### " HESPER "

(Continued from Page Three) about Ann. She has money, is handsome, and yet here she is quite disengaged, if we except her affair with Peabody, which Adney writes is quite as tepid as any of Ann's other affairs."

"Well, now, I'll tell you. She's come to the right place to have men ride up and demand attention. If she doesn't have at least an offer a week it will not be my fault. I'm going to invite all the young fellows home to dinner while she's here. Now watch things 'bile.' "

Barnett, nominally a mining broker, was, in fact, president of the polo club, secretary of the Sage Grass Golf association-in short, financial nurse to every collection of amiable sports in the town. He knew all "the best fellows" in the state and now became more popular than ever. The young men accepted his dinner invitations with gratitude, and each and all paid prompt and undisguised court to "the proud eastern beauty," as one young fellow called her. But they soon acknowledged failure. Her reserve led to a sense of injury and was reported to be arrogance. They were seldom flattered by the slightest unbending on her part,

However, several of these young fellows turned out on acquaintance to be socially related to some of her friends in Boston and New York and in that way won a certain acceptance which no mere civil engineer from Omaha or professor from St. Louis could hope to attain. They were met on the conventional plane, and they got no further at any time.

Meanwhile Ann was really troubled about Louis. He was eating less and less each day, and his sleep was broken, and at the end of the first week he fell in a state of collapse. The excitement, the late hours, the contact with new types and, above all, the attempt to understand the country and his relationship with it had worn him out. Then Ann said in her decisive way: "I don't believe this altitude is good for Louis. I think I will take him home again."

"Oh, don't do that. It isn't the altitude; it's the social whirl. Send him down to my ranch. It's a hole of a place, but it's just what he needsnothing to see but coyotes and cowboys. We'll put him under Rob Raymond's wing. Rob's my foreman and a good chap. He'll take to the boy like anything. I'm sure of it."

The plan as worked out by Barnett involved a trip on his automobile for the four of them; but he delayed too long. Mrs. Barnett entered upon one of her "poor spells," and Donnelly, faithful as a big dog, promptly told Louis to go ahead and not wait for the party. "I must stay and nurse Jean-

Ann was afraid to let Louis go alone, but Barnett poohpoohed her. "He'll get on all right. In fact, he'll rejoice to be free of us for a day or two. I'll wire the mail carrier to meet him and take him down, and I'll send a letter to Raymond to look out for him. He'll be more than safe. He'll be happy, and he won't miss us in the least."

Am insisted on going down herself. "I want to see him properly settled," she said.

Barnett slyly winked at his wife. He really wanted to see Ann "jarred." "It'll do her good to rough it a little," he said privately. Thereupon Louis, trembling with eagerness, began to "rustle his outfit." He bought a pistol, a rifle, a broad rimmed hat, some blankets and the most highly ornamental cattleman's saddle in the Springs.

"What a child you are!" Ann exclaimed as she watched him, her eyes warming with love and pride. "You're a dear boy!" she added as he came to

her side. He looked up at her tenderly. "You're good to me, Hesper," he said fervently. "Sh! Don't ever call me by that absurd name."

"It isn't absurd. I like it," he said. Barnett, seated at his telephone, made every arrangement for tnem. "You'll be met by old Jones, and when you get there Mrs. Jones will look after you. She's a very good cook, so don't get nervous when you see her. She's not pretty. Raymond will do his best to entertain you, and when you come back you'd better ask Raymond to put his own horses in the cart and drive you out. He'll be better company than Jones."

CHAPTER III.

ARNETT'S ranch, one of his chief amusements, lay at the head of a valley surrounding a spring which was the source of Wildcat creek. The buildings stood just where the ravine opened out upon a grassy meadow. It was a comfortable place, shielded from the desert winds by the low hills to the north, while a small artificial pond, graveled and rimmed with cottonwoods and willows, gave it enviable distinction among the bleak and barren farmsteads. It was known as the "Goldfish ranch," for the reason that at one time Barnett had filled the pond with ornamental fish. At about 5 o'clock of a hot and wind-

less July day a horseman galloped swiftly up the valley into the yard and was met at the door of the house by a tall, composed young fellow in broad hat and spurs. "Hello, Perry!" he said quietly.

"You made good time." Perry, a young Mexican, showed a

score of his white teeth in a grin. "Here is letter. Some people coming to rancho tonight."

The young man tore the end from the long envelope and read the letter in silence. His face darkened, "Well, that's a nice case o' beans. So they're on the road, are they?"

"Yes; 'bout fo' miles back."

The young foreman turned toward the house, from which the faint strains of "Annie Laurie" came. A plump, light haired young fellow of about thirty sat tilted back in his chair, with one leg thrown across the corner of the table, playing a mouth organ.

"Hello, Rob!" he called. Raymond was in bad humor. "Put up your plaything, you monkey, and listen to me a moment."

"What's up?" Raymond pointed at the letter. "Read that. Nice thing the old man works on us." His indignation and disgust deepened into a growl. "This settles it. I'm soins to null out"

The other man composedly took up the letter. "What's he done now?"

"Going to quarter a crazy kid on us, a New York degenerate, who'll be a and shy at nothin', like a locoed steer." confounded nuisance every hour of the day. And that isn't all-the kid's sister is coming down to stay a few days"here his dismay was fairly comical-"'to get the lad settled.'"

Baker's eyes widened, and his fat face lengthened, "Not comin' today?" "That's what!"

"And us without no woman round." Raymond broke forth again: "That's it, now. You'd suppose Barnett would at least read my letters. I told him last week that old Jonesy and his wife were going up to Skytown."

"Well, we're in for it. We can't turn woman out on the plain. Jack, you slovenly whelp, set to work and clean up the mess you've made. Perry, go rope some snags for a fire. Hustle,

Baker began to read the letter aloud in a monotonous, painful way, while Raymond moved about the room, pick-

My Dear Rob-I'm sending you a new hand and a visitor. They are cousins and nice people. The lad is not very strong, and I'm sending him down to you to get an upward turn. He's crazy on the subject of wild animals and cowboys and is a very clever artist. He'll want to have you

Raymond came over and seized the stove lid lifter as if to break Baker's head. "We're to cook and purvey like boarding house keepers and doctor like a nurse at a health resort, and in addition we're to pose for a delicate youth who thinks we're 'material.' That settles me. I'm going up to Sky and take a shy at mining."

Baker broke forth into a slow drawl, "Hadn't you better strike a few attitudes so's to be in practice when the

Raymond throttled him half in ear-"I've a mind to wring your neck," he said through his teeth. Then, suddenly releasing him, he again commanded him to clear away his dishes. Baker was not yet finished with the

letter. "Hold on. Don't be in a rush. I hain't got to the girl yet. That's what interests me. 'Miss Rupert will only stay a few days to get the lad set-

"She can't stay too quick to suit me." Baker's voice took on a little more expression as he read Barnett's appeal. "'Now, don't be cranky, old man. The Ruperts are good stuff, and on Mrs. Barnett's account' "-"Ends up by laying me under obliga-

tion to his wife, knowing mighty well-I'd do anything for her. Well, I'll do it, but I reckon the atmosphere won't bake a cake while she's here. I'll leave you and Dutch to do the talking. That'll chill her cold." Baker began to show alarm. "Not

by a hatful. Right here is where I

Raymond's brow darkened and his eyes threatened. "No you don't, my Christian friend and neighbor. You remain right here and do the henors. You will pass for the boss. I've got "Great Peter, you mustn't do that!

can't carry it through. I'm no

"Play the mouth organ for her."

"Oh, see here, you're joshin'." "You won't find it any 'josh.' You've been getting gay with me lately and need discipline. You pass for the fore-Understand? You amuse the girl and pose for the boy, while knock pots. That is settled. Now take the pail and rustle some water, and

don't you peep.' Perry, entering at the door with an armful of brush, called out with quiet joy, "The senora has come!"

Raymond seized him by the arm. "Listen here, Perry. The cid man has written flown to say that as has made Jack the boss. I'm going to cook a few days, and then I leave. You tell the other boys that Jack Baker is made foreman, and they've got to obey him. You sabbe?"

Perry grew solemn of face. "I sabbe. If you go, I go."

"Never mind that. Get out there and help take care of the team, and, Jack, you go too." He laid a hand on his back and pushed him through the doorway just as the two seated hack rounded the corral and drew up to the door. "Oh, isn't this fine!" called a clear, boyish voice, and a moment later the cool, deliberate voice of a girl replied: "Oh, what a blessed relief\_after the hot sun of the plain!"

Then Baker was heard to say, with elaborate courtesy: "Shall I help you out, miss? I reckon you are the friends of the old man-I mean Barnett." And a moment later the young girl stood in the doorway looking out at the plain. Raymond gave her but one glance from the corner of his eyes, but her firm, well balanced body and calm, high bred face touched him with admiration, His resolution to be disagreeable weakened, though he kept about his work.

"I never knew how grateful the shade of a tree could be," Ann said partly to Louis and partly to Baker. Is it always so fiercely bright here?"

"Oh, no; this is an unusual spell. I mean it is rather"-

She was now aware of Raymond. moving sullenly about in the gloom wherein the stove sat. He was dressed in a light tan, loosely fitting shirt and brown trousers without braces. His spurs rattled at his heels as he walked to and fro, lithe and powerful. He did not look up-did not appear to notice what was going on, but came and

went at his work, deft and absorbed. Louis was instantly delighted with the room. "Isn't this ripping!" he exclaimed as he studied its furnishings. "Won't this make a strong background for an illustration? Only that stoveisn't it too bad?-that's all out of key. Why don't you have a fireplace, Mr. Raymond?" he asked, turning

Raymond gave Baker a glance, and the plump one waded in: "Too little wood in this country. Cook, draw up a chair for the lady."

Raymond's eyes flashed with a silent menace, but he did as he was told, and as he put the chair down for Ann he dusted it with his hat. Louis was husky voiced with joy. "Did you see that, Ann? I'll have to work that in somewhere."

Baker continued, in the same tone,

Raymond curtly replied, "I'll try

"Can't you rustle a little grub for the

ompany, Jack?

Baker, who was gaining self control turned to Ann. "We have to humor our cooks out here. They're scarce and mighty uncertain in their minds-stop Louis clapped his hands. "Oh, isn't the talk good, Ann? And these chairs

-aren't they fine?"

pay for it?"

hastily.

it, to tell the honest truth."

I cook in self defense."

do it as a-a business."

tritious mixture."

isn't fancy"-

"I hope you're the best cook?"

"That wouldn't be saying much, lady.

"That's what. It sure makes a fill-

"I can well believe it," she replied

nibbled a little of the mess from the

spoon she glanced up at him with a

queer little smile that made the room

whirl before his eyes. "It seems a nu

I didn't intend to hurt your feelings.

"Oh, I don't blame you; but, you see,

we're not running a summer hotel ex-

actly. Still, we'll make you as com-

"By which you mean to hint you hope

I won't stay long." She was frankly

"But you meant it. I'm not obtuse

She was forcing his hand, as he well

knew, but he remained gravely sim-

ple. "I'll be sorry if our grub or any-

She changed the subject quickly. "I

can see that Louis is to be perfectly

happy down here. I am glad I came.

I shall feel much more resigned to his

being here now that I have met Mr.

Raymond remained inexpressive.

"Your brother is an enthusiast, I be-

lieve you said. He'll be more charita-

don't wonder at your resentment. Our

coming is an imposition, but if I had

known-please be kind enough to ad-

mit that I didn't know how you were

Raymond resumed his cowboy man-

ner. "Now, lady, you let that go. I

don't blame you a hair. You're here,

and I'll see-I mean, the boss will see-

we'll all see-that the boy is treated

right, and I'll guarantee that he gets a

fair share of what's going. I'm not

ble than-than you, for instance."

Ann didn't like his emphasis.

thing else should scare you out."

He became very sincerely grave.

I know when I am out of place.

didn't say that, lady."

shall flee tomorrow."

Raymond and you."

wonderfully."

stand you, Mr."-

with dark and puzzled brow.

She was from Colorado."

was your college? Smith?"

He betrayed new interest. "What

"No. What made you think it was?"

style. I mean to say, you carry your-

Ann smiled composedly as she sipped

Louis burst in at the door. "Sis, you

ought to see the corrals out here. They

have ninety head of horses! Think of

Baker, who appeared just behind

him, put in a drawling word: "'Peared

like a circus man. Are you gettin'

Louis, throwing down his cap in imi-

tation of Raymond, cried out, "I'm

man, isn't there something mysterious

part of the time like a rancher. I

"What makes you think so?" asked

"The, ain't none better, miss," re-

plied saker, who began to look a little

Ann pursued her point. "I think

he's one of those romantic cowboys

who have seen better days-perhaps an

Baker was always ready when

chance to get even with Raymond of-

fered itself. He puckered his plump

face into a frown of deep concern. "I

guess you're some right, miss, but he

ain't no English lord, I don't think.

man's pedigree out here if he can ride

American, all right, and a good cook."

Baker became cautious. "Did he say

his name was Cook? If he did, that

goes. I'm not in the habit of disputing

"No, he didn't tell his name, but he

Baker was again slow to answer.

mated that I might call him Cook.

"Is Cook his real name?"

English nobleman in disguise."

Louis. "They say he's a bully rider."

somethin' to eat, miss?"

"Oh, yes, indeed."

goes out here."

fortable as we can while you stay."

I'm sure it's a very tasty dish."

"Cook made 'em," said Baker. "He's handy as a bootjack with tools." Ann ignored the chairs, but studied the cook, whose curiously absorbed, sullen yet deft movements interested her. He appeared to be about thirty years of age, and his lean, powerful figure dignified the rough and dust stained clothes he wore. His profile was stern and manly, but his chin was youthful. His eyes she had not yet

Raymond, on his part, was fairly abashed by the grace and youthful charm of his visitor. She reminded



"It sure makes a filling combination."

him, as she stood there calmly looking about the grimy walls, of the stories he had read of princesses visiting the huts of their peasantry. She was of good height, but the proud lift of her head made her seem taller than she was, and the cut of her gown, the color of her gloves and hat, told of good taste and the service of the best tailors and milliners. "Great Scott!" he said to himself. "She's an up to date beauty. What will I do to feed her?" And, imperturbable as he looked, his heart sank within him, and if he could have fled honorably he would have done so

Raymond took no pains to be noiseless or dainty in his work, but every moment told. He sloshed out the coffeepot and sliced the bacon and stirred up the fire, all with a grace and quiet dignity which opened Ann's eyes in an effort to understand him. His hands were noticeably fine, and the poise of his head expressed strength and pride. He was very brown, almost as brown as the leather cuffs he wore on his

Once, when he passed out of hearing, she turned to Baker suddenly and asked: "Why does your cook wear spurs?

An affectation, I suppose." Baker flushed and stammered. "Well, no; he has to help with the cattle once

Raymond called to Perry, who was seated on the doorstep. "Perry, jump our horse and round up a dry cottonwood snag. This brush is of no sort of use. I want a hot fire."

down here once with Mrs. Barnett." Louis beamed on Ann. "He's talking He caught up the water bucket. "Excuse me a minute. I'll run down to the just like Walter Owen's heroes." spring and get some water." His go-Ann silenced him. "Hush! He'll hear

ing was equivalent to flight. Baker, quite ready to take a fall out her coffee, which was very good inof Raymond, interposed: "He's a little hard at first, but reel sociable when you git him started. He's shy as a rabbit when they's any company round." Raymond uttered a cough which that! 'And I'm to ride all I want te." made Baker start. "I guess I'll go out and see what that driver has done with

Louis sprang up. "I'll go, too, if you

like he wanted to ride four to once, don't mind, sis." As Ann looked round the low ceiled room in which the flies buzzed her eyes fell upon a little case of books in the corner. For lack of something better to do, she rose to inspect them. She was surprised to find them mainly essays, and wondered who of these men read Emerson and Burroughs. One of them was a book of verse. Raymond's name was on the fly leaf.

"How handsome the cook is!" was her inward exclamation as she returned to her seat. She was not one of those who sit in silence when they wish information, and, lifting her voice a little, she said:

"I understood Mr. Barnett to say that you had a woman to cook for you?" Raymond shifted a stove lid. "We

"Where is she?" "Gone-a week ago." "Isn't there any woman about the

He peered into the coffeepot. "Ne

We never inquire very close into a Ann sat in silence for a moment. didn't understand. Mr. Barnett said"a cayuse and flip a gun. But he's Raymond straightened and looked at her somberly. "If Barnett paid a little more attention to his ranch and less to polo- I wrote him, more than a week ago, that Jonesy was pullin' his freight." He returned to his cooking. Ann composedly went on, "Was Jones

the name of the foreman?" "No he was assistant; but he was Your name is Raymond, isn't it?" married, and his wife was our dough twister. He's gone to Skytown gold "Did he intimate that my name was camp. The whole country is full o' the

Raymond?" Ann after looking at him in silence Ann. with a note of sympathy in her roice, said: "I don't like to see a big,

remarked gravely, "Of course, you're both having fun with us because we're strong man cook. Do you get extra from the east, and I don't think it "Not a cent. We all take turns at quite nice in you."

Baker began to look distressed. "Oh see here, miss, you mustn't thinkyou're all wrong! Why, we're delighted-we-you see"-An opened her eyes at the signifi-

Ann turned to Louis, "Louis, you cance of this phrase. "Then you don't are living out one of Owen's stories this very minute. I want you to stay "Not by a whole row o' steers. Do here until you can meet these people you like prunes and rice?" he asked on their own ground." She faced Baker again. "Tell me more about this cook. He's a college man, and there's held out toward her and gravely resome hidden mystery, as the story plied: "I don't think I ever ate any. books say. What brought him to this You don't mean they're cooked topass? Is he a fugitive from justice?" Baker took a seat and appeared to

ponder. "Well, now, I don't like to ing combination," said he, dishing some say. You see, it ain't safe to tell tales on Cook. If you'll swear not to breathe with a humorous intonation. "Let me "Hold up your hands, Louis, and taste it. Perhaps I'll like it." As she

swear!" cried Ann. "Of course we won't tell." Baker settled into his chair. "You mustn't blame him till you hear the hull story, but he killed a feller back east, somewhere in Illinois."

He recovered himself. "Oh, it's a Ann started melodramatically. "Realhearty mess, all right. My cooking Baker, pleased with his success, add "I beg your pardon," Ann hastened ed, "Two of 'em, in fact." to explain, "I didn't mean to criticise. Louis, wide eyed with interest, "What

did he do it for?" Baker, glowing with pleasure in the work of his own imagination, cut loose from his moorings. "It was this way: a rich farmer-and her family was hot because Rob was poor, and her dad put another fellow on to tell lies about Rob's drinkin' and all that, and Rob met up with this feller and just naturally piped him full of soft nose bullets. Specialties-Voice Culture, Organ, That led him to seek higher altitudes, Piano, String Instruments and Theas the newspapers say. Now, that's the ory. Voices tested free .- 9. plain truth of the whole business, as I

Louis pursued the inquiry. was the other man he killed?" "The deppity sherf. Had to do that to get away."

Ann looked about. "You say he reads these books? "When he has time,

"Do you read them?" "Great Scott, no! I'd go to sleep over such things. 'The Boy's Own' is

about my size." Ann's tone was reflective. "That' queer. Mr. Barnett said you were a

Baker paled, then got red. He had walked into a clever little trap. He wriggled in his chair. "Did he say that? Well-I-I used to, but lately"-Ann looked at him keenly and said calmly: "You also are an impostor. Your name isn't Raymond-you're not the foreman. You are all bandits and have stolen my cousin's ranch and are running it to suit yourselves. I believe you killed poor old Mr. Jones and his apologizing, but I hope you won't take

us on the wrong slant. I hope you'll Louis sprang to his feet. "Ann, what come often. You brighten up the place do you mean?"

Baker threw up both hands. "Hold on! Don't shoot! I'll come down, I Ann drew herself up. "I don't underknew I couldn't keep the game going." He rose, and his manner changed. "Call me cook-Mr. Cook. Anything "Now listen. I'll tell you the square They were now squared before each toed truth. It was my turn to cook, other, he with a malicious smile lurkand Raymond-that's our boss-when ing at the corner of his mouth, she he heard you was comin', knowin' I couldn't cook sour bran mash, says: 'Baker, you'll have to play boss while "Of course, you cowboys are all strange to me-I mean your manners the company's here. I've got to toss up the bacon and prunes. Now that's and customs-but my roommate at college told me a good deal about this life. the fact, lady."

Ann, with conviction, turned to Louis: "Now I believe he's telling the truth. What is your name?"

Ann lifted her eyebrows in surprise, "John Edwin Baker-Jack, the boys call me. I never had any other name, Raymond began to retreat. "Oh, I I'm sorry to say, and I came here from don't know. You seemed about that Kansas. I never killed anything bigger'n a coyote. I'm just a plain cow seif like a Smith college girl that came puncher at twenty-six per month."

Raymond, reappearing at the door, put them all into guilty confusion. His eyes were too keen to be withstood, and Ann's lashes fell for a moment as he offered the dipper. "Like a cool drink, lady?"

She recovered herself instantly. "Thank you, if you will be so kind." Raymond threw a glance at Baker that propelled him through the doorway as palpably as a kick, then turned to Louis. "How does the grub go, youngster?"

"Bully!" replied the boy as he took up a spoonful of rice. His eyes followed the little figure of the rancher with

Ann cut in with a grave face, belied by something in her voice. "I didn't suppose a foreman would stoop t Ann turned to Baker. "Mr. Fore-

The young fellow frowned. "What about your cook? Part of the time he Ann went on, "I think it's nice of you

Mr. Raymond, to abase yourself to the

speaks like a man of the world and rim of a kettle." "Excuse me, lady, but"- He looked think he's playing a part, and playing about for Baker.

Ann interposed. "That's twice you've called me 'lady.' No real cowboy ever does that, I'm told, so you must be an Raymond's face flushed with anger. "See here! What has that fat jackass

been saying to you about me?" Ann, calmly smiling, made her charges specific. "You're not the cook. You're called Robert Raymond. You're the foreman and a graduate of Harvard university, like all superior cowboys, and you have gallantly volunteered to cook in order that we might

eat. Now, isn't this true?"

Raymond was stunned for a moment but as she went on his head lifted, and into his eyes leaped a spark of red light. "Wait till I sight that scoundrel, You'll have a fine chance to study a cowboy in action. What else did he

"He told us all about your fight with your rival. It was very thrilling. It's like being a character in a novel oneself. I'm quite exalted by the thought. Raymond's eyes ceased to glow, a faint smile quivered at the corners of his lips as he bowed gracefully. "Miss Rupert, permit me to astonish you still more. My name, though alliterative, is

(Continued next week.)

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d	Doncal geom, Dear S.	(Double Co	revice \

June 1st to October 1st. (Double Service.) Read Down

Lv 6.15 a.m. 3.10 p.m. BOBCAYGEON ..... Arr 1.15 p.m. 8.10 p.m. Lv 7.15 a.m. 5.10 p.m....STURGEON PT.....Arr 12.10 p.m. 6.55 p.m. Arr 8.40 a.m. 5.30 p.m.... LINDSAY .....Lv 11.00 a.m. 5.45 p.m. From June 1st to October 1st on Saturdays steamer will be held at Lindsay until after arrival of evening trains from Toronto and Port Connects at Sturgeon Point with Str. Manita for Coboconk and intermediate points on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Meals

served on board. Bobcaygeon, Chemong, Burleigh. OGEMAH June 11th to about September 15th-(Service daily except Sunday.) Read Up.

.....BOBCAYGEON Arrive 7.45 p.m. Leave 7.00 a.m. ... CHEMONG PARK 2.15 p.m. BUCKHORN ...BURLEIGH FALLS ... ....Lv 1.00 p.m. Calling at Oak Orchard and Indian Village on signal. Connection at Burleigh with Strs. for Lakefield and intermediate points. Meals served on board. McCallum's line of Busses will give Peterboro connections both morn-

ing and evening at Chemong. Burleigh, Stony Lake, Lakefield. EMPRESS, ETC (Single Daily Service except Sundays.) From June 4th to June 16th and from September 17th to September

Double daily service from June 18th to June 30th and from Sept. Triple daily service from July 2nd to September 1st. Read Up. Read Down p.m. a.m. p.m. a.m. p.m. p.m. Arr 6.00 9.00 4.15 LAKEFIELD 9.15 1.15 6.15 ..Lv 5.30 8.15 3.30 YOUNG'S PT Lv 9.45 1.45 6.45... Lv 10.30 2.45 7.45 ..... McCRACKEN'S L'D'G ......Lv 4.30 7.15 2.45 Lv 11.00 8.00 8.15 JUNIPER ISLAND ..... Arr 4.00 7.00 2.30 5.00 9.00 ..... BREEZES ...... Ar 3.00 6.00 2.00 Lv 11.30 3.30 8.45 MT. JULIAN and VIAMEDE Lv 2.00 6.15 1.30

Lv 12.00 4.00 9.00 .....BURLEIGH FALLS .....Lv 1.30 6.45 1.00 Calling at South Beach on signal. Daily connections made with Str. Ogemah at Burleigh Falls for Chemong and Bobcaygeon. Meals served on board. Any change in these times will be noticed in all the local papers, and he Company reserves the right to cancel without notice. For information apply to Lindsay Agent, MR. A. M PATON, or to Company's offices, Bobcaygeon, Ont.

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