

A Sale of Women's Coats at \$5.00.

We have just received another shipment of Women's Coats, which we bought at a low figure. To these we have added a number from our own stock, and give you your choice of the lot at the above mentioned price. In this lot are navy, green, fawn and black Coats, also a number of tweeds, which are now so popular. They are not all this season's garments, but the styles are good, and you'll be delighted when you see the splendid Coats which we are offering at this low price. They were formerly priced up to \$10. and some were \$15, but we place the entire lot on sale at one price, and that price a small one—

\$5.00

TERRILL BROS.

A Sale of Overcoats at \$7.95.

We give the men of this vicinity a chance to save considerable on their new Fall and Winter Overcoats. In purchasing our stock for this season we were fortunate in securing some clearing lines at a close price, and we've marked them accordingly. In this lot there are coats made of heavy tweeds, in shades of Brown, Green and Grey, with fancy mixed and striped patterns, in the leading styles, with plain or Prussian collars. In the regular way they are worth up to \$10.00, but we going to clear them out in a hurry, so you may have your choice of the lot for only—

\$7.95

FENELON FALLS.

HALVES OF A WHOLE (From Page 1)

"Of course—and the mothers! Mothers first and the children afterwards; instruct parents in duty towards children, and vice versa."

"Oh!" said the girl vaguely, feeling a wild desire to laugh as the incongruity of it all forced itself upon her mind.

"We must start this week, no time to be lost," announced the other, planting her large feet squarely on the ground, as if whole regions of children from Slumdom were even then in front of her, waiting to be acted on at once.

And thus it was that, two nights later, Peggy found herself seated in a dingy mission-room in a dingier street, confronted by a number of parents waiting in apathetic silence to hear "what the swanks had to say about rearing kids."

A something seemed to tighten in the girl's throat as she glanced along the rows of tired, work-lined faces, and a wild longing surged into her heart to bring a little brightness into some of their sordid lives. And then her female friend, sitting at a little table near, began to speak, and Peggy found herself wondering if, in a scheme for making conditions brighter, it was necessary to wear a snuff-colored dress and flat-soled boots, to cultivate a formless figure, and drag one's hair into a tight little knob at the back.

And then her attention was arrested by a sudden sense of failure on the part of the speaker to strike the right note, a feeling of the utter futility of laying down laws and stringing fact upon fact of hygiene and psychological importance to people who were worn-out with the struggle of making both ends meet.

The girl's sensitive nature seemed to feel the apathy of those tired faces, and a sudden desire to talk to them, a heart to heart arose in her mind. Unconsciously she started to her feet, as the speaker paused and glanced in her direction.

"I'm not going to say anything about children," she said hurriedly, and there was a throbbing note in the fresh young voice, "because you all know more about them than I do. But shall I just tell you about my own childhood, and what I missed because I hadn't a mother? Perhaps it may help you a little bit, because you are all mothers, aren't you?"

And graphically, because lost to all sense of self-consciousness, the girl told those weary women of what she had lacked of a mother's love and care, although surrounded with every luxury.

Often at a loss for a word, occasionally repeating herself or breaking off in the midst of a sentence, there was a ring of sincerity about it all; and as she told them of a moral crisis she had been compelled to fight out alone, one woman at least out of the little throng resolved to have a tender talk with her eldest girl that very night.

It wasn't that there was anything new in the things the girl was saying. It was just that they were not in the habit of putting them into words, even to themselves, but many a resolve which had been hovering in the background, unformed, came to the surface and was crystallized as the girl talked from her sympathetic young heart straight into theirs. And then, vainly seeking for the right word, it was just that they were not in the habit of putting them into words, even to themselves, and many a resolve which had been hovering in the background, unformed, came to the surface and was crystallized as the girl talked from her sympathetic young heart

straight into theirs. And then, vainly seeking for the right word, it was supplied by a well-known voice from behind; and with a little cry of "John!" she turned around, hesitated, became crimson, and unsteadily sat down on the nearest chair.

The elderly female, seeing her opportunity, began to read the rules for the proposed club; and, almost before she knew it, the girl found herself outside, with the cool night air fanning her hot and quivering face.

"Oh"—with a gasp, clutching the man's arm with both hands—"what will you think of me? What was I saying? If I had only known you were there!"

"I'm glad you didn't"—and there was a low note of exultation in his voice—"that would have spoiled it all. Oh, Peggy, Peggy! and you said you weren't cut out for a clergyman's wife!"

"How could I have got up and talked like that?" went on the girl. "I must have been mad! But they looked so tired, and I felt so sorry. And, oh, John, I've missed you so!"

"If I could only believe that!" said the man quietly, coming to a stop in the shadow of a tall old house, and taking the girl's hand in his.

"Believe it! Don't you believe it? But it's true! It's been true all along, only I didn't know! Why did you stay away so long? Oh, John, how could you?"

"Peggy, do you know what you are saying?"

And the man's voice sounded quite hoarse in the quiet night.

"Yes"—with a little hysterical cry—"I do now; I didn't before! I've known for ages, ever since another man wanted me to marry him, and I couldn't. You said I was your other half, and all along I knew I really belonged to you. Do you still want your other half, John? Because—because I want mine!"

"Whole at last!" murmured the man, as he gathered the girl into his arms in the shadowy doorway of the old house.

GOING AWAY

A Domestic Sketch with Mr. and Mrs. Brown as the Characters

"William," said Mrs. Brown, as they sat before the fire—"William!"

Mr. Brown obstinately refused to bring down the newspaper behind which he sat.

"William," said Mrs. Brown again, "I'm going away. Mother's asked me to go and stop with her for a month."

"Very well, my dear," said Mr. Brown immovably. "When do you start?"

"Do put that paper down and listen to me!"

"Can't I hear just as well with the paper up?"

"Don't be silly! You don't care a bit!"

"Well, you don't want me to object, do you?"

"When do you start?" he asked pleasantly.

"Do you think you really could manage without me for a whole month?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"I'll try," replied her husband.

"I'll go, then," said Mrs. Brown; and went to make arrangements for packing.

Next evening they referred to it again.

"And you don't mind my leaving you in the lurch, William?"

"It would be no good if I did," he said.

Mr. Brown had been married three years.

"But, William, if you don't want me to go—"

"Haven't I said that I'm only too pleased that you've the chance of a change?"

Mrs. Brown waxed suspicious.

"When I've gone he'll ask in his bachelor friends, and they'll smoke in the drawing-room!" she mused.

"What a thought!"

Aloud, she said:

"William, I'm starting on Thursday at ten o'clock. Now, while I'm away, remember—you mustn't go into the drawing-room with your muddy boots, or—"

"Draw up a set of rules, my dear," suggested Mr. Brown, "and I'll learn 'em in the train on my way to the city."

"William, don't be silly! And if you even dream of eating cheese before you go to bed—"

"The dream comes afterwards, Delia," Mr. Brown pointed out, "not before."

"After all," she said, coming over and sitting on his knee, "there's no place like home, is there? And men are so helpless!"

And Mr. Brown smiled.

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A. H. SPOTTON, President.

FALL TERM SEPT. 4.

FENELON FALLS MARKETS

Fenelon Falls, Friday, Oct. 13, 1911

Wheat, Scotch or Fife, 70c. to 75c.

Wheat, fall, 75 to 78

Wheat, spring, 70 to 72

Barley, per bushel, 50 to 60

Oats, per bushel, 38 to 40

Pease, per bushel, 75 to 80

Buckwheat, 42c. to 45

Potatoes, bush, 70 to 80

Butter, per pound, 20 to 24

Eggs, per dozen, 18 to 20

Hay, per ton, \$10 to \$12

Hides, \$10 to \$12

Hogs, live, \$7.25 to \$7.50.

Beef, \$7.50 to \$8

Sheepskins, 50 to 80

Wool, 12 to 20

Flour, Samson, \$2.80 to \$3.00

Flour, Winnipeg \$2.70 to \$2.90

Flour, Silver Leaf, \$2.50 to \$2.70

Flour, Victoria, \$2.45 to \$2.65

Flour, new process, \$2.40 to \$2.60

Flour, family, clipper, \$2.35 to \$2.55

Bran, per 100 pounds, \$1.15 to \$1.25

Shorts, do., \$1.25 to \$1.35

Mixed Chop, do., \$1.45 to \$1.50

Corn Chop, do., \$1.45 to \$1.50

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Issuers of Marriage Licenses.

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F. C. CHAMBERS.

Colborne Street
Fenelon Falls.

VOTERS' LISTS, 1911

MUNICIPALITY OF FENELON FALLS
COUNTY OF VICTORIA.

Notice is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in section 9 of the Ontario Voters' Lists Act the copies required to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to the said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised assessment roll of the said municipality to be entitled to vote in the said municipality at elections for Members of the Legislative Assembly, and at Municipal elections; and that the said list was first posted up at my office at Fenelon Falls on the 10th day of October 1911, and remains there for inspection.

And I hereby call upon all voters to take immediate proceedings to have all errors or omissions corrected according to law.

Dated at Fenelon Falls the tenth day of October 1911.

E. FITZGERALD
Clerk of Fenelon Falls