BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN Author of "The Sowers," "Roden's Corner," "From - One Generation to Another." Etc.

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nashed and glared into the Englishman's steady glance. "What," he hissed-"what if I know

where simiacine grows like a weed? What if I could supply the world with simiacine at my own price? Eh-h-h! What of that, Mr. Meredith?"

He threw himself suddenly back and wiped his dripping face. There was a silence, the great African silence that drives educated men mad and fills the imagination of the poor heathen with wild tales of devils and spirits, Then Jack Meredith spoke without

moving. "I'm your man," he said, "with a few more details."

Victor Durnovo was lying back at full length on the hard, dry mud, his arms beneath his head. Without altering his position, he gave the details, speaking slowly and much more quietly. It seemed as if he spoke the result of long pent up thought.

"We shall want," he said, "at least £2,000 to start it, for we must have an armed force of our own. We have to penetrate a cannibal country of the flercest devils in Africa. It is a pla-

tean, a little plateau of two square miles, and the niggers think that it is haunted by an evil spirit. When we get there we shall have to hold it by force of arms, and when we send the stuff down to the coast we must have an escort of picked men. The bushes grow up there as thick as gooseberry bushes in a garden at home. With a little cultivation they will yield twice as much as they do now. We shall want another partner. I know a man, a soldierly fellow, full of fight, who knows the natives and the country. I will undertake to lead you there, but you will have to take great care of me.



You will have to have me carried most for the way. I am weak, devilish weak, and I am afraid of dying, but I know the way there, and no other man can say as much. It is in my head here; it is not written down. It is only in my head, and no one can get it out of

"No," said Meredith in his quiet, rei fined voice-"no, no one can get it out, i Come, let us turn in. Tomorrow I will go down the river with you. I will turn back, and we can talk it over as we go downstream."

CHAPTER VIII.

THAT Meredith proposed to do was to enter into a partnership with Victor Durnovo, and when the purpose of it was accomplished to let each man go his way. A month later Victor Durnovo was in London. He left behind him in Africa Jack Meredith, whose capacities for organization were developing very quickly.

There was plenty of work for each to do. In Africa Meredith had undertaken to get together men and boats. while Durnovo went home to Europe for a threefold purpose. First, a visit to Europe was absolutely necessary for his health, shattered as it was by too long a sojourn in the fever ridder river beds of the west coast. Secondly, there were rifles, ammunition and stores to be purchased and packed in suitable cases. And, lastly, he was to find and enlist the third man, "the soldierly fellow, full of fight," who knew the natives and the country.

This, indeed, was his first care on reaching London, and before his eyes and brain were accustomed to the roar of the street life he took a cab to Russell square, giving the number affixed to the door of a gloomy house in the least frequented corner of the stately quadrangle.

"Is Mr. Guy Oscard at home?" he inquired of the grave manservant. "He is, sir," replied the butler, step-

Oscard came forward and shook hands. His manner was not exactly effusive. The truth was that their acquaintanceship in Africa had been of the slightest, dating from some trivial services which Durnovo had been able and very eager to render to the sports-

"I'm all right, thanks," replied Durnovo. "I only landed at Liverpool yesterday. I'm home on business. I'm buying rifles and stores."

Guy Oscard's honest face lighted up at once-the curse of Ishmael was on him in its full force. He was destined to be a wanderer on God's earth, and

all things appertaining to the wild life of the forests were music in his ears. Durnovo was no mean diplomatist. He had learned to know man within a white or colored skin. The effect of learn.'

his words was patent to him. "You remember the similarine?" he said abruptly.

"I've found it."

"The deuce you have! Sit down." Durnovo took the chair indicated.

"Yes, sir," he said, "I've got it. I've laid my hand on it at last. I've always been on its track. That has been my little game all the time. I did not tell you when we met out there, because I was afraid I should never find it and because I wanted to keep quiet

Guy Oscard was looking out of the window across to the dull houses and chimneys that formed his horizon, and in his eyes there was the longing for a vaster horizon, a larger life. "I have got a partner," continued

Durnovo, "a good man, Jack Meredith, son of Sir John Meredith. You have perhaps, met him." "No." answered Oscard. "but I have

heard his name, and I have met Sir John, the father, once or twice." "He is out there," went on Durnovo,

"getting things together quietly. have come home to buy rifles, ammunition and stores." He paused, watching the eager,

simple face. "We want to know," he said quietly, "if you will organize and lead the

Guy Oscard drew a deep breath. "Then there is to be fighting?"

"Yes," said Durnovo; "there will be fighting. We must fight our way there and we must hold it when we get there. But so far as the world is concerned, we are only a private expedition exploring the source of the Ogowe."

"The Ogowe?" and again Guy Oscard's eyes lighted up.

much. To begin with, I trust you. Secondly, no one could get there with-

out me to lead the way."

"How long will it take?" asked Guy. Durnovo tugged at his strange, curtain-like mustache. His mouth was hidden. It was quite impossible to divine his thoughts.

"Three months to get there," he answered at length, "one month to pick the leaf, and then you can bring the first crop down to the coast and home. while Meredith and I stay on at the

"I could be home again in eight for him. The danger that he might months?"

"Certainly. We thought that you might work the sale of the stuff in London, and in a couple of years or so. when the thing is in swing. Meredith will come home. We can safely leave the cultivation in native hands when once we have established ourselves up there and made ourselves respected among the tribes." "I suppose," Guy said after a pause,

"that there is the question of money?" "Yes: Meredith and I have talked that over. The plan we fixed upon was that you and he each put a thousand pounds into it: I put five hundred. For the first two years we share the profits equally. After that we must come to some fresh arrangement should you or Meredith wish to give up an active part in the affair. I presume you would not object to coming up at the end of the year with a handy squad of men to bring down the crop under escort?"

"No," responded Oscard after a moment's reflection. "I should be able to

"I reckon," continued the other, "that the journey down could be accomplished in two months, and each time you do the trip you will reduce your time."

"Of course," Durnovo went on, with the details which he knew were music in Oscard's ears-"of course we shall be a clumsy party going up. We shall have heavy loads of provisions, ammunition and seeds for cultivating the land up there."

"Yes," replied Guy Oscard absently. In his ears there rang already the steady plash of the paddle, the weird melancholy song of the boatman, the music of the wind amid the forest

Durnovo rose briskly.

"Then," he said, "you will join us? may telegraph out to Meredith that you will join us?"

"Yes," replied Oscard simply. "You may do that."

"There is no time to be lost." Durnovo went on. "Every moment wasted adds to the risk of our being superseded. I sail for Loango in a fortnight Will you come with me?"

When Durnovo had gone Guy sat down and wrote to Lady Cantourne accepting her invitation to spend a few days at Cantourne Place, on the Solent. He explained that his visit would be in the nature of a farewell, as he was about to leave for Africa for a little big

of the property and Market to second Miss Millicent Chyne was walking on the sea wall at the end of the garden with Guy Oscard. One of the necessary acquirements of a modern educational outfit is the power of looking perfectly at home in a score of different costumes during the year, and, needless to say, Miss Chyne was perfectly finished in this art. The manner in which she wore her sailor hat, her blue serge and her neat brown shoes conveyed to the onlooker, and especially the male of that species (we cannot in conscience call them observers), the impression that she was a yachtswoman born and bred. Her delicate complexion was enhanced by the faint-

est suspicion of sunburn and a few exceedingly becoming freckles. There was a freedom in her movements which had not been observed in London drawing rooms. This was Diana-like and in perfect keeping with the dainty sailor outfit; moreover, nine men out of ten would fail to attribute the difference to sundry cunning strings within the (Lon-

don) skirt. "It is sad," Millicent was saying. "to think that we shall have no more chances of sailing. The wind has quite dropped, that horrid tide is running, and this is your last day."

She ended with a little laugh, know ing full well that there was little sentiment in the big man by her side.

"Really," she went on, "I think should be able to manage a boat time, don't you think so? Please encourage me. I am sure I have tried to

"I do not know if you have learned much," he answered; "but I have." "What have you learned?" she asked in a low voice, half fascinated by the danger into which she knew that she was running.

"That I love you," he answered, standing squarely in front of her and announcing the fact with a deliberate honesty which was rather startling. "I was not sure of it before, so stayed away from you for three weeks; but now I know for certain." "Oh, you mustn't say that?"

She rose hastily and turned away from him. There was in her heart a sudden feeling of regret. It was the feeling that the keenest sportsman sometimes has when some majestic monarch of the forest falls before his merciless rifle-a sudden passing desire that it might be undone.

"Why not?" he asked. He was desperately in earnest, and that which made him a good sportsman-an unmatched big game hunter, calm and self possessed in any strait-gave him a strange deliberation now, which Millicent Chyne could not understand. "Why not?"

"I do not know - because you mustn't." And in her heart she wanted him to

say it again. "I am not ashamed of it." he said. "and I do not see why I should not say it to you-or to any one else, so far as

that goes. "No, never!" she cried, really frightened. "To me it does not matter so much. But to no one else-no, never! Aunt Marian must not know it-nor Sir

"I cannot see that it is any business of Sir John's. Of course, Lady Cantourne would have liked you to marry "Yes. I do not mind telling you that a title; but if you cared for me she would be ready to listen to reason." In which judgment of the good lady

he was no doubt right, especially reason spoke with the voice of £3,000 "Do you care for me?" he asked. coming a little closer.

There was a whole world of gratified vanity and ungratified curiosity for her in the presence of this strong man at her elbow. It was one of the supreme triumphs of her life, because he was different from the rest. He was for her what his first tiger had been

come still nearer had for her a sense of keen pleasure. She was thoroughly enjoying herself, and the nearest approach that men can experience to the joy that was hers is the joy of battle. "I cannot answer that-not now." And the little half shrinking glance

over her shoulder was a low minded, unmaidenly invitation. But he was in earnest; and he was, above all, a

gentleman. He stood his ground yard away from her. "Then when," he asked, "when wil

She stood with her back turned toward him, looking out over the smooth waters of the Solent, where one or two yachts and a heavy black schooner were creeping up on the tide before the morning breeze. She drummed reflectively with ner fingers on the low stone wall. Beneath them a few gulls whirled and screamed over a shoal of little fish. One of the birds had singular cry, as if it were laughing to

said just now," Millicent answered at length, "that you were not sure yourself - not at first - and therefore you cannot expect me to know all at once."

"You should know at once," he argued gravely, "if it were going to be 'no.' If you do not say 'no' now, I can only think that it may be 'yes' some day. And"-he came closer; he took the hand that hung at her side, conveniently near-"and I don't want you to say 'no' now. Don't say 'no!' I will wait as long as you like for 'yes.' Millicent, I would rather go on waiting and thinking that it is going to be 'yes,' even if it is 'no' after all." She said nothing, but she left her

hand in his. "May I go on thinking that it will be 'yes' until I come back?" "I cannot prevent your thinking, can

I?" she whispered, with a tender look in her eyes. "May I write to you?" She shook her head.

"Well-I-I- Now and then." he pleaded. "Not often. Just to remind you of my existence." She gave a little laugh, which he liked exceedingly and remembered

afterward.

"If you like," she answered. At this moment Lady Cantourne's voice was heard in the distance call-

"There!" exclaimed Millicent. "We must go at once. And no one-no one, mind-must know of this." "No one shall know of it," he an-

CHAPTER IX. HOSE who for their sins have been to Loango will scarcely care to have its beauties recalled to memory. And to such as have not visited the spot one can only earnestly recommend a careful

Suffice it to say, therefore, that there is such a place, and the curious may find it marked in larger type than it deserves on the map of Africa, on the west coast of that country and within an inch or so of the equator.

"This is not cheery," Jack Meredith observed to his servant as they found themselves deposited on the beach within a stone's throw of the French

"No, sir, not cheery, sir," replied Joseph. He was very busy attending to the landing of their personal effects and had only time to be respectful. It was Joseph's way to do only one thing at a time, on the principle no doubt that enough for the moment is the evil thereof. His manner implied that when those colored gentlemen had got the baggage safely conveyed out of the boats on to the beach it would be time enough to think about Loango.

It had been arranged by letter that Jack Meredith should put up, as his dhows to meet my steamer, take up all host expressed it, at the small bungayour men to this village-Msala is the low occupied by Maurice Gordon and name-and send the boats back. Walt his sister. Gordon was the local head there till we come." of a large trading association somewhat after the style of the old East St. Paul de Loand, announcing the India company, and his duties partook fact that Oscard had agreed to join the more of the glory of a governor than expedition and that Durnovo and he of the routine of a trader. might be expected at Msala in one

Of Maurice Gordon's past Mereditt knew nothing beyond the fact that they were schoolfellows strangely brought together again on the deck of a coasting steamer. Maurice Gordon was not a reserved person, and it was rather from a lack of opportunity than from an excess of caution that he allowed his new found riend to go up the Ogowe river knowing so little of himself-Maurice Gordon of Loango. On reaching the bungalow Meredith

ty and homelike, surrounded by a garden wherein grew a strange profusion of homely English vegetables and tropical flowers. Joseph happened to be in front, and as he neared the veranda he suddenly stopped at the salute; moreover, he

gan to wonder in which trunk he had

was pleasantly surprised. It was pret-

packed his master's dress clothes. An English lady was coming out of the drawing room window to meet the travelers. She nodded in answer to the servant's salutation and passed on

to greet the master. "My brother has been called away suddenly," she said. "One of his subagents has been getting into trouble with the natives. Of course you are Mr. Meredith?"

"I am," replied Jack, taking the hand she held out; it was a small white Jack, "that Maurice is the sort of man hand-small without being frail to be led astray by evil influence?" diaphanous. "And you are Miss Gordon, I suppose? I am sorry Gordon is away, but no doubt we shall be able fluence, such as yours." to find somewhere to put up."

"You need not do that," she said He was apparently watching the requietly. "This is Africa, you know. treating form of the horse through the tangle of flower and leaf and tendril. You can quite well stay with us, although Maurice is away until tomor-

She was tall and fair, with a certain stateliness of carriage which harmonized wonderfully with a thoughtful and pale face. She was not exactly pretty, but gracious and womanly. with honest blue eyes that looked on men and women alike. She was probably twenty-eight years of age; her manner was that of a woman rather than that of a girl-of one who was in in the policy of Providence, but I suplife and not on the outskirts.

"We rather pride ourselves," she strongest influence that which is unsaid, leading the way into the drawing room, "upon having the best house n Loango. You will, I think, be more comfortable here than anywhere." "I see you have all the new books."

"Yes, we have books and magazines; that he is very easily led. And supbut, of course, we live quite out of pose my influence, such as it is, was withdrawn; suppose that I were She paused, leaving the conversation | die, or, what appears to be more likely. with him as in the hands of one who suppose that he should marry."

knows his business. "I," he said, filling up the pause, the right person. People sometimes "have hitherto lived in the world-right in it. There is a lot of dust and commotion; the dust gets into people's eyes and blinds them; the commotion wears | wonderfully accustomed to each other | Durnovo? Now I stand aghast at my them out; and perhaps, after all, during the last three weeks. Here, it own presumption."

Loango is better!' "I once met a Sir John Meredith," she said suddenly. "My father."

He paused, drawing in his legs and apparently studying his neat brown

"Should you meet him again," he went on, "it would not be advisable to mention my name. He might not care to hear it. We have had a slight difference of opinion. With me it is different. I am always glad to hear about him. I have an immense respect

She listened gravely, with a sympathy that did not attempt to express itself in words. On such a short acquaintance she had not learned to expect a certain lightness of conversational touch which he always assumed when speaking of himself, as if his own thoughts and feelings were matters for ridicule.

"Of course," he went on, "I was in the wrong. I know that. But it sometimes happens that a man is not in a position to admit that he is in the wrong-when, for instance, another person would suffer by such an admission."

"Yes," answered Jocelyn, "I under-

stand." At this moment a servant came in with lamps and proceeded to close the windows. She was quite an old woman-an Englishwoman-and as she placed the lamps upon the table she scrutinized the guest after the manner of a privileged servitor. When she had departed Jack Meredith continued his narrative with a sort of deliberation which was explained later on.

"And," he said, "that is why I came to Africa-that is why I want to make money. I do not mind confessing to a low greed of gain, because I think I have the best motive that a man can have for wanting to make money." He said this meaningly and watched her face all the while.

"A motive which any lady ought to approve of." She smiled sympathetically. "I approve and I admire your spirit." She rose as she spoke and moved and fondly hope that some youthful

toward a side table, where two lighted reader may be carried away by a very candles had been placed. "My motive for talking so bare | hold to be life. Moreover, at thirty one facedly about myself," he said as they leaves the first romance of youth bemoved toward the door together, "was hind to let you know exactly who I am and why I am here. It was only due to you on accepting your hospitality. I might have been a criminal or an escaped embezzler. There were two on board the steamer coming out and everal other shady characters." "Yes," said the girl: "I saw your

They were now in the hall, and the you are thinking of Durnovo."

aged servant was waiting to show him PIANOS, ORGANS AND SEWING MACHINES

"No one knows," Victor Durnovo was in the habit of saying, "what is going on in the middle of Africa." Bell, Karn, Thomas, etc. The name of which is a guarantee of quality. In Sewing Machines, White, Wheeler & Wilson. And on this principle he acted. "Ten miles above the camping New Williams, New Home and Raymond ground where we first met," he had All goods guaranteed, and prices and told Meredith, "you will find a village

where I have my headquarters. There is quite a respectable house there, with-a-a-woman to look after you wants. When you have fixed things up at Loango and have arranged for the

In due time the telegram came, vis

month from that time. It was now

without a vague feeling of regret that

Jack Meredith read this telegram, To

be at Msala in a month with forty men

and a vast load of provisions meant

leaving Loango almost at once. And.

strange though it may seem, be had

become somewhat attached to the

dreary west African town. The singu-

lar cosmopolitan society was entirely

new to him; the life, taken as a life,

almost unique. He knew that he had

not outstayed his welcome. Maurice

Gordon had taken care to assure him

of that in his bolsterous, hearty man-

ner, savoring mere of Harrow than of

Jack took a seat on the porch and

began to search for his eigar in the

pocket of his jacket. Jocelyn went to

the front of the veranda and watched

her brother mount his horse. When

she came to the back of the veranda

a little later she was thinking about

her brother Maurice, and it never sug-

gested itself to her that she should

not speak her thoughts to Meredith,

whom she had not seen until three

weeks ago. She had never spoken of

Maurice behind his back to any man

"Does it ever strike you," she said to

"Yes, or be led straight by a good in-

He did not meet her thoughtful gaze.

"I am afraid," said the girl, "that my

"Do you really believe that?" asked

Before speaking again he took a pull

"Your influence," he said, "appears

to me to be the making of Maurice

Gordon. I frequently see serious flaws

pose there is wisdom in making the

"Then let us hope that he will marry

She smiled with a strange little

flicker of the eyelids. They had grown

would appear, was one of those friend-

occasionally set the world agog with

curiosity and skepticism. But there

moved in the world. To both life was

an open book, and they had probably

"I might have been a criminal or

discovered, as most of us do, that the

larger number of the leaves are blank

He had almost told her that he was

engaged to be married, and she had

believe in his cynicism.

chair and looked at her searchingly.

"I have a vague idea," he said, "that

escaped embezzler."

conscious of its power."

influence is not of much account."

"Yes," she answered simply.

cynical smile.

at his cigar.

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"I am." she admitted, with some surprise. "I wonder how you knew? I am afraid of him."

"I can reassure you on that score," said Meredith. "For the next two years or so Durnovo will be in daily intercourse with me. He will be under my immediate eye. I did not anticipate much pleasure from his society. but now I do." "Why?" she asked, rather mystified.

"Because I shan have the daily satisfaction of knowing that I am relieving you of an anxiety." "It is very kind of you to put it in that way," said Jocelyn.

self to what may be a foolish prejudice "It is not a foolish prejudice. Durnovo is not a gentleman, either by birth or inclination. He is not fit to

should not like you to sacrifice your-

associate with you.' Meredith, turning upon her with a half To this Jocelyn answered nothing. Victor Durnovo was one of her brother's closest friends; a friend of his own choosing.

> "Miss Gordon," said Meredith suddenly, with a gravity that was rare, "will you do me a favor?" "I think I should like to." "You admit that you are afraid of Durnovo now: if at any time you have

reason to be more afraid, will you make use of me? Will you write or "I am glad you think I have some come to me and ask my help?" power over him," said Jocelyn, "but "Thank you," she said hesitatingly. at the same time it makes me uneasy. "You see." he went on in a lighter because it only confirms my conviction tone." I am not afraid of Durnovo. I have met Durnovo before. You may have observed that my locks no longer resemble the raven's wing. There is a

> little gray, just here, above the temple. I am getting on in life, and I know how to deal with Durnovos." "Do you know," she said, after a little silence, "that I was actually thinking of warning you against Mr.

"It was kind of you to give the matships between man and woman that ter any thought whatever."

He rose and threw away the end of his cigar. Joseph was already before seemed to be no doubt about it. He the door, leading the horse which was over thirty, she verging on that | Maurice Gordon had placed at his prosaic age. Both had lived and visitor's disposal.

CHAPTER X.

HE short equatorial twilight was drawing to an end, and all nature stood in silence, while night crept up to claim the land where her reign is more autocratic than elsewhere on earth. There was a black night above the trees, and a blacker beneath.

A sportsman was abroad. He was creeping up the right hand bank of a stream, his only chance lying in the noise of the waters which might serve to deaden the sound of broken twig or rustling leaf. This sportsman was Jack Meredith

and it was evident that he was bringing to bear upon the matter in hand that intelligence and keepness of perception which had made him a person of some prominence in other scenes (Continued on Page 3.)



faint resemblance to that which they Write to-day enclosing 25 cents is stamps or coin and state design wants There was something in her smile that suggested that she did not quite This is the biggest offer we over made. We do it to convince every weman that the HOME JOURNAL is the greatest magazine published in Canada, containing Health and Beauty Department, Cooking, Household Hists, Wit and Humor, Fushion Notes, Important Foreign News Serial and Short Stories and Latest Patterns.

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