## PARSONS <br> MEAEXE INEW REOEK BLODD,

 DPPHTHERIA JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

## MAKE HENS LAY

IKERRY, WATSON \& CO., wRo

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British American


TORONTO.



## "THE POST,





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|  | ton bad quitted the bisbla, Bed gat on the blepa leading to the bay lolt, slient and dejected, his haz aecared by strong cords betind his bac whilst the sentinel atood before Lim, wilth carablne reating cn his arma. He folt the was no possibllity of eavape now, and $h$ heart gank wlihin hlm, as he thought of t master in the power of those mercliese meis Bilence, he slowly raised his blood-staln faoe, and loozed searchingly, for a moment sould diecover there any gleam of hope, bign of compassion; bat there was none. ly toroing his eysa away, and speakigg in balf sollioquy-" littla I'd care, lit was on my ilif was in it, for id die in a good cause <br>  any In', master," ho added, suddenly add-eesin the rentinel "Well," $\qquad$ thou now <br> oplied the fellow, "what mould <br> Loosen these cords behind my baok, and my veling. <br> "Nay, nay, Master Oonnor, I know the too woll to free thee while thy master'e un captured and his treasure unprosen. May happ when he's anfe ander guard, and his gol thrast into thy irlind Hought on's suda bage, I may nutio thy arma, that thou maj est travel the faeter to the gallows." <br> "Let me only onoe see my master," pe slated Reddy, "an yo may take me to th gallig as moon as ge like." <br> "To the fames with thy master, the ol orcse-wor bhipping dog," oried the senillnel " he ghoald have been sent down to Beelza bub long ago." <br> "Liston to me," sald Reddy, rising ap an approaching the sontion me wearing away <br> "I beg ap ye for the honor 1 ' God to let mo go tor one hour, an IPI! swear to ye by a the books that lver was shat or opend, thi Ill come haok and give myself ap to ye, bang and quartor me, if ye plase. <br> "Nay, nay, I dara not dlaobsy my ordore. <br> a' Christian at all at all ?" <br> "Ay, marry am I; and how doth that oon <br> a Why, if ye ware, I was thinsin' ye migh have nome pity for an ould man that neve "IIe ye. <br> eformed ohuror natheless." abler enemy of the <br> " 0 , woll, share, that was always his way the poor ould man .niver oonid take to nove tles. Its little ye ought to blame hlm, an how, for not liking a religion that he ree baste ly a Elog that - ofas, by the greate <br> Hold thy ribald tongue, thou blasphemin lilain," orled the sentlinel, "or Kill cat from thy foil month." <br>  patient." <br> The Bentinel tursed away without delgr $\log ^{\text {a }}$ reply. ${ }_{\text {mee," }}$ implored Reddy; "hea <br>  <br>  yor Atookin' fall oi gould piecoss." <br> stlll the fellow was bilent. <br> "y neokjin pledge mittry orsoss here, about No answer. <br> Is ye? murdher, marder ! will nothin' aatis CONTINDED ON TEIBA PAGE. |
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