Everlasting Memorials

"I find a White Bronze Monument in Simpson, Taylor County, W. Va., that is over thirty years old and as nice and perfect as the day it was set". C. B. Nay, Fairmount, W. Va.

Slate, sandstone, brownstone and marble have all proved failures. Granite is going the same way. No Stone can conpare with

White Bronz

Durability, Artistic Effects of Beauty

Arthur Graham,
LEETWOOD P.O.

NEW STOCK

Of Bicycle Supplies, Dunlop Tires and Tubes, Michelin Tires.

Try a Hercules Brake on your Bicycle this Season. Lawn Mowers and Horse Clippers sharpened. General Machine Repairs at

Geo. W. Shephard's
William St. North
Next Post Building, Lindsay

"Prism Brand"
Ready Mixed Paint
McLENNAN & Co.

TURNIPS

You will find here probably the best assorted stock of desireable turnip seed in town. We consult the recommendations of the Department and make a selection accordingly of those showing the highest test as to quality and productivity. Here are some

Hall's Westbury
Magnum Borum
Elephant Improved
Jumbo
Canadian Gem
Hazard
Derby
Greystone
White Globe
Kangaroo
Rennie's Prize

Rape Seed Dwarf Essex

DUNOON'S
DRUG STORE
The Seed Store

Amusing Escape of Boy Poacher

Peterboro Examiner: When the law thwarts the law, some one gets a chance to escape, and an amusing incident, illustrating this idea is reported from the south end of the city. Last evening a youth, after many attempts to catch a fish, was finally successful with his snare and lifted his prize from the water. This was in the vicinity of the C.P.R. bridge over the creek. The boy looked around carefully, only to see the fishing inspector approaching. According to the story he picked up the fish and started to run down the track toward the bridge over the river. As the story goes, he eluded Special Constable Pinchin, but the fish inspector was not so fortunate. The constable caught him before he reached the bridge and warned him that trespassing was forbidden. The inspector spluttered and funned in an effort to explain the situation, but he was winded and it took time. In the meantime the youth with the fish had cleared the bridges and was a safe distance ahead of the inspector, who was so near the exploding point that it was safe to say nothing.

Some citizens may not regard the closing of the bridge in the light of a blessing, but here is one small boy who has a good word to say in favor of it.

BIRTHS.

BALDWIN.—In Portage La Prairie, on May 15, to Mr. and Mrs. John Baldwin, a daughter.

FOR SALE — LOT 10, CON. 11, 40 acres adjoining the village of Glenarm, being the property of the late Donald Spence. For further particulars apply to Mrs. Donald Spence, Glenarm, P.O.

TO RENT — THE EAST HALF OF lot 4, in the 6th con. of the Township of Ops, containing 100 acres. Land in good state of cultivation, Good house with stone cellar, good barn with stone foundation and other outbuildings. Small orchard. Ploughing almost finished. For further particulars apply to S. E. Roddy, Reaboro, Ont.

WANTED — LADIES TO DO PLAIN and light sewing at home, whole or spare time; good pay; work sent any distance; charges paid. National Manufacturing Co., Montreal.
Send stamp for full particulars.

TEACHER WANTED — FOR S. S. No. 8, Somerville to commence after Easter. 2nd class Normal profess. Protestant. Salary $500 to $600 per annum. Apply to S. Suddaby, Sec., Burnt River.

EGGS FOR HATCHING. — WHITE Wyandotte from No. 1. winter layers, at $1 per setting. C. H. Whetter, Lorneville.

FARM FOR SALE. — $3,000 WILL buy 112 acres, being composed of parts of lot 23 and 24, in 10th con. of Reach. Good house and other outbuildings. Well watered. Half mile from school, one mile from church and four from Port Perry. Apply to Wm. Wickett or Edwin Mark, Little Britain.

WANTED — GIRL FOR GENERAL housework, must be capable of taking full charge, references required. Fare advanced, if necessary. Good wages. Mrs. George H. Adair, 226 N. Syndicate-ave., Fort William.

FARM FOR SALE — NORTH HALF lot 13, con. 4, Mariposa, containing 100 acres, more or less, 85 acres cleared, balance pasture, and swamp. Good clay land. Watered with two wells and a good spring. Good frame house and outbuildings. Stone foundation under barn. One mile west of Little Britain. Will give possession 1st March, 1913. Ploughing privileges after fall harvest. Apply to Chas. Found, Little Britain.

STRAYED — A RED YEARLING heifer, on or about the 27th of April. Any information as to the whereabouts of the same will be greatly appreciated by Mr. Joseph Houghton. Reaboro.

Artillery Man Tells His Story

Mr. Daniel Fry, North Keppel, Ont., is a pensioner of the British army. He belonged to the Royal Areillery and was stationed in Toronto in 1850. Mr. Fry is now 86 years of age and attributes his good health to the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. For three or four years he suffered greatly from constipation, pains in the back and at the bottom of the stomach. By using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, these troubles have been overcome. He would not be without these pills in the house and finds that by using one or two a week he can keep the bowels and kidneys healthy and active.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are especially appreciated by people of advanced years who have difficulty in keeping the kidneys and bowels regular and active. They are definite and certain in action and can be depended on to bring about the desired effect.

To-Day's Best Story

One day a party of traveling men were boasting of the business done by their respective firms, when one of the drummers said:

"No house in the country has as many men and women pushing its line of goods as ours."

"What do you sell?" he was asked.

"Baby carriages," said the salesman.

The barge Iona was burned on Lake Ontario.

MAXWELL'S "PURITY" FOOD-CUTTER

is entirely different from the ordinary food chopper. The barrel is in two closely fitting sections, clamped together by one set-screw. Canadian made machine.

Better in quality, capacity and price works better, better finished, less in price. Five different cutting plates.

"MAXWELL'S PURITY" is the only food cutter made in Canada—and in ease, convenience, perfect cutting and durability—is superior to anything imported. If your dealer does not handle "Maxwell's Purity" write us.

DAVID MAXWELL & SONS, St. Marys, Ont.

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Lady Betty Across the Water.

By C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON.

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me what handle I'm to put to your name, but I think I'll call you princess."

"Then I'll call you prince."

Accompanied by Mr. Walker and Patty, whom he chose as the companion of our explorations, we went upstairs and downstairs and left no corner of the Emporium unvisited.

"Aren't you afraid to leave so many things outside on the veranda?" I asked. "Suppose they should be stolen?"

The great man only laughed, but a lanky customer who overheard drawled out:

"What, steal from Whit Walker of Hermann's Corners! Waal, I guess the skunk mean enough to do that would get himself lynched by every decent chap in this darned county."

"I've got one friend, you see, princess," chuckled my king of the Emporium.

"You've got two," said I.

"Well, now, that's mighty pretty of you. Say, do you mean it, honor bright?"

"Honor bright," I repeated.

"Then I wonder if I might ask a little favor of you?"

"Of course. What is it?"

"I'll tell you before we part. But come on down now, girls. I want you should both choose a present to take home."

By this time the "ice cream festival" was beginning. It was held in a vacant lot behind the Emporium, and a canvas awning had been put up over two or three dozen bare tables on the grass. Several employees of the "store," extra hands perhaps, were kept frantically busy ladling out from huge freezers into earthenware saucers big slabs of frozen custard. All the gallant young beaux of the neighborhood "treated" the girls they wished to favor and spent 10 cents a saucer for the "ice cream," with a big sugared "cooky" thrown in. The great Whit himself invited me to sit down with him. So Mr. Brett, who had been coming up to ask Patty and me both perhaps, whisked Patty away, leaving me to Mr. Walker.

"Now I'll tell you that favor I want," said he. "I hope you won't think I'm presuming too much on a short acquaintance, but it's a mighty important thing for me. It's about that little gal over there."

"Patty?" I asked.

He nodded.

"Nobody else. There ain't anybody else, so far as I'm concerned, meaning no disrespect to you, princess. My old friend the honorable says she just worships you and would lie down and let you walk over her if you wanted."

"I didn't know," I said.

"Well, it's gospel truth, I guess, and I don't blame her. If you"—

"She has been sweet to me," I interrupted.

"It's just like that pretty, quiet little thing," said Mr. Walker. "I wish she'd be that sweet to me. I want her mighty bad to have me, princess, but she's read novels, I guess, and anyhow, she doesn't think I'm romantic enough. I was always kind of afraid there was somebody else. Now, I shouldn't wonder if it ain't that good looking young cousin of the Trowbridges. Couldn't you find out for me, as she thinks such a lot of you? And if she hasn't got her heart too much set on anybody else, could you try to use your influence for me?"

"You can depend on me to do my best," I said. But I didn't feel amused and full of fun any more as I looked over at Patty and Mr. Brett. If she admires him—and how could she help it?—there's no reason why he shouldn't admire her when one comes to think of it. She is pretty and sweet, a perfect little lady and an heiress.

Chapter 19

I FELT when I got up this morning that I was in a dreadfully embarrassing and uncomfortable position about Patty and my promise to Mr. Walker. If I kept it and tried to use my influence with her it might be that I would be working against Mr. Brett. It would be hateful to do that, as we are such friends, but I was afraid there must be something rather catty in my nature (though I never thought so before) because I could not approve of a marriage between him and Patty. My private opinion was that Patty wasn't at all the sort of girl to make him happy, but I didn't dare to depend too much on the wisdom of my opinion lest it should be biased by prejudice. It is so hard when you have a friend who has been all yours to see that some other girl may be more congenial to him than you are and that the best thing for him would be to fall in love with her.

Mr. Brett has known Patty for a long time, and, though he hasn't been here often, he has made flying visits sometimes, I know, and even Patty and Ide both call him "Jim," never Mr. Brett. I reminded myself as I thought it all over that probably one reason why he wanted to stay with his cousins now was to see Patty again, not in the least because of his friendship with me, which is quite a recent thing compared to his acquaintance with Patty. I was so jealous of Patty, because she could perhaps take away my best friend and have him for her lover, that all her pretty ways and looks quite annoyed me, and I felt I could have slapped her.

Such feelings made me hate myself, for it is so unpleasant finding out suddenly that you are a brute. Yet I would not indulge my wicked heart by telling Patty that she ought to marry Mr. Walker. I could scarcely eat any breakfast or dinner, and early in the afternoon I crept out of doors, very miserable. I felt that Vivace was the only being on earth who really cared for me, and even he was more interested at the time in a rabbit hole he had found than in my society. He wouldn't come away from it when I called, so I bundled him under my arm and walked off with him to the sugar camp, where I could be alone and think things over without having people say I looked pale and ask whether the ice cream festival at Hermann's Corners had given me a headache.

I sat there in the deep green shade of the maples on the log where Mr. Brett and I had talked the first day I came to the Valley farm. All the disagreeable things that ever happened to me since I was a child took this opportunity to stir in their graves and come to life again. Then they sat down in front of me in a dreary semi-circle, staring me in the face until I couldn't stand it any longer and began to cry. Vivace was very much surprised and jumped up, with his paws in my lap, as if he were saying, "What is the matter?" This was a comfort, and I put my head down on his, with my arms around his neck and cried more.

We forgot all about going back to the house until some one came out and rang the bell for tea in the field where we couldn't help hearing. Then we told the cousins our news, and they were immensely pleased. They seemed to think that Jim and I were made for each other, and Mrs. Trowbridge said she had seen that it was coming all along.

After tea we walked over to call on Sally, and she was just as glad as I thought she would be.

"You are going to marry one of the finest fellows on earth, I believe," said she, "and I congratulate you as well as him."

I do love Sally!

Chapter 20

IT was a very different waking up the next day. My first thought was, "Can it be really true or is it only a dream that I'm engaged to Jim?" And I almost cried for joy when I was quite sure it was true.

We both wrote letters to my mother and so did Sally. I didn't see theirs, but I could guess what they said, and I could trust Sally to praise Jim. Still, all the praises in the world wouldn't reconcile mother to what I was going to do.

Jim had promised Mr. Trowbridge to pronounce judgment on a horse which he thought of buying, and the man who wanted to sell the creature brought it to the farm about 11 o'clock. Sally had come to tell about the letter she had just posted to mother, and Jim was in the sitting room writing his. I think he had forgotten about the horse until Mr. Trowbridge appeared, looking rather excited.

"Say, Jim," he exclaimed, "Jake Jacobsen's here with the horse. He's round by the barn now, and you might as well have a look at it; but it's an awful brute, and I ain't going to take it at any price."

"What's the matter with the horse?" asked Jim, sealing up his letter and looking interested.

"It's mad crazy, that's all, but it's enough for me. I thought there must be something wrong for Jake to be offering it at the price he did."

"I'll come," said Jim, getting up.

I jumped up too.

"Oh, please don't have anything to do with such a vicious creature," I begged. "You might be killed."

Jim laughed. "The horse isn't sired that could kill me, I reckon. I know them too well. Why, little girl, I was brought up among horses. You can trust me not to run too big risks now I've got something to make life worth living."

Stan has often told me that men hate girls to fuss over them, so I bit my lip and didn't tease any more, but I was far from happy. I didn't like the look in his eyes.

"May Sally and I go and see the horse with you?" I meekly asked.

"I'll ride him up to the house if I find he's worth your seeing," Jim said. "But you mustn't worry if we don't come this way for awhile. I may have to work with him a bit before he's ready to show himself off to ladies."

With that he got his hat and went out with Mr. Trowbridge, who was waiting with a twinkle in his eyes.

Already Jim and Mr. Trowbridge had disappeared, but as we were choosing the coolest place for our chairs we saw a dusty, nondescript old vehicle rattling up the maple avenue and just about to turn into the narrow road which leads round the side of the house.

"Visitors," said I. "I didn't know Mrs. Trowbridge was expecting"—Then I broke off, with a little gasp.

"Oh, Sally, it's"—

"The duke and Katherine!" she gurgled.

All my blood raced up to my head as if I were going to have a sunstroke.

Mrs. Trowbridge and the girls were busy in the kitchen making peach jam, so when the wretched old chaise drew up close to the veranda Sally and I were alone to receive it.

If my sense of humor hadn't been trampled upon by various emotions which were all jumping about at the same time, I should have had hard work not to laugh when Stan and Mrs. Ess Kay scrambled out from under the lumbering old hood, which was like a great coal scuttle turned over their heads. Their hair was gray with dust, their faces purple with heat, and evidently they were both in towering tempers.

Stan looked at me the way he did once when I was small and spoiled his favorite cricket bat by digging up worms with it—as if he could have shaken me well and boxed my ears and would if I weren't a girl. As for Mrs. Ess Kay, she smiled, but her smile meant worse things than Stan's frown.

"Hello, dear boy!" I chirped nervously. "How do you do, Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox?"

Sally murmured something, too, and Stan had the grace to claw off his hat, showing how damp his poor hair was on his crimson forehead, but he didn't even pretend to smile.

"A nice dance you've led us!" said he. "By Jove, I wouldn't have thought it of you, Betty!"

"Maybe you don't understand yet," said I. "Wait till I've explained, and I'm sure you won't be cross, because you always were a dear."

"It's no good wheedling," he grumbled. "I'm not going to wait for anything. We've come to take you home, and the quicker you pack up and get ready the better."

"What do you mean by home?" I inquired.

"To Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox's house in New York, where she says she'll be good enough to put us up till the next decent ship sails for England."

"I'm not going back to Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox's," said I. "She knows why it's impossible."

"Rot," said Stan. "She's jolly kind to have you after the way you've acted. Anybody'd think you were eight instead of eighteen. You deserve to be put on bread and water for making me come 3,000 miles to fetch you home."

"I didn't ask you to come," said I, "and you needn't have bothered. Is Vic engaged yet?"

"Yes, she is: the day before I started What's that got to do with it?"

"A good deal, according to her," I replied. "I'm engaged too."

"The dickens you are!" exclaimed Stan, getting redder than ever, while Mrs. Ess Kay gave a little start and glared at Sally.

My blood was up now, and I didn't care what I said. The sooner Stan knew everything just as it was the better.

"Yes, the dickens I am," I echoed defiantly, "and I don't intend to be treated like a naughty child by any one. I've done nothing wrong or underhand. We've only been engaged since yesterday, though we both fell in love at first sight on shipboard, and we've written to mother and you this very morning."

"Engaged to a man you met on shipboard!" repeated Stan, looking flabbergasted and turning from me to Mrs. Ess Kay.

"A nice dance you've led us!" said he.

"Tom Doremus!" she gasped. "Yet no, that's impossible. He's in Newport. But there was no one else. I was particularly careful."

"I am engaged to marry Mr. James Brett," I said. "He is"—

"There was no such man on the ship," she broke in sharply.

Then suddenly she almost jumped.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "Oh, duke, this is too awful. I remember there was a person in the steerage. But this is madness. It can't be"—

"He did cross in the steerage," I said. "What of it? He is the best and handsomest man I ever saw, and there's no finer gentleman than he. You can ask Sally if there is, for she knows him."

"And thoroughly approves of him," Sally finished, taking my hand. "Duke, I assure you Betty is to be congratulated. I understand that the duchess was not averse to her marrying an American, and the one she has chosen is of the very best type."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Woodburn, but hang the type," said Stan, who never did get on with Sally. "It's absolutely impossible that my sister should marry such a person, and you ought to have known better than to encourage her. This is a hundred times worse than I thought when I flung up the best shoot of the season to come and fetch you, Betty. You and I were always by way of being pals, but I agree with the mater now. You've behaved disgracefully, and as for the man, whoever he is"—

"Here he comes to speak for himself," cut in Sally, squeezing my hand hard.

There was a sound in the distance—voices shouting, but not the voice I loved. We all looked, and a black horse with a man on his back sprang into sight, like a rocket gone wrong. It was Jim, looking more beautiful than any picture of a man ever painted, his face transported with the joy of battle and triumph and that fiend in horse shape under him doing all he knew to kill.

It was a terrible and yet a splendid thing to see, that struggle. I hadn't known how I adored Jim and how I admired him till I saw him with that smile on his face, sitting the black devil as if he were one with him in spite of the brute's murderous plunges.

The two shot past the house like a streak of lightning, then wheeled back again, the horse clearing a ditch and a five barred fence from one meadow into another, but he didn't jump in spite of Jim; rather was it in spite of himself. Then there was a series of mad buck jumpings, leaps into the air and downward plunges. The beast sat on his haunches and then reared up with a great bound, to waltz on his hind legs and paw the air, snorting. But still Jim smiled and kept his seat without the least apparent effort.

"Jove! That fellow can ride!" muttered Stan, taken out of himself by his man's admiration for a man.

"It's Jim Brett—my Jim Brett!" I cried. "What do you think of him now?"

If you once let yourself go like that, you can't stop. Hearing your own little chokes and gasps makes you pity yourself so much that your heart nearly breaks. I was sobbing out loud presently, which made Vivace whine, and I had almost begun to enjoy my utter forlornness and the distinction of being the most miserable person in the whole world when a distracted voice exclaimed:

(To be continued.)

Electric Restorer for Men

Phosphonol restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension; restores vim and vitality. Premature decay and all sexual weakness averted at once. Phosphonol will make you a new man. Price $1 a box, or two for $3. Mailed to any address. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

Quantity of Clover Seed Was Stolen

Cameron, May 20. — Owing to the recent rains the farmers are not doing much seeding.

Mr. Wm. Cummings and Mr. Manley Mabee sold two head of cattle each to Mr. Thos. Arnold at a high figure.

Mr. P. Northcott has renovated his weight scales.

Mr. A. McLean has had his scales repaired again.

Mr. Wm. Cullis had the misfortune to lose a bushel of clover seed it being taken out of the freight shed here. Mr. Cullis' name was on the bag. They will confer a favor by leaving it in the place where it was taken from and save further trouble.

Say, what do you think? Cameron is to have a new cement sidewalk this summer.

Mr. Sidney Smyth is engaged with Mr. John Wager for the summer.

Mr. Howard Bryson spent Sunday at his home.

Mr. W. and Miss Lottie Vanstone also Mr. Dunn, of Hartley, visited Mr. and Mrs. Harry Marks Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Harrison and family; also Mr. Wesley Hewie, visited Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Tomkins, of Cambray.

Mrs. Manley Mabee is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Hall of Campbellford.

Our blacksmith, Mr. Walter Townsend, is kept busy shoeing and repairing.

Mr. and Mrs. John Glanders visited her father, Mr. M. Maybee over Sunday.

The Canadian Car & Foundry Co. is to establish new shops at Fort William, with a capacity of seven thousand wood and steel cars yearly.

Many Business Colleges close for vacation during the summer.

ELLIOTT Business College

Toronto, Ont., does not. NOW is an excellent time to commence a course. Write for catalogue.

Burdock Blood Bitters

CURES ALL SKIN DISEASES

Any one troubled with any itching, burning, irritating skin disease can place full reliance on Burdock Blood Bitters to effect a cure, no matter what other remedies have failed.

It always builds up the health and strength on the foundation of pure, rich blood, and in consequence the cures it makes are of a permanent and lasting nature.

Mrs. Richard Coutine, White Head, Que., writes:—"I have been bothered with salt rheum on my hands for two years, and it itched so I did not know what to do. I tried three doctors and even went to Montreal to the hospital without getting any relief. I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters, so I got three bottles, and before I had the second used I found a big change; now to-day I am cured."

Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The Railway Commission has ordered the C.N.R. and the Midland Railway to cancel the agreement under which train crews from the United States were allowed to operate trains in Canada.

First Little Girl—Your papa and mama are not your real parents. They only adopted you. Second Little Girl—All the better. My parents picked me out, yours had to take you just as you came.

HOMESEEKER

VERY LOW RATES AND SPECIAL TRAINS FOR HOMESEEKERS

Those taking advantage of the Homeseekers' Excursions should bear in mind the many exclusive features offered by the Canadian Pacific Railway in connection with a trip to the West. It is the only all-Canadian route. Only line operating through trains in Western Canada. No change of depots. Only line operating through Standard and Tourist sleepers to Winnipeg and Vancouver. All equipment is owned and operated by Canadian Pacific Railway, affording the highest form of efficiency. Dining car service unsurpassed. Homeseekers' rates will be in effect April 2, 16, 30, May 14, 28, June 11, 25, July 9, 23, Aug. 6, 20, Sept. 3, 17, and round trip second class tickets will be issued via Canadian Pacific Railway from Ontario points at very low rates, for example Winnipeg and return $34, Edmonton and return $42, and other points in proportion. Return limit 60 days.

For the accommodation of Canadian Pacific Railway passengers a special train will leave Toronto 2.00 p.m. on above dates, comprised of Tourist and Colonist Sleepers. Colonist Sleepers may be occupied free of charge. Passengers, however, must provide their own bedding. Tourist Sleeping cars will be operated through to Edmonton via Saskatoon, also through to Winnipeg and Calgary. A moderate charge is made for berths in Tourist cars.

Both Tourist and Colonist cars are provided with cooking ranges, which trainmen have instructions to keep in condition. Full particulars from any Canadian Pacific Railway agent. Ask for copy of Homeseekers Booklet. T. C. Matchett, uptown agent, Lindsay.

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The man who insists on being personally tailored will find much to interest him in our splendid showing of

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Come in and enjoy the satisfaction that comes of early selection.

W. G. Blair & Son Ladies' and Gentlemen's Tailor

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Follow the example of the leading Loan and Insurance Companies, and invest in first mortgages on improved Saskatchewan farms. Get 6 per cent. interest. Buy the mortgages from us. We are financially responsible, and guarantee the payment of principal and interest. We collect and remit the money without charge. You have your choice of the best class of first mortgages in Saskatchewan—an excellent and legal investment for "Trust" funds. You can invest with us any sum from $500.00 to $10,000.00 or more. Send for booklet "A Safe Investment," which gives list of directors and explains the advantages of investing through our company.

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