Kerr, Watson & Co.

Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum

For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore throat, etc.

KERRY, WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, NOV. 20, 1896.

THE CRUISE OF THE WATER-WITCH.

A Story of Thrilling Adventure on Land and Sea.

(Continued from last week.)

but for the police. Neither did I think the police altogether astray. Had it been any other than Ben Johnson, her lover, they would not have reasoned as they did. In the goodness of her heart the girl had insisted on attending her ladyship that night, and in the light of subsequent events that was a point against her. Some of the servants also remembered having heard her talk of America and wish for a life of ease, and that was put down as evidence.

However, after the shock of the affair had worn off a bit, the girl made a rally and showed her spirit. Feeling herself to be perfectly innocent gave her great strength. I have always believed that it was Lord Dudley who engaged the lawyer to defend her and hunted out the points in her favor, and it was something greatly to his credit. Ben Johnson was furious with the girl because she had spoiled his game, and furious with me because I had brought about his capture. He was not an educated man, but he was gifted with powerful assurance and natural cunning, and he completely deceived his lawyer and the police and general public. He admitted threatening Lady Dudley with the knife. While the menace had caused her death, no doubt, it wouldn't be a hanging offence. He might be transported for life, but his lawyer hoped to get him off with 15 or 20 years. His accessories might escape with a shorter period.

We had elected, as was our right, to be tried separately. I don't mean tried for our lives, but examined to decide if we should be held to the assizes. It was wonderful what a story the villain Johnson reeled off to the bench. Having confessed his crime, he was held, as a matter of course, and was also used as a witness against the two of us. The girl was arraigned first. Johnson swore that she proposed the robbery more than a year before, and that for months she had ridiculed him because his conscience cried out against committing such a crime. Loving her as he did, he had finally been won over. She had selected the asylum to which they should flee, and he named Quebec as the port they were to sail for. She had persisted in sitting up with Lady Dudley that night that he might not be disturbed in his operations. She had left the window open and the key of the safe in the lock. She had also taken care that all of her ladyship's jewellery, but more especially a magnificent diamond necklace, was in the safe that night. The cold blooded villain went still farther. He boldly declared she had left a gas jet lighted for his convenience, and that she had suggested chloroforming Lady Dudley to give him full swing. He even declared that she commanded him to kill the woman when she arose from her bed and discovered them. Those who heard Ben Johnson's testimony said he looked the judge straight in the eye and never hesitated or blundered. When he was through, nine-tenths of the people in the court room regarded the girl as the more guilty of the two.

Then came the defense and the reaction. Lord Dudley himself testified to her long and loyal service. He said the key of the safe happened to be in his own pocket that night and for three days and nights previously, as he had taken the necklace to a jeweller for repairs, and was awaiting its return. There was no money in the safe, and indeed but little jewellery. There was no gas in the room, as her ladyship objected to it. There were marks on the sash to prove that the catch had been sprung from the outside. There was no chloroform about the house, nor could Mary have got any at the drug store without an order. The servants at once denied what they had said regarding Mary, and she was promptly discharged from custody. The police evinced their disappointment and chagrin at the outcome of the case, but were probably solaced by the fact that I had no lord to testify in my behalf.

You have guessed my line of defense, and you know that I had half a dozen witnesses, and this was a surprise to the police. The story Johnson told, as a witness against me, made me pinch my legs to see if I was awake or dreaming. Such calm, cold nerve was never seen before. He began by saying he had met me in Liverpool a fortnight before, and told me of the "job," and that I readily agreed to join him. He claimed that I had been in Dudley three days; that he entered the castle while I kept watch outside; that as we were escaping by boat I charged him with false play and struck him down with the oar.

We showed, of course, that the Water-Witch was still at sea on the date he gave, and completely upset his yarn, and he was taken back to jail. No one could dispute my innocence, but the police had regarded me as guilty, and somehow they can't forgive a man for disappointing them. In my case the chief of police even had the impudence to say to me:

"Well, my man, it seems that somehow you have slipped the halter off your neck, but let me say that I shall keep my eye on your future movements. I presume you will leave town very soon?"

"I shall leave when I get ready to," was my blunt reply.

"No talking back, sir! I have power to warn suspicious characters to leave town, and to lock them up if they don't go."

"Go ahead on any course that suits you. I know how greatly you are disappointed, but it is all owing to your lack of sense in handling the case at the start."

He fumed and blustered; but, having burned his fingers once, he did not proceed to extreme measures. Someone spread the report that I had been twice arrested in Liverpool, and I had a pretty clear idea as to where the gossip had started from.

Lord Dudley, as soon as sending for the police, had offered a reward of £1,000 for the arrest and conviction of the murderer. I had certainly been the means of his arrest, and between Mary Williams and myself the prosecutor had all the evidence that was necessary to convict the prisoner. After I had been discharged from custody his lordship sent for me. He received me very kindly, expressed his gratification that I had come out of the case with flying colors, and referred to the matter of the reward. I refused to accept a penny of it, to his great astonishment, but later on I could not well refuse the gold watch, telescope, chronometer and other gifts he sent me by his chief steward, together with his best wishes for my future welfare.

As Johnson was held to the assizes, the girl and I must be detained as witnesses; so the chief of police could not have driven me away if he had set about it. We had to give bonds, and it was Lord Dudley himself who furnished them. It so happened that the term was near at hand, and the case would be disposed of by the time the Water-Witch had been overhauled. This would let me out of a bad scrape, but, nevertheless Captain Clark felt it his duty to growl at me:

"Now, Ralph, you you see the consequences of a sailor man idling about on land, and I hope it will be a warning to you for the rest of your life."

"But one must see his old mother now and then," I protested.

"Aye, if she be living within stone's throw of the sea, but otherwise she must not expect it. The land, Ralph, was created for corn and trees and hedges and villains, and no true sailor who fears God and wants to live an honest life has any business outside of a seaport. I hope I shall get no wickedness through this trip up here, but I feel shaky I wouldn't have had this happen for a £10 note."

On his trial in the higher courts Ben Johnson was impudent and defiant, and perfectly reckless as to consequences. He threatened my life in open court, and he made a determined effort to assault his old sweetheart with his fists. Had he been a different man the jury would have dealt more leniently with him, no doubt. There were those who said he would only have been punished for attempted robbery. As it was, he made everyone around him realize that he was a desperate and evengeful man who ought to be put away for life, and that was his sentence—transportation to the penal colony in Australia for the term of his natural life.

"You'll never get me half way there!" he shouted when the judge pronounced sentence. "I warn you, judge, jury, lawyers, witnesses and all, that for every week I'm a prisoner I'll have a life."

They had given him the full extent and could do no more, and everybody felt relieved when it was known that he was handcuffed and shackled and chained to the wall.

Lord Dudley's sister had come to preside at the castle, and both were perfectly willing to have Mary Williams take her old place. The girl would not go back, however. With all the gossip of the country roundabout, and with the columns of stuff printed in the newspapers, she felt disgraced for life, and was anxious to get out of the country. Her parents felt the same way, and one day her father came down to Uncle John Hampton's inn to make some inquiries of me regarding Australia. I had made three trips to the country and had picked up a smart bit of information. When I had told him all I could, he said:

"Mother and me might stay on and live it down, but Mary would grieve herself to death. She was proved as innocent as a baby, but she knows she'll be pointed out for years to come, and that certain people will be flinging out, and so we'll pull up stakes and go."

When Lord Dudley heard of this resolve, he called upon Farmer Williams and paid him a fair price for his land and stock, and it's my belief that he also paid the passage of the three out to Australia besides. They had only decided on going when I returned to Liverpool, and I thought I had seen the last of them, though the thought upset me more than I dared admit to myself. To be honest with you, I had fallen in love with Mary Williams. Perhaps the thing would have come about just the same had I met her at church or on the highway, but maybe the circumstance of our being arrested and tried together, and of our interests and dangers being the same, pushed matters along at a faster pace. Be that as it may, I realized that I loved her. She was under a cloud, you see, and one couldn't reasonably expect her to permit of any advances. Her love for Ben Johnson had turned to gall, sure enough, but that was no help to me under the circumstances. I realized that I was foolish to entertain certain hopes, and yet I could not drive them out of my mind.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CONVICT SHIP.

An unpleasant surprise awaited me on my arrival at Liverpool. The Water-Witch had been thoroughly refitted for sea, but was in the hands of a gang of carpenters and blacksmiths as she lay in her berth.

"What's the meaning of all this?" repeated Captain Clark, as I found him overseeing the workmen in the hold. "Well, Ralph, we've got a government charter for Botany Bay."

"What! The Water-Witch to go to Australia with convicts?"

"Exactly. Don't fire up about it, man, until you learn the particulars. Things are very dull in the carrying line, and if we hadn't got this charter we may have been idle for weeks. We didn't jump at it, I assure you, but yet we looked upon it as a lucky stroke, and there are a score of crafts in port which would be willing to pay us a premium."

"But it will give the ship a bad name," I protested.

"Not in this case, I hope, though we must take our chances. You see, the government has been in the habit of chartering any old tub that could be got hold of cheap. There's a public outcry against sending out convict ships that are so unseaworthy that a top-sail breeze is bound to do for them. There's also a great ado about crowding the men as if they were blacks from the African coast. Certain papers and public men have been raising a great row on this subject while you've been in dry-dock at Dudley, and the upshot of the matter is that the government is going to try an experiment."

"At the loss of our reputation. Why, air, a craft which has ever made the trip to Botany Bay goes to the boneyard or into the coal trade on her return. All shippers seem to look upon her with distrust and disgust after that."

However, I came to look upon the charter with more favor after a bit. The price paid us was very high, and we had the privilege of fitting up accomodations to carry 20 passengers as well. You will understand that I am now writing of a matter really belonging to the last generation. It is a good many years since the penal colony at Botany Bay was abolished and since England ceased to send her convicts out of the country. It is a matter of history that three fourths of the sheep growers and a good share of the business men of the big island to-day can trace their ancestry back to the convict camp at Botany Bay.

There were no steamers running to Australia in those days. Aside from the regular packet ships, there were crafts fitted out to carry emigrants, a thousand at a time, but there was a class of people who preferred to go by convict ship. The fare was about half what the packets charged, and yet higher than by an emigrant craft, but only a few were taken, and the accommodations were very good. The Water-Witch had only a main hold, which had a depth of about nine feet. Our contract called for the carrying of 60 male convicts. To keep these men secure the hold of the ship was converted into three cages, as it were, each cage to hold 20 men. The entrance to them was by way of the hatches. The cages were of iron, and made as strong as in a prison. There were bunks for the prisoners, and portholes gave them light and air. In the rear of the third cage was fitted up what is known as a "brig," or dark cell, for the confinment of refractory prisoners. The remained of the hold was taken up with storage, staterooms and cabins.

In the days of which I write a convict ship often carried out as many as 350 men and women. The law laid its hand heavily upon every wrong-doer. Offenders who would not get more than three months in jail to-day were then sent away for five or ten years. The embezzler and the murderer were treated alike until they arrived at the Bay. Then a little difference was made in the favor of the former, though the place was a hell upon earth for all, according to every man's testimony. Where a big batch was taken the government sent along from eight to twelve marines and an officer to take entire charge of the prisoners. In our case the contract only bound the government to furnish a doctor. We must ship hands enough to guard the convicts and land them safely at Botany Bay, and the ship must provide its own firearms.

We went about these matters in good faith and with an eye as to what might happen on the voyage unless we were fully prepared for trouble. There were hundreds of men looking for an opportunity to work their passage out. We bargained with seven of these men to pay their way by acting as guards. The odd man had been a sergeant of infantry and was to command the guard. We bought a dozen muskets and plenty of ammunition, and one day, when almost ready to receive the prisoners aboard, the captain said to me:

"Ralph, there's no knowing what may happen with 60 desperate villains aboard. I understand that nearly all our prisoners are long termers and over half of them are going for life. I am going to arrange the main cabin so that we can turn it into a fort if necessary."

Our quarters comprised a main cabin, a dining-room and three state-rooms. The roof of the cabin was elevated about two feet above the deck and was lighted in part by a skylight in the centre. Each stateroom had a window looking out on deck, and the dining room had three or four. The entrance to the dining room was in front.

Well, what we did was to secure iron shutters for all the windows looking forward, each shutter having a porthole for musketry and likewise iron plates which could be clamped on beneath the skylight if the emergency arose. Then the bulkhead between cage No. 3 and the passengers' quarters was provided with portholes and made bullet proof as well. For the cabin defense we got four double-barreled shot guns and two rifles. This would give us, in case of a row, six good arms, to say nothing of the officers' pistols and what firearms the passengers might have. You will observe that I have left the seven guards entirely out in my figuring.

When the Water-Witch was ready to receive the convicts, a government inspector came aboard, and he found everything in first-class shape. Our passengers came first—exactly 20 of them. Whom do you suppose the first three were? When I first clapped eyes on them I was so taken aback that I stood open-mouthed and could not utter a word. They were Mr. and Mrs. Williams and their daughter, Mary. It was six weeks since I had left Dudley, and I had received no news of them whatever since my departure.

"Well, Ralph, it's this way," said the father, as I expressed my astonishment. "Everybody knows the girl is innocent as a babe, but she can't abide notoriety. We'll go out Australia and have a look around, and if things don't suit us we can return in a couple of years. I'd forgotten the name of your craft, and it's pleased I am to find that we are to sail with you."

I can't say that Mary seemed overpleased to find me there. Indeed, she seemed considerably put out about it. While I may not have been distasteful to her personally, yet the sight of me kept all the past in mind, and she had taken her troubles very much to heart. She shook hands and made an effort to be friendly, and that was all I could expect. Of the other 17 passengers there were four married couples, two young women servants, one single man and six children. They were all middle class people, tidy and respectable, and we could not have asked for a better lot.

The passengers came aboard in the morning. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon our prisoners came alongside under a heavy guard, and I received another shock, and a far more disagreeable one. The first convict to step aboard was Ben Johnson, the villain who was to blame for what I had gone through. We were face to face before we recognized each other. He was handcuffed and also had on leg chains, for he had become so desperate that everybody feared him. His face was full of curiosity as he came on deck, but the instant he recognized me he raised his menacled hands above his head and shouted:

"You here, Ralph Tompkins! Ah, you cowardly cur, but I could ask for no better luck. When we take the ship it will be my pleasure to flay you alive."

I knew, of course, that he had been sentenced to transportation for life, but it had never occurred to me that he might be among the gang of 60. The guards seized him and were hustling him along when he caught sight of Mary and her parents. He realized in an instant that they were passengers, and there was a look of devilish ferocity on his face as he cried out:

"What! And Mary too! Why, satan himself seems bound to play into my hands on this trip. Three cheers for Ben Johnson's luck!"

The girl and her people were as badly knocked out as I was, and had we not been all ready to weigh anchor they would have quit the brig and forfeited their passage money. Mary had to be led below, and her father declared to me that nothing on earth could have induced him to take passage on the Water-Witch had he known that Johnson was to be one of the gang. He was, perhaps, the most desperate man in the lot, but the gang as a whole was one of the worst ever embarked. When they had been divided and caged the officer of the guard said:

"I have handled at least 50 gangs of convicts in my time, and I tell you that no ship ever had a worse one under hatches. There are plenty of men afloat and on shore who are willing to bet two to one that you never get as far as the cape of Good Hope. You must watch these fellows night and day. If you get careless for a day they'll capture the ship and cut the throats of officers, passengers and crew at the first rush."

We had a sailing crew of 14 men. Each had signed for the round trip and knew what the cargo would be, and yet when they saw what a villainous gang had come aboard, at least half of them would have deserted had there been an opportunity. We were off, however, and it was useless to growl or lament. Just as the towboat had got our cable a wherry dropped alongside, and a letter was hadded up for the captain. It was badly written and spelled, and its contents were another dose for us. It read:

"I think it my duty as an honest man to tell you that at least one of your guards is a friend of Ben Johnson, and will stop at nothing to help him take the ship. Be on your guard."

CHAPTER V.

THE SHIP'S DOCTOR.

In every ship sent out with convicts the prisoners were under the charge of the doctor sent along at government expense. His authority was supreme. He represented the government. We of the Water-Witch did not catch sight of our doctor till the last moment before sailing, and the sight of him gave us a surprise.

"Why, Ralph, the authorities must be blind or crazy to send such a man along with a gang like this," growled Capt. Clark, after the man had introduced himself and walked away.

He was a young man, not over two and twenty, a medical student, or just graduated, and we marked him down at once as a man without any spirit. He had secured the place through the influence of relatives, and had only a faint idea of the burdens and responsibilities of the position. He had had some little medical practice in the charity hospitals, and perhaps had been told that all he would have to do on shipboard would be to prescribe epsom salts or blue mass, and see that the convicts swallowed the same.

"Why, we'll have a row before we are fairly clear of the land," continued the captain, who had pretty thoroughly posted himself as to matters aboard of a convict ship while we were fitting out. "I've a good mind to cast off, come to anchor, and demand that he be replaced by an old hand."

I protested against such a step, arguing that the authorities knew their business and must have confidence in the man they had put aboard; but, to tell you the truth, I had little faith in my own words. Supper was the first meal to be served to the convicts. We had a double galley on deck, with two cooks, and the convicts were to be supplied with government provisions. It was for the doctor to see that the food was properly cooked, to set the hours for the meals, and to take charge of the prisoners while on deck. The cages, as I have told you, were built one in rear of the other, beginning at the forecastle bulkhead. The gangs of convicts were numbered 1, 2 and 3, and each had its captain or boss. Every man had his own tin plate and cup. The first gang to come up was No. 1. A ladder, which was kept on deck when not in use, was let down through the forehatch into a space between the first two cages. Two men stood there with muskets, and the doctor unlocked the door and called to the men to come out in line, headed by their captain. As they passed up they marched to the galley, placed cup and plate on a shelf outside of a sliding window, and the cook gave them their food and drink, then they marched around the galley and decended to their cage to eat the meal. Thus only one gang was on deck at a time.

I am telling you how things went with a doctor who knew his business, and how they went with us after a time, but that first meal settled all doubts as to what sort of a man our doctor was. He had to call upon the captain to post him, and when he learned that he must go down and unlock the iron doors it was plain to see that he had no more nerve than a woman. I doubt if he would have put his foot on the ladder if the second mate hadn't shown him the way and the captain given him a hard rub about his cowardice.

Things passed off all right, so far as having the convicts up and down went, but such of us as were closely watching the fellows made sure they had taken the doctor's dimensions. I looked every one of the 60 full in the face, and, though I lay no claim to be a physiognomist, I decided that we might as well have had 60 red-handed pirates aboard. The idea of a boy trying to govern such a gang would have brought a smile had I been ashore and clear of consequences.

The passengers had a table to themselves, while the three officers of the ship and the doctor ate at a smaller one. We did not have our supper until after the convicts had been served. Captain Clark was not a man to mince words with any man, though he was neither brutal nor lacking in good manners. He had seen enough to warrant him in opening the subject with the doctor, and they were scarcely seated at the table when he led off with:

"Now, then, I suppose this is your first voyage as a doctor?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you have had no experience whatever with criminals ashore?"

"Not the slightest."

"And yet you are expected to have the government of 60 as desperate villains as ever wore chains—see through all their schemes and plans, thwart any attempt at mutiny, find work for them every day for four or five months, punish the refractory, look out for sickness, and land them safely at Botany Bay."

"Why, I didn't know that all that was expected of me!" exclaimed the young man in tones of surprise and fright. "I didn't know that I would ever come in contact with a convict except he needed medical service."

"I believe your name is Haxton?" coldly queried the captain.

"Yes, sir—Colchester Haxton."

"Well, Mr. Haxton, you are not only the biggest fool it has been my misfortune to encounter, but whoever helped you to this appointment ought to be down with the convicts. I shall come to anchor and refuse to sail until you are replaced by a man of experience."

(Continued next week)

A BOTTLE OF Warner's Safe Cure Might have Changed the Map of Europe.

AT the Battle of Waterloo the great Napoleon .. was so prostrated from Nephritis .. (Inflammation of the Kidneys) .. that for more than an hour the battle was left to his subordinates, with the result that the fortunes of war went against him. Had Warner's Safe Cure been known at the time, Napoleon need not have been ill at such a supreme moment, nor his star suffered eclipse.

While all cannot be Napoleons, all can be spared the illness which resulted in his downfall.

Send for treatment blank to-day, free. Warner's Safe Cure Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Eternal Vigilance.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." It is the price of everything worth having.

It is the price of life itself. A man needn't be always looking for danger, afraid that something will happen to him; but a wise man will form a habit of care about the important things of life.

It isn't half so much trouble to take care of yourself as it is not to. A man who follows regular, healthy habits, feels good all the time. Life is worth living to him. But a man who "don't want to bother" with taking care of himself has more pain and misery crowded into one day than a good healthy, hearty man who lives right would ever know of in a whole year.

When a man's stomach is out of order, and his digestion don't work; when his liver gets to be sluggish and won't clear the bile out of his blood, it is time for him to look out for himself. He gets no nourishment out of his food. His blood gets thicker and thicker with impurities. His nerves get irritated. He loses energy and fighting force.

He may say, "I can stand it, I will feel better to-morrow;" but the chances are he will feel worse to-morrow and worse still next day. He ought to put himself right at once. He needs Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is made for just this condition. It rouses up the digestive and nutritive organs, and gives them power to extract from the food all the nutritious elements and transform them into rich, nourishing blood. It enables the liver to cleanse out all bilious impurities and pour into the circulation an abundance of highly vitalized blood, full of the life-giving red corpuscles which build up healthy flesh, muscular strength, and nerve-energy. It does not make flabby flesh. It is the only suitable tonic and strength-builder for corpulent people.

Dodd's Medicine Co.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Any POISON in the blood is sure to do havoc somewhere. The only Preventive is sound kidneys, the only Cure, kidney medicine, the only Medicine is Dodd's Kidney Pills,

Pain Killer.

ONE THING IS CERTAIN PAIN-KILLER KILLS PAIN

PAIN-KILLER

THE GREAT Family Medicine of the Age.

Taken Internally, It Cures Diarrhœa, Cramp, and Pain in the Stomach, Sore Throat, Sudden Colds, Coughs, etc., etc.

Used Externally, It Cures Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Frosted Feet.

No article ever attained to such unbounded popularity.—*Salem Observer.*

We can bear testimony to the efficacy of the Pain-Killer. We have seen its magic effects in soothing the severest pain, and know it to be a good article.—*Cincinnati Dispatch.*

Nothing has yet surpassed the Pain-Killer, which is the most valuable family medicine now in use.—*Tennessee Organ.*

It has real merit; as a means of removing pain, no medicine has acquired a reputation equal to Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.—*Newport News.*

Beware of imitations. Buy only the genuine "PERRY DAVIS." Sold everywhere; large bottles, 25c.

Very Large Bottles 50c

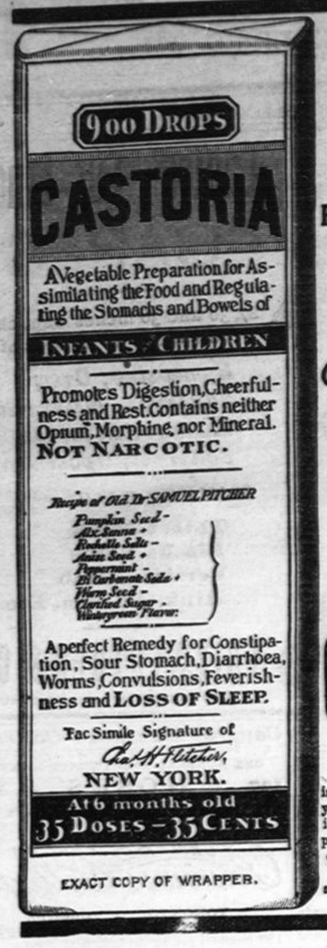
Book Binding

Orders for book-binding should be left at this office. It is surprising how nice a volume can be made of these magazines, even though they are somewhat soiled from much handling.

Ask your grocer for Windsor Salt

For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

Castoria.



EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE —OF— Chas. H. Fletcher. IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

Hurley & Brady.

MANY A MAN

Gets into grievous trouble because he will not take time to tihink a matter over—a little good Scotch caution is an excellent thing to be infected with, and personal observation will prove the truth of our statement every time.

MANY A WOMAN

Having the care and worry of a household on her mind—with its thousand-and-one troubles, and may be pinching to make the outgo tally with the income—many a woman, we say, might have peace of mind and a snug "nest-egg" at the year's end by doing a little thinking over her grocery bills.

MANY A GROCER

Thinks he is "in the inside ring" with the wholesale houses, but there are always others who can go him one better. It's but the rule of life exemplified over and over again. We have no particular "cinch" on the wholesale houses, but we do buy our goods at prices that enable us to devote particular attention to family trade, and we are confident that our customers in the main get a better quality of goods than they could obtain elsewhere.

Think it over at your leisure. We feel confident that the housekeeper who gives us her year's provisioning to look after will save enough by the transaction to pay for a handsome new dress, at any rate,—perhaps more!

HURLEY & BRADY, FAMILY GROCERS.

James Keith.

SEEDS

Highest Market Prices Paid for ALSIKE, RED CLOVER and TIMOTHY SEED.

The Very Best LAWN SEED —always on hand.—

JAMES KEITH, WILLIAM-ST.

The Post.

THE POST JOB DEPARTMENT.

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