By ANITA CLAY MUNOZ, Author of "In Love and Truth"

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(Continued from Page 4.)



"Why shouldst thou enter, man?" celved people that ye are, canst not see that ye are led by the greed and vengeance of Josiah Taunston?"

Here she threw out her arm and pointed her finger in his direction. continuing distinctly, "Mine own cousin, who doth seek to injure me because I would not wed with him and make him the master of the Mayland farm!" "'Tis false!" thundered Taunston.

"Shut the screeching wench's mouth!" "Heed while there is yet time and disperse," Margaret cried, seeming not to notice his interruption, "for I do assure ye that for every insult put upon me a head will answer for it!"

Elsbeth, who had been sobbing in the doorway, frantic with fear, now ran to Margaret and, throwing her arms about her, cried entreatingly: "Hush thy harsh words, sweet. 'Twill only anger them the more. These good folk have naught against thee; 'tis thy gold cross that they mislike. Take it off and burn it before them all, an' they will go their way, leaving thee unmolested, I'll warrant thee, babe."

The distressed old woman looked toward the throng of stern, unyielding faces entreatingly, but their only response to her appeal was the loud cry of "The cross, Satan's death dealing charm! The cross! The cross!" The turbulent crowd surged nearer,

and one woman, more excited than the others, sprang at Margaret, making a snatch at the cross as though to tear it off. In a second the handle of Josiah Taunston's riding whip fell on her shoulder heavily.

"Fool!" he said under his breath, directing a dark look at her. "Wouldst thou destroy the evidence?" The woman, greatly abashed, fell

back among the crowd. The mistress of Mayland farm, with flashing eyes, put her hand over the cross protectingly, and she pushed her old nurse from her with firm determination, saying: "Elsbeth, thy words do fill my heart with shame. A Mayland asked to do the bidding of these village churls! Margaret Mayland to be told what to wear and what not to wear by these ignorant, prejudiced people! I have done no wrong. My cross contains no evil!"

As a full sense of the wrongful injustice from which she was suffering swept over her Margaret turned upon the crowd of accusers again, this time

"This cross I wear, no man can touch it while I live!" she cried. "And as ye have thought it seemly to brand me as a witch and bring soldiers here to arrest me. I do defy ye and do warn ye not to lay hands on me until ye have first notified my affianced husband, Sir Godfrey La Fabienne, of thine inten-

Jeers, ejaculations of derision and contempt, also loud, scornful laughter. followed Margaret's words. "Sir Godfrey La Fabienne!" shrieked

one woman shrilly. "Ha, ha! She doth command us to notify her white livered lover! Ho, ho!"

of the guard, who stood close at her noiselessly through the doorway." side, said entreatingly, "Good captain, bienne, who for some good reason hath her countenance. been detained at yonder tavern by the mill stream, the Sign of the Red er's love I swear it!" Gaston said Heart?"

"One moment, mistress." The man stepped down and, going to Josiah Taunston, appeared to be consulting him, the concourse of people, now grown silent, watching with bated breath. Suddenly Taunston threw up and the soldiers, with noise of clanking his head and let forth a barsh, unmirthful shout of laughter.

"Canst send a message to her lover?" he cried in a loud voice of triumph. "Nay, man, thou cannot, for the dastard hath run away, and no man knoweth whither!"

With angry glances from her flashing eyes Margaret turned upon him. "Josiah Taunston"-the words came

slowly and distinctly from her pale lips-"the truth is not on thy lips, and I tell thee that thou lieth. And heed thee how loudly thou doth speak, for the man liveth not long who doth call Bir Godfrey La Fabienne dastard!"

Taunston rode a few paces closer to the steps and before the throng of riotous men and women, who were now capering on the green in wild enjoyment of their knowledge of her lover's departure and of Margaret's speedy discomfiture, the cousins, the accuser and accused, were face to face.

"Wanton! Witch! Thing of evil he said in a low, sneering voice. "Hear the truth from the lips of one who e'er speaks truth! Thy lover, thy beauteous, honorable, noble lover, who did talk so bravely to win thy favors, bath at the first sign of trouble run away i' the night."

"'Tis not true!" Maragret cried, with set face and gleaming eyes. "I call thee here before all listeners a speaker of untruths and do brand thee as a

come closer, with expressions of tribring her and refuseth to believe that her courtly lover disappeared i' the night-deserted her in her hour of

last night; no man knoweth whither. Fourfold too much time hath been wasted in thy foolish parleying. Officer, do thy duty."

councilor's horse.

"One moment, good sir. I ask for a short reprieve while some one whom I can trust doth go to the Sign of the Red Heart for Sir Godfrey. Those who know him not, who understand not his fine sense of honor, may think that he hath taken alarm and deserted me, but"-here she raised her eyes, gazing passionately into his face-"I know better; I know that he doth remain close at hand to rescue me or to give me comfort."

caught hold of her arm to steady her. the damsel proper confirmation of the with harsh words. news we bring?" he asked gruffly.

just entering the gateway. All eyes she doth know seeketh ever to do his was no sound from the people as he doth go about as a reproach, with dull

"Rise, Gaston," she cried in joyful tones, "and give the message that thou loudly, so that all his wicked tongued accusers may hear and know the wrong that they have done him." The fellow did not lift his head.

"Speak, good Gaston." muffled tones, "my lord left last at the first gray streak of light across

pearance faded away. "Whither went he?" "I know not, mistress."

quick impatience, "and speak the mes- mind so filled with terror. Such awful sage that Sir Godfrey left for me. tales as she had heard constantly of What good reason for his going gave the evil doings of the cousin she loved he, and what tender words of counsel kept her heart heavy with a sense of left he for me?"

shifting his feet nervously. "Blockhead, wilt never speak?" Mar- with so much wickedness. garet shook his arm angrily.

"Good Mistress Mayland," the man in vexed tones: stammered, "I-I have but one word for thee from my master"-

most wildly in her desperation. ceived a blow in the face, and the ran to him and clutched the bridle listening crowd closed in around rein, imploring him to save their cousthem, with gloating looks and taunting in Margaret, he did not push her away words, wild with triumphant excite- nor could he meet her glance, but movment. The captain laid his hand on ed uneasily in his saddle. her arm determinedly, but she threw "Josiah, dear brother, an thou would him off and, clinging to Gaston, be- let me speak with Elder Williams of sought him to tell her more.

"Kind mistress," he said, "last night fluence wi' him." at about an hour after midnight, when "Ho, ho! Thine influence!" Josiah touching me gently and, springing up prithee, to make my boasts on!" over me. As I attempted to speak he stern and commanding. put his hand over my mouth and whispered these words:

Mistress Mayland are to be taken into scenes wi' silly wenches." custody by the soldiers who arrived here tonight and thrown into prison As all the passes are strongly guarded we cannot escape by'-

"At that instant the man sleeping at my side wakened and raised on his elbow. My master, hardly daring te breathe, crouched lower in the shadow. so that he was unperceived.

"'Much more would I say,' he whispered, 'but I cannot take the risk Tell Mistress Mayland farewell and'-"Just then another fellow stirred and, rousing his companion, the mer exchanged words, listening. Breath

With a proud, hopeless gesture of her less we waited until the soldiers were head the accused woman turned from breathing regularly again. Then my the crowd of sneering, sinister faces lord, giving my hand a strong pressure, before her and, addressing the captain took the first safe chance and slipped "Swear what thou sayst is the

wilt thou not send notice of this out- truth!" Margaret cried, now standing "By the sacred memory of my moth-

> The proud head of the mistress of the Mayland farm, its covering of yellow hair gleaming in the sunlight, fell forward on her breast. The captain to hide his emotion gave a loud order,

swords, closed in around her. Margaret looked about her in a dazed

"There is no need of force," she said dully. "I will go with thee." The noise from the clamoring, shouting mass of people was almost deafening as the officer, leading Margaret, bareheaded and the long skirts of her riding habit trailing after her on the ground, started toward the roadway.

"To the jail! To the jail!" they cried frantically. "The witch doth hang her head in shame of her evil deeds," said one woman, running along with a child in her

"Nay," cried another. "'Tis with sorrow that her poltroon lover hath desert ed her. Such kind know not shame!"

At the gateway the capt. n called a halt, as he wished to consult Josiah Taunston on some matter pertaining to his orders, and Elsbeth, who had been running after them in fearful agshrilly, fell at Margaret's feet and threw her arms about her in hopeless abandon.

"Oh, sweet babe, bonny Margaret," she moaned, "they are taking thee to prison, where I shall never see thee more! Can naught be done to save thee? Ah, lackaday, God's mercy on us all! They'll kill thee and no help comes."

"Ho, ho!" Taunston turned and ad- who hath received her death wound, see Margaret accused and taken? She dressed the chief councilor, who had Can they kill that which is already dead? Nay, good Elsbeth, after the ly one so good and stout of heart as umph in his voice and on his face, news brought by Gaston that God- Simon could not believe that sweet "The witch liketh not the news we frey"-here a dry sob rose in her throat | Margaret would sinfully connive with -"that Godfrey, whom I love, hath abandoned me to the insults of these Wringing her hands distractedly, the people, no abuse they can heap upon me to cause me suffering will be felt "Mistress Mayland," Elder Williams by me. Mourn not for one stabbed so said sternly, "what Josiah Taunston sharply through the heart that all the chimney that Simon had so lately and with such pride built out on the side saith is true. La Fabienne went away young, joyous life in her hath been killed by one deep thrust. Dry thy of his kitchen, or was it only the mist fore purchasing. tears, dear mother."

The captain approaching at this juncture, the procession started through the The captain had not time to open gateway and down the road, where it his mouth to give the order when soon disappeared, and the only sign of Margaret, springing down the steps, human life left on the Mayland estate grasped the bridle rein of the chief was the form of old Elsbeth lying prostrate on the ground.

CHAPTER XXIII. LL the long night that preceded the arrest and imprisonment of her cousin Margaret, Hetty

Taunston did not sleep, but tossed from side to side of her bed in nervous terror of the news she had just heard from Josiah of Margaret's sad fate. When, after much trouble, she was brought to her senses after losing consciousness in the barn, she had en-She swayed slightly, and the cap- treated her mother and brother to altain, touched with a feeling of pity, low her to remain with them, as on this fearful night she was afraid to be "Is there no man here who can give alone, but they sent her from them

"Get the whining, white faced wench At that moment Margaret gave a out of my sight!" Josiah commanded piercing shrick of joy, for Gaston, with roughly. "Instead of acting at this bowed head and walking slowly, was time as a support to her brother, that were turned in his direction, and there duty in the sight of God an' man, she approached and knelt humbly at Mar- eyes and sickly pallor. Pah! The sight of her riles me!"

At her mother's sharp bidding Hetty went to her room, not daring to redost bring from thy master. Speak fuse, and lay with eyes wide open, listening to the monotonous murmuring of the voices of her mother and Josiah, who, seated before the kitchen fire, conversed in low tones until a late hour in the night. Once for a "Fair mistress," he said in thick, short time she lost consciousness, but the horizon line she crept softly out of The glow of color that had swept bed and went down into the dooryard.

over Margaret's face at Gaston's ap- Early astir as she was, she found her brother there before her, coming around from the barn, leading his horse. Never in all Hetty's young life "Rise, stupid," she commanded, with had she been so harassed and her trouble, and her little head fairly ached The fellow rose, but did not meet with bewilderment and wonder how her glance. He stood with bowed head, to reconcile the fact of a woman so pure as Margaret being in connivance

When Josiah saw her he exclaimed

"Out upon thee, sad face!" Then possibly the sight of her suf-"And that is?" she interrupted al- fering, showing so plainly in the pallor and lines of her face, touched some small spot in his heart that was good Margaret fell back as if she had re- or stirred his conscience, for when she

the council, happen I would have in-

I was sleeping heavily on a pile of laughed scornfully. "Going in public straw in the stable. I felt some one against thy brother! A dutiful sister, in surprise, found my master bending Here his manner changed, growing small hand to the blaze.

"Thou'rt to stay here, faint heart, an' mind the house! I' faith, I'll have "Gaston, positive news hath reached a care that with so much important indifferently. "Didst wear no woolen me that at the rising of the sun I and work on hand we have no swooning about thee?"

As he finished speaking a man, one of the horse boys at the Sign of the Red Heart, came swiftly up the path-

"Master Taunston," he said, panting slightly, "I ha' come wi' news! The

witch's lover hath fled!" "Gone!" Josiah ejaculated in surprise. "Aye, 'tis found that he stole away i'. the night," the man replied.

"Here's a crown. Tobias, for 'tis good news that thou hast brought," Taunston cried exultantly. "The white livered poltroon hath great influence at court, and his detention might have brought us trouble. Once down the mountain we will see that he doth not return again until the evil woman we seek to punish hath received her just deserts. Hetty, see that thou doth my bidding," he said roughly, pushing her from out of his way with the handle of | ters rage to my friend, Sir Godfrey La Fa- erect before him, a deathlike pallor on his whip. "Spring up behind, Tobias; we'll ride to the inn. Dost not hear shouting? Methinks already the vil-

lage is astir." He gave spurs to his horse. Hetty's breath came in gasps as she stood with her hands clasped over her heart watching her brother and his companion speed away. She sank down upon the doorstep and tried to collect her thoughts. What news was this she had just heard? Her mind was dazed. Handsome, gallant Sir Godfrey La Fabienne only a fair day wooer? Did a man live with heart base enough to desert one so sweet and trusting as Mar-

Heartsick, bewildered and bitterly disappointed, with all her romantic illusions dispelled, Hetty covered up her face, and a remembrance of the preacher's warnings and words against the wicked fashionable men of the gay cities and their deceiving ways, also her mother's sinister predictions concerning La Fabienne's fickle love for his arm. Margaret, came to her. Herheart fluttered painfully in a perfect turmoil of agitation, distress and absolute conviction. Yes, it must be true, and the idol | poor comfort on the floor." she had set up on such a high pedestal above all others had tumbled to the "be not so churlish to thine old-playground and fallen in pieces at her feet. How cold the gray dawn was! She shivered slightly and with a quick motion drew her kerchief closer about ony, wringing her hands and screaming her white throat. How friendless and alone she felt, for the first time in her life at odds with her mother and brother and for her foolish vanity and

proud airs totally ignored and forgot-

ten by her old comrade and lover,

Simon Kempster! As her sad thoughts

turn to him she sprang to her feet

direction of his house. Was he, like

and looked down the mountain in the

"Grieve not, Elsbeth," Margaret an- the others, preparing in grim enjoyswered gently, "grieve not for one | ment to go to the Mayland farm to shook her head in the negative. Surethe devil to wreak harm on others! girl walked to the little gate before the house. Was that a wreath of smoke curling out of the new fashioned stone

> Hetty gazed wistfully in the direction of the white cloud for a few moments, then, throwing up her head with a great show of indifference, retraced her steps to the door and sank down upon the wooden bench. But a strong feeling of unrest was upon her, for soon she was at the gate again. Then, as an impulse seized her, she ran down the roadway toward Simon's house.

On, on she sped, so fast one would suppose she was afraid her pride might urge her to turn back again, holding up her light skirts as she went. The fresh morning breeze tossed her hair about and, with its rough caresses, brought the red color back to her pale face. Once or twice it grew so strong and pushed against her with such force that one might think it had no sympathy with her project and wished to push her backward, but she ran on



Dejectedly resting his head on his hand. unheeding until, breathless and pant ing she reached Kempster's door. From her place on the step she could see into the kitchen. Logs were burning in the chimney, and a hissing caldron of water was steaming above them.

Hetty put her hands together over her heart as she saw Simon Atting on the settle before it. His broad back was toward the window, but she could see that he was leaning over dejectedly, resting his head on his hand. Softly lifting the latch, she entered and stood just inside the door, Kempster was evidently deep in thought, for the faint sounds did not disturb him.

He sprang to his feet and looked at her in the greatest astonishment. "Am I wanted? Doth any one need me?" he asked, unable to attribute any other reason for her coming. "Nay, thou'rt not wanted," Hetty re-

plied falteringly, "and-and no one needs thee. Simon." "Wilt take a chair, mistress?" His

manner was civil, but his face was grave and stern. He resumed his seat on the settle. Hetty came forward and knelt before the fire, holding out one "I am cold," she said shiveringly,

"I' the morning at sunrise there is apt to be a chill i' the air," Simon said

He looked around the room. Hetty hastily put out her hand to prevent his ! truly mean thy words!"

gentle, fluttering sigh. "The bright fire on thy hearth, Simon, hath already ; warmed me."

Kempster regarded the small, graceful figure in its gray dress and white kerchief, kneeling there in the glare of the fire so close to him, with pain tug- breeze. Hetty shuddered and, edging ging at his heart and suspicion in his | nearer to Simon, laid her small hand on mind. Was this a new mood-just an- | his. other of her tantalizing ways? Had she come back only to worry and torment | kind heart against me, Simon. Be my him? Hetty, glancing up, met his quiet

"When thou'rt ready to go," he remarked, with studied coldness, "happen I can find a woolen for thee."

At his words her heart sank within her. Of a certain he had ceased to love her, so she would speak of other mat-

"Thank thee, Simon. When I go an' I am a trifle warmer I will take it." Then, as he did not speak, she added mournfully, "Simon, didst know that" the council hath ordered our Margaret to the prison?"

"An' that the man she loved better promise to love thee dearly." than her life hath deserted her in her hour of peril?" Kempster sat erect with a sudden

"The courtier, Sir Godfrey La Fablenne?" he asked in surprise. She choked back a sob.

"None other, as thou knowest. Ah, lackaday, bonny Margaret!" said quietly, "as the knight had ever an open countenance and a manly bearing. But I ween 'tis not uncommon for love to grow between a man and woman all on one side." Hetty laid a supplicating hand on

Simon's breath came quickly, but his voice was stern as he said: "Hadst not better take a chair? Thou'lt find but "Nay, Simon," she cried tearfully. time friend! Hast forgotten Hetty,

from the main roadway and almost hidden by a wild growth of bushes and high trees, stood the prison where little Hetty Taunston, who when thou Margaret Mayland was confined. wert but a lad, long before thy mother died, did rise at break o' day to (Continued on Page 3.)

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drive the cows to grass?" Simon turned his eyes toward her and regarded searchingly the sweet upturned face. What new coquetry was this? He set his teeth and steeled

"Such pleasant friendship as hath ever been between us, Simon," she began in a low voice, hesitatingly, "should not be broken off forever for want of a word of explanation. Simon, I-I remember the words thou did speak to me that day i' the dairy. when I was so set up because a coward courtier-a man who covered his black heart with fine raiment and wore a gallant bearing to deceive folk -did remark about my beauty that I flouted thee and did scorn the offer of thy honest heart and faithful love." Kempster regarded her seriously. anxiously; once he reached out his hand toward her, but drew it back

"So proud was I an' so full of idle dreams of a gay life in Paris that at the time I scarce did miss thee," she continued, "but anon I became lonely, dissatisfied, unhappy and did not really know what did ail me until I met the quiet scorn of thy glance and knew myself for the foolish, worthless maid that I was. Simon," she cried softly, "it hurt me to learn that I had lost the regard of one good man; my heart ached, an' I was sore trou-

"Hetty"-he spoke her name sharply-"say no more unless thou doth

"I' truth. I mean so much more than "Nay, get me nothing." She sighed a I have said to thee," she went on sadly, "that I despair of ever making my lips frame the words my heart doth bid them speak."

> swept in through the window by the "Forgive me. No longer shut thy

> friend, but I must be thy husband al-A glow of color mantled her face and

she faltered, with drooping head, "an' I were one-half good enough, I would ask thee to o'erlook the past, to for-"Yea, the fearsome news hath reach- | give me, Simon, an' to take me for thy true and faithful wife. I would With a glad cry he stooped and gathered her into his arms.

"No more such words, Hetty. I ha" listened long enough! Not worthy of me, a rough, hardworking farmer-the maid I ha' ever held so high above all other women!"

He pressed her fondly to his strongly beating heart, saying tenderly, moved "Thy news doth surprise me," he in his great joy to an unusual expression of sentiment, "Ah, Hetty, bright sunbeam of my life, that went away so coldly, praise God thou hast come back, bringing warmth to cheer the sad heart of a lonely man and light to set a glow of joy about his quiet home!" CHAPTER XXIV.

N a remote part of Cragenstone,

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friend again. "Tis all I ask." indrawn breath. "Hetty, thou must speak out what thou dost mean!" he cried. "There can be but one thing between us, and that is-love! Before God, I will be thy

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