

Physicians
DR. J. McALPINE, Corner William and Colborne-sts., Lindsay. Special attention paid to diseases of nose, throat and lungs. Office hours: 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.; 7 to 8 p.m.

R. R. MILNE, D.O., Eyesight Specialist. OFFICE 92 KENT-ST., LINDSAY. Over Neill's Shoe Store. Special attention given to examining and treating the eye with proper lenses, if required.

Money to Loan
B. WELDON, Mariposa township Clerk, Oakwood, Fire Insurance Agent, Issuer of Marriage Licences. Conveyancing in all its forms.

THE UNDERSIGNED is prepared to loan money on Farm, Town and Village Property for clients on the lowest rates of interest. Company or Private funds. I am always ready to buy good mortgages. I E. WELDON, Solicitor, etc., Milne Block, Lindsay.

TO BORROWERS—We are loaning money on real estate mortgages at the lowest current rates. The business is done in our own office and the principal and interest repaid to us without any expense of remitting. We also purchase mortgages and debentures. TO INVESTORS—We invest money for clients on mortgages also upon municipal debentures, investment stocks and bonds. McLAUGHLIN & PEEL, Barristers, etc., Lindsay.

Barristers, etc
G. H. HOPKINS, Barrister, Solicitor for the Ontario Bank. Money to loan at lowest rates. Office No. 6 William-st., south.

STEWART & O'CONNOR, Barristers, etc., solicitors for the County of Victoria and the Bank of Montreal. Money to loan on mortgages at the lowest current rates. Office William-st., Lindsay. F. D. Moore, Alex. Jackson.

MOORE & JACKSON, Barristers, etc., solicitors for the County of Victoria and the Bank of Montreal. Money to loan on mortgages at the lowest current rates. Office William-st., Lindsay. F. D. Moore, Alex. Jackson.

McSWEYN & SMITH, Barristers, etc., Office, etc. Money to loan on real estate, in sums to suit borrowers at the very lowest rates of interest and suitable terms. JOHN McSWEYN, W. E. SMITH.

LEIGH R. KNIGHT—Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Representing Waterloo Mutual Fire Insurance Co., of Waterloo; Federal Life Assurance Co., of Hamilton; Empire Accident and Surety Co., of London, Ont. Office—Telephone building, William-st., formerly Judge O'Leary's office.

Dentistry
W. H. GROSS, Dentist, Lindsay, Headquarters for good Dentistry. Member of Royal Dental College.

DR. POGJE, DENTIST, office nearly opposite the post office. Special attention given to children's teeth. Howard V. Fogue, D.D.S., L.D.S.

DR. SUTTON, Dentist, Lindsay, Honorary graduate of Toronto University and Royal College of Dental Surgeons. All the latest improved methods adopted and prices moderate. Office over Anderson & Nugent's, opposite Vetch's Hotel.

DR. F. A. WALTERS, dentist, Lindsay. Honor graduate of Toronto University and Royal College of Dentistry. All the latest and improved branches of dentistry successfully performed. Charges moderate. Office over Gregory's Drug Store, corner Kent and William-sts.

DRS. NEELANDS & IRVINE, Dentists, members of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons. We have all the latest methods of dentistry. Special attention will be given to Orthodontia. Crown and Bridge work. The successful extraction of teeth under gas (Vitalized Air) and the insertion of the best artificial dentures continues to be a specialty of this office. Office nearly opposite the Simpson House.

DR. E. A. TOTTEN DENTIST OFFICE 120 Kent Street. Over Moran's Drug Store.

Auctioneers
F. R. JAMES, CAMBRAY, Ont., Licensed Auctioneer, for the county of Victoria. Farm stock and all other sales promptly attended to. Charges moderate.—29.

STEPHEN OLIVER—Licensed Auctioneer for the county of Victoria. Sales promptly attended to. A small percentage will be charged. Satisfaction guaranteed.

W. KESLICK, Licensed auctioneer for Mariposa township. P.O. address, Crosswell, Ont. Sales attended to promptly.

MARRIAGE LICENSES are issued by Mr. Thos. Beall, either at his office in MR. G. W. BEALL'S Jewellery store or at his residence on Albert-st., Lindsay.

Binder Twine
The Canadian Cordage Co., of Peterborough had gold and silver medals awarded them for their binder twine in 1905. These twines can be obtained from JOHN F. CUNNING, Oakwood, who is the sole agent for that neighborhood.—28-3.

See our Georgia Pine Flooring
Yard—West of Flavell's Egg House. Office—Academy of Music Block Phone 230

Sweet Revenge

(Continued from Page 2.)

ready for him whenever he chose to occupy it. She also informed him that I could have a room. "Captain," I said, "I have no reason to get away from you. Indeed, I wouldn't leave your guardianship just now for a plantation. The man who has accused me is in league with others who are interested in getting me out of the way. Now, if you'll permit me to go to bed without a guard I'll give you my word of honor not to leave this house till after the watch has resumed tomorrow."

"Well, I reckon I must let you have your way. You're too pretty to quarrel with." She clasped her hands. "I knew it! Loveliest man I ever met! Too sweet for anything!" The captain smiled that pleasant, indolent smile of his, looking at me at the same time, as much as to say, "What a deliciously odd creature!" while Jaqueline disappeared as suddenly as an actress who had finished her part. Ginger came in with a decanter and glasses, which he placed on the table. The captain sat down before the wine and invited me to join him.

"Miss Rutland is certainly a dainty little thing," he said as he took the stopper from the decanter and filled our glasses. "She certainly is," I replied. "Most charming creature I ever saw." "What a superbette she would make!" "Ravishing! Fill up your glass, sir, Ravishing. Do you know, I never saw more graceful dancing on the stage?" "Nor I."

"And what a sweet little voice!" "The notes of a bird." By this time I had made up my mind that it would be impossible to get the captain on any other subject than Jaqueline, and he talked of her the rest of the evening—indeed, till he had finished the decanter. I could not but be amused at the transition Jaqueline had wrought in his treatment of me. It occurred to me to test his good nature still further. "Captain," I remarked, "I'm caught away from home with a thin pocket-book. Could you let me have a hundred dollars till I can get to where there is a bank?"

"Certainly, sir, with pleasure. No trouble at all. And, pulling out a thick roll of Confederate bills, he tossed them over to me.

"My dear sir," he replied, "permit me to apologize for my hasty action. I give you the word of a Georgia gentleman that had not that delightful creature interposed I should now deeply regret the execution of my order."

"You mean my execution." "My very good health, sir, and that of the little lady." The decanter was empty, Ginger, the major-domo, appeared, assisted the captain up stairs to one of the main chambers in the center of the house, then conducted me through a hall to a wing and ushered me into the apartment intended for me.

CHAPTER VII. MIDNIGHT. WHAT faded splendor! All the furniture was mahogany—the bed, a huge four poster, canopied; the bureau high and with brass handles to its drawers; the chairs straight backed; from the center of the ceiling hung a chandelier of glass pendants. All this antique magnificence was lighted by the single tallow dip which also glistened upon the honest face of Ginger.

"I hope you're berry comfable, sah," said Ginger, setting down the candle and turning to depart. "No doubt of it. Wait a bit. I want you to tell me to whom this plantation belongs."

"Cunnel Rutland, sah." "Been in this family long?" "A t'ousand years, sah." "What?" "Don't know nothin' 'bout countin' Spec' it's been in de fam'ly mighty long time. Cunnel Rutland, he mighty fine gen'l'man, sah; Cunnel Rutland, he own ten hundred t'ousand acres."

"De biggest plantation in all Alabama, sah. Cunnel Rutland he de biggest!"

The Lindsay Lumber Co. (Sadler & Fee) We have this week, bought 250,000 feet bone dry inch and two inch HEMLOCK. We are in a position to supply good Dry Lumber. Why use green Stock when you can get dry. Shingles, Lath and Dressed Lumber always on hand.

"Wait a bit, Ginger. Who is Miss Pinkley?" "Miss Pinkley, she mighty fine lady, sah. Miss Pinkley, she—"

"What relation is she to Colonel Rutland?" "Miss Pinkley, she was Miss Rutland's sistah, sah. Miss Pinkley, she—"

"Where is Mrs. Rutland?" "Miss Rutland, she's dead." "Who is Miss Jaqueline?" "Miss Jack, she's de fust young lady in de souf, sah. When Miss Jack go to de planters' balls an' de city balls in Huntsville, she take all de young men away from de udder young ladies an' make 'em all mad 'nuff to eat her up."

"She is Colonel Rutland's daughter, I suppose?" "Yes, sah. Miss Jack de apple ob Cunnel Rutland's eye, sah. Cunnel Rutland don't care nuffen 'bout nobody but Miss Jack."

"How about you colored people?" "Do dat, sah?" "Do you like Miss Jaqueline?" "Like Miss Jack! Reckon de culled people do like Miss Jack. Culled people lub Miss Jack like de angel ob'—"

"Isn't she just a bit hot tempered?" "Reckon Miss Jack is hot tempered, sah. Miss Jack, she got de hottest temper in de whole souf. Miss Jack, she—"

"Hold on; explain why you all love Miss Jack when she has a hot temper and speaks to you sharply." "Laws a-massy, she don't mean nuffen. Miss Jack, she sco' wid de fire-brand in de eye, but she won't let nobody else sco'. You ought to see dat gal when Mars' Bingham—Mars' Bingham, he de oberseer—Mars' Bingham whip de niggers. One day Mars' Bingham, he whip me. I yelled lak a killed nigger. Miss Jack, she run out wid her hair a-flyin an' her eyes a-shinin, an' she tak' de whip out of Mars' Bingham's han', an' golly Moses, how she lay it on dat oberseer!"

"Did he take it kindly?" "He couldn't do nuffen. Ef he tech Miss Jack, Cunnel Rutland shoot him. Cunnel Rutland, he got de biggest temper lak Miss Jack in—"



I sat down in a chair and buried my face in my hands.

talking went into another part of the house, and I was obliged to return to my room unsatisfied. I sat down again and renewed my musings—musing that were not of the pleasantest. I had not sat long when two men passed under the window. They were talking in a low tone. The voice of one was that of a white man, the other that of a negro. The negro said something that was inaudible. Then the white man asked: "Which way?"

"Dar." "Is not that Jaycox's voice? It is. There is no mistaking that harsh growl. What can it mean? Ah, I see it all! He expects that I will elude this easy going captain, and he will spread a net for the bird before it flies. Fortunately! If I had descended by the tree, I should have dropped into his embrace."

My anxiety was now more intense than ever. The cords were surely drawing about me. "Nonsense!" I said to myself. "I'm losing my head. True, I'm in a tight place, but tight places are interesting. He that possess great presence of mind are best fitted to escape great dangers. When the cards run high, the coolest wins. I propose to defeat all these converging enemies by keeping my head. I shall go to bed and get a good sleep. Then on the morrow I shall be in shape for the fight."

My resolution, together with the fatigue of an eventful day, brought slumber sooner than might have been expected. But I soon awoke, and, feeling alarmed, was wide awake. I sat up in bed. I could look out of the window into the tree which had invited me to descend by its branches. I thought I saw a dark object that did not belong there. The leaves were not far enough advanced to conceal nor young enough to fully reveal any object hidden there. The night was one of the darkest, yet there was a little light—starlight—and no moon.

"Imaginary terrors," I muttered. "Go to sleep." I lay down, drew the sheet up, tucked it in at the back of my neck and obeyed the command I had given myself by passing back into slumber. I dreamed that I was standing under a great glass receiver and a man was working a pump to exhaust the air. At every stroke I felt less able to breathe till at last I was suffocating. I awoke and was conscious of some one stuffing a cloth into my mouth. I tried to cry out, but could make no sound. Two men stood beside me, one gagging me, while the other began to tie my hands. This done, they carried me, impotently writhing, to the window.

"Bring them clothes, Pete," said one of the men. "He'll give us away without 'em." It was Tom Jaycox! I'm lost! The man called Pete snatched my clothes and threw them out on the ground below. Then the two began the work of getting me through the window. Jaycox, who had the strength of an ox, seized my wrists, while the man behind pushed. They got me out into the limbs of the tree, where, if I continued to struggle, I was in danger, bound hand and foot as I was, of pounding the earth below. I made a virtue of necessity and permitted them to lower me. Once on the ground they hustled me to a clump of trees back of the house, where I was unbound and covered by the muzzles of two revolvers, forced to put on my clothes. Then they rebounded my wrists and ran me behind the barn, where three horses stood ready saddled. Jaycox took me in his steel arms and tossed me on to one of them with as much ease as if I had been a bag of meal. The two men mounted the other horses, and we started off, circling round back of the negro huts and under trees to a side gate opening on the pike. Once away from the grounds, we set off at a gallop.

Kidnaped! Now I may save myself any further worry. The inevitable is before me. Before daylight I shall be a dead man.

CHAPTER VIII. ON THE PLATEAU! On, on we sped, under starlight, over stony pike, steel shod hoofs striking fire on stony stones, snake fences writhing, trees dancing in a semicircle about those beyond. We dashed over wooden bridges; we splashed through shallow streams; we dipped into hollows and tilted over crests, while now and again some startled bird stretched its wings and went whirring into the forest. On my right rode Tom Jaycox, holding my bridle rein, his ugly face turned always toward me. Every crime coldly featured—his cold, steel eye, his knitted, overhanging brows—spoke one word, "Vengeance!" On the other side galloped a man, long, lean, hungry, grinding usually on a quid. I did not know his name, but memory brought me a picture of that same face lighted by shotgun flashes in the night. Our breakneck speed lasted till we had put some miles between us and the plantation; then we slackened our pace and walked our panting horses till they had partly recovered their wind, then struck a trot. It was immaterial to me at what gait we moved. I thought only of my approaching end. Surely it could not be far distant. Why did it not

come at once? A pistol ball, a club—anything is enough to take a life. Then I shuddered as the thought struck me that I was to be kept for a more lingering death. We were passing between a range of hills on our left and the Cumberland plateau on our right when Jaycox drew rein, and we all came to a halt. There was a sound of hoofs' hoofs behind, coming at a brisk canter, but no sooner had we stopped than the sounds ceased. Both the men listened until all was silent, then Jaycox started on. "All right, Pete," he said. "Whoever it is has either stopped or left the road."

"Some un golin home late, I reckon." We proceeded on our way, but had gone scarcely a quarter of a mile when we again heard the hoof beats in our rear. Again we pulled up and listened. "By gosh, Tom," said Pete, "that beats me!" "Shet up!" Both listened, waiting to hear the sounds renewed, but as they were not we started on. For the second time the hoof beats recommenced and this time a little nearer.

"We must sit outen this," said Jaycox. "Let's take ter the hills here instead of furdur on." Turning to the right, we passed through timber, beginning a gradual ascent of the plateau. Jaycox rode ahead, holding my bridle rein, while Pete followed, revolver in hand. Who were on the road I knew no more than my abductors, but as a drowning man will catch at a straw I cast about for some method of letting them know of our digression. Bending low in the saddle, I peered through the gloom, watching for something with which to produce sound, for my gag prevented my shouting, and a shout would have brought punishment. Coming upon a flat rock, by a pressure of the knees I guided my horse over it, but it was too firmly imbedded to be moved. Soon after I encountered another right on the edge of the trail. Digging my heels into my horse's flanks and forcing my body out of equilibrium, I forced him to prance. A vigorous pull on my bridle rein by Jaycox saved him from going over the incline, carrying me with him. But I had accomplished my purpose. I heard the stone go crashing down the mountain.

"You infernal dog," cried the man in the rear, "ef yer do thet ag'in I'll run a knife atwixt yer shoulders!" "Ef he does it ag'in, yer needn't trouble yerself ter stick him. The fall 'ud finish him." Higher, higher, we mounted, farther from the dark plain below, upon which here and there shone a lonely light; nearer to the patches of fleece in the heavens and the stars looking down from above. Then came a faint light in the sky and a gray tinge over the country below. Woods, streams, fields, houses, barns, grew out of the darkness. The light broadened; there were gilded clouds in the east; the sun cast its first beams over the heights and upon the landscape below. We had reached the upper level; we were on the plateau. Espying a log house ahead, the men consulted and determined to try for some breakfast. They took the gag out of my mouth, and as soon as I was free to speak, anxious to be at once put beyond suffering and the terrible suspense of an impending murder, I cried: "You dogs! You cowards! You're going to kill me! Why do you delay?" They looked at each other knowingly and grinned—a horrible, soulless grin. "Do ye reckon yer golin ter git ter heaven without payin' fo' th' damage ye done?" snarled Jaycox, with an ugly light in his eye.

"Ah, that's your game!" "We know you uns ter be as well fed fo' property as any young man in Tennessee. An' we're golin ter hev a slice too. But yer needn't reckon thet's golin ter save ye. Yer got ter shet out, an' then—" His look told the rest. "Give me one shot with my back against a tree, and I'll fight two such cowards as you."

"Shet up!" snapped Jaycox, showing his teeth within a foot of my face and with a glance like that of an angry bulldog. Then, riding up to the entrance of the hut, he shouted: "Hello thar!" An old woman came to the door with an iron spoon in her hand. "Waal, what's wanted?" "Snack." "Hain't got nothin' but pone." "Got any coffee?" "Coffee? D'y reckon Abe Lincoln's golin ter let us hev coffee away up in these mounntains when they hain't got none down in th' towns? I got a yarb 'll do purty waal, though."

My captors dismounted, breakfasted, then arranged for a short nap, one watching while the other slept. Jaycox first sprawled himself on the ground and was asleep in a twinkling, while his comrade sat staring at me with his gun ready cocked. I knew (Continued on Page 4.)

GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES Itching, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Grand Trunk Railway Time Table
ARRIVALS
60 From Toronto..... 5.00 a.m.
19 From Peterboro..... 8.00 a.m.
32 From Haliburton..... 8.55 a.m.
21 From Port Hope..... 9.10 a.m.
30 From Cobocok..... 10.10 a.m.
22 From Toronto..... 10.50 a.m.
35 From Port Hope..... 2.05 p.m.
42 From I. B. & O. Jct..... 5.45 p.m.
23 From Port Hope..... 6.23 p.m.
24 From Whitby..... 7.30 p.m.
54 From Toronto..... 8.05 p.m.
56 From Whitby..... 8.45 p.m.
18 From Toronto..... 9.20 p.m.
14 From Belleville..... 9.45 p.m.
DEPARTURES
34 From Port Hope..... 6.00 a.m.
51 From Toronto..... 6.30 a.m.
10 From Belleville..... 7.20 a.m.
27 From Toronto..... 9.15 a.m.
22 From Port Hope..... 10.55 a.m.
43 From I. B. & O. Jct..... 11.00 a.m.
55 From Whitby..... 11.05 a.m.
57 From Toronto..... 12.05 p.m.
33 From Haliburton..... 2.40 p.m.
38 From Toronto..... 6.23 p.m.
31 From Cobocok..... 6.30 p.m.
13 From Peterboro..... 9.23 a.m.
19 From Toronto..... 9.55 a.m.
61 From Fenelon Falls..... 9.15 p.m.



The World's Greatest Cleanser is Gold Dust Washing Powder. Its yearly sale exceeds that of all other washing powders combined. Looks just a bit like householders appreciated merit, doesn't it? GOLD DUST cleans everything from collar to attic. OTHER GENERAL USES FOR GOLD DUST: Scrubbing floors, washing clothes and dishes, cleaning wood-work, oil cloth, silverware and tinware, polishing brass work, cleaning bath room, pipes, etc., and making the finest soft soap. Made by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Montreal, P. Q.—Makers of FAIRY SOAP. GOLD DUST makes hard water soft.

THE LEADING Furniture Store ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO. Have made large additions during the past few weeks in all lines of High-class Furniture. If you are thinking of refurnishing your house, or require anything in the Furniture line, it will pay you to see these goods. The prices are right.

ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO. Undertaking in all Branches

ANTICIPATING That the months of May and June are are always two good months for wedding presents, we have ordered some special articles for those occasions. We ask our many customers to come and look over some specially low priced Ladies' Gold Watches and Long Chains. We show the largest stock in the County in Gem and Wedding Rings. See our special prices in Diamond Rings. S. J. Petty THE JEWELER Milne's Block, Near the Post Office, Kent St., LINDSAY

Lindsay Marble Works Dealers in and manufacturers of all kinds of Marble and Granite Monuments. Being a direct importer I am able to quote the closest prices. I have lately installed pneumatic plant for Lettering and Tracing. We are able to do better and deeper work than heretofore. Call and get designs and prices before purchasing. WORKS—In the rear of Market on Cambridge-st., opposite the Packing House. R. CHAMBERS Proprietor

The Famous Dennis Pumps The Sylvester Mfg. Co. Are now prepared to supply the above pumps for any depth of well up to 150 feet and guarantee satisfaction. The day of the black iron pipe and cast iron cylinders is past, and the people know from experience. What you want when buying a Pump is GALVANIZED IRON PIPE, BRASS CYLINDERS with threads, not bolts which rust and fall off, and IRON RODS, which do not rust or taint the water. We are also placing a larger bore and brass cylinder and steel rod that will last and throw more water than any pump on the market. Our practical man MR. JOHN DENNIS, looks after all orders and repairs. Satisfaction Guaranteed Well orders receive prompt attention. WINDMILLS. We are also placing a supply of superior Windmills on specifications. THE Sylvester Mfg. Co., Lindsay, Ont.

Farm Loans MONEY TO LOAN on Mortgage at lowest current rates. I HAVE access to the cheapest money market in Canada and will give my patrons the benefit thereof. EXPENSES OF LOAN kept down to the lowest possible point consistent with accuracy and necessary requirements. ALL BUSINESS of this nature strictly private and confidential. J. H. Southern 91 Kent-st., Lindsay, Ont.

Binder Twine Central Prison Binder Twine will be supplied to farmers as follows: 600 feet per lb., 11c per lb. 500 feet per lb., 10c per lb. 500 feet per lb., 9c per lb. THESE PRICES ARE NET CASH. The twine is put up in fifty pound jute sacks, and is manufactured from SELECT PRIME QUALITY & LENGTH GUARANTEED. Please specify at once what quantity and quality required. Purchaser pays freight and cash must accompany shipping instructions. Apply J. T. GILMOUR, Warden, Central Prison, Toronto, Ont.

\$30,000 We have on hand for investment on first mortgages on farm property \$12,000, special trusts funds at current rates of interest from \$500 upwards and from 5 to 10 years. Also other private funds up to \$15,000. McSWEYN & SMITH, Solicitors, etc., Lindsay.

Vertical text on the far left edge of the page, including words like 'SHINES', 'ENTERS', 'RENT', 'USE', 'Does it', 'or not', 'LINDSAY', 'GREEN', 'Cement', 'WAG', 'call', 'GAS', 'LINDSAY', 'HAN', 'Victoria', 'is promp', 'Guar'.