. Call and see us if you are interested. We will please and satisfy you.
WM. WARREN
P. O. BOX 217
Opposite St. Andrew's Church. William-St., LINDSAY, Ont.

It Will Pay You
WHEN IN TOWN TO CALL
at Anderson, Nugent & Co.'s
and inspect their new stock of
HIGH-CLASS FURNITURE
EVERY LINE COMPLETE
THE FINEST RANGE OF GOODS EVER SHOWN IN THIS DISTRICT.
Anderson, Nugent & Co
Kent Street, Lindsay
Undertaking in all its Branches.

JUDICIAL

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to a judgment in the High Court of Justice, made in the matter of the estate of Kenneth John Armstrong, and in the cause Richman et al vs. Lower, the creditors, including those having any general or specific lien upon the estate of Kenneth John Armstrong, late of the township of Bexley, in the county of Victoria, farmer, who died on or about the 19th day of June, A.D., 1907, are, on or before the 25th day of March, 1909, to send by post prepaid to Messrs. McDiarmid & Weeks, of Lindsay, Ontario, solicitors for the plaintiffs, herein, their Christian names and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their accounts, and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them; or in default thereof, they will be peremptorily excluded from the benefit of the said judgment. Every creditor holding any security is to produce the same before me at my chambers at the court house, in the town of Lindsay, on the 27th day of March, A.D., 1909, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, being the time appointed for adjudication on the claims.

Dated the 25th day of February, A.D., 1909.

(Sd.) JOHN E. HARDING,
Local Master of Lindsay.

Old Folks' Coughs
BECAUSE RESISTING POWER IS WEAK PNEUMONIA OFTEN FOLLOWS.
TELLS OF A SURE CURE AND W NEVER-FAILING COMFORT FOR COLDS, COUGHS, CATARRH.
One of the worst terrors of the old age is that distressing chronic cough. Colds settle on the chest, are wrongly treated with drug-laden and nerve-weakening syrups, and from year to year the condition has grown worse. Formerly the cough went away when fine weather came, but now bad weather makes it worse and fits of racking, tearing, coughing make life a burden.
Because you are old is no reason for suffering with everlasting coughing—those terrible chest troubles and dificult breathing can be thoroughly cured with Catarrhozone. You simply breathe the healing vapor of Catarrhozone and instantly its rich balsamic fumes are carried by your breath into the tiniest recesses of the nose, throat, chest, bronchial tubes and lungs.
Just think of it—a direct breathable medicine, full of soothing antiseptic pine essences that reaches every sore congested membrane in two seconds. No drugs to take—nothing to harm the aged or the infant because Catarrhozone is the purest, safest cough, catarrh and cold cold remedy ever devised.
Mrs. M. E. Walford, wife of a well-known grocer in East Sheffield, writes: "For three years I suffered with a hard racking cough and bronchial irritation which annoyed me so much at night I couldn't sleep. I tried many remedies, catarrh tablets sprays, syrups, etc., but they only helped me for a short time. Catarrhozone brought me wonderful comfort from the first. I inhaled its balsamic fumes every hour or two and am now free from any trace of cold, bronchitis and catarrh. I can go out in all kinds of weather and do not take cold."
There is no remedy so certain and safe as Catarrhozone, but being a good remedy it is imitated. Beware of the substitutor. Large Catarrhozone lasts two months, price $1; smaller sizes 25c, and 50c. All reliable dealers or the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

WON McCARTY SHIELDS.

The finals for the McCarty shields were played Thursday at the curling rink at 9 o'clock between Skips Flavelle and O'Connor, and as the result of the game the shields will rest in the homes of Skip O'Connor and his men, who defeated Skip Flavelle's strong rink by eleven shots. Skip O'Connor scored the first four ends, and had the game well in hand at all stages. O'Connor's rink played a fine game from start to finish, while on the other hand Skip Flavelle and his rink did not play their usual good game. Following are the scores:

D. Collison	A. Palen
R. Bucke	R. Chambers
T. J. Tilley	W. F. C. Marsan
L. V. O'Connor	J. D. Flavelle
Skip.....17	Skip.....6

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than
EPPS'S
A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.
COCOA
Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in ¼-lb. and ½-lb Tins.

MEN WANTED AT ONCE on salary and expenses. One good man in each locality with rig or capable of handling horses to advertise and introduce our guaranteed Royal Purple Stock and Poultry Specifics. No experience necessary; we lay out your work for you. $25 a week and expenses. Position permanent. Write W. A. JENKINS MANF'G CO., London, Ontario.

FOR SALE.—HOUSE AND LOT IN village of Oakwood; two storey, nine rooms, good cement cellar, large cistern, good garden, etc. For particulars apply W. F. Workman, 185 Major-st., Toronto.

SHORT HORN BULLS FOR SALE. —Crimson Flower, Mar Roan Lady and Princess, from imported and Canadian-bred sires, at reasonable prices. J. Casey, lot 28, con. 1, Mariposa, Valentia P.O.

SALE REGISTER

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1909, by Elias Bowes, auctioneer. Credit sale of farm stock and implements, the property of Donald Carley, lot 4, con. 10, Ops. Sale at one o'clock sharp.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24.—By Geo. Jackson, auctioneer, sale of farm stock and implements, the property of W. R. McConnell, lot 27, con. 10, Ops. Sale at 1 o'clock.

TUESDAY, MARCH 16.—By Joseph Meehan, auctioneer, sale of farm stock, the property of William J. Gertley, lot 6, con. 14, Emily. Sale at one o'clock.

FRIDAY, MARCH 19.—By Elias Bowes, auctioneer, credit sale of farm stock and implements, the property of the late A. J. Thompson, lot 9, con. 9, Laxton. Sale at one o'clock, A. C. Graham, administrator.

WEDNESDAY, March 17, by Elias Bowes, auctioneer, auction sale of farm stock and implements, the property of Donald Carley, lot 4, con. 10, Ops. Sale at one o'clock.

LOST.—NEAR THE G.T.R. STATION, Lindsay, Friday night, Feb. 19, a sable muff with seal around band and lining worn. Please leave at office of Watchman-Warder.

TO LET.—IN THE VILLAGE OF Bethany, on the G.T.R., a store and store-room. This building is well situated for business, central in the village; has been occupied as a grocery. For particulars apply to C. Chittick, Lindsay.

TEACHER WANTED.—TEACHER holding third-class certificate wanted for S. S. No. 3, Stanhope. The school opens March 15, and closes Dec. 31. Protestant wanted. Apply stating salary to W. G. Hewitt, sec.-treas., Boskung P.O., Ont.

FOR SALE.—I HAVE FOR SALE three of the nicest and finest grade Durham bull calves that I have ever offered for some time. They are all red in color, are in fine condition and are from eight to ten months old. Their sire won first prize at the Lindsay Central Fair when one year old. He was bred by John Davidson, of Ashburn and got by the noted bull, Village Secret, and was sold at Mr. James Davidon's sale at Pickering for the handsome sum of $910 on May 24, 1907. These are the kind of cattle that "pay the rent." Thomas Deyell.

Shorthorn's For Sale

Mardella Shorthorns for sale. Ten bulls from six months to three years' old, good breeding and heavy milking strain. Prices easy. Address Thomas Graham, Port Perry, Ont.

WANTED.—BY THE WATCHMAN-Warder, the following copies of back numbers (weeklies): Nov. 12, 19, 26, and Dec. 10 and 17. They are required to complete the files.

APPLICATION TO PARLIAMENT

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Ontario, at the present session thereof, by The Canada Central Railway Company, for an Act extending the time for the construction and completion of its authorized railway and branches, and for other purposes.

HYCRMAN, KERR & MACINNES,
Sterling Bank Chambers,
Toronto.
Solicitors for the applicants.

Dated at Toronto this 22nd day of February, 1909.

FOR SALE.—THE UNDERSIGNED has a quantity of hay and also some straw for sale. Lot 15, con. 8, Somerville. Robert Murphey, Burnt River.

Seed Peas for Farmers

We are now giving out peas to grow on contract and as the prices on some varieties have advanced they are going fast.

Those who have left their order for peas we wish would call and get them and those who have not but intend to grow, write to our office or call at once and select the kind you want before the best varieties are all gone.

JAS. M. SQUIER & SON give a special prize of **TEN DOLLARS** for the largest yield of any variety of peas of over ten bushels of sowing in each of the following townships; Verulam, Ops, Emily, Fenelon and Manvers.

The Blue Imperial and the Harrison Glory peas as you all know are old favorites with the farmers around here and of which large quantities are grown every year.

SQUIER & FLAVELLE will also give a special prize of **TEN DOLLARS** in each of the above townships for the largest yield from over ten bushels of sowing of either of these two varieties. Do not delay, come in at once and leave your order.

JAS. M. SQUIER & SON.
SQUIER & FLAVELLE.

Hon R. W. Scott introduced his scheme for Senate reform in that chamber.