

Flour and Coal. Five Rose Flour \$3.00. Royal Household 3.00. Purity 2.90. Quaker 2.90. Harvest Queen 2.75. Big Diamond 2.85. Thistle-down 2.75. Ivory 2.85. White Wonder 2.50. Rolled oats, 90 lbs 2.75.

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DR. J. M. RICE. Veterinary Surgeon. Honor Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College, Post-Graduate Royal Veterinary College, also of the London School of Tropical Medicine.

W. H. CRESSWELL. LINDSAY. MONUMENTS. Cemetery Work.

Alfred Cooper and George Price boys, are accused of several Berlin robberies and of having fired at Sylvester Post.

FOR SALE - LOT 10, CON. 11, 40 acres adjoining the village of Glenora, being the property of the late Donald Spence.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR SALE at a reasonable price the imported Clydesdale stallion, Ardmore Duke, (18279) rising 7 years old, guaranteed quiet, sound and sure.

FARM FOR SALE OR TO RENT - Lot 43, S. P. R. Eldon, containing 85 acres adjoining the village of Kirkfield.

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

TUESDAY, FEB. 20. - By Elias Boves, auctioneer. Sale of farm stock and implements the property of Angus Murray, lot 7, con. 11, Mrs. Rosa S.

TUESDAY, FEB. 20. - BY JOS. Meehan, auctioneer. Sale of farm stock and implements, the property of P. Hekey, lot 7, con. 6, Ops.

TO RENT - THE EAST HALF OF LOT 4, in the 6th con. of the Township of Ops, containing 100 acres.

WANTED - STRONG WOMAN, 25 years of age or over to work on a farm five miles from City of Regina, Sask.

ON MONDAY, FEB. 12, 1912. - By Elias Boves, auctioneer, 35 head good grade stock, 6 head of young horses, pigs and implements.

ON WEDNESDAY, FEB. 21, 1912. - By Elias Boves, auctioneer, on lot 18, con. 7, Mariposa, the farm stock and implements of G. A. Washington.

FRIDAY, MARCH 1. - By Thos. Cashore, auctioneer. Mammoth clearing sale of farm stock and implements on the Syndicate Farm, lot 24, con. 11, Fenelon.

THURSDAY, FEB. 15. - By Thomas Cashore, auctioneer, sale of farm stock and implements, the property of William Sims, lot 11, con. 6, Fenelon.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 21. - By Thos. Cashore, auctioneer, sale of farm stock and implements, the property of Mitchell Herra, lot 11, con. 7, Fenelon.

TUESDAY, FEB. 20. - By Joseph Meehan, auctioneer. Sale of farm stock and implements, the property of Patrick J. Hickey, lot 6, con. 7, Ops.

FARM FOR SALE - LOT 11, CON. 10, Ops. Possession 1st March, 1912, plowing all done, with the exception of three or four acres.

LOST - A FOX TERRIER, WHITE, with some black and tan spots, tall cut about two inches long.

FRIDAY, FEB. 16. - By Jos. Meehan, auctioneer. Sale of farm stock and implements and household furniture, the property of Jas. McGlynn, lot 1, con. 7, Fenelon.

Lady Betty Across the Water. By C. K. & A. M. WILLIAMS. Copyright 1911 by McClure, Phillips & Co.

all, but I'd like to tell you to forget about her advice and not care whether a man is rich or poor, or even a born, if only he's made himself a gentleman, body and heart and soul, and is strong and clever enough to take care of you.

"You'll hear a lot of talk about money at Newport," she went on, "too much. Among some of the people here'll be with money's of more importance than anything else. Two or three rich young men are certain to ask you to marry them—very nice fellows they may be, and they will show you heaps of attention—all those that Cousin Katherine will let come near you—and you're so young and inexperienced you may lose your head a little bit. But do remember that losing your head and being flattered and amused isn't falling in love. A man must be able to make you love him for himself, and that self must be worth loving, for nothing else is any good in the end. And now I'll tell you my story—just in a few words—because it will give you something to think about.

"I'm thirty-two now. When I was nineteen, a year older than you, I cared for a man and he for me. We cared for each other—terribly. But he was poor, and not only that, he came from people whom mine looked down upon. We loved each other so much, though, that I would have married him, and he would have married me, and I would have ruined my life, and they advised and persuaded and implored and insisted, until I was weak enough to give the man up. They took me to Europe, and because I had some money an Italian prince we met in Rome wanted to marry me. They almost argued me into consenting, and though they didn't quite like the news went home to Kentucky that I was engaged, the man I really loved—loved dearly all the time, though I was trying to forget him—believed it. Why shouldn't he, since I'd given him up for the reasons I had? He was Catholic, and he went into a monastery we have in Kentucky and became a monk. No one ever wrote to me about it. All my friends thought the less I heard of him the better. And two years later, when I went back home—not engaged, and thinking in my heart that there was and always would be only one man for me in the world—it was to learn that that man had taken the final vows which would separate him from earthly love forever.

"Oh, Betty, you don't know what I suffered. I'd been saying to myself that when I saw him again—as I meant to—I would know by his eyes that the first glance whether he cared as much as ever, and if he did I would ask him to marry me. But I never saw him again, except with the eyes of my heart, and I always see him so. Not an hour passes that I don't see him so."

"You poor darling!" I exclaimed. And there was a note in her voice that made my eyelids sting. "How little I guessed. And you seem so cheerful and even merry."

"One isn't in the world to be a wet blanket," said Sally. "Besides, one isn't actively miserable every minute for years because one has thrown away one's chance of real happiness. One goes along contentedly enough except in the bad hours, when instead of being a mild gray the world is ink black. But I haven't told you this to get sympathy, dear. It hasn't been quite easy feeling, for I don't talk much about the deep down things in myself. I've told you in the hope that you'll remember me and my wasted years if your chance comes to be happy, even if it should be a chance, which you think, in a worldly way, wouldn't be great or what your people would like. People have no right to try and order our lives, no matter how near they may be to us. It's they who have to live our lives, not they."

For a minute we were both silent, and then Sally said quietly, as if she were glad to speak: "Here comes one we've seen before. Do you recognize him? And shall you bow?"

Vivace gave such a leap that his teeth, which I'd been holding careless, was jerked out of my hand. It was my brown man who was coming—Jim Brett.

My face did feel red! Vivace was making such a fuss over him that Sally could hardly feel guessing whose the dog had been before he was mine. But I made the best of it. "Of course I recognize him, and of course I shall bow," said I. "He was very kind to me on the dock when I was at letter B."

Mr. Jim Brett laughed and kept his hat off, which made him look very nice with the dappling green and gold light waving over his thick, short black hair and his forehead, which is whiter than the rest of his face.

He had on better clothes than he had worn on shipboard, but they were blue serge, with the air of having been bought ready made at a cheap shop. In spite of them, however, he looked very handsome, and every inch of him a gentleman. I don't think many men, even in Stan's set, could wear those badly cut things and look as he did in them, though he does have to travel in the steerage.

I asked Sally if I might introduce Mr. Brett to her, and she said yes and said up so sweetly that I was delighted, because for all her talk about nature's noblemen I felt I didn't know her well enough to be quite sure how she would take it. But she talked to him charmingly and complimented him upon his bravery on shipboard. "Every one of us admired you for it," she said, "and I'm very glad to meet you this morning."

Mr. Brett thanked her and, of course, said how pleased he was too. "I am taking a holiday," he added, looking at me. "I was glad to hear that, because seeing him out at this time the thought had occurred to me that he might have lost his employment at the club. But I only answered that it was a lovely day for a holiday and that I didn't believe he could find a better place to spend part of it than in Central park."

"Have you fed the squirrels yet?" he asked. "No, no. Can one do that?" I exclaimed. "I should love to." "May I go and get some peanuts?" he said to Sally.

"Do," she said in her pleasant, friendly way, which was just as nice for him as it had been for Stan or me. "We will go on to the wistaria arbor and wait for you. There are always lots of squirrels there."

"Vivace took away from me again and followed him, but still Sally seemed to take no notice. "That's certainly a very handsome fellow," she said, "and we can be sure that he's worthy to be trusted, because the wrong sort of men don't jump overboard at sea to save the lives of children they don't know. That is why I feel perfectly safe in being nice to him and letting you be nice. I reckon he is a southern man."

"How can you tell?" I asked. "Oh, little by that good looking brown face of his, perhaps, but more by his way of speaking. You English people lump up all together for our 'American accent,' but we can tell whether a person is from Massachusetts or New York or Illinois or Kentucky and so on just as you know Dev onshire from Lancashire."

The wistaria arbor, which we soon reached, was like a fairy tower hung with thousands of amethyst lamps, burning perfume instead of oil, and the moment we sat down a troop of the fairy residents, cleverly disguised as gray squirrels, with adorable little faces, began excitedly to talk us over. With heads on one side, they criticised our feathers, our dresses, our hats and finally approved of them so far as to decide that we were creatures they might know. They stole nearer, by twos, by threes, and came away again, gray and soft as undyed ostrich feathers, blown by the sweet smelling breeze, when they saw my brown man coming back with Vivace.

I was afraid that Vivace would make a dash and frighten them, but he evidently knows how to treat squirrels as equals, not as edibles, for he behaved himself like the little brindled gentleman that he is. Gravely he looked on as Mr. Brett produced six small, brown paper bags, crammed full of the most extraordinary little wood carvings of unripe bean pods, but it appeared that they were peanuts. They smiled good rather like freshly roasted coffee, and when they shelled them out of their woody pods they were large, fat beads covered with a thin brown skin.

The brown man's face flushed up and the wistful look in his eyes brightened into something which I felt was gratitude for my rather silly speech. "I think those roses will hate to die," he said.

"Perhaps I shall press them in a book," I answered, "to remind me of my first hours in America."

"Then we parted, and there was a kiss with Vivace, who had to be taken up in my arms or he would have choked himself with his collar in his desperate struggles to get free. He whimpered even then for a few minutes, but soon he was comforted and visibly made an effort to content himself with the fact that he was my dog."

I set him down on the ground, and Sally and I walked on together with great content. But at last she said to me, "You're thinking about that 'I was wondering about—class distinctions in America' I answered, 'I think—oh, I do think it's very silly of you to have any at all. I always supposed till I knew you and Mrs. Struyvesant-Knox that one person was considered just as good as another in America. And it ought to be like that in a new country, where you haven't an aristocracy.'"

"We have two aristocracies," said she. "We go one better than you, for you have only one. We have our old families (maybe they wouldn't seem very old to you, and we have wealth—they both think as much of them as ourselves as your aristocracy does—almost a little of each other."

"I could understand an aristocracy of brains in a land like America," I went on, quite earnestly, "but it's no good breaking off from the old country at all if you're to hamper yourselves with anything else. Now, if I hadn't heard Mrs. Struyvesant-Knox and Mrs. Van der Wad talking I should have supposed that in America a man like Mr. Brett, for instance, could be received anywhere. As it is, I suppose—no, nobody could despise him. For myself, I'm proud to know such a brave man. But—but of course we're not likely to meet him again, are we?"

"In society?" laughed Sally. "Poor fellow, it doesn't look much like it now, does it? Though I believe he's a man in a thousand and worth six of any of those that Cousin Katherine will let you know, counting Potter, though he is my relative."

"It seems a pity," I said, with a sigh for the mistakes of the whole world, "or something."

"Oh, I hardly know. Everything isn't it?"

"Yes. And I'm sure that's what our handsome friend is thinking." "I reckon he would like to go on being acquainted with you, Betty, and save the chances of other men. You're not an unattractive girl, you know, or maybe you don't know. And he's human. I have a sort of idea he'll try to make some change in his way of life, so that it may be possible to meet you again."

"This apartment house" cried I, thinking of the dull streets in London, where almost every door has "Apartments" printed over it in gilt letters or else hanging crooked and dejected on a card. "But, oh—perhaps you mean it's flats."

"For goodness sake, don't say 'flats' to Margaret Taylor," exclaimed Mrs. Ess Kay, marshaling me into the mammoth skeleton "Over here, my little common-people-live-in-flats; our best have 'apartments.'"

"It's just the other way round with us," I explained. "Those who have flats would be furious if you said they lived in apartments."

"You English are so quaint in some ways," remarked Mrs. Ess Kay, and though I didn't answer, I was surprised. It's all well enough for us to think Americans odd, and we are accustomed to that, but for everybody says they are, but that they should think that our ways comic does seem extraordinary, almost improper.

By this time we were in the lift, which shut upon us with a vicious snap and then tossed us up toward the roof of the world. I do hope one doesn't experience the same sensation in dying, though in that case it would be worse going down than up.

Before I had time to do more than gasp we were at the top, and as we waited for an instant outside Mrs. Harvey Richmond Taylor's door I should have liked to pinch my cheeks till my fright had left me pale.

"I've a friend who lives in a flat near the park for the season, and she was taken there. I thought it quite beautiful, but though the friend is countless and very rich the flat is poor compared with this top-heavy nest of Mrs. Taylor's."

"(To be continued.)"

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In the Family. She—Did you ever see a vanishing lady? Grass Widower—Yes; I married one. —New York Mail.

IN MEMORIAM. In remembrance of our dear mother, Mrs. Dorothy E. Rodd, Mariposa, who departed this life on Feb. 12, 1911. One year is gone and still we miss her. Folks may think the wound is healed but they little know the sorrow Lies within the heart concealed. May we when this life is ended, Meet with mother over there, In that pure celestial city, Neath our Saviour's gentle care. HER DAUGHTERS.

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