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One-Eyed Colt Sold to Blind Man, Winner

Juarez, Mex., Jan. 7.—Training horses for a livelihood would appear to be about the most unlikely profession chosen by a blind man, as in these days it takes a man with two good eyes to make any kind of a success at the business.

Albert Wilkinson, unfortunate to have lost the sight of both his eyes, is attempting to prove that blind men can become successful owners and trainers provided they attend strictly to business.

Wilkinson is now in Juarez, where he is training and racing the colt Alco, now a 3-year-old. The blind man has a man to do the work around the stable, but he supervises all the details of the colt's training, even to giving directions for his daily work-outs.

Not a day passes that he does not visit the stable to give the necessary instructions.

Wilkinson is now a familiar figure at the Juarez track and every one has grown accustomed to seeing

him, with cane in hand, walking around the betting ring without any assistance. Heeveen races he stands in the betting ring gazing with sightless eyes up at the bookmakers' slates, just like the rest of the crowd and when a race is being run he is to be seen out on the lawn with eyes turned in the direction of the track, and to all appearances just as keenly interested in the struggle of the horses as his more fortunate brothers.

The loss of his sight has developed his other senses to a wonderful degree, particularly his hearing. His friends have no need to mention their names when they enter upon a conversation with Wilkinson. He knows one as soon as the first word is uttered.

Four years ago Wilkinson was engaged in mining in Montana. He was prospecting a claim he had staked out not far from Butte, when a premature blast destroyed the sight of both eyes.

Some time previously he had taken a fancy to horse racing, and after the accident he decided to engage in that business.

Last summer with the money secured from the sale of race tips and newspapers from the streets of Butte he purchased from Hughie McCarran the colt Alco.

The horse is blind in one eye, but Wilkinson did not learn of this disability until some time after the sale had been consummated. When he learned of it all he would say was that it was a poor trick to sell a one-eyed horse to a blind man.

The disability, however, does not seem to impair the colt's usefulness as a racer and his owner is satisfied with the bargain.

"I'm calmer," the little rebel allowed. "That's generally the way it turns out with me. I get into a rage, but I can generally sing it off."

"You certainly must have got rid of a good deal of temper this morning by the way your voice sounded."

"Nobody can hear us in this out of the way place. It's easy enough to see that the women weren't asked to see anything when the men settled where the horses should be built. The men weren't content to stick them on the top of a big hill or half a mile from the stores, but put them back to the main road, taking due care to cut the sink window where their wives couldn't see anything, even when they were washing dishes."

"I don't know that I ever thought about it in that way." And Waitstill looked out of the window in a brown study, while her hands worked with the dandelion greens. "I've noticed it, but I never supposed the men did it intentionally."

"No, you wouldn't," said Patty, with the pessimism of a woman of ninety, as she stole an admiring glance at her sister. Patty's own face, irregular, piquant, tantalizing, had its peculiar charm, and her brilliant skin and hair so dazzled the masculine beholder that he took note of no small defects. But Waitstill was beautiful—beautiful even in her working dress of purple calico.

The STORY
of
**WAITSTILL
BAXTER**
BY
KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN
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Kate Douglas Wiggin

Waitstill went about her work with rather a heavy heart. Was life going to be more rather than less difficult now that Patty was growing up? Would she be able to do her duty both by father and sister and keep peace in the household, as she had vowed in her secret heart always to do? She paused every now and then to look out of the window and wave an encouraging hand to Patty. The girl's bonnet was off, and her uncovered head blazed like red gold in the sunlight. The short young grass was dotted with dandelion blooms, some of them already grown to huge disks of yellow, and Patty moved hither and thither, selecting the younger weeds, deftly putting the broken knife under their roots and popping them into the tin pan. Presently—for Deacon Baxter had finished the wagon and gone down the hill to rallyer Cephas Cole at the counter—Patty's shrill young whistle floated into the kitchen, but with a mischievous glance at the open window she broke off suddenly and began to sing the words of the hymn with rather more emphasis and gusto than strict piety warranted:

There'll be something in heaven for children to do.
None are so true that blessed land.
There'll be work for the heart, there'll be work for the mind
And employment for each little hand.
There'll be some-thing to do.
There'll be some-thing to do.
There'll be some-thing for children to do
On that bright blessed shore
Where there's joy evermore.
There'll be some-thing for children to do.
Patty's young existence being full to the brim of labor, this view of heaven never in the least appealed to her, and she rendered the hymn with little sympathy. The main part of the verse was strongly accented by jabs at the unoffending dandelion roots, but when the chorus came she brought out the emphatic syllables by a beat of the broken knife on the milk pan.

This rendition of a Sabbath school classic did not meet Waitstill's ideas of perfect propriety, but she smiled and let it pass, planning some sort of recreation for a stolen half hour of the afternoon. It would have to be a walk through the pasture into the woods to see what had grown since they went there a fortnight ago. Patty loved people better than nature, but falling the one she could put up with the other, for she had a sense of beauty and a pagan love of color. There would be pale blue innocence and blue and white violets in the moist places, thought Waitstill, and they would have them in a tin cup on the supper table. No, they would never do, for last time father had knocked them over when he was reaching for the bread and in a silent protest against such foolishness got up from the table and emptied them into the kitchen sink.

"There's a place for everything," he said when he came back, "and the place for flowers is outdoors."

Then in the pine woods there would be, she was sure, Star of Bethlehem, Solomon's Seal, the white spray of ground nuts and bunch berries. Perhaps they could make a bouquet, and Patty would take it across the fields to Mrs. Boynton's door. She need not go in, and thus they would not be disobeying their father's command not to visit that "crazy Boynton woman."

Here Patty came in with a painful of greens, and the sisters sat down in the sunny window to get them ready for the pot.

"I'm calmer," the little rebel allowed. "That's generally the way it turns out with me. I get into a rage, but I can generally sing it off."

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"I don't know that I ever thought about it in that way." And Waitstill looked out of the window in a brown study, while her hands worked with the dandelion greens. "I've noticed it, but I never supposed the men did it intentionally."

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Her single braid of hair, the Foxwell hair, that in her was bronze and in Patty pale asburn, was wound one around her fine head and made to stand a little as it went across the front. It was a simple, easy, unconscious fashion of her own, quite different from anything done by other women in her time and place, and it just suited her dignity and serenity. It looked like a coronet, but it was the way she carried her head that gave you the fancy, there were such spirit and pride in the poise of it on the long, graceful neck. Her eyes were as clear as mountain pools shaded by rushes, and the strength of the face was softened by the sweetness of the mouth.

Patty never let the conversation die out for many seconds at a time, and now she began again: "My sudden rages don't match my name very well; but, of course, mother didn't know how I was going to turn out when she called me Patience, for I was nothing but a squirming little bald, red baby. But my name really is too ridiculous when you think about it."

Waitstill laughed as she said: "It didn't take you long to change it. Perhaps Patience was a hard word for a baby to say, but the moment you could talk you said 'Patty wants this' and 'Patty wants that.'"

"Did Patty ever get it? She never has since, that's certain! And look at your name. It's 'Waitstill,' yet you never stop a moment. When you're not in the shed or barn or chicken house or kitchen or attic or garden patch you are working in the Sunday school or choir."

It seemed as if Waitstill did not intend to answer this arraignment of her activities. She rose and crossed the room to put the pan of greens in the sink, preparing to wash them. Taking the long handled dipper from the nail, she paused a moment before plunging it into the water pail; paused, and leaning her elbow on a corner of the shelf over the sink, looked steadfastly into the orchard and was just watching it come hourly and was just going to offer a penny for her thoughts when Waitstill suddenly broke the brief silence by saying: "Yes, I am always busy. It's better so, but all the same, Patty, I'm waiting—inside! I don't know for what, but I always feel that I am waiting!"

CHAPTER V.
A Kiss.
S HALL we have our walk in the woods on the Edgewood side of the river, just for a change, Patty?" suggested her sister.

"The water is so high this year that the river will be splendid. We can gather our flowers in the hill pasture, and then you'll be quite near Mrs. Boynton's and can carry the message and get supper. I'll take today's eggs to father's store on the way and ask him if he minds our having a little walk. I've an errand at Aunt Abby's that would take me down to the bridge anyway."

"Very well," said Patty somewhat apathetically. "I always like a walk with you, but I don't care what becomes of me this afternoon if I can't go to Ellen's party."

The excursion took place according to Waitstill's plan, and at 4 o'clock she sped back to her sight work and preparations for supper, leaving Patty with a great bunch of early wild flowers for Ivory's mother. Patty had left them at the Boyntons' door with Hedman, who was picking up chips and volunteered to take the noscage into the house at once.

"Wait, you step inside!" the boy asked slyly, wishing to be polite, but conscious that waiters from the village very seldom crossed the threshold.

"I'd like to, but I can't this afternoon, thank you. I must run all the way down the hill now or I shan't be in time to supper."

"Do you eat meals together over your house?" asked the boy.

"We're all three at the table, if that means together."

"I've never seen Ivory go off early and take lunch in a pail. So do I when I go to school. Aunt Boynton never sits down to eat. She just stands at the window and takes a bite of something now and then. You haven't got any mother, have you?"

"No, Rodman."

"Neither have I, nor any father, nor any relations but Aunt Boynton and Ivory. Ivory is very good to me, and when he's at home I'm never lonesome."

"I wish you could come over and eat with sister and me," said Patty gently.

"Perhaps sometime, when my father is away buying goods and we are left alone, you could join us in the woods, and we would have a picnic? We would bring enough for you—all sorts of good things—hard boiled eggs, doughnuts, apple turnovers and bread spread with jelly."

"I'd like it fine," exclaimed Rodman, his big dark eyes sparkling with anticipation. "I don't have many boys to play with, and I never went to a picnic. Aunt Boynton watches for uncle most all the time. She doesn't know he has been away for years and years. When she doesn't watch she prays. Sometimes she wants me to pray with her, but praying don't come easy to me."

"Neither does it to me," said Patty. "I'm good at marbles and checkers and backgammon and jack straws, though."

"So am I," said Patty, laughing; "so we should be good friends. I'll try to get a chance to see you soon again, but perhaps I can't; I'm a good deal tied at home."

"Your father doesn't like you to go

to be continued.

LUMBER OPERATIONS.
The Gull River Lumber Co. have been engaged during the week in moving their large boats from Cobocook to the upper lakes, where they will have a drive of logs.

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anywhere, I guess," interposed Rodman. "I've heard Ivory tell Aunt Boynton things, but I wouldn't repeat them. Ivory's trained me years and years not to tell anything, so I don't."

"That's a good boy!" approved Patty. Then she regarded him more closely, she continued, "I'm sorry you're lonesome, Rodman, I'd like to see you look brighter."

"You think I've been crying," the boy said shrewdly. "So I have, but not because I've been punished. The reason my eyes are so swollen up is because I killed our old toad by mistake this morning. I was trying to see if I could swing the scythe so's to help Ivory in haying time. I've only 'raked after,' and I want to begin on moving soon's I can. Then, somehow or other, the old toad came out from under the steps. I didn't see him, and the scythe hit him square. I cried for an hour, that's what I did, and I don't care who knows it, except I wouldn't like the boys at school to hector me. I've buried the toad out behind the barn, and I hope Ivory'll let me keep the news from Aunt Boynton. She cries enough now without my telling her there's been a death in the family. She set great store by the old toad, and so did all of us."

"It's too bad. I'm sorry. But, after all, you couldn't help it."

"No, but we should always look round everywhere when we're cutting—that's what Ivory says. He says folks shouldn't use edged tools till they're old enough not to fool with 'em."

And Rodman looked so wise and old fashioned for his years that Patty did not know whether to kiss him or cry over him as she said: "Ivory's always right. And, now, goodby. I must go this very minute. Don't forget the picnic."

"I won't!" cried the boy, gazing after her, wholly entranced with her bright beauty and her kindness. "Say, I'll bring something, too—white oak acorns, if you like 'em. I've got a big bagful up attic!"

Patty sped down the long lane, crept under the bars and flew like a lapwing over the highroad.

"If father was only like any one else things might be so different," she sighed, her thoughts running along with her feet. "Nobody can make a home for that poor lonesome little boy and that poor lonesome little boy. I am sure that he is in love with Waitstill. He doesn't know it. She doesn't know it. Nobody does but me, but I'm clever at guessing. I was the only one that surprised Jed Morrill when he was going to marry again. I should almost like Ivory for myself, he is so tall and handsome, but of course he can never marry anybody. He is too poor and has his mother to look after. I wouldn't want to take him from Waitstill, though, and then perhaps I couldn't get him anyway. If I couldn't, he'd be the only one. I have never tried yet, but I feel in my bones, somehow, that I could have any boy in Edgewood or Riverboro by just stroking my forefinger and beckoning to him. I wish—I wish they were different! Why don't I wish me to want to be like him? My forefinger just stays straight and doesn't feel like crooking! There's Cephas Cole, but he's as stupid as an owl. I don't want a husband that keeps his mouth wide open whenever I'm talking, no matter whether it's sense or nonsense. There's Phil Perry, but he likes Ellen, and besides, he's too serious for me. And there's Mark Wilson, he's the best dressed and the only one that's been to college. He looks at me all the time in meeting and asked me if I wouldn't take a walk some Sunday afternoon. I know he planned Ellen's party hoping I'd be there! Goodness gracious, I do believe that is his horse coming behind me! There's no other in the village that goes at such a gait!"

It was, indeed, Mark Wilson, who always drove, according to Aunt Abby Cole, "as if he was going for a doctor." He caught up with Patty almost in the twinkling of an eye, but she was ready for him. She had taken off her sunbonnet just to twirl it by the string, she was so warm, with walking, and in a jiffy she had lifted the clustering curls from her ears, tucked them back with a single expert movement and disclosed two coral pendants just the color of her ear tips and her glowing cheeks.

"Hello, Patty!" the young man called in brusque country fashion as he reined up beside her. "What are you going over here? Why aren't you on your way to the party? I've been looking for you to Limington and am breaking my neck to set some in time myself."

To be continued.

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THE
SECTION TWO
Lindsay Mid-
LINDSAY OFFICERS
RECOMMENDED
Officers For 3rd Contingent
--Two Battalions

Among the officers who were recommended for appointments in the contingent of the 3rd Contingent of the 39th Battalion, are the names of Lindsay military men. The appointments will be made once, provisionally. The 39th Battalion of Infantry will be mobilized in Ottawa, together with the 39th Battalion of Mounted Rifles, and the 39th Brigade will be mobilized in Belleville.

39th BATTALION.
Officer Commanding—Lieut. Col. J. G. Stewart, 43rd Regiment.
Senior Major—Major C. M. W. Wards, 43rd Regiment.
Adjutant—Capt. F. H. McNeil, 43rd Regiment.
Quartermaster—Major J. A. O'Brien, 43rd Regiment.
Signalling officer—Capt. W. J. Wood, 43rd Regiment.
Among the Captains is noticed the name of F. W. Kennedy, 15th Battalion transferred from 21st Battalion, 39th BATTALION.
Officer Commanding—Lieut. Col. J. A. Preston, R.O.C.
Senior Major—Major R. W. Smith, 40th Regiment.
Adjutant—Not yet appointed.
Quartermaster—Capt. J. G. W. Wards, 57th Regiment.
Signalling officer—Not yet appointed.

Captains—F. D. Rogers, 10th Regiment; J. J. H. Lee, 45th Regiment; R. V. Anderson, 8th Regiment; R. Spence, 10th Regiment; A. J. Bywater, 19th Regiment; R. E. Porter, 45th Regiment; W. H. Hudson, 15th Regiment; H. S. Neilson, 10th Regiment.
Lieutenants—L. W. Hopkins, 10th Regiment; A. G. Thompson, 10th Regiment; G. F. G. Crate, 10th Regiment; J. A. Dalton, 14th Regiment; R. K. Allen, 15th Regiment; B. B. S. Campbell, 29th Regiment; F. B. Raymond, 59th Regiment; J. F. Carey, 45th Regiment; C. R. Cameron, 57th Regiment; W. P. Eastwood, 57th Regiment; S. Fleming, 47th Regiment; R. G. H. Travers, 42nd Regiment; H. B. McConville, 49th Regiment; W. W. Wallace, 19th Regiment.

IN ACTION SATURDAY.
London, Jan. 13.—The first action of the Canadian contingent to be killed in action was Captain J. O. G. Newton, of Montreal. He went into the trenches last Saturday with Princess Patricia's Light Infantry, and was killed in a sharp engagement of the same day.

PRIVATE WALKER WOUNDED.
Ottawa, Jan. 12.—A casualty report announces that Private John G. Walker, of No. 3 Company, Princess Patricia's Light Infantry, who was listed from Hamilton, has been slightly wounded while in action.

German soldiers are not without a grain sense of humor. They have described the Scotch killed regiment as "the ladies from hell."

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