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TERRILL BROS.

FENELON FALLS.

COLECHIN'S CREDITOR

A Laughable Story of a Man Who Met His Match

Mrs. Colechin rushed excitedly into the kitchen, where her husband sat over his breakfast, with a telegram in her hand.

"Sam!" she panted; "Uncle Ned—Is in England—just sent this—from Liverpool. Something to do with selling his silver mines."

Mr. Colechin stared vacantly at his wife a moment, and then jumped excitedly from his chair.

"Then he—he'll be in London by mid-day!" he gasped. "He's going to see his niece's husband—the stingy old rat, with his one letter a year and not so much as a tanner postal order in it! I'll rush off first and see our foreman about having the week off; then I'm bound for Euston. Meanwhile you see about setting the spare room straight, Mary; and have a nice bit of dinner ready for him—understand?"

"But, Sam, he's practically a millionaire; he'll be putting up at one of the big hotels!"

"He's coming here! He's got to—if I have to drag him! If I can't convince him he's got a duty to his down-trodden, poverty-stricken relations—well, I ain't his nephew-in-law, that's all!"

When old Mr. Flinders stepped out of the railway carriage at Euston he found his niece's husband waiting with outstretched hand.

"Samuel Colechin, I guess!" exclaimed the man from Nevada cheerily. "It was real bully of you to come and greet me! Perhaps you can put me on to a decent cheap hotel, right now."

"Hotel—pooh! You're not going to a hotel; you're a-coming home to Mary and me!" retorted Mr. Colechin, determinedly.

"Well—well, Samuel, I guess you know best; it'll be a save, anyhow. Do we take a car?"

"Car!" echoed Mr. Colechin; "not me. We'll take a cab, it's more private, as I want a talk with you, and it's quicker."

"I've had a bully passage," replied the old man, in answer to a solicitous inquiry; "I won a wager of fifty dollars on the boat, so my fare didn't cost me a cent."

"Thought it cost about \$125 to come over!" said Mr. Colechin, alarmed by his relative's saving propensities.

"That's first cabin," explained Mr. Flinders. "I came second—I had to; all the steerage was booked."

Mr. Colechin gasped and was silent. "Well, how do you prosper, nephew?" inquired the cheery traveller at length.

"Very bad!" snapped Mr. Colechin. "It's a fight against overwhelming odds for the likes o' me. Trade's shocking for us poor beggars. If I only had someone with sufficient faith in me to advance say a modest fifty quid, I'd be my own boss and never without a job in the shop, I'll warrant."

The old man seemed to miss the point of the suggestion, and by this time the cab had pulled up at the Colechin domicile. Mr. Flinders put his hand in his pocket when they descended.

"That's all right, uncle!" suggested the other feebly.

"Very good; I guess you understand the customs o' this country better than I do."

Mr. Colechin paid and said things to himself.

Uncle Flinders was thoroughly enjoying his week with his relations, he declared. He insisted on being taken to all the show places of the metropolis, and wound up each evening with a theatre or music-hall, but at the critical moment Samuel always had to pay; the old man would put his hand in his pocket, and then exclaim: "I'm fair muddled with your English coinage and customs; you settle this time, nephew."

Samuel thought of Saturday coming along without wages; of the bills run up with trades-people during the week for extra luxuries for the visitor; of the money he had borrowed for the same purpose.

"He may 'part up' when he's going," said Mr. Colechin to himself, "but then again he may not." With a brilliant inspiration born of desperation, he sought out Mr. Tom Dirk, the young man who was "keeping company" with his daughter Lucy, and confided in him the story of Mr. Flinders' meanness and hard-heartedness, concluding with:

"Now, we must touch him some how, Tom, and I want your help. Supposing I owe'd lots and lots of rent—more than we do owe, I mean. What would happen?"

"You'd have the 'bums' in."

"Quite right; and if such a thing happened in his niece's own home, and he hasn't a heart of concrete, he'd pay 'em out. Now, in consideration of what I may be able to do for you, and Lucy, young man, I want you to be a bailiff for once—to-morrow afternoon when Uncle is packing his trunk. There'll be no one else at home; I'll arrange that."

"It's a ticklish job," said Mr. Dirk, scratching his head doubtfully; "but I'll take it on, old man, if you like. And about that big bill at the grocer's," he added. "The manager ought to call before taking proceedings; I shouldn't wonder if he came soon after the bailiff."

"You can't be both!" retorted Mr. Colechin.

"No, but I have a friend who'd oblige me," said Mr. Dirk, with a grin.

Mr. Flinders was sailing on Saturday, and he spent the whole of Friday afternoon in making his final arrangements. Mrs. Colechin and Lucy went out shopping, and Sam discovered later that he, too, had an appointment to keep. Uncle Ned would not hear of him breaking his word, and volunteered to keep house until his return.

Mr. Colechin was rather a long while gone, and on his arrival the old man greeted him with an expression of gravity and concern.

"Sam," he said, "you've been getting yourself into a hole, I guess."

"I have, sir—I mean, have I?" jerked out Mr. Colechin awkwardly. "There's been a man to take possession of your goods, likewise the proprietor of a store where you owe a long bill, Samuel."

"I'm sorry, uncle," was the contrite reply, "that our struggles should have come to a climax during your visit. I was expecting ruin, but I hoped to stave it off till you had gone. Are they—still waiting, Uncle?"

"No, they are gone. That's the part that is troubling me; they will never collect another account, I'm afraid."

"What—what and you do?" asked Mr. Colechin, with a vague suspicion of something wrong.

"We're rather quick in Nevada; we're up to all the tricks of sheriffs and similar vermin, so when that chap

said he'd come to take possession for fifty dollars' rent and followed me upstairs, I—I forgot myself, and—well, when I'd done with him, I dropped him out of the window."

"You what?" shouted Mr. Colechin. "Number two, the 'counter jumper,' wasn't so foolhardy. We had a game of American football down the steps. I guess he's now putting out a contract for sticking plaster and raw beefsteak."

Uncle Ned went away early the next morning; Mr. Colechin pleaded a bad bilious attack and refused to leave his room even to bid farewell to the visitor.

Later in the day Tom Dirk came in smiling, with Lucy hanging on his arm, looking as fit as the proverbial fiddle. To Mr. Colechin's look of astonishment, the young man answered by putting his finger to his lips and making motions in sign language.

"I'm sorry for your sake it didn't come off," said Mr. Dirk, when at last the two men were alone, "but I didn't get a chance to work our dodge. As soon as he opened the door he recognized me."

"Recognized—you?"

"How was I to know he'd been questioning Lucy and that she'd shown him my photograph?"

"Well?"

"Oh, he was awfully decent! Asked me no a lot o' questions, and wound up by giving me a hundred dollars to start a home with and a bit of advice."

"What advice?"

"Well, if you must know, he said: 'Beware of Colechin; he's a sponger. I could tell it the moment he started pumping me and pitching his tale o' trouble. I plumed him up and made him show his coin, and—' All right; don't look at me like that; I'm only telling you what he said."

BEATS TOBACCO

Does Value of Poultry Raised in Nebraska—Kentucky, Too

Kentucky is the greatest tobacco-producing state in the Union, but the 1909 egg crop in Nebraska was worth \$500,000 more than the 1909 crop of Kentucky tobacco.

If Kentucky continues to gain in the value of its poultry product for the next ten years as it has during the ten years past its own poultry product will almost if not quite equal the value of its tobacco crop annually. Kentucky will soon be numbered among the important poultry producing states of this country, if present indications are a safe guide upon which to base conclusions.

ANTS AS BISCUIT BAKERS

There is always something new about ants. A careful study has recently been made at the great forestry school near Dresden on the habits of an ant which is both a leaf-cutter and a seed-gatherer. It was noticed that most of the seeds, especially those of leguminous plants, were allowed to germinate before the ants put them out to dry—evidently to allow the seed-coat to burst; but the germination is not allowed to go far enough to ferment the starch into sugar. When the seeds are dead and dry the ants take them back into the nest chew them into a dough, and then bake this in the sun into minute biscuits, which are stored up.

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