Another Adventure of Sherlock Holmes. BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

Author of "The Green Flag" and "The Great Boer War" Copyright (1902) by A. Conan Doyle. \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

a glimpse of his face to see that. Look at Mr. Stapleton's house, for example, with no one but himself to defend it. There's no safety for anyone until he is under lock and key."

"He'll break into no house, sir. I give you my solemn word upon that. But he will never trouble anyone in this country again. I assure you, Sir Henry, that in a very few days the necessary arrangements will have been made and he will be on his way to South America. For God's sake, sir, I beg of you not to let the police know that he is still on the moor. They have given up the chase there, and he can lie quiet until the ship is ready for him. You can't tell on him without getting my wife and me into trouble. I beg you, sir, to say nothing to the police.

"What do you say, Watson?" I shrugged my shoulders. "If he were safely out of the country it would relieve the tax-payer of a burden." "But how about the chance of his holding someone up before he goes?"

"He would not do anything so mad, sir. We have provided him with all that he can want. To commit a crime would be to show where

"That is true," said Sir Henry. "Well, Barrymore---"God bless you, sir, and thank you from my heart! It would have killed my poor wife had he been taken

"I guess we are aiding and abetting a felony, Watson? But, after what we have heard, I don't feel as if I could wive the man up, so there is an end of All right, Barrymore, you can go." With a few broken words of grati-

tude the man turned, but he hesitated and then came back.

"You've been so kind to us, sir, that I should like to do the best I can for you in return. I know something, Sir Henry, and perhaps I should have said it before, but it was long after the inquest that I found it out. I've never breathed a word about it yet to mortal man. It's about poor Sir Charles's The baronet and I were both upon

our feet. "Do you know how he died?" "No, sir, I don't know that:" "What then?"

"I know why he was at the gate at that hour. It was to meet a woman." "To meet a woman! He?"

"Yes, sir." "And the woman's name?" "I can't give you the name, sir, but I can give you the initials. Her initials were L. L."

"How do you know this, Barry-"Well, Sir Henry, your uncle had a is?" letter that morning. He had usually a great many letters, for he was a public man and well known for his kind heart, so that everyone who was in trouble was glad to turn to him. But that morning, as it chanced, there was how you came to conceal this importonly this one letter, so I took the more

5 Le

Sturdy Boys

Bonnie Girls

with lots of sound bone

and muscle, full of animal

life and pluck, are raised

on wholesome, nutritious

You can Bake that

Kind of Bread with

PURITY

FLOUR

from the choicest Western

Canada Hard Wheat, by

the latest improved meth-

ods in the most modern

Goes farther than any

other-rich in nutriment

Sold Everywhere in

The Great Dominion

WESTERN CANADA

FLOUR MILLS CO.

Milia at

LIMITED

mills in the world.

and wholesome.

Watchman-Warder,

It is produced solely

Bread.



"Well," said I, "has this precious relation of yours departed?" notice of it. It was from Coombe Tracey, and it was addressed in a

"Well?" "Well, sir, I thought no more of the matter, and never would have done had it not been for my wife. Only a few weeks ago she was cleaning out Sir Charles's study-it had never been touched since his death-and she found the ashes of a burned letter in the back of the grate. The greater part of it was charred to pieces, but one little slip, the end of a page, hung together, and the writing could still be read, though it was grey on a black ground. It seemed to us to be a postscript at the end of the letter, and it said: 'Please, please, as you are a gentleman, burn this letter, and be at the gate by ten o'clock.' Beneath it were signed the initials L. L."

"Have you got that slip?" "No, sir, it crumbled all to bits after we moved it."

"Had Sir Charles received any other letters in the same writing?" "Well, sir, I took no particular notice of his letters. I should not have noticed this one only it happened to come alone." "And you have no idea who L. L.

"No. sir. No more than you have.

But I expect if we could lay our hands upon that lady we should know more about Sir Charles's death." "I cannot understand, Barrymore,

ant information." "Well, sir, it was immediately after that our own trouble came to us. And then again, sir, we were both of us very fond of Sir Charles, as we well might be considering all that he has done for us. To rake this up couldn't help our poor master, and it's well to go carefully when there's a lady in the case. Even the best of us-"

"You thought it might injure his

"Well, sir, I thought no good could come of it. But now you have been kind to us, and I feel as if it would be treating you unfairly not to tell you all that I know about the matter."

"Very good, Barrymore; you can go." When the butler had left us Sir Henry turned to me. "Well, Watson, what do you think of this new light?" "It seems to leave the darkness rather blacker than before."

"So I think. But if we can only trace L. L. it should clear up the whole business. We have gained that much. We know that there is someone who has the facts if we can only find her. What do you think we should do?"

"Let Holmes know all about it a once. It will give him the clue for which he has been seeking. I am much mistaken if it does not bring him

I went at once to my room and drew up my report of the morning's conversation for Holmes. It was evident to me that he had been very busy of late, was bad enough, for all that the for the notes which I had from Baker | coroner said. Look at the noises on the Street were few and short, with no moor at night. There's not a man comments upon the information which | would cross it after sundown if he was I had supplied, and hardly any refer- paid for it. Look at this stranger ence to my mission. No doubt his hiding out yonder, and watching and blackmailing case is absorbing all his waiting! What's he waiting for? What faculties. And yet this new factor must does it mean? It means no good to surely arrest his attention and renew anyone of the name of Baskerville, his interest. I wish that he were here, and very glad I shall be to be quit of it

rain poured down, rustling on the ivy and dripping from the eaves. I thought servants are cady to take over the of the convict out upon the bleak, cold, shelterless moor. Poor devil! Whatever his crimes, he has suffered something to atone for them. And then I thought of that other one-the face in the cab, the figure against the moon. Was he also out in that deluge-the unseen watcher, the man of darkness? In the evening I put on my waterproof moor, full of dark imaginings, the rain man he was, as far as he could see, beating upon my face and the wind whistling about my ears. God those who wander into the great mire now, for even the firm uplands are be-

coming a morass. I found the black tor upon which I had seen the solitary watcher, and from its craggy summit I looked out myself across the melancholy downs. Rain squalls drifted across their russet face, and the heavy, slate-colored clouds hung low over the landscape, trailing in grey wreaths down the sides of the fantastie hills. In the distant hollow on the left, half hidden by the mist, the two signs of human life which I could see, save only those prehistoric huts which lay thickly upon the slopes of the hills.

Nowhere was there any trace of that lonely man whom I had seen on the same spot two night before.

As I walked back I was overtaken by Dr. Mortimer driving in his dog-cart over a rough moorland track, which led from the outlying farmhouse of Foulmire. He has been very attentive to us, and hardly a day has passed that he has not called at the Hall to day shall not have passed before see how we were getting on. He in have done all that man can do to reach Try the Job Department of the cart and he gave me a lift homewards.

I found him much troubled over the

disappearance of his little spanie had wandered on to the moor and had never come back. I gave him such consolation as I might, but I thought the pony on the Grimpen Mire, and I do not fancy that he will see his lit-

"By the way, Mortimer," said I, as we jolted along the rough road, "I suppose there are few people living within driving distance of this whom you do not know?"

"Hardly any, I think," "Can you, then, tell me the name of any woman whose initials are L. L.?" He thought for a few minutes.

"No," said he. "There are a few gipsies and laboring folk for whom can't answer, but among the farmers or gentry there is no one whose initials are those. Wait a bit though, he added, after a pause. "There is Laura Lyons-her initials are L. L .but she lives in Coombe Tracey."

"Who is she?" I asked. "She is Frankland's daughter."

"What! Old Frankland the crank?" "Exactly. She married an artist named Lyons, who came sketching on the moor. He proved to be a blackguard and deserted her. The fault from what I hear may not have been entirely on one side. Her father refused to have anything to do with her, because she had married without his consent, and perhaps for one or two other reasons as well. So, between the old sinner and the young one the girl has had a pretty bad time." "How does she live?"

"I fancy old Frankland allows her a pittance, but it cannot be more, for his own affairs are considerably involved. Whatever she may have deserved one could not allow her to go hopelessly to the bad. Her story got about, and several of the people here did something to enable her to earn an honest living. Stapleton did for one, and Sir Charles for another. I gave a trifle myself. It was to set her up in a typewriting business." He wanted to know the object of my

inquiries, but I managed to satisfy his curiosity without telling him too much, for there is no reason why we should take anyone into our confidence. Tomorrow morning I shall find my way to Coombe Tracey, and if I can see this Mrs. Laura Lyons, of equivocal reputation, a long step will have been made towards clearing one incident in this chain of mysteries. I am certainly developing the wisdom of the serpent, for when Mortimer pressed his questions to an inconvenient extent I asked him casually to what type Frankand's skull belonged, and so heard nothing but craniology for the rest of our drive. I have not lived for years with Sherlock Holmes for nothing. I have only one other incident to record upon this tempestuous and melancholy day. This was my conversation with Barrymore just now, which gives me one more strong card which

can play in due time. Mortimer had stayed to dinner, and he and the baronet played ecarte afterwards. The butler brought me my coffee into the library, and I took the chance to ask him a few questions. "Well," said I, "has this precious relation of yours departed, or is he still

lurking out yonder?" "I don't know, sir. I hope to Heaven that he has gone, for he has brought nothing but trouble here! I've not heard of him since I left out food for him last, and that was three days

"Did you see him then?"

"No, sir, but the food was gone when next I went that way.' "Then he was certainly there?" "So you would think, sir, unless it

was the other man who took it." I sat with my coffee-cup half way to my lips and stared at Barrymore. "You know that there is another man then?"

'Yes, sir: there is another man upon the moor."

"Have you seen him?"

"How do you know of him then?" "Selden told me of him, sir, a week ago or more. He's in hiding, too, but he's not a convict as far as I can make out. I don't like it, Dr. Watson-I tell you straight, sir, that I don't like it." He spoke with a sudden passion

"Now, listen to me, Barrymore! have no interest in this matter but that of your master. I have come here with no object except to help him. Tell me, frankly, what it is that you

Barrymore hesitated for a moment as if he regretted his outburst, or found it difficult to express his own

"It's all these goings-on, sir," cried at last, waving his hand towards the rain-lashed window which faced the moor. "There's foul play somewhere, and there's black villainy brewing, to that I'll swear! Very glad I should be, sir, to see Sir Henry on his way back to London again!"

"But what is it that alarms you?" "Look at Sir Charles's death! That October 17th .- All day to-day the all on the day the Sir Henry's new

"But about this stranger," said "Can you tell me anything about him? What did Selden say? Did he find out where he hid, or what he was doing?" "He saw him once or twice, but he a deep one, and gives nothing away. is a deep one, and gives nothing away. At first he thought that he was the police, but soon he found that he had some lay of his own, A kind of gentlebut what he was doing he could not

"Among the old houses on the hillside—the stone huts where the old "But how about his food?"

"Selden found out that he has got lad who works for him and brings alm all he needs. I daresay he goes to Coombe Tracey for what he wants." "Very good, Barrymore. We may talk further of this some other time." I hen the butler had gone I walked thin towers of Baskerville Hall rose over to the black window, and I look above the trees. They were the only ed through a blurred pane at the driving clouds and at the tossing outline of the wind-swept trees. It is a wild night indoors, and what must it be in a stone hut upon the moor. What passion of hatred can it be which leads a man to lurk in such a place at such a time! And what deep and earnest purpose can he have which calls for such a trial! There, in that hut upon the moor, seems to lie the very centre of that problem which has vexed me so sorely. I swear that another

the heart of the mystery.

#### CHAPTER XI.

The extract from my private diary

Charles's. He was exceedingly kind,

and it was through him that Sir Char-

"Really, sir, this is a very extraor

"Then I answer, certainly not."

The flush had faded in an instant,

and a deathly face was before me. Her

dry lips could not speak the "No"

"Surely your memory deceives you,"

C.P.A.

said I. "I could even quote a passage

"It is a great day for me, sir."

I thought that she had fainted, but

"Is there no such thing as a gentle-

"You do Sir Charles an injustice.

He did burn the letter. But sometimes

burned. You acknowledge now that

"I did write it. Why should I deny it?

I wished him to help me. I believed

that if I had an interview I could gain

"Because I had only just learned

"But why a rendezvous in the gar-

"Do you think a woman could go

"Well, what happened when you did

"No. I swear it to you on all I hold

"That is a private matter. I cannot

"You acknowledge then that you

which he met his death, but you deny

Again and again I cross-questioned

"Mrs. Lyons," said I, as I rose from

false position by not making an abso-

know. If I have to call in the aid of

conclusion might be drawn from it,

"The matter is a very private one."

heard anything of my unhappy history

you will know that I made a rash mar-

"My life has been one incessant

abhor. The law is upon his side, and

every day I am faced by the possi-

bility that he may force me to live

letter to Sir Charles I had learned that

my freedom if certain expenses could

peace of mind, happiness, self-respect

generosity, and I thought that if he

heard the story from my own lips he

"So I should have done had I not

riage and had reason to regret it."

"I have heard so much."

"The more reason why you avoid a

alone at that hour to a bachelor's

his help, so I asked him to meet me."

that he was going to London next day

were reasons why I could not get

den instead of a visit to the house?"

"But why at such an hour?"

"Yes, I did write it," she cried, pour-

she recovered herself by a supreme

o'clock.' "

man?" she gasped.

you wrote it."

house?"

get there?"

"I never went."

"What was that?"

"That is the truth."

Charles upon that date?"

"You quoted some of it."

public investigation.

in a scandal."

"Mrs. Lyons!"

which I saw rather than heard.

linary question.

les's death?"

which forms the last chapter brought my narrative up to the 18t of October, a time when these strange events began to move swiftly towards their terrible conclusion. The incidents of the next few days are indelib ly graven upon my recollection, and . can tell them without reference to the notes made at the time. I start then from the day which succeeded that upon which I had established two facts of great importance, the one that Mrs. Laura Lyons of Coombe Tracey had written to Sir Charles Baskerville and made an appointment with him at the very place and hour that he met his death, the other that the lurking man upon the moor was to be found among the stone huts upon the hill-side. With these two facts in my possession I felt that either my intelligence or my courage must be deficient if I could not throw some further light upon these dark places.

I had no opportunity to tell the baronet what I had learned about Mrs. Lyons upon the evening before, for Dr. Mortimer remained with him at cards until it was very late. At breakfast, however, I informed him about my discovery, and asked him whether he would care to accompany me to Coombe Tracey. At first he was very eager to come, but on second thoughts it seemed to both of us that if I went alone the results might be better. The more formal we made the visit the less information we might obtain. I left Sir Henry behind, therefore, not without some prickings of conscience, and drove off upon my new quest. When I reached Coombe Tracey

told Perkins to put up the horses, and I made inquiries for the lady whom I had come to interrogate. I had no difficulty in finding her rooms, which were central and well appointed. A maid showed me in without ceremony, and as I entered the sitting-room lady, who was sitting before a Remington typewriter, sprang up with a pleasant smile of welcome. Her face fell, however, when she saw that I was a stranger, and she sat down again and asked me the object of my visit.

The first impression left by Mrs. Lyons was one of extreme beauty. Her eyes and hair were of the same rich hazel color, and her cheeks, though considerably freckled, were flushed with the exquisite bloom of the bru- of your letter. It ran 'Please, please, nette, the dainty pink which lurks at the heart of the sulphur rose. Admiration was, I repeat, the first impression. But the second was criticism. There was something subtly wrong with the face, some coarseness of expression, some hardness, perhaps, of eye, some looseness of lip which marred its perfect beauty. But these, of course, are after-thoughts. At the moment I was simply conscious that I a letter may be legible even when was in the presence of a very handsome woman, and that she was asking me the reasons for my visit. I had not quite understood until that instant how ing out her soul in a torrent of words. delicate my mission was.

"of I have no reason to be ashamed of it. "I have the pleasure," said I, knowing your father." It was a clumsy introduction, and

the lady made me feel it. "There is nothing in common between my father and me," she said. "I owe him nothing, and his friends are not mine. If it were not for the late and might be away for months. There Sir Charles Baskerville and some other kind hearts I might have starved for there earlier. all that my father cared."

"It was about the late Sir Charles Baskerville that I have come here to The freckles started out on the

lady's face. "What can I tell you about him?" she asked, and her fingers played nervously over the stops of her typewriter.

sacred. I never went. Something in-"You knew him, did you not?" "I have already said that I owe a tervened to prevent my going." great deal to his kindness. If I am able to support myself it is largely due to the interest which he took in my un- tell it." made an appointment with Sir Char-

happy situation." "Did you correspond with him?" The lady looked quickly up with an les at the very hour and place at

angry gleam in her hazel eyes. "What is the object of these ques- that you kept the appointment." tions?" she asked, sharply. scandal. It is better that I should ask her, but I could never get past that

them here than that the matter point. should pass outside our control." She was silent and her face was this long and inconclusive interview, "you are taking a very great responsistill very pale. At last she looked up with something reckless and defiant in

"Well I'll answer," she said. "What lutely clean breast of all that you are your questions? "Did you correspond with Sir Char- the police you will find how seriously

twice to acknowledge his delicacy and instance deny having written to Sir truth. I came away baffled and dishis generosity." "Have you the dates of those let-

"Have you ever met him?"

"Yes, once or twice, when he came into Coombe Tracey. He was a very retiring man, and he preferred to do

good by stealth." "But if you saw him so seldom and wrote so seldom, how did he know enough about your affairs to be able to help you, as you say that he has

She met my difficulty with the u

most readiness. "There were several gentlemen who knew my sad history and united help me. One was Mr. Stapleton, ? of his death." neighbor and intimate friend of Sir

# WRITE FOR IT chelce Charles and explain this?" CARNATIONS POPPLES, HOLLY. Colonial Art Centropiece VIOLETS OF AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSES

Home Journal ONT.

seen his death in the paper next; Write to-day enclosing 25 cents in stamps or coin and state design wanted it by finding if she had, indeed, institu-This is the biggest offer we over made. We do it to convince every woman that the HOMF JOURNAL is the greatest magazine published in Canada, containing Nealth and Beouty Besertment, Coaking, Household Hints, Wit and Humor, Fashion Notes, Important Foreign News Serial and Short Stories and Latest Patterns. Sunt 25 cents for one year's subscription to the Home Journal and the contropiecs.

Address CIRCULA FION DEPARTMENT. LW ted divorce proceedings against her husband at or about the time of the

PIANOS, ORGANS AND SEWING MACHINES.

les learned about my affairs."
I knew that Sir Charles Baskerville several occasions, so the lady's statement bore the impress of truth upon "Did you ever write to Sir Charles New Williams, New Home and Raymond. asking him to meet you?" I continued. All goods guaranteed, and prices and Mrs. Lyons flushed with anger terms right. No fake sales but solid

WM. WARREN.

"I am sorry, Madame, but I must re William-st. north. P. O. BOX 217. Opposite St. Andrew's Church. "Not on the very day of Sir Char-



## BRITTON BROS.

Diamond Rings Fancy Stone Rings of all varieties.

Pearl Brooches

Mounted in connection with the fashionable colored stone, such as Amethysts, Agnamarines, Mopaz, etc.

Gold Chains Men's and Ladies'

Stone Festoon Neck.

An elegant novelty.

Fancy Stone and Pearl Scarf Pins

VISITORS ALWAYS WELCOME

### BRITTON BROS.

Foot of Kent-St., LINDSAY



The Popular Jewelry Store W. F. McCarty

The Correct Time

is always at the disposal of the owner of one of our watches. They only vary in style, finish and detail. We have 14k solid gold watches from \$25 up; gold filled from \$12 up, and silver ones as low as \$8 and \$10. All these watches are correct timekeepers. Engagement and Wedding

Rings. Marriage Licenses.

#### Fountain Pens

Every Lady and Gentleman should have a Fountain Pen.

I have Waterman's Ideal and Parkers's Lucky Curve. They are both good quality +

Call and see them

67 Kent-St., Lindsay

you are compromised. If your position ity was, therefore, that she was tell-"I certainly wrote to him once or is innocent, why did you in the first ing the truth, or, at least, a part of the heartened. Once again I had reached "Because I feared that some false that dead wall which seemed to be built across every path by which I and that I might find myself involved | tried to get at the object of my mission. And yet the more I thought of "And why were you so pressing that | the lady's face and of her manner the Sir Charles should destroy your let- more I felt that something was being held back from me. Why should she "If you have read the letter you will turn so pale? Why should she fight against every admission until it was "I did not say that I had read all forced from her? Why should she have been so reticent at the time of the tragedy? Surely the explanation of all "I quoted the postscript. The letter this could not be as innocent as she had, as I said, been burned and it was | would have me believe. For the monot all legible. I ask you once again | ment I could proceed no farther in why it was that you were so pressing | that direction, but must turn back to that Sir Charles should destroy this that other clue which was to be sought letter which he received on the day for among the stone huts upon the

And that was a most vague direc-

tion. I realized it as I drove back and noted how hill after hill showed traces "I will tell you, then. If you have of the ancient people. Barrymore's only indication had been that the stranger lived in one of these abandoned huts, and many hundreds of them are scattered throughout the length and breadth of the moor. But I persecution from a husband whom I had my own experience for a guide since it had shown me the man himself standing upon the summit of the Black Tor. That then should be the with him, At the time that I wrote this centre of my search, From there should explore every hut upon the moor until I lighted upon the right one. If this man were inside it I should find out from his own lips, at the point of my revolver if necessary, who he everything. I knew Sir Charles's was and why he had dogged us so long. He might slip away from us in the crowd of Regent Street, but it lonely moor. On the other hand, if ould find the hut and its tenant should not be within it I must remain there, however long the vigil, until he gir returned. Holmes had missed him in London. It would indeed be a triumph but I was anxious to send Perkins and for me if I could run him to earth, the waggonette home, and the oppor where my master had falled. again in this inquiry, but now at last

Luck had been against us again and sent a message to Sir Henry that again in this inquiry, but now at last should walk over in time for disper-The woman's story hung coherently together, and all my questions were unable to shake it. I could only check of good fortune was none other than Mr. Frankland, who was standing the gate of his garden, which opened oried, with many chuckles. "I have on to the high road along which I brought off a double event. I mean to brought off a double event.

It was unlikely that she would dare to say that she had not been to Basker ville Hall if she really had been, for a trap would be necessary to take her there, and could not have returned to Coombe Tracey until the early hours of the morning. Such an excursion of the morning. Such an excursion length of the morning of the morning. Such an excursion length of the morning of the morning of the morning. Such an excursion length of the morning of the mornin

McLennan & Co.

POCKET KNIVES CARVERS RAZORS

> TABLE CUTLERY SCISSORS

RIFLES SKATES

MEAT CUTTERS CARPET SWEEPERS BIRD CAGES SLEIGH BELLS LEATHER MITTS

#### I ICECIIIIUII CA CO Hardware, Cal, Iron

Waterproof Horse Covers Horse Blankets Wagon Covers Surcingles

Food Choppers Raisin Seeders Asbestos Sad Irons Mrs. Potts' Sad Irons Carpet Sweepers Door Mats

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR "akes shaving a pleasure."

LINDSAY

JOSEPH MEEHAN AUCTIONEER for the County of Victoria. Auction Sales of all kinds promps

ly attended to. Satisfaction Cust anteed. Lindsay P. O., Ont. heard of his treatment of his daughter tunity was a good one, I alighted and

Then I followed Frankland into his "It is a great day for me, sir-one of the red-letter days of my life," he teach them in these parts that law is

lenses, if require Hours 9 to 12 or by appointme Money F. B. WELDON, Clerk, Oakwoo Agent, Issuer o

THE WATCHMA

J. McALPI

and Colborne

ial attention p

gose, throat

hours : 10 a.m.

DR. F. BI

GRADUATE TO

Office.-Ridout-st

Lindsay-sts. Pho

J. McCULLO

Special attention

Midwifery Diseas

Diseases of Child

OLIVE M. R

Graduate of Trip

of Ontario Medic

to 5 p.m. Office

OFFICE 92 KE

Special attention

ing and treating

R. R. M1

Eyesigh

Over Neill'

SITY, COROL

TY OF

JANETY.

Conveyancing i THE UNDERSIG loan money on Village Proper rates of inter Private funds. to buy good WELDON, So. Rlock, Lindsay TO BORROWER

meney on real the lowest curi ness is done in the principal at us without an ting. We also and debentures -We invest me mortgages, als bentures, inve bonds. McLA Barristers, etc.

. H. HOPKIN or for the Onti toan at lowest William-st., so TEWART & O Notaries, etc.

very lowest cu

terms. Office York-sts., Lind T. Stewart, L MOORE & JA etc., solicitors Victoria and t Money to load the lowest

William-st., Li F. D. Moore, McLAUGHLIN, Barristers, Office, Corner streets, over

Lindsay. Mon

James A. Pee

estate.

LEIGH R. KNI licitor, Notari ing Waterloo ! Co., of Water surance Co., Accident and don, Ont. O ing, William-O'Leary's offic

H. H. GROSS Headquarters Member of Ro DR. POGUE, I

ly opposite ti attention give Howard V. P DR. SUTTON Honor gradus sity and Ro Surgeons. Af methods adop ate. Office ov

BR. F. A. WAI say. Honor University a Dentistry. proved branc creafully perf erate. Office Store, corne

William, stre

DRS. NEELA tists, membe lege of Denti all the latest Special atter Orthodonia. work. The teeth under the insertion dentures con of this office eite the Simi

C. R. JAMES censed Aucti of Victoria. STEPHEN O tioneer for Saies promi

"efantion Coal Lumber.

Cement