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TERRILL BROS.

FENELON FALLS.

NAN'S YOUNG MAN

"Oh, mum, here's Miss Nan's young man comin' up the walk. Will I show 'im in?"

"Miss Nan's young man! What do you mean, Mary Ann?"

"I mean the young chap she's been knockin' about w' ever since we came to Portobello. I thocht she wud write an' tell ye."

"No, indeed; I've heard nothing. That's what comes of letting one's family go off by themselves on holiday. I haven't arrived a day too soon. Nan is a giddy girl, and her father will have been giving her carte blanche."

"I dinna ken, mum. I canna say I've noticed 'im gien' her onything in particular. But there's the bell."

"I think I had better interview him. Show him in, Mary Ann."

The next minute Mary Ann ushered into the drawing-room a tall, lank young man with long hair and eye-glasses. His appearance leaned to the shabby genteel.

He made a profound bow to the lady, who eyed him with a coldly-critical air.

"Pray be seated, sir," she said icily. "I presume, madam, that Miss Smythe has acquainted you with the object of my visit," he said bashfully as he seated himself gingerly on the extreme edge of a fragile chair.

"My daughter has told me nothing," stifferly.

"Oh—ah—that is strange. I proposed to her last night—"

"Goodness gracious! And what did she say?"

The young man looked mildly astonished.

"She seemed quite agreeable, madam, and referred me to you," he answered.

"Thank goodness she had the sense. I only arrived this morning, and not before time. Excuse me. I must make a few inquiries into your circumstances and family."

He blushed and fidgetted uneasily on his chair.

"Yes, madam, but—but—" he stammered, "I don't really think it is necessary."

"Not necessary! It is just what I am most particular about. My grandmother had blue blood in her veins. Family is everything. What is your father?"

"An honest man, madam. But I can't understand—"

"An honest man! Does that mean he is quite a common person? What is his profession?"

"He professes to raise flowers and vegetables. He is a gardener."

"A what? A common workman! And what on earth are you?"

"Had we not better cease personalities, madam, and get to the business in hand?"

"Get to business! Get to the door rather. How dare you presume to approach my daughter?"

"Your daughter, madam, is a very charming young lady. She was exceedingly kind to me when I offered—"

"She is a fool. I am ashamed of her. I suppose she never inquired about your position at all. What is your means, really?"

"I—I rather think that is a rude question, madam."

"You're ashamed to tell, and yet you had the presumption to think about a wife."

"I've buried a wife already, and I am quite able to bury another—I mean to keep another."

At that moment the door opened and Miss Nan herself entered the room, followed by her father and a tall, aristocratic looking young man wearing eye-glasses.

The young lady immediately approached her mother's visitor with outstretched hand.

"Oh, Mr. Robertson, I am so sorry," she exclaimed. "I quite forgot to tell mamma you were coming."

"Nan," shrieked her mother, "do you know who that man is?"

"Why, of course, mamma. He was the singing master in Miss Jay's Seminary in Glasgow when I was there. He lives here now, and we have met several times. Yesterday we happened to meet in the Marine Gardens, and he asked me if I would sing at the charity concert they are getting up. So I asked him to call here this afternoon and see you about it."

"Nan, are you trying to deceive me? You have been gadding about with this man for a month I hear, and he tells me he has asked you to marry him."

"Mamma, have you lost your senses?" shrieked Nan, on the verge of hysterics.

"Madam, you are—excuse me—you are—distorting facts," stammered the luckless singing master.

"Oh, Miss Nan, it's a' my fault," cried Mary Ann at that moment putting her head inside the door. "I thocht it was him," indicating the strange gentleman, who, with Mr. Smythe, was watching the scene with lively astonishment. "So I telt yer maw, an' she's been interviewin' him, speirin' a' about his parents an' his pey, an' a' that. Ye see, they baith wear specs—that's hoo I gaed wrang."

For one awful moment silence reigned. Then Mr. Smythe subsided into a chair, and roared till his sides shook and the tears rolled down his cheeks. The strange gentleman, looking very much embarrassed, fidgetted about uneasily. Nan burst into tears.

Then Mrs. Smythe found her tongue. "Mary Ann," she cried, "go down stairs immediately. I'll talk to you later on. Mr. Smythe you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Nan, don't be a fool. Mr. Robertson, it seems there has been a misunderstanding—"

"Don't mention it, madam, don't mention it—a mere case of mistaken identity. I think—in the meantime—I shall bid you all good-day," and with a low bow the singing master hurriedly departed.

"Marie, my dear, you've put your foot in it this time," chuckled Mr. Smythe and then went off into another prolonged fit of laughter, while Nan continued to weep, and Mrs. Smythe and the stranger eyed each other apprehensively.

"My husband hasn't had the sense to introduce us," she began hesitatingly.

"My name is Algernon St. Clair," he answered, with a courtly bow.

"Perhaps it will be as well to tell you at once that I wish to marry your daughter, and I can assure you I have excellent credentials."

"I haven't the least doubt of it. I wish you every happiness. If these two fools would behave themselves we might have some tea."

A Peer's Privilege
A Peer may sit with his head covered in a court of law.

A Cricket Rule
After 200 runs have been scored with a cricket ball, the fielding side can appeal for a new ball.

MAN WHO FAILS SOMETIMES LAZY

Writer in Poultry Journal Tells of Reasons Why Some Men Toil To Make Birds Pay

The man who fails with poultry is sometimes lazy. He would rather lie in bed on a cold morning or swing in a hammock on a hot day than "bother" with the birds. He cannot see the need of "fussing" with the little chicks; nor of fresh water once or more daily; nor of keeping houses and yards "spick and span" clean; nor of always fighting vermin; nor, in brief, of any of the routine duties which successful men insist upon as a matter of course.

The man who fails is sometimes a fool. He reads the glowing fairy tales told by truth-killing grammar-butcher-fakers, of some woman reaching down into her inside pocket and handing out a "five thousand dollar bill and five five hundred dollar bills" for half a dozen birds; or of thousands of gullible people viewing a hen said to be valued at thousands of dollars (the original hen, as the gawks should know, died years ago); or perhaps he has read of three-day-old chicks being sold for \$100; or of some fat old hen laying 263 eggs in 272 days which is at the rate of 352 in a year. If he has read these lies, and is idiotic enough to believe them, he is foolish enough to believe that he, too, can swindle people in the same way. Of course he fails, because every greedy, plundering knave fails sooner or later, as our prison records show.

The man who fails sometimes lacks judgment. He may be honest; he may work hard early and late; but because of poor management he makes no more progress than a whale trying to swim in a foot of water. He puts cheap stock into elaborate houses, he puts good stock into draughty, leaky out-buildings; he overfeeds, underfeeds or fails to give the right sort of feed; he breeds fancy stock and neither exhibits nor advertises; he does not look after little things, forgetting that these very "little things" make up the sum of success; in short, he lacks what is commonly called "horse sense."

The man who fails is often a beginner who has been duped by knaves who should be wearing convict stripes. Instead of being touted and praised, as some of them are. He reads in supposedly "reliable" poultry papers of a "system" whereby a clear profit of \$2,880 can be made in one year from 24 hens—which is at the rate of \$120 per year from each hen; or of a "strain" of big birds which "lay when two and a half months old"; or of a single bird producing 300 chicks in twelve months; or of anything else equally absurd and criminally false. Being wholly inexperienced he cannot see the absurdity of these lies, and he "bites," as the sordid knaves expect him to do. As a result he loses his money and time; and failure, for which he is not to blame, results.—G. F. Townsend, in American Poultry Advocate.

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