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\$9.14 Patented 9.46 Not Pat.

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TEACHER WANTED FOR S.S. NO. 13, Somerville, for 1912. Small school. Apply stating salary and qualifications to S. R. Carew, Burnt River, Ont.

FOUND .- On 4TH CON. MARA, BEtween the village of Brechin and the town line, on Dec. 25, a pocket book containing sum of money. Owner may have same by giving satisfactory proof of ownership. Albert McPeak, Dalrymple P. O.

LOST .- ON WINTER FAIR DAY. Dec. 19, two five dollar bills and a one dollar bill.

STRAYED.-FROM THE PREMISES of the undersigned, lot 16. 6. Fenelon, some time in August. two sheep and three lambs. sheep were marked on both with niches. The lambs had marking. Anyone knowing whereabouts of the above please communicate with Moore, Powles' Corners.

SHORTHORN BULLS FOR SALE. -4 roabs a cuoice lot of has . can be seen in any one stable. Con. sidering their superior breeding: to " " 158, are 12 to 15

USTION SALE OF FARM STOCK and implements, at lot 9, con. 12, Emily, on Friday, Jan. 12, 1912, at one o'clock, the property of Mr. Thos. Houlihan. Elias Bowes, Bowes, auctioneer.

INRESERVED CREDT SALE OF pure-bred stock, etc., consisting of 11 pure-bred Durham cattle and 17 grade cattle, at lot 21, con. Mariposa, on Wednesday, Jan. 21, at one o'clock, the property of Mrs. Jas. Webster, George Jackson, auctioneer.

FOR SALE - LOT 10, CON. 11, 40 acres adjoining the village Glenarm, being the property of the late Donald Spence. For further particulars apply to Mrs. Donald Spence, Glenarm, P.O.

"I find a White FOR SALE.

One feather renovating machine in Bronze Monument in Simpson, the best condition. This is a com-W. Va., that is plete machine for renovating feathover thirty years ers and offers substantial returns for any industrious individual. Apply and perfect as the E. Weldon.

FARM FOR SALE .- LOT 11, CON. 1, Fenelon Township. 150 acres, Slate, sandstone 50 acres cleared, balance swamp. brownstone and Good frame house, frame barn and marble have all orchard. For further particulars, Granite is going Apply to Walter Robinson, Camthe same way. No Stone can conpare bray P.O.

OPERATORS WANTED.

Railway telegraph operators badly wanted by the various railway systems in Canada, Mr. Paton principal of the Lindsay school has applications almost daily. Young men wishing to advance in this life should take the course and be at work in early spring. Mr. Paton places all graduates. A common school education or better is that is required. Fees reasonable.

FARM FOR SALE OR TO RENT Lot 43, S. P. R. Eldon, containing 85 acres adjoining the Village of Kirkfield, 60 acres cultivated, balance pasture. Brick house, barn 50 x 30 on stone foundation, shed 60 x 34, watered by two wells. year later. Apply to owner, John Monroe, Kirkfield, Ont.

TUESDAY, FEB. 6 .- By Geo. Jackson, auctioneer. Sale of farm stock and implements, the property of J. J., Porter, lot 7, con. 14, Manvers. Sale at 1 o'clock

TE RSDAY, FEB. 10 .- By Elias Bowes, auctioneer. Sale of farm stock and implements the property of Angus Murray, Lot 7, Con. 11, Mariposa. . Sale at 1 o'clock p.m.

News Item From "Little Bob" Village

BOBCAYGEON.

Bobcaygeon, Jan. 22 .- Mr. Jas. N. Hill has disposed of his livery business to Mr. Richard Junkin. Junkin took possession on Tues-

The tankard rinks skipped by E. . Broad and W. A. Davis went to Lindsay Tuesday to play in primaries and met defeat at the hands of Peterboro. Mr. Broad was down 13 and Davis up 4, making 9 down all round.

Curling goes merrily on in schedule games. So far Rev. Mr. Smith leads with 5 wins and loss. Dr. Fallis doing the trick on Friday evening.

One rink of curlers leave Monday to play the Scotchmen at Peterboro. At a meeting of the members of Knox Presbyterian church Thursday evening their anniversary date was set for Sunday, March 17. The usual tea will be held on the Monday evening following.

widths and shapes to choose day evening and organized, appointing Mr. Green to the chair. The auditors' report was submitted.

The electric commission also met the week appointing Mr. John Conway, the oldest member of the board, as chairman. The question of operating the plant half a day each week for laundry purposes by. He was left at the door by a meswill be brought before the people and senger bey, and the labers on his colthose so desiring are to inform the lar."

Lady Betty Across the Water.

By C. R. Q. A. M. WILLIAMSON

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"That's all about you, I see," Sally finished up. "The rest is about Cousin Katherine and me. It says we've come back with a touch of the Piccadilly accent, and it criticises my nose and the way Cousin Katherine puts on her hat It describes this house all wrong and says the Newport cottage 'knocks spots' out of Mrs. Van der Windt's cottage. It also mentions Cousin Potter. and calls him 'one of our army dudes.' But we don't mind, and you mustn't. Everybody reads the Flashlight for all "Strathallans". No better we the sake of the shocks, but nobody be-Heves its flashes."

"Still, you must have said something individual excellence, the pr. c- to the man," remarked Mrs. Ess Kay. "I only said 'No, but'-or 'Yes, too, who tried to talk to me."

"Great Scott, the Evening Bat!" chortled Mr. Parker. "Look out for something rich tonight."

"Can't he be stopped?" I asked. "Might as well try to stop Niagara with a tin can. The less you said the more the Bat will say. But it doesn't matter. Nobody'll care. Reporters are paid by the yard for imagination; information's gone out, though I do hear you use it still on your side."

I was just going to defend information (British) at the expense of imagination (American), when I remembered that the "army dude"-which sounds rather like something you might buy at the stores-had sent me up an enormous bouquet of violets as big as a breakfast plate, and that I'd forgotten to thank him. I did so at once, but It seemed that I had blundered. "Violets?" he echoed. "Must have

been some other fellow. I sent you gardenias." "Oh, then the cards got mixed." I

said. "I thought the gardenias were from Mr. Doremus. How kind of you both. I was so surprised to receive such lovely flowers."

"Our American buds are surprised when they don't get them. They would think it a cold day when they didn't have a slight morning haul of flowersmust be out of season ones or they're no use-new novels or candy. What do men over on your side of the water do to convince you girls that they think you're as beautiful as you really

I thought for a minute, and then said that perhaps we weren't as hard to convince as American girls. I don't know whether this was a proper answer or not, but, anyway, Mr. Parker laughed, and then began to plan what we should do for the day. "Say, let's run her over to Coney

Island," be said. "Oh, my dear boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Ess Kay. "Not for anything. The duchess would have a fi-I mean, she would be horrified."

But when I heard that Coney Island was like a kind of glorified Margate (which I've never been to, but only beard about), with switchbacks and all sorts of shows. I said that mother would consider it a chapter in the liberal education of a respectable British tourist, and it was decided that we should dine there. Mrs. Ess Kay had to do a lot of things before she could go on to Newport, so we were to shop all the morning, lunch at Sherry's, rest in the afternoon and spend the evening This farm is in a good state of cul- at Coney Island. Next day we were to tivation. Possession March 1, or | go to West Point, where Mr. Parker is stationed, and stay there all night for a cadet ball.

Just as we had got this programme settled, and were making up our minds



In another instant he was in my lap. to go out early, "while it was cool" (we should all have been lying about with wet handkerchiefs on our foreheads at home, and there would have been special prayers in church if it had ever been what New Yorkers seem to think cool), the butler came in leading by a leash a perfect angel of a dog, a little French bull, with skin satiny as a ripe chestnut, and eyes like rosettes of brown velvet, with diamonds shining through them. He had on a spiky silver collar, fringed on each edge with white horsehold and be come trotting into the room with a high action or his paws, dainty and proud. like a horse that knows he's on show, and large stock and all the latest The school board met on Wednes- his tiny head was cocked on one side as if he were asking us to please admire him and be his friends. I supposed that the little fellow be

> longed to Mrs. Ess Kay, and that he was being brought in to bid his mistress good merning, but she said quite sharply, "What dog is that?" "He's a parcel, ma'am," said the but-

ler, "addressed to Lady Betty Bulke-

had no note with him. On the labeljust a luggage label tied to his collarwas my name, in a strange but very interesting looking hand, and these His hame is Vivace."

asked Mrs. Ess Kay, and I could see by her eyes that she was very curious. I had just answered, "I don't know from Adam," when some words of my own jumped into my head. I could hear myself saying, "I must first find the dog," and then I knew that the giver of Vivace wasn't Adam. luckily I hadn't thought before I spoke. so it was no harm to let it rest at that and I just sat and played with my new toy while Mrs. Ess Kay and her brother jabbered about him excitedly. "It must be Tom Doremus," said she.

I thought of another man she hadn't wanted to let me know, but I rubbed my chin on Vivace's ear, which felt like a wall flower, and kept quiet. "Cheek of Doremus," remarked Mr. Parker. "He's a josher from way back. How does he know Lady Betty likes dogs? I should send the little brute off to the dogs' home."

liberty."

"If Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox makes me do that, I shall have to go with himand stop with him, too," said I. And I almost hated Mr. Parker for a minute in spite of the walking stick roses and the snowstorm of gardenias up-"Of course, you shall keep the dog,

if you want to," said Mrs. Ess Kay, "unless we find out that he's been sent some one undesirable, and then of course the duchess would expect me to see that you gave him back." "I feel somehow that we shall never find out." I said, and I hugged Vivace

so hard, without meaning to, that he gave a tiny grunt. But he didn't mind a bit and licked my hand with a tongue that was like a sweet little sample of pink plush. I was suddenly so happy with m surprise present that I forgave Ameri-

ca for having imaginative reporters and wasn't homesick for the pony of for Berengaria and her pupples or any Vivace went out with us in the electric carriage, and even Mrs. Ess Kay had to admire him as he sat straight up in my lap, like a bronze statue of

a dog. "He's a thoroughbred, any how," she remarked. "He can't have cost a penny less than \$500, so who ever the anonymous giver is, he must be a rich man.' I'm rather hazy about dollars, still

but when I heard that, I felt myself go red. I knew well enough that the giver-who wasn't Adam-was very far from being a rich man, and couldn't bear to think that he had per haps squandered some hard earned savings on buying such an extrava gant present for me. But the more thought of it-which I did all the way down to the shops-the more I thought it impossible that a man who had been obliged to cross the Atlantic in the steerage would even have a hun dred pounds in the world. Somebody had perhaps given him the dog from a good kennel, when it was a wee puppy, I said to myself, but this, though it eased my mind in one way, made the gift seem all the more patheticthat that poor, handsome Jim Brett should part with something he must have loved (for who could have Vivace and not love him?) to please me. should have liked to write a note to the Manhattan club, where he had told me he was employed, to thank him. But he had sent the present anonymously, and I felt somehow as if he hadn't meant or wished me to acknowledge it.

While I was wondering what I should do, the brougham stopped before a shop even larger than Harrod's or the Army and Navy stores. There | the other departments where I went were lovely things in the windows, things that looked like American women and not like English or even French ones, though I couldn't define the difference if I were ordered to with Ess Kay sniffed and said there was a revolver at my head.

thrilling that my heart began to beat or two of shopping, like us. When I quite fast at sight of them. I felt as | suggested that these charming beings if I must have some immediately, and | in white muslins and summer sliks when Mrs. Ess Kay said that this was | might be here in that way, she did not "quite a cheap store," I said to myself | think it at all probable. that I would do something more in-

teresting than watch her shopping. She had to buy handkerchiefs to be gin with, for most of hers had disappeared in the wash at foreign hotels: and Sally wanted veiling. Those were not interesting to me, because they are necessary, and necessaries, like your daily bread and such things, are so dull. I said that I would just wander about a little, as they thought they would be some time, and we made an appointment to meet in half an hour at what they called the notion counter. I hadn't an idea what it was, and didn't like to ask because I had asked so many questions already, but I knew that I could get some one to take me there when the half hour was up.

When you want everything you see. but aren't sure which things you want enough to buy and how many you can | they're being cut down instead of go afford, it's less confusing to prowl alone. Besides, there was an exciting feeling of independence in strolling about unchaperoned in a shop as big as a village in a strange foreign city.

I really did need a sunshade to go with a blue dress of mine, because my only light one (if I don't count rather a common white thing) is pink. I saw some beauties, and I wanted to ask the price, but the attendants-who wergirls with lovely figures and their hair done in exactly the same hop over their foreheads-were so interested in talking about a young man they alknew that it seemed cruel to interrup them, especially as I mightn't buy the sunshade in the end. However, I dic venture to speak, in quite a humble voice, by and by, but the Gri couldn't understand a word until I'd repeated everything twice. "A sunshade? Oh

In another instant that little live, you mean one of these parasawls," she in pure delight over the piled up ic warm bundle of brindled satin sewed | said then, "Excuse me, it's your Eng | cold froth in that tall glass. It tasted on to steel wires was in my lap, and lish accent I didn't quite catch at first like frozen velvet flavored with strawit did seem as if he knew that he was | That one's ten dollars and forty-nine | berries, and I should have loved to be mine. The queerest thing was that he | cents, and this is eight dollars eighty. | an ostrich or an anaconda, so that the

must have been dying to listen.

attention to them at all, except just to; that they were supposed to be resting

get mixed up in her answers to me made you feel more as if you had eatonce or twice. She said it was very en a large, elaborate dinner than any difficult to understand English people other one thing possibly could, but on account of their not opening their found that an ice cream soda is ever mouths much when they spoke, and their accent being so strong. I found this odd, because we always feel as if. (Mrs. Ess Kay made it an hour and a the English language having been



It seemed cruci to interrupt them started by us. it is Americans wit bave an accent, but it seems that great many people in the States dislike the way we talk very much and con sider it extremely affected. After all the trouble she had taken.

felt dreadfully not to buy anything of her, but the sunshades were too expensive, though she said they were marked down. I took a Japanese fan instead, which pops out at you like Jack-in-the-box from a fat ved stick and even that was \$1.25 when I thought it would be sixpence. On the way to meet Mrs. Ess Kay and Sally at the notion counter, I inquired the price of a good many other superlativety beautiful things, but they were all superlatively high as well, and by the time a very dashing young man, who said be was a "floorwalker." steered me to the notions, I felt as if were the only cheap thing in the whole shop. To be sure, there were some embroidered collars and Ameri can flag headed batpins and flowered muslin wrappers which I could have had without ruining myself if I had wanted them. But I didn't, and what should like to know is, what does a girl do, if she's poor and has to live in New York? Mrs. Ess Kay had said the shop was a cheap shop, so there must be others where even the flow ered wrappers and collars and hatpins tre more. And, besides, a girl couldn't go through life dressed entirely in such things. However, judging from the girls I have seen so far, they are all very rich, except the lower classes and of course it's much simpler to do without things if you can just be poor and give up to it comfortably without thinking of appearances, like us.

As soon as I saw the notion counter I knew why they had named it that. only it would be still more expressive if it were called the imagination counter. It was lovely, and looked like thousands of little Christmas pres spread out for every one.

There were a great many pretty people buying things at it, and in most of with Mrs. Ess Kay and Sally, but when I admired them, and the sweet blouses they wore and the way they carried their shoulders and hips, Mrs nobody in New York now-nobody at The petticoats and stockings and all who was worth looking at and belts and lace things and parasols and | wouldn't be till October, except those especially blouses, were so perfectly who were just in the city for a day

"How can you tell?" I asked. "The look just as nice as we do." Indeed. I thought some of then looked nicer, but I've been much too well brought up to make such remarks

their faces," said Mrs. Ess Kay decidedly, in a tone that gave a capital letter to her last word, and yet intimated that the poor, unknown (by her) things couldn't possibly be worth a glance. Now, mother and Aunt Sophy are rather like that. It's almost terrible when they say "Who is she?" But shouldn't have expected it to be the same in America, if Sally hadn't warned me. I suppose it's quite easy to remember just 400 faces, as you're

sure there will never be any more

even if they have children, because

"I can tell, because I don't know

When we had been for about an hour and a half in the big shop, we'd finished all we had to do there and must motor to another farther up, before meeting Mr. Parlar, who was to give us lunch at a place called Sherry's, at 1 o'clock. On the way, Sally suddenly exclaimed, "Oh. Cousin Katherine, we must initiate this dear child into the mysteries of ire cream soda water, and I'm just yearning for some myself, anyhow."

Mrs. Ess Kay gave the direction to her mechanician, a very young man

sensation wight dave lasted longer. While we were busy doing the dol. There were no men in the shop, only lars into pounds and shillings we got women, and so pretty that you wonderquite friendly, for she was a very ed if there were a notice posted up words besides: "The dog is now found. obliging girl and didn't bear me any over the door forbidding plain ladies grudge for interrupting, though her to enter. Two or three had yellow "Who has sent it to you, Betty?" friends were going on with their con- hair, yellower than mine, and Mrs. Ess versation and telling such exciting Kay said they were actresses, who althings about the young man that she ways came back to New York in summer to wait for things to turn up, just However, my girl hardly paid any as chickens come home to roost, and

I had always thought that a banana more so, and it was lucky for us tha we had another hour's shopping to de half because Potter is only her broth eri before luncheon.

The next shop was even more wor derful than the first and would have been a great deal more solemn and dig nified and even conventional if the same kind of wooden balls hadn't gone tearing round like mad squirrels in wire cages over the counters with peo ple's money shut up inside them. There were very young youths sitting in tall pulpit things, who caught the balls on the fly in a sporting way and did some thing to them, but I never could see what, and afterward sent them back with the greenwack bills inside turned miraculously into silver and pretty min lature pennies. When we got to Sherry's, Potter was

waiting for us and looking cross. I think persons with turned up noses show crossness more easily than the other kind, and Potter had the expression in his eyes that Vic has when shoes are tight and mother is in trying mood at the same time. shouldn't be surprised if he has a horrid temper, although he thinks of so nany funny things And though be is so nice to me, he can't belp saying things sometimes which show that be has a prejudice against England. That seems extraordinary, and shows one how conceited we English really are, for one is quite accustomed to the idea that there may be people who don't care for Americans, but it is odd that Americans may not like us. I suppose it's on a par with the sentiments in our national anthem, which when one comes to analyze them don't exactly suggest a sense of give and take-or. for that matter, a sense of humor.

"Confound their politics, frustrate their knavish tricks," but naturally bless everything in which we are concerned, as we are certain to be above reproach. I'm afraid that's quite of a piece with the calm confidence we have in our own superiority, although I dare say I should never have realized it if it weren't for Mr. Potter Parker and his perky nose. It began to be less perky when we

were all settled at a table in a perfectly charming restaurant, the most restful place to eat in that I ever saw. I can't imagine even a fiend being ill tempered in it for long, and it was deliciously cool, as if we had come into a shadowy green wood after the blazing. brassy glare of the streets. The big room really was rather like

a wood, so the simile isn't farfetched -an open space in a wood, ringed around with tall trees bending their branches low over a still pool. The soothing brown of the wainscoted walls gave the tree trunk effect; the great hanging baskets of ferns and moss that swung from the ceiling were the tree branches, and the many round, snow white tables with green velvet chairs grouped closely around them on the polished floor were the water lilies with green pads floating on the sur face of the pond.

Nearly everything we had for lunch was in a more or less advanced state of frozenness, from the bouillon, ever so far along to the ices in the shape of different colored fruits, toward the end. 'Nevertheless, all of us, except Petter, drank iced water instead of wine whenever we stopped eating for an instant or couldn't think of anything particular to say, and the more we had the more we seemed to want. There was a kind of iced water curse

It has never occurred to Vic or me to lie down in the afternoon, though she tries to sleep a little sometimes if trouble. she's going to a ball. But when we get home, Mrs. Ess Kay and Sally took it quite as a matter of course that we would lie down before going to Coney Island to dine and see fireworks and other things. They were surprised when I didn't want to, but Mrs. Ess Kay said in that case Potter would entertain me while they rested I told her it wasn't necessary, but Potter wanted me to bet my sweet life that it was just the one proposition on earth for him, so he and Vivace and sat in the fountain court while Mrs

Ess Kay and Sally went upstairs. Potter was suddenly a changed man. as soon as he and I were alone together, becoming exactly what he had been yesterday when I first ran downstairs and he introduced himself. He Gdn't chaff me about my coun

try ar make fun of ou. government or hint that American men were the

only men living who knew how to treat women, as he seemed to delight in doing when his sister and cousin were with us. He began by offering to teach me some of his best slang but as the lesson went on, it turned

out to be rather more like a lesson in I would have been even more startled than I was, if I hadn't already had a little experience on board ship with Mr. Doremus. At home I've often thought it must be very pleasant to be out and able to flirt, but I never had a chance, because, as Vic said, it was her turn first, and the only young man, not a relation, that I ever talked with alone was the curate, who would as soon have tried to flirt with a bishop-

ess as with one of mother's daughters. But I like Mr. Doremus' kind of flir tation almost better than Mr. Parker's Mr. Doremus makes you feel as if you. were a beautiful young heroine in s play, and you are almost sorry thereis no audience to applaud the witts things he says and the smart answers he inspires you to think of, just as if

he were giving you a cue. Potter is different, and instead of ar audience you want a kind of perpetual chaperon, not a Briareus creature with lots of hands to applaud.

It is silly, I know, to blush and simper, but I couldn't think of anything else to do. Potter was so alarming, and I wouldn't allow him to tell my for tune by my band, for it was much toe hot. Even if it hadn't been I shouldn't have wanted my hand held, for I de hate being touched by any one I'm not fond of. When I told him that he said it was very simple. What I had to de was to get fond of him, and then it would be all right. "I shan't have time," I said.

"There'll be too much for me to think about, and then I shall be going home." "How long does it take an English girl to get fond of a man?" said he I told him I didn't know anything

about that, as I wasn't out, but I supposed it depended on the kind of girl. "I guess it depends more on the man in your climate, doesn't it?" asked Potter. "But over here it's sometimes a question of hours for both sides. Why, a chum of mine went out to San Francisco on business which was going to keep him just one day. He met a girl at dinner, fell in love with her while she was eating her soup and told her so before dessert came along. She vacillated over the ice cream, but said ges with the peaches and pears. Next day they got married, and he brought her back east for a wedding trip."

"What did they do about the banns?" "Oh, Americans have done away with banns since the Revolution, I guess. When we fellows fall in love we're in a hurry."

quoted primly. "We don't repent. We just get a diorce. It saves worry. Incompatibil-

"Marry in haste, repent at leisure," I



I sat in the fountain court. ity of the affections or fatty degeneration of the temper or something like that-but I don't need to talk of such things to you. Nobody who got a prise package like Lady Betty Bulkeley would part with it while he had a but-

"I don't see what buttons would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so thanks to him I got away without



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her mechanician, a very young man with eyes that looke! positively ill with intelligence and a way of snapping out "all right" when she spoke to him that would make Stan sit up with surprise if his chauffer did it.

Sally said that the nicest onais in the desert of London was an American place where you can get ice cream sods water, but I had never had any, and in the burning heat of the New York morning, which finng itself into the shop like a great wave in spite of faces electric fans. I could have purred

MRS. M. SUMMERS, BOX H.

Sumt to send you a complete 10 days 'treatment in the nitrest on the positively ill with intelligence and a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISE" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, if you wish, and I will send you free of cost my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISE" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and in the burning heat of the New Where the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you and cited for yours. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all old or yours and beatifully cures Leucorrhoza, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Whenters and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladily well any suffers that this Home Treatment really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well any suffers in the Hame Treatment really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well any suffers in the Hame Treatment really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well any suffers in the