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The Younger Set

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS,

Author of "The Fighting Chance," Etc.

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There were dances, too, and Nina went to some of them. So did Eileen, who had created a furore among the younger brothers and undergraduates, and the girl was busy enough with sailing and motoring and dashing through the sand in all sorts of power boats.

Truly, for her, the world was still green, the sun bright, the high sky blue, but she had not forgotten that the earth had been greener, the sun brighter, the azure above her more splendid—once upon a time—like the first phrase of a tale that is told. And if she were at times listless, absent eyed, subdued, a trifle graver or unusually silent, seeking the still paths of the garden as though in need of youthful meditation and the quiet of the sunset hour, she never doubted that that tale would be retold for her again. Only, alas, the fair days were passing, and the russet rustle of October sounded already among the curling leaves in the garden, and he had been away a long time, a very long time, and she could not understand.

On one of Austin's week end visits, the hour for conjugal confab having arrived between husband and wife, he said, with a trace of irritation in his voice:

"I don't know where Phil is or what he's about. I'm wondering—he's got the Selwyn conscience, you know—what he's up to and if it's any kind of damfoolishness. Haven't you heard a word from him, Nina?"

Nina, in her pretty night attire, had emerged from her dressing room, locked out Kit-Ki and her maid and had curled up in a big, soft armchair, cradling her bare ankles in her hand.

"I haven't heard from him," she said. "Rosamund saw him in Washington—passed him on the street. He was looking horribly thin and worn, she wrote. He did not see her."

"Now, what in the name of common sense is he doing in Washington?" exclaimed Austin wrathfully. "Probably breaking his heart because nobody cares to examine his chaotic life. By the way, Nina, Gerald has done rather an unexpected thing. I saw him last night. He came to the house and told me that he had just severed his connection with Julius Neergard's company."

"I'm glad of it!" exclaimed Nina. "I'm glad he showed the good sense to do it!"

"Well, yes. As a matter of fact, Neergard is going to be a very rich man some day, and Gerald might have—but I am not displeased. What appeals to me is the spectacle of the boy acting with conviction on his own initiative. Of course he can, if he chooses, begin everything again and come in with me, or, if I am satisfied

that he has any ability, he can set up some sort of real estate office on his own hook."

Nina hesitated, another idea intruding.

"Austin, the Orchl boy, the one in Harvard, proposed to Eileen, the little idiot! She told me. Thank goodness, she still does tell me things! Also the younger and chubbier Draymore youth has offered himself after a killingly proper interview with me. I thought it might amuse you to hear of it."

"It might amuse me more if Eileen would get busy and bring Phillip into camp," observed her husband.

"Do you know," said Nina, "that I believe he is in love with her?"

"Then why doesn't—"

"I don't know. I was sure—I am sure now—that the girl cares more for him than for anybody. And yet—and yet I don't believe she is actually in love with him."

After a moment Nina's face grew grave, and she bent forward.

"Alix is ill. Nobody seems to know what the matter is. Nobody has seen her. But she's at Clifton, with a couple of nurses, and Rosamund heard rumors that she is very ill indeed. People go to Clifton for shattered nerves, you know. There is mental trouble in her family. You have heard of it as well as I. You know her father died of it."

"The usual defense in criminal cases," observed Austin, flicking his cigarette end into the grate. "I'm sorry, dear, that Alix has the jumps. Hope she'll get over 'em. But, as for pretending I've any use for her, I can't and don't and won't. She spoiled life for the best man I know. She kicked his reputation into a cocked hat, and he, with his chivalrous Selwyn conscience, let her do it. I did like her once. I don't like her now, and that's natural, and it winds up the matter."

Ruthven was at that very moment seated in a private card room at the Stuyvesant club with Sanxon Orchl, George Fane and Bradley Harmon, and the game had been bridge, as usual, and had gone very heavily against him.

Several things had gone against Mr. Ruthven recently. For one thing, he was beginning to realize that he had made a vast mistake in mixing himself up in any transactions with Neergard. When he, at Neergard's cynical suggestion, had consented to exploit his own club—the Slowitza—and had consented to resign from it to do so, he had every reason to believe that Neergard meant either to mulct them heavily or buy them out. In either case, having been useful to Neergard, his profits from the transaction would have been considerable.

But even while he was absorbed in figuring them up—and he needed the money, as usual—Neergard coolly informed him of his election to the club, and Ruthven, thunderstruck, began to perceive the depth of the underground mole tunnels which Neergard had dug to undermine and capture the stronghold which had now surrendered to him.

Rage made him ill for a week, but there was nothing to do about it. He had been treacherous to his club and to his own caste, and Neergard knew it, and knew perfectly well that Ruthven dared not protest, dared not even whimper.

Then Neergard began to use Ruthven when he needed him, and he began to permit himself to win at cards in Ruthven's house, a thing he had not dared to do before. He also permitted himself more ease and freedom in that house, a sort of intimacy, even a certain familiarity.

Meanwhile Neergard had almost finished with Gerald. He had only one further use for him, and as his social success became more pronounced with the people he had crowded in among he became bolder and more insolent, no longer at pains to mole tunnel toward the object desired, no longer overcautious about his mask. And one day he asked the boy very plainly why he had never invited him to meet his sister. And he got an answer that he never forgot.

Ruthven had viewed with indifference Gerald's boyish devotion to his wife, which was even too open and naive to be of interest to those who witnessed it. But he had not counted on Neergard's sudden hatred of Gerald, and the first token of that hatred fell upon the boy like a thunderbolt when Neergard whispered to Ruthven one night at the Stuyvesant club and Ruthven, exasperated, had gone straight home, to find his wife in tears and the boy clumsily attempting to comfort her, both her hands in his.

"Perhaps," said Ruthven coldly, "you have some plausible explanation for this sort of thing. If you haven't, you'd better trump up one together, and I'll send you my attorney to hear it. In that event," he added, "you'd better leave your joint address when you find a more convenient home than mine."

As a matter of fact, he had really meant nothing more than the threat and the insult, the situation permitting him a heavier hold upon his wife and a new grip on Gerald in case he ever needed him, but threat and insult were very real to the boy, and he knocked Mr. Ruthven flat on his back, the one thing required to change that gentleman's pretense to deadly earnest.

Ruthven scrambled to his feet. Gerald did it again, and after that Mr. Ruthven prudently remained prone during the delivery of a terse but concise opinion of him expressed by Gerald.

After Gerald had gone Ruthven opened first one eye, then the other, then his mouth and finally sat up, and his wife, who had been curiously observing him, smiled.

She dropped her folded hands into her lap, gazing coolly at him, but there was a glitter in her eyes which arrested his first step toward her.

"I think," she said, "that you mean my ruin. My mind has become curiously clear during the last year—strangely and unusually limp and precise. Why, my poor friend, every plot of yours and of your friends, every underhand attempt to discredit and injure me, has been perfectly apparent to me. You supposed that my headaches, my outbursts of anger, my wretched nights, passed in tears, and the long, long days spent kneeling in the ashes of dead memories, all these you supposed had weakened, perhaps unsettled, my mind. You

me if you deny it, for you have had doctors watching me for months. You didn't know I was aware of it, did you? But I was, and I am. And you told them that my father died of—of brain trouble, you coward! What a creditous fool you are," she said, "to build your hopes of a separation on any possible mental disability of mine!"

He stood a moment without answering, then quietly seated himself. The suspicious glimmer in his faded eyes had become the concentration of a curiosity almost apprehensive.

"Go on," he said. "What else?" "For the remainder of the spring and summer," she said, "I shall make my plans regardless of you. I shall not go to Newport. You are at liberty to use the house there as you choose. And, as for this incident with Gerald, you had better not pursue it any further. Do you understand?"

He nodded, dropping his hands into his coat pockets.

"Now you may go," she said coolly. He went, not, however, to his room but straight to the house of the fashionable physician who ministered to wealth with an unctious and success that had permitted him in summer time to occupy his own villa at Newport and dispense further ministrations when requested.

On the night of the conjugal conference between Nina Gerard and her husband and almost at the same hour Jack Ruthven, hard hit in the card room of the Stuyvesant club, sat huddled over the table, figuring up what sort of checks he was to draw to the credit of George Fane and Sanxon Orchl.

And now as he sat there, pencil in hand, adding up the score cards he remembered that he was to interview his attorney that evening at his own house, a late appointment, but necessary to insure the presence of one or two physicians at a consultation to definitely decide what course of action might be taken to rid himself of the wife who had proved useless and almost ruinous to him.

He had not laid eyes on his wife that summer, but for the first time he had really had her watched during her absence. What she lived on, how she managed, he had not the least idea and less concern. All he knew was that he had contributed nothing, and he was quite certain that her balance at her own bank had been nonexistent for months. In the autumn he had heard of her conduct at Hitherwood House, and a week later, to his astonishment, he learned of her serious illness and that she had been taken to Clifton. It was the only satisfactory news he had had of her in months.

When he had finished his figuring he fished out a check book, detached a tiny gold fountain pen from the bunch of seals and knickknacks on his watch chain and, filling in the checks, passed them over without comment.

As they filed out of the card room into the dim passageway, Orchl leading, a tall, shadowy figure in evening dress stepped back from the door of the card room against the wall to give them right of way, and Orchl, peering at him without recognition in the dull light, bowed suavely as he passed, as did Fane, craning his curved neck, and Harmon also, who followed in his wake.

But when Ruthven came abreast of the figure in the passage and bowed his way past a low voice from the courteous unknown, pronouncing his name, halted him short.

Ruthven, deigning no reply, attempted to shove by him, and Selwyn, placing one hand flat against the other's shoulder, pushed him violently back into the card room he had just left and, stepping in behind him, closed and locked the door.

"What the devil do you mean?" gasped Ruthven, his hard, minutely shaven face turning a deep red.

"What I say," replied Selwyn—"that I want a word or two with you."

He stood still for a moment in the center of the little room, tall, gaunt of feature and very pale.

"Ruthven," he said, "a few years ago you persuaded my wife to leave

The first was because I did not wish to punish her, and any blow at that time would have reached her nervily. The second reason, subordinate to the first, is obvious—decent men in these days have tacitly agreed to suspend a violent appeal to the unwritten law as a concession to civilization. This second reason, however, depends entirely upon the first, as you see.

"I have—ah—invited you here to explain to you the present condition of your own domestic affairs"—he looked at Ruthven full in the face—"to explain them to you and to lay down for you the course of conduct which you are to follow."

"By God!" began Ruthven, stepping back, one hand reaching for the door knob, but Selwyn's voice rang out clear and sharp:

"Sit down!"

And, as Ruthven glared at him out of his little eyes, "You'd better sit down I think," said Selwyn softly. Ruthven turned, took two unsteady steps forward and laid his heavily ringed hand on the back of a chair. Selwyn smiled, and Ruthven sat down.

"Now," continued Selwyn, "for certain rules of conduct to govern you during the remainder of your wife's lifetime. And your wife is ill, Mr. Ruthven—sick of a sickness which may last for a great many years or may be terminated in as many days. Did you know it?"

Ruthven snarled. "Yes, of course you knew it, or you suspected it. Your wife is in a sanitarium, as you have discovered. She is mentally ill—rational at times, violent at moments and for long periods quite docile, gentle, harmless, content to be talked to, read to, advised, persuaded. But during the last week a change of a certain nature has occurred which—well, I am told by competent physicians, not only renders her case beyond all hope of ultimate recovery, but threatens an earlier termination than was at first looked for. It is this: Your wife has become like a child again, occupied contentedly and quite happily with childish things. She has forgotten much. Her memory is quite gone. How much she does remember it is impossible to say."

His head fell. His brooding eyes were fixed on the rug at his feet. After awhile he looked up.

"I understand that you are contemplating proceedings against your wife. Are you?"

"Yes, I am," said Ruthven.

"On the grounds of her mental incapacity?"

"Yes."

To be continued.

GOING WEST.

Mr. Robert McFarland and Mr. Herbert Webster intend leaving for the West about the first of April. They are purchasing a section each in the famous Goose Lake district in Saskatchewan and intend to go into farming on a large scale. They will break up part of their land this spring and sow it for flax, then break the rest and have it all ready for wheat next year.

Mr. McFarland is a prosperous farmer of Westworth county and since disposing of his property there has spent some time in Lindsay.

Mr. Webster has spent eight years in Manitoba, where he farmed successfully, but recently sold his land there, and is now going further west. He has spent the last couple of years in Lindsay.

In Montreal 900 cloakmakers are on strike.

Lame Back

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When it comes to determining the real merit of a medicine, no weight of evidence is more convincing than the straightforward statement of some reliable and well-known person that has been cured. For this reason we print the verbatim statement of Juan E. Powell, written from his home in Carleton, "I am a strong, powerful man, six feet tall, and weigh nearly two hundred. I have been accustomed all my life to lift great weight but one day I overdid it, and wrenched my back badly. Every tendon and muscle was sore. To stoop or bend was agony. I had a whole bottle of Nerviline rubbed on in one day, and by night I was well again. I know of no liniment possessing one-half the penetration and pain-subduing properties of Nerviline. I urge its use strongly as an invaluable liniment and household cure for all minor ailments, such as strains, sprains, swellings, neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, rheumatism, and muscular pain."

No better medicine for curing pain was ever put in a bottle than Nerviline—over one million bottles used every year—better try it yourself. Large bottles 50c, trial size 25c. At all dealers or the Catarrhone Co., Kingston, Ont.



Filling in the checks. me, and I have never punished you There were two reasons why I did not

FARM FOR SALE.—Lot 11, con. 21, Emily, 200 acres more or less, 160 acres cleared, balance tamarack swamp. New frame house, frame barn, 36 x 80, small orchard, well watered, five miles from the town of Lindsay. Property of Donnie Scully. Price right for a quick sale. Apply to Elias Bowes, Head Estate Agent, Lindsay.

FOR SALE.—COMPLETE SET OF blacksmith tools, with or without woodwork and stock. Will sell cheap for cash. Apply to W. A. Cameron, Victoria Road, Ont.

FARM FOR SALE.—LOT 18, CON. 3, Eldon, 100 acres, more or less, all cleared. Good frame house and barn, two wells. Terms easy. Want to sell at once. Apply to Mrs. George Daynes, Woodville, Ont.

FOR SALE.—300 ACRES OF LAND in the township of Monmouth, the property of the late Thos. Clarke, 60 acres cleared, balance in good hardwood bush, beech and maple. There are on this farm a good new house, roofed with metal, and a good log barn, and same is only half mile from school and two miles from church. It is 2 1/2 miles from Tory Hill, 6 miles from Gooderham, 6 miles from Essexville, and one mile from Huron River. For full particulars apply on premises to Miss Edna Clarke, Hotspur P.O., owner of above property.

TEACHER WANTED.—FOR S. S. No. 4, Verulam, duties to commence Jan. 1, 1916. Salary \$400. Apply stating qualifications and experience to Thos. J. Ingram, Sec.-Treas., Bobcaygeon P.O.

FOR SALE.—NUMBER OF Shropshire ram lambs, bred from imported and Canadian brood stock. Prices right. Wm. C. Anderson, Janetville.

FOR SALE.—ONE BUGGY WITH leather top; made to order costs \$150. Good as new, Loconner make; one lap rug, one set plastering tools; one set brick tools; one set of harness. D. Ewart, 20 Sussex-st., Lindsay.

FOR SALE.—500 ACRES GOOSE RANCH land, well watered and improved. Must be sold. I. E. Weldon, Solicitor, Lindsay.

LEGACIES. — MAKE YOUR WILLS.—No lawyer needed. Bax's complete Will form. Full instructions and specimen postpaid 25 cents. Stationery paper. Bax & Co., 267 Arthur-st., Toronto.

FARM FOR SALE.—LOT 6, CON. 11, in the township of Eldon, 700 acres more or less, about 60 cleared, balance pasture land and poplar wood, log house and barn and log outbuildings. One mile from post office, church and school, good orchard, 2 wells and never-failing spring, will be sold cheap for a quick sale. Possession 15th of March. Apply to Donald Spence, Hartley, Ont.

FOR SALE.—I HAVE BEEN instructed to sell two good ranches without delay, one branch in the township of Laxton, containing 500 acres, and one in the southern part of Somerville, containing 200 acres. Both these properties can be purchased at very low rates.—I. E. Weldon, solicitor, Lindsay

FOR SALE.—300 HUNDRED ACRES in the township of Somerville one half mile from village station, school, post office and stores. Sixty acres cleared, balance in pasture and bush timber, enough to more than pay for property. There is a small frame barn and log house; two never failing springs, good orchard, thirty acres fresh seed, clover stubble all plowed. I will sell one hundred alone or the three together, will sell cheap for quick sale. For further particulars apply to box 42, Burst River, Ont.

WANTED FOR THE FILE OF THE County of Victoria: Weekly Watchman-Warder of April 8, 1909. Any one having the paper would confer a favor by sending it to the County Clerk, Lindsay.

SALE REGISTER

Tuesday, March 8. By Elias Bowes, auctioneer. Credit sale of farm stock and implements, the property of Peter Cameron, lot 31, concession 2, Long Point, Fenelon. Sale at one o'clock and without reserve, as party is going west.

Bank Capital Paid Rest Undivided Province of A general Savings Office Hours 10 to 3 o'clock Saturdays 10 to 1 o'clock

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The Victoria Capital Paid Up \$20 Authorized to Rec Try us with a Savin per cent. from day of your money at a satisf If in need of a mo JAMES LO Manager