

and the inspector looked at him. 'Bewitched ?' said Mr. Paley. 'I told you the man was mad,' the inspector muttered. 'Hush !' the doctor whispered. 'Here prised, as a man of same and healthy he comes.' Even as he spoke the chaplain entered, leaning on the chief warder's arm. He advanced to the table at which the that they send him here.' The chief governor sat, looking Mr. Paley stead- warder departed to do the governor's bidy in the face. 'Mr. Paley, I have to report to you 'According to you, Mr. Hewett, we are ily in the face. that I have been bewitched.' 'I am sorry to hear that, Mr. lewett.' He could not resist a smile, 'You may smile, Mr. Paley, but you Hewett.' He could not resist a smile. Though I am afraid I do not understand exactly what you mean.' 'It is no laughing matter.' The earth than are dreamt of in man's philosochaplain's tone was cool and collected phy.' -more impressive than it was used to -more impressive than it was used to be. The man whose name I believe is alergyman, chaplain of an Euglish prison, Oliver Mankell has bewitched me. He believe in witchcraft ?' was the second man in the third row on my right-hand side in chapel. I question of fact. That the man cast on could make out that his number was B me a spell, I am well assured. Take care 27. He cast on me a spell.' There was silence. Even the inspector felt that it was a delicate matter to laughed. The enormity of the suggestion accuse the chaplain outright of lunacy. kept the major tongue-tied till Mankell An interruption came from an unex. pected quarter-from the chief warder. 'It's my belief that man Mankell's been up to his games about those cells.' The interruption was the more re-The interruption was the more remarkable, because there was generally war-not always passive-between the chief warder and the chaplain. Everyone looked at Mr. Murray. 'What is this I hear about the cells ?' asked Dr. Livermore. The governor answered,-'Yesterday the men were all locked in their night cells. This morning they were all locked out-that is, we found them all seemingly fast asleep, each man in front of his cell door.' 'They were all locked in except one man, and that man was Mankell-and he was the only man who was not locked out.' Thus the chief warder. 'And do you suggest,' said the doctor, 'that he had a finger in the pie ?' 'It's my belief he did it all. Directly I set eyes upon the man I knew there was something about him I couldn't gaite make out. He did it all. Have you heard, sir, how he BRICKS MANUFACTURE came to the gate ?' Mr. Murray was, in general, a reric. saturay was, in general, a re-All orders attended to promptly. All orders attended to promptly. Bricks delivered f. o. b. cars or at wharf, or car be got at the stores of Mr. W.S. Loggie, Chatham and Mr. Wm. Masson, Newcastle. of authorities, or indeed of anyone else. Mr. Paley, who knew his man, eyed him with curiosity. "What was there odd about that ?' 'Why, instead of the constable bringing him, it was him who brought the constable. When they opened the Fresh Canadian Timothy gate there was him with the policeman over his shoulder.' In spite of Mr. Murray's evident ear- Vermont Clover, nestness, there were some of his hearers who were unable to repress a smile. 'Do you mean that the constable was drunk ?' "That's the queer part of it. It was 20. Bushels White Russian Wheat John Mitchell. I've known him for two-and-twenty years. I never knew him have a glass too much before. I lowest prices possible. saw him soon afterwards-he was all right then, He said he had only had Chatham, 29th April, 1890.

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