HOW A WHARF WAIF BECAME

A RUSSIAN PRINCESS. pen, my dear sir," said Pelham, making a last appeal to Gordon. "To-morrow in all probability Mr. Kavanagh will go

to Betterford Grange to pay his customary visit." "That will be time enough. Give him till to-morrow.'

Mr. Pelham gulped as if swallowing a very bitter pill, before he continued: "This proceeding will take place probably to-morrow evening. To-morrow is Saturday, remember. Now, having regard to the circumstances of the case, what do you think he will do on Sun-

"Stay in bed, I should say." "No, he will not, sir," said Mr. Pelham, his meekness giving place to some-thing like asperity. "He will make shift to get to the office at Lambeth pottery, knowing that no one will be there on Sunday and that we cannot take legal action against him before Monday. You may be sure that he keeps all his available property in the safe there. I am convinced of this, for I passed the place one night and perceived that a grating had been let in the shutter and a gaslight was directly in front of the safe that it might be under the eye of the policeman on the beat. Over £5,000 of that property belong to you. He will take it and leave the country before Monday morning. Knowing the character of the man, you

cannot say that the thing is impossible." "No, but that's another argument on my side. He may get off with my money, but hang me if he shall get off without that hiding. "But the hiding, sir, is the very thing

that leads to the loss of your property."
"It looks as if I should lose that anyhow," said Gordon. "But you won't," said Ivan Dontre-

member in the impassive tone of convic-

## CHAPTER XLIX.

THE MEETING OF FRIENDS AND FOES. George Gordon went out to buy himself an English pipe and some English tobacco-exile had given him a rage for everything English-and the little solicitor, with indomitable perseverance in the cause of law and order, accompanied him with a wheedling murmur of "depositions" and "warrants." As soon as they were gone Ivan Dontremember drew a notebook from his pocket, and opening it pointed to a rough

"There is were you used to live; can you tell me who inhabits the house

Looking closer at the drawing and the lettered parts described below in | plied Taras. Gordon's bold handwriting, I saw that it represented a ground plan of the pottery, the yard at the back, Taras's on our wraps we joined Gordon and Taworkshop, and our former dwelling "Nobody lives there now," I replied,

"the house is empty."

had yet shown, opened a conversation | wood. about my escape from Siberia, which last until Gordon and Mr. Pelham re- ped to re-light his pipe. Gordon carried a stout stick he had purchased; Mr. Pelham looked as if the day when we found there were only two this. end of the world was within measurable | matches left?"

ter lunching there Gordon and I took a | a dozen yards or so in advance, suddencab to Waterloo, leaving Mr. Pelham | lystop. and Ivan Dontremember behind us. It | was a surprise to us when, at the last | don, throwing away the dead vesta and moment, Dontremember held out his taking out another. "Good by, George Gordon!"

"Why, you are coming with us, old voice saying fellow!" exclaimed Gordon. "You must "No, not now. A death's head is not

come to you on Monday—perhaps not," he added, dropping Gordon's hand and turning away with a last nod to me. We looked after him in silent speculation, added: but little thinking that we were to see our friend no more. We found a fly at Woking station that carried us to Betterford. Taras was standing at the gate with Judith by his side. As Gordon stood up in the carriage waving his hat she ran to meet us, leaving Taras. Gordon leaped out of the fly before it stopped, and the next moment she was wrapped in his big arms, standing on him to distinguish our faces in the pale tip-toe to reach his lips.

Taras took my hands in silence-we were both greatly moved-but as he led me through the open gate he mur-Brave, dear friend-my unchanged,

unchanging Aura! You have come back not to go away again?" "Never, never," I answered fervently.

"Oh, if I may stay with you till the end of my life! That is the wish of my left hand lightly with the cane he held heart, and I have no secrets from you in his right. "When you can listen to "Ah, you have guarded your secret

well, and I was a poor seer not to guess the truth. I could only tell that there was something hidden; that none of us had the true clue to the mystery. But in one thing I was not at fault. I said that you would come back to me, and even you could not shake my faith in that. When Judith told me she must leave me, they would have had me advertise for a companion—a stranger to fill your place. Think of it! They thought me mad when I told them you would come back in time. But you have come, dear, brave, self sacrificing friend. The luck has turned.'

"I should think it had," cried Gordon, overtaking us, "and not a bit too soon." Then the two friends grasped hands like a couple of giants and stood smiling in each other's faces.

"Something like a jolly meeting this," he said stoutly as he mastered his emotion. "Worth going to Siberia to el like this when one comes back, but \_\_ng her. me if I go again!" "You have no friend to save-that's

why," said Taras. "The czar is satisfied. They'll leave me alone now." "Aye, old chap, but we march out with flying colors and can hang up our ble for Gordon to face him with a stick, swords with pride."

That was the only reference made to "By Jupiter, what a jolly old place!" Gordon exclaimed as we came in sight of the house. "But what's the meaning of all those shuttered windows?" That is the nart we have not yet

fortably manage.

pied," added Judith. "The best part, do you say? That sounds as if it might be good enough for us. What do you think, partner mine -shall we build our nest here?" "Like the swallows, without asking whether we are welcome or not?" sug-

"Yes," said Taras, "and, like them, bringing happiness to the house." Judith and I went up stairs together. We had a great deal to tell each other, ras and Gordon on the lawn. Oh, it he went over Gordon's shoulder, falling was good to see them filling their pipes in the road with a thud. He would the smooth grass with their arms linked, puffing out clouds of blue smoke, and still better to hear them joining in a

"It is the first time I have heard him "His patience laugh," said Judith. has sometimes pained me. His endeavor to find a cheerful outlook in the future only proved how persistently memories of the past haunted him, how tedious the present moment was. Now you have changed all that." "Yes, you were more to him than

sight. The loss of you was real grief, not the loss of his eyes. That he looked upon almost as a foreseen calamity- suit of clothes. 'the chance of war,' as he says. He has always maintained that you would come back. The next room is yours. It was furnished expressly for you, and all that belonged to you in Lambeth is in there. 'Nothing yet from my little friend? he has asked sometimes after I have read his letters to him. You have always been present here to him. Ifelt that. It hurt me sometimes to feel that I could never be so much to him as you tated him sometimes, and that he was muscle under the arm, don't you know glad to be left alone. In those moments —and I shall be as right as rain after he was thinking of you. Something in my manner compared unfavorably with tell you all this now, dear. At one

She left me as Mere Lucas tapped at | limp along pretty lively, if we underthe door and humbly begged to speak to her dear mademoiselle. I wished I could escape also. I thought the poor old woman would never be comforted or cease to beat her ample breast and

call herself hard names. "To think of the indignities, the affronts, the insults I have offered you, my dear, my most respected mademoiselle! What a brute I was, what an animal, what an imbecile! To offer you a place as domestic servant in this house; to take you into my own room when I ought to have led you into the best drawing room; to permit myself to eat at the same table with you, and to offer you the little wine and the remains of food that are only good enough for a fool and a dolt such as I am-though certainly they are better than I deserve. | night" in his friendly way. Wonder-And to think that you had behaved un- fully nice old gentleman. At 6 o'clock worthily at the very time when you | the bell rang, and all hands went away were risking your life to save my dear master, and, what is more, to believe ill of that dear M. Gordon, who could do no wrong to save his life, God bless him -as droll as ever and as kind! But I am richly punished for it, look you, for I broke three things since lunch and let my milk boil over for the first time in my life. Ah, mon Dieu, that it should

come to this at my age!" Happily the fear of some further culinary disaster put an end to her sobs and self reproaches, but for a long while after I never passed her without hearing her address herself as a camel, a pig or some other object of contempt. George Gordon, going to the window

after dinner, exclaimed: "A glorious night, by Jove! How would it be if we went out for half an

"Very agreeable, I should say," re-

The idea was equally acceptable to Judith and me, and when we had put ras in the garden. Chatting and laugh. ing we strolled down the broad walk in a row, but passing through the gate Taras and Judith took the lead, and in that He gave a nod of satisfaction, closed order we sauntered along the Woking the notebook, put it back in his pocket, road, Judith, I believe, intending to take and then, with more geniality than he | the by-path to her favorite seat in the

At the angle of the road Gordon stop-"This is the old box," said he scratching a vesta. "Do you remember that

I made no reply, for looking down the We went together to London, and af- road I saw Taras and Judith, who were

"Bother the wind!" exclaimed Gor-

But he paused in the act of striking it, for we both heard a well known

"Taras-Judith! Why, this is a surprise for me, and I suppose my coming is for you? I thought I might steal wanted at your feast. Perhaps I shall a few hours to satisfy my anxiety." It was Kavanagh. His voice had

dropped from a tone of cheerful astonishment to uneasy perplexity, and he "Has anything happened?" "Come on," muttered Gordon, catch-

ing my hand in his, "we'll show the villain what has happened." And he shook that fine new stick of his. I heard Taras speaking in a terrible

tone as we hurried out. but I could not catch his words. Then we came up and stood before Kavanagh, near enough for "I understand now," he said, with

forced composure. "You have come "Yes, come back to call you to account," thundered Gordon. "What have you to say for yourself, you con-

founded villain?"
"Nothing. if you take that tone," Kavanagh replied, tapping the palm of his reason, I shall be able to justify every act that may seem inscrutable to you

"You'll have plenty of scope for your ingenuity in that way when you are in the dock; the lawyers will fight you there; here you have to settle matters with

There was no mistaking what he meant as he threw off his Inverness. "Take this warning," said Kavanagh, closing his left hand tightly on his cane and stepping back a pace. "If you attempt to offer violence, the result may be fatal-to you. I am not unprepared to protect myself."

As he spoke he gave the head of his cane a twist, whipped out the rapier to which it was a handle, and throwing aside the stick placed himself in an attitude of defence. With a cry of terror Judith attempted to throw herself between Gordon and

Kavanagh, but Taras, who had caught the sound of steel, forcibly restrained For my own part, I could neither move nor utter a sound. The long, thin sword was scarcely visible in the dim light. I heard that Kavanagh was an expert swordsman. It was impossiand it was impossible that he should close with his adversary without exposing himself to the thrust of that almost

unseen weapon. CHAPTER L. THE END OF KAVANAGEL Without a moment's besitation Gor-

found use for. Eight or nine rooms are | don threw himself upon his antagonist, about as many as Mere Lucas can com- striking at his sword arm. The blow fell and was followed by a howl of pain "The best part of the house is unoccu- | from Kavanagh. I thought Gordon had escaped injury by some happy accident, but the next moment, as he stepped back, I saw the rapier hanging down from his side under the left arm. Shifting his stick for an instant, he drew the bent weapon out and flung it aside. In that brief space Kavanagh turned and took to his heels, but Gordon pursued and overtook him before he had gone a dozen yards, and a struggle ensued, Kavanagh grappling close to give Gordon's stick less play. But he was no match Looking from the window, we saw Ta- for Gordon at wrestling, and presently from the same pouch, strolling across have been content to lie there, but Gorpon dragged him on to his feet, and running him along at arm's length, thrashed him without mercy until the miserable wretch threw himself down in the

road again and shammed unconscious-Gordon declared he was unhurt, spoke scornfully of Kavanagh's rapier and wondered how an old hand could rely on a twopennny-halfpenny sword stick for defense. But when we returned to the house he helped himself to a liberal dose of whisky and said he thought he would "just go up stairs and put him-self straight a bit," He was in his room some time and came down in another

"I've helped myself to a suit of yours, I heard him say to Taras. That beastly spit pricked me under the arm and made my togs in a bit of a mess. I couldn't make out how it was I felt wet all down

"We can't afford to let you trifle with yourself," said Taras. If the wound is

serious"---"Wound? Hang it-its only a scratch, man! I've stuch a lump of wadding out of your dress coat on the place-the

About the same time the gardener, his recollection of you. I can afford to who had been sent to look after Kavanagh, returned and informed us that the time it wounded my pride to suspect it, and I would not have confessed the fact seemed a little upsetlike—kind of knockto myself, but it gives me joy to tell you | ed up, in a manner of speaking, but he had found his hat and could manage to

stood what he meant. What happened to Kavanagh after this was witnessed by William Wright, one of the kiln hands at the pottery at

Lambeth. At five o'clock on that Friday the office was closed as usual. Old Mr. Bell was the last to leave. Before going he went through the works and stopped to chat with William Wright, who was coaling up the brown ware kiln; talked about the quantity of fuel used and asked Wright whether he didn't think a cheaper coal would answer the same purpose as that they were burning, and so on, Always on the lookout for means of economizing, Mr. Bell. Nevertheless he gave Wright twopence for a pint of ale when he bade him "Good from the pottery except Wright, whose turn it was to keep the fires up till Ste-

vens came at 2 to relieve him. About 7, Wright having coaled up, went to the side door in Ferry street to get a breath of fresh air. While he was standing there smoking half a pipe an odd looking little fellow came up to him and passed the time of day. He had a queer, monkeyish sort of face, with a short, bristly red beard, and he wore a

"Is Mr. Kavanagh, in the works?" he "No," answered Wright. "He went away this afternoon and won't be back

"Can you tell me where I might find "You'll have to go to Betterfordthat's beyond Woking-to find him."

"Woking, that's a long way. Are you sure he is there?" "Certain 'cause I had to post the letters to him there as they came in by the

"This is very awkward. I'm a potter, and I counted on getting a bit of work. "You're a Russian, ain't you?" "Yes. How do you know?" "Because you talk like the parties

who come to ask after Mr. Taras.' "You work late here?" said the little man after a pause. "We knock off at 6. I'm here to fire Friday's salting day with us.'

up. Friday's saiting day with deglazing before the foreigner understood "We don't glaze like that in our coun-

try. I expect your kilns are quite unlike ours. Have you any objection to my looking at them?" "Well," said Wright, after a little

hesitation, it's against the rules to let strangers in, but as your going to be a hand in the works I don't mind. Wright took him round the kiln and showed him the fire holes; the foreigner looking about, taking notice of every-

thing with his round, deep sunk eyes; then he led him up to the throwing floor, where the foreigner was interested in the potter's wheels and the boards of clay jars set round the body of the kiln to dry: thence Wright took him up the steps on to the salting floor, which is level with the dome of the kilns. The huge kiln here begins to taper into a funnel passing up through the roof. In one side is an opening about the height of a man and 3 or 4 feet wide, and through this one sees, on a level with the floor, the dome covering that part of the kiln in which the pottery is exposed to the flames. In the middle of the dome is an opening through which the flame rises in a compact body. William Wright took his visitor to the opening in the side of the kiln and pointed out the holes through which the salt is poured to glaze the earthenware, but not content with this the little foreigner went inside, right on the dome of the kiln, and looked down into the inside. Wright says he looked like a demon in a pantomime as he stood almost within

singeing distance of the flame, grinning down into the fiery pit below. "Here, come on, mate, you've seen enough," said Wright, who by this time began to suspect that he had not done

well to infringe the rules. At this remark the foreigner followed Wright to the ground floor, and there again the spirit of inquiry was strong upon him. He would go round to look at the fire holes again, and Wright following, with sulky slowness, no doubt, lost sight of him on the other side of the coals. Couldn't make out where he'd got to, looked for him high and low, lit a lantern and went right out into the yard behind Mr. Taras' house. Wasn't anywhere. Finally he concluded that being a foreigner (and consequently mean) the little man had sneaked out into Ferry street and gone off in that unceremonious fashion in order to avoid standing a drop of beer for the trouble Wright had taken to explain things

Nothing occurred until just about midnight, when Wright had another suprise as he was breathing the cool air of Ferry street. Mr. Kavanagh came down Ferry street from the front office. He was limping; his coat was torn, his hat broken, his hand thrust into the breast of his frock coat. Never saw him look anything like it before, William Wright hadn't-wouldn't have known him if he hadn't spoken. "What the deuce is the matter with

the front door?" he asked angrily. inside. He did come out through the

works, and he's so wonderrur parti- must be in a very complicated condi-

"Cursed old idiot!" growled Kavanagh, passing him. "Bring a light. I must go down through the ware-

Wright lit a lantern and lighted the way through the throwing room, the warehouse and the passage leading to the shop and office. There Kavanagh tried to open the front door with the key, but found that something fouled the wards of the lock and prevented the key turning. He swore again at Mr. Bell for a muddling, meddling old fool. and giving up the attempt said to

"You can go. Leave the lantern there. I will come back by the ware-

Wright went back and fired up his kiln, wondering how the governor, always so spick and span, had fallen into that battered condition, and what on earth he had come to the office for at that hour. Whatever did he want

He had just banked up the last fire hole when he thought he heard a voice calling faintly in the distance, "Wright! Wright!" He stood quite still to listen, and heard beyond doubt the cry repeated-"Wright! Wright!"-in a shriek of supplication and terror, and it was the governor's voice. He answered and ran up stairs.

As he was crossing the throwing room Kavanagh rushed out of the darkness from the warehouse and came to his side panting for breath. He had a stone jar in his hand which he had caught up for defense, and he looked back into the darkness and round him with wild terror, his face white as a sheet of paper. "Do you see him?" he gasped.

"Who, sir?" asked Wright. "A man with a red beard and a bald

"Lay hold of that jar. If you see him, brain him. He's a madman. Wright armed himself with a jar from an instinct of self defense, but not being a strong man he determined to bolt if he found himself in danger and got the

"You must have passed him in the warehouse," whispered Kavanagh hoarsely. "I heard a bottle knocked over soon after you went. I thought it was you prying about. When I went up and turned round, I found him just behind me. He knocked the lantern out of my hand. I don't know where he went. He was behind me one moment-in front of me the next. What's that?" he exclaimed, suddenly dropping the jar and catching Wright's arm. Then, gaping with fear, he shrank

back, nodding and glaring at the hop-per through which Wright had come Wright fooked that way, too, but saw nothing. He thought the governor must be "gone off," or seized with "the jumps," or something. It made him feel shaky and queer to see a man usually so self composed so completely

unnerved and panic stricken. "Go down and look if he's there, whispered Kavanagh, laying his hand on the rail of the upper stairs, ready to fly at a moment's warning. "You shall have £10 if you stun him with that jar. If he's not there run to the door and scream for help. I left a cab round the corner-the man will hear you-but

come back here quick. Reluctantly and with care Wright proceeded to obey these orders. He descended three stairs, and then, crouching down, looked round the stocking floor, lit only in patches by the light from the fire holes. Right in the farther corner there were two twinkling points of light; probably it was nothing but a piece of coal reflecting a flichering ray from the kiln, but it looked like a pair of fiendish eyes, and that was enough for Wright. He ran back to the

"He's down there," said he, only less apprehensive than the shaking wretch he spoke to.

"At the back of the kil', 'twixt the steps and the door." Without a word Kavanah crept swiftly up the stairs to the floor above. Wright was about to follow, when some one brushed past him and ran up the stairs like a cat. It was the impish

foreigner who had gone over the works earlier in the night, only now he wore neither boots nor hat, and his head was bald and shining. Wright stood there breathless, at a loss to know what to do between duty to his master and duty to himself. He

would have been glad to get out into Ferry street and leave the governor to settle his own affairs as he best could, but the dread of an accomplice of the foreigner starting out from beyond the coal and knifing him, foreignerlike, withheld him. Presently, gaining confidence by the perfect silence above, he stole up the stairs till his head rose just over the level of the floor and he could see right along the salting room. In front was the cone of the kiln, with the opening of the "archway" directly facing him, filled with a glare of yellow light. On each side was deep, impenetrable shadow, thrown by the walls of the cone. Wright saw neither Kavanagh nor the foreigner; both were

somewhere in that deep shade. Suddenly there rose a scream of terror from the darkness, and Kavanagh rushed out into the light. He was making for the steps when, catching sight of a head before him and not recognizing that it was Wright in that instant, he stopped as if he had run against a wall. In that moment the foreigner leaped out of the obscurity and sprang upon

"Mercy! mercy!" cried Kavanagh. "I can explain about Vera.

But the foreigner made no answer, and there was only a rattle in the governor's throat as he tried to speak again. They struggled furiously in the light that streamed through the archway. but Kavanagh could make but poor resistance, for his right arm was powerless and his adversary had the agility and muscular vitality of a panther.

Wright did not know what to do-he hadn't time, he says, to think of anything-besides that, he could not tell what the foreigner was after. He only saw that the little man was dragging and shoving the governor nearer and nearer to the archway. Kavnearer and nearer to the archively. It is a struggles grew more and more franhis struggles grew more and more frantic as they approached the opening in
tic as they approached the purpose.

In the purpose of the struggles with stone basedwelling, frame barn and stables with stone barn and stables with stone barn and stables with stone barn tic as they approached the opening in the kiln. Wright perceived the purpose of the foreigner when Kavanagh, with a THE LINDSAY GREEN HOUSE. wild scream, made a desperate effort to cling to the side of the archway. Then Wright found strength to run to his assistance, but it was too late. The foreigner had torn Kavanagh away from the wall and got him right on to the dome, and they were swaying to and fro in the death struggle within a foot of the hole in the middle of the dome. For a moment they swayed there right over the steady flame. Then Kavanagh's foot slipped, and locked in each other's arms they both fell and toppled down into the body of the kiln. Then, William Wright says, the yellow flame turned a red brown for a minute or two

with the thick smoke that streamed up. CHAPTER LL. I BECOME A PRINCESS.

When Mr. Pelham brought the news of Cavanagh's death to us, he exclaimed in accents of horror: "What a shocking event! What an awful tragedy!" And he added with still greater pathos, "What a beautiful

case we have lost!" can't open it with my key."

case we have lost!

case we have lost!

"There is plenty left for you to do,"

"I expect Mr. Bell double locked it the said Gordon. "Affairs at Lambeth

"Terribly complicated, I should say, sir. The heirs of the late Mr. Kavanagh will naturally put in a claim upon the

"You will settle what is due to them, and if they claim more fight 'em." "Fight them, sir?-yes, with pleasure. Then there's Mr. Bell's claim as part-

"Well, I beg you to do the very best you can for him. "Certainly, but there's your own solicitor. He may raise objections in your

"So much the better for you. You can fight him. Make a good job of it, you know. Don't hurry it. "You can depend upon that. I allude,

of course, to making a good job of it." The next great event was the marriage of George Gurdon and Judith Bell. That was a very grand affair, for George would have it so. There were eight bridesmaids, and I was one of them. The Grange was full of visitors at that time, every room was occupied, and the place rang with the pleasant sound of laugter and young voices from morning till night, and indeed from night till morning sometimes when there was dancing. Mere Lucas consented to have a cook under her, and the whole management of the house was given to me and a bevy

of new servants. All this was very strange to me. That perhaps is why I find it so difficult to describe. It was delightful to find myself surrounded by cultivated girls who led eventless lives, to listen to their eager talk about dress and trifles and to feel that I also was free from care and anxiety. I shared their pleasures to the full and joined with excitement in all their amusements. I was light hearted and happy through the whole round of innocent dissipation, and yet-well, I was happier still when it was all over and we were left, Taras and I, to renew

our quiet life. Taras seemed to regret the absence of his friends more than I. He was unusually grave the morning after Gordon and his wife went away,

"You miss the hum of voices?" I said as we were walking in the Garden. "Yes. It is like evening after a busy

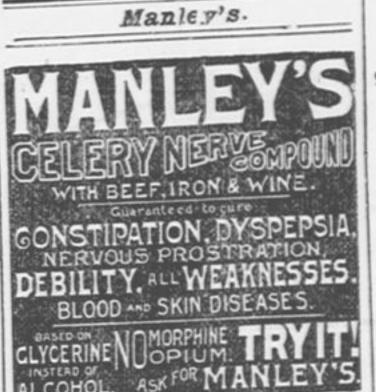
"It cannot always be day," said l gently to console him, "and, after all, evening is the most beautiful time." "Do you think so?" he asked quickly, "I am afraid I do. I love calm too much perhaps; I can think of nothing more beautiful than a quiet life, such as we lived in the old days. You see I am

unused to society; but," I added hopefully, "in time I shall fall in with the I Clove? ways of other people and like them more. I must like all that you like.' "Would you never want anything more than I could give you-nothing more than a share in the joys of a man

"There is no other man like you. If I share all that befalls you-joys and griefs-and be always your companion, your little friend"-"You must be more to me than that,"

he said, stopping and speaking with passionate fervor as he took me into his arms. "You must be my wife!" We were married quietly before Gordon and his wife returned from their honeymoon, and thus Taras gave me a second name-more than that indeed, for those who like the sound of titles

call me the Princess Borgensky.



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The Post.

THE POST JOB DEPARTMENT.

Orders neatly and promptly executed. Estimates and samples sent by mail, when so required.

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