NE day, when Mr. Jones returned with what his weekly toil had earned, he found his little wife in tears and mood not suited to her years. It seemed the cook had bade "adieu," likewise the washerwoman, too.

Gold Dust as Strike Breaker

At first within the House of Jones there followed sad despondent moans. No hopeful word could reconcile, no honied kiss inspire a smile. "I never knew before" said she, "how horrid household cares could be."

"Upon my word I'm up at six and working still as midnight ticks. I scrub and run and wash and shine to keep the little things in line, and yet around me here and there I see undone another share.



almost feel as if I'd like to join the other ones on Strike. Some morning try it-get a mop; go through from cellar to the top, and I will venture you must see the greater burdens fall on me.

Now Mr. Jones was passing wise and later, sprang a glad surprise. Through friends who praised the "GOLD DUST WAY," he brought a package home one day.

From tears to sunshine, Wifey now has found the good of "Knowing How" and striking servants fail

to stir, the placid calm content of her.

The Told Dust Twins

A RESOLUTION.

Here's a New Year's resolution Anyone can make and keep It will help one's constitution And enable one to sleep:

"I will try to keep from fretting When I cannot see the sun; I will try to keep from getting Into quarrels I may shun.

"I will try to keep from grieving Over troubles that are past; I will try to keep believing

"I will try to keep from sighing When I ought to smile, instead; I will try to keep on trying To deserve to get ahead."

And many a long ancestra line has a slip noose at one end of it. Dr. L. E. Brown-Landone of Paris, France, accuses the American Cross Society of pro-German trigue.

A bad egg is at its worst in any kind of situation. ____

The Manitoba Legislature will convone on February 9th.



Town Hall Paragraphs

WHAT IS DOING IN OUTSIDE

TOWNS AND CITIES The Board of Trade's Belgian Relief Fund received an impetus morning placing it well over \$60,000 mark when the County Bruce sent a cheque for \$3,000.

"OVERALLS COUNCIL." Owing to the large percentage workingmen in the council, Mayor Barnsdale of Stratford dubbed it the

" Overalls Council." MUNICIPAL COAL YARD.

In his inaugural address, Mayor Petrie, of St. Catharines outlined the establishment of a municipal yard and a covered market with cooling plant.

A MILE ROAD.

At the opening of the Chatham council, Mayor Wanless urged the improvement of a mile of road Queen-st., the main thoroughfare, to points east.

A NEW ELECTION. A new civic election will be held at Guelph on January 27 in order to fill the vacancy in the city council caused by several of the aldermen failing to qualify.

DEATH OF AN EX-MAYOR. While the funeral of the late Mrs.

Richardson, wife of ex-Mayor J. W. Richardson, was being held at North Bay, all the business places were closed for two hours.

MUNICIPAL PARKS. A paid fire department, a system of municipal parks, and a commission form of government were the reforms suggested by Mayor Clendenning of Niagara Falls.

ENGINEER DISMISSED.

At the inaugural meeting of the Brockville council, Mayor Donaldson, casting his vote before all the aldermen were elected, dismissed Things will all come right at last. Town Engineer George H. Bryson. A TREASURY BANK.

> Berlin city council, Mayor Hett recommended that the cemetery be taken over by the park board, and that committees composed of three aldermen and three citizens be ap pointed to study the question of the sale of debentures and the advisability of opening a treasury bank. ----

> > YOUR THOUGHTS.

If every thought you have to-day Could come alive to-night And visit you, would you reloice And greet them with delight?

the loving, kindly, thoughtful ones I'm sure you'd gladly meet ; think they come in shining white All pure and fresh and sweet.

But oh, those dark and ugly ones Deep hidden in the breast ! I wonder in what shape they'd come

In what sad hues be dressed And rooted well, these thoughts do

In actions, great or small And sometimes, somewhere, as resul You'll meet them, one and all.

So here's a golden one for you: "For this day I shall strive To entertain no thought but those I'll gladly meet alive.' ____

ALONE!

Out of a million lamps That spell the city's night. Lord, give my lonely eyes One little light !

Out of a million men That love and toil and seek, Lord, let one other soul Find mine and speak ! -Clair Wallace Flynn.

The Cause of Dyspepsia. The Symptoms and The Cure.

THE CAUSE. Too rapid eating, eating too much, and too often, improperly chewing the food, eating too much stimulating food, and indulging in improper diet generally.

THE SYMPTOMS. Variable appetite, rising and souring of food, heartburn, wind in the stomach, a feeling of weight in the stomach, in fact a feeling that your stomach has gone all wrong and that the food you eat does not seem to agree with you.

THE CURE.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. Mrs. E. Williamson, Wheeler, Ont., writes: "I have been a sufferer for years from dyspepsia, and could scarcely eat anything. I tried Burdock Blood Bitters, and I am entirely cured. I have not been troubled since I took it, and that is two years ago. I can now eat any-

T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



ties for me," said Patty plaintively. "Not going! Oh. I say, what's the matter? It won't be a bit of fun with out you. Ellen and I made it up expressly for you, thinking your father couldn't object to a candy pull." "I can't help it I did the best I

could. Waitstill always asks father for me, but I wouldn't take any chances today, and I spoke to him myself. Indeed, I almost coaxed him." "He's a regular old skinflint," cried

Mark, getting out of the wagon and walking beside her. "You musn't call him names," Patty

interposed, with some dignity. "I cal him a good many myself, but I'm his "You don't look it." said Mark admir

ingly. "Come and have a little ride. won't you?" "Oh, I couldn't possibly, thank you. Some one would be sure to see us, and

father's so strict."

"There isn't a building for half a mile. Just jump in and have a spin till we come to the first house; then I'll let you out, and you can walk the rest of the way home. Come, do, and make up to me a little for my disappointment. I'll skip the candy pull if you say the word."

It was an incredibly brief drive at Mark's rate of speed and as exciting and blissful as it was brief and dangerous. Patty thought. Did she imagine it or did Mark help her into the wagon At the inaugural meeting of the differently from-old Dr. Perry, for in-

The fresh breeze lifted the gold thread of her curls and gave her cheeks a brighter color, while her breath came fast through her parted lips and her eyes sparkled at the unexpected, unaccustomed pleasure. She felt so grown up, so conscious of a new power, as she sat enthroned on the litneighbors said) that she was almost courageous enough to agree to make a royal progress through the village-almost, but not quite.

"Come on, let's shake the old tabbles up and start 'em talking, shall we?" Mark suggested. "I'll give you the reins and let Nero have a flick of the

"No, I'd rather not drive," she said. "I'd be afraid of this horse and, any: way, I must got out this very minuteyes, I really must. If you hold Nero I can just slip down between the wheels. You needn't help me."

Mark alighted notwithstanding her objections, saying gallantly, "I don't miss this pleasure, not by a jugful! Come along! Jump!

Patty stretched out her hands to be had been an elopement. belped, but Mark forestalled her by putting his arms around her and lift ing her down. A second of time only was involved, but in that second be held her close and kissed her warm cheek, her cheek that had never felthe touch of any this but those of the pulled her sunfahnet over her flaming face, while Mark with a gay smile of farewell, sprang into the wagon and gave his horse a free rein.

Patty never looked up from the road but walked faster and faster, bebeart beating at breakneck speed. It was a changed world that spun past her. Fright, triumph, shame, delight gratified vanity swam over her in turn

A rew minutes later she heard once more the rumble of wheels on the road It was Cephas Cole driving toward her over the brow of Saco hill. "He'l. have seen Mark," she thought, "but he can't know I've talked and driven with him. Ugh! how stupid and common he

"I beard your father blowin' the supper horn jest as I come over the bridge," remarked Cephas, drawing up in the road. "He stood in the couryard blowin' like Bedlam. I guess you're' late to supper."

"I'll be i me in a few minutes," said Patty, "I got delayed and am a little behindhaud." turn right round if you'li

git in and lemme take you back along a piece, it'll save you a good five min utes," begged Cephas abjectly. "All right, much obliged, but it's against the rules and you must drop me at the foot of our bill and let me

walk up." "Certainly: I know the deacon, 'n' ain't buntin' for trouble any more'n you be, though I'd take it quick enough if you jest give me leave! I ain't no roward, an' I could tackle the deacon tomorrow if so be I had anything to

This seemed to l'atty a line of conversation distinctly to be discouraged ander all the circumstances, and she tried to keep Cephas on the subject of B.B.B. is manufactured only by The

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"How do you like my last job?" he inquired as they passed his father's bouse. "Some think I've got the ell a little dite too yaller. Folks that ain't gever handled a brush allers think they

can mix paint better 'n them that knows their trade." "If your object was to have everybody see the ell a mile away you've succeeded," said Patty cruelly. She



'Mother says that two rooms are big enough to set up housekeeping in."

never flung the poor boy a civil word for fear of getting something warmer than civility in return.

"It'll tone down," Cephas responded, cather crestfallen. "I wanted a good, oright, lastin' shade. 'T won't look so galler when father lets me paint the gouse to match, but that won't be till next year. He makes fun of the yaller color same as you; says a home's something you want to forget when you're away from it. Mother says the two cooms of the ell are big enough for somebody to set up housekeepin' in. What do you think?" "I never think," returned Patty, with

a tantalizing laugh. "Good night, Cephas; thank you for giving me a lift!"

CHAPTER VI.

"What dreams may come," UPPER was over and the work done at last. The dishes washed, the beans put in soak, the hens shut up for the night, the milk strained and carried down cellar. Patty went up to her little room with the one window and the slanting walls, and Waitstill followed and said good night. Her father put out the lights, locked the doors and came up the creaking stairs. There was never any tle wagon seat (Mark Wilson always | talk between the sisters before going liked his buggies "courtin' size," so the to bed, save on nights when their father was late at the store, usually on Saturdays only, for the good talkers of the village, as well as the gossips and loafers, preferred any other place to swap stories than the bleak atmosphere provided by old Foxy at his

place of business Patty could think in the dark. Her healthy young body lying not uncomfortably on the bed of corn husks, and the patchwork comforter drawn up under her chin, she could think, but for the first time she could not tell her thoughts to Waitstill. She had a secret, a dazzling secret, just like Ellen Wilson and some of the other girls who were several years older. Her afternoon's experience loomed as large in her innocent mind as if it

"I hope I'm not engaged to be married to him, even if he did"- The sentence was too tremendous to be think I can be. Men must surely say omething and not take it for granted you are in love with them and want to marry them. It is what they say when they ask that I should like, much better than being married, when I'm only just past seventeen. I wish Mark was a little different. I don't like his careless ways! He admires me, I can tell that by the way he looks, but he admires himself just as much and expects me to do the same. Still, I suppose none of them are perfect, and girls have to forgive lots of little things when they are engaged. Mother nust have forgiven a good many things when she took father. Anyway. Mark is going away for a month on pusiness, so I shan't have to make up my mind just yet!" Here sleep descended upon the slightly puzzled, but on the whole delightfully complacent little creature, bringing her most al-

luring and untrustworthy dreams. The dear innocent had indeed no need of haste. Young Mr. Marquis de Lafayette Wilson-Mark for short-was not in the least a gay deceiver or ruthless breaker of hearts, and so far as known no scalps of village beauties were hung to his belt. He was a likable, light weight young chap, as indolent and pleasure loving as the strict customs of the community would permit, and a kiss, in his mind, most certainly never would lead to the altar,

else he had already been many times a bridegroom. Miss Patience Baxter's maiden meditations and uncertainties and perplexities, therefore, were decMedly premature. She was a natural born, unconsciously artistic, highly expert and finished coquette. She was all this at seventeen, and Mark at twenty-four was by no means a match for her in this field of effort yet. But sometimes in getting her victim into the net the coquette loses her balance and falls in herself. There wasn't a bit of harm in Marquis de Lafayette.



Waitstill was restless, too, that night, although she could not have told the reason. She opened her window at the back of the house and leaned out. The evening was mild, with a soft wind blowing. She could hear the full brook dashing through the edge of the wood lot and even the "kerchug" of an occasional bullfrog. There were great misty stars in the sky, but no moon.

There was no light in Aunt Abby Cole's kitchen, but a faint glimmer shone through the windows of Uncle Bart's joiner's shop, showing that the old man was either having an hour of peaceful contemplation with no companion but his pipe or that there might be a little group of privileged visitors. headed by Jed Morrill, busily discussng the affairs of the nation. Waitstill felt troubled and anxious

tonight, bruised by the little daily torments that lessened her courage but never wholly destroyed it. Any one who believed implicitly in heredity might have been puzzled, perhaps, to account for her. He might fantastically picture her as making herself out of her ancestors, using a free hand, picking and choosing what she liked best, with due care for the effect of combinations; selecting here and there and modifying, if advisable, a trait of Grandpa or Grandma Foxwell, of Great Uncle or Great Aunt Baxter; borrowing qualities lavishly from her own gentle born and gently bred mother and carefully avoiding her respected father's stock, except perhaps to take a dash of his pluck and an ounce of his persistence. Jed Morrill remarked of Deacon Baxter once, "When Old Foxy wants anything he'll wait till hell freezes over afore he'll give up." Waitstill had her father's firm chin, but there the likeness ended. The proud curve of her nostrils, the clear, well opened eye with its deep fringe of lashes, the earnest mouth, all these | *************** came from the mother who was little

Waitstill disdained any vague, dreary, colorless theory of life and its meaning. She had joined the church at fifteen, more or less because other girls did and the parson had persuaded her. but out of her hard life she had somehow framed a courageous philosophy that kept ber erect and uncrushed, no matter bow great her difficulties. She had no idea of bringing a poor, weak, draggled soul to her Maker at the last day, saying, "Here is all I have managed to save out of what you gave

more than a dim memory.

Patty slept sweetly on the other side of the partition, the contemplation of her twopenny triumphs bringing a smile to her childish lips, but even so a good heart was there (still perhaps in the process of making), a quick wit, ready sympathy, natural charm; plenty, indeed, for the stronger sister to cherish, protect and hold precious, as she did with all her mind and soul.

There had always been a passionate

lovalty in Waitstill's affection, wherever it had been bestowed. Uncle Bart delighted in telling an instance of it that occurred when she was a child of five. Maine had just separated amicably from her mother. Massachusetts. and become an independent state. It was in the middle of March, but there was no snow on the ground and the village boys had built a bonfire on a plot of land near Uncle Bart's joiner's shop. There was a large gathering in celebration of the historic event and Waitstill crept down the hill with her homemade rag doll in her arms. She stood on the outskirts of the crowd, a silent, absorbed little figure clad in a shabby woolen coat, with a blue knit hood framing her rosy face. Deborah, her beloved, her only doll, was tightly clasped in her arms, for Debby, like her parent, had few pleasures and must not be denied so great a one as this. Suddenly one of the thoughtless young scamps in the group, wishing to create a new sensation and add to the general excitment, caught the doll from the child's arms and running forward with a wild warwhoop, flung it into the flames. Waitstill did not lose an instant. She gave a scream of anguish and without giving any warning of her intentions, probably without realizing them berself, she dashed through the little crowd into the bonfire and snatched her cherished offspring from the burning pile. The whole thing was over in the twinkling of an eye, for Uncle Bart was as quick as the child and dragged her out of the imminent danger with no worse harm done than a good scorching.

He led the little creature up the hill to explain matters and protect fier from a scolding. She still held the doll against her beaving breast, saying, between the sobs: "I couldn't let mi Debby burn up! I couldn't. Un Bart, she's got nobody but me! Is my dress scorched so much I can't wear it? You'll tell father how it was, Uncle

To be continued.

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Secretary Bryan acknowledges the receipt of Sir Edward Grey's first re-

> If I Were a Young Man Again'

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would save their money." Such words
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SECTION TWO

JOHN CAREW, M. P. OF AGRICULTU



PRESIDENT CAREW'S ADDRESS

Below will be found the address of of li President John Carew, M.P.P., de- sugg Fivered at the annual meeting of the South Victoria Agricultural Society Th Monday : To the members of the South Vic- in the

toria Agricultural Society Gentlemen,-In presenting my

port for the past year I am glad to ficien be able to state that the Lindsay prais Central is still progressing although we, as well as all other agricultural exhi institutions in the dominion, have with been more or less affected by the ed h great European war which has been A raging for the past five or six iden months. Still, under the extreme unfavor. Soci

able conditions we have no great Shop reason to complain as our financial pres statement will show a surplus of most mearly \$1800. The great reason for not this of course is that when we saw the the state of affairs that were about to exist we started to retrench and I'h spent as little money in buildings to a and repairs as possible. Although (a) we think this was good business on Wils our part, we would not recommend dopt the next year's board to follow this examile as my belief in running an inctitution of this kind is the more port money you spend in the right was Chai the greater return you will have as no t well as giving better satisfaction to not the public. However, we sincerely work bope and trust the war will be over rath before the next fair is held.

Our secretary has in his hands the place auditors' report, which will give to were you in detail how the institution's of t money has been spent for the past And year. As we have a large surplus on hand and as we require a good substantial office and board room in which to meet and transact our bu siness, I would therefore recomm that we would this year put up good building at the south gate go ing into the grounds off Adelaide st I may say the building we have been using for this purpose could be easily utilized for something els

as we require more room. The management of the Lindsay man Central tender their thanks to different municipal bodies and general public, as well as the traffic the efforts to bring about the success we King

have attained. With sincerest wishes for a very at JOHN CAREW. President of South Victoria Agricul

Lindsay Scarlet Chapter

OFFICERS INSTALLED BY SIR

tural Society.

KT. PORT. CONQUERGOOD. An adjourned meeting of Lindsay Scarlet Chapter was held on Tuesday Pelle evening, with a large attendance of companions present, when the officers of the chapter for the ensuing year been were installed by Sir Kt. P. Conquergood, P. C. in C. One Royal north Arch candidate was then advanced to the Royal Scarlet, after which short King addresses were given by a number of Sher prominent Sir Knights, and a pleas- when ant hour spent. An excellent spread and was then provided, where full justice Th was done, after which the meeting tack closed with the National Anthem.

BIRTH.

HENNESSY .- To Mr. and Mrs. D. Hennessy, on Tuesday, Jan. 19th, 1915, a daughter.