NERVOUS, LIFELESS DEBILITATED MEN

YOUNG MEN AND MIDDLE-AGED MEN, the victims of early indiscretions and later excesses, who are failures in life—you are the ones we can restore to manhood and revive the spark of energy and vitality. Don't give up in despair because you have treated with other doctors, used electric belts and tried various drug store nostrums.

Our New Method Treatment has snatched hundreds from the brink of despair, has restored happiness to hundreds of homes and has made successful men of those who were "down and out." We prescribe specific remedies for each individual case according to the symptoms and complications—we have no patent medicines. This is one of the secrets of our wonderful success as our treatment cannot fail, for we prescribe remedies adapted to each individual case. Only curable cases accepted. We have done business throughout Canada for over 20 Years.

CURABLE CASES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY

READER Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you intending to marry? Has your blood been dis-eased? Have you any weakness? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. Consultation Free. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion. Free of Charge. Books Free—"Boyhood, Manhood, Fatherhood." (Illustrated) on Diseases of Men.

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DRS. KENNEDY & KENNEDY

Cor. Michigan Ave. and Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

NOTICE All letters from Canada must be addressed to our Canadian Correspondence Department in Windsor, Ont. If you desire to see us personally call at our Medical Institute in Detroit as we see and treat no patients in our Windsor offices which are for Correspondence and Laboratory for Canadian business only. Address all letters as follows:

DRS. KENNEDY & KENNEDY, Windsor, Ont.

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W. H. SHAW, Principal

THE LINDSAY MARKETS

Alsike clover, No. 1, $12 bush.
Apples, 50c. to $1.10.
Breakfast bacon, 23c. in piece or 21c. sliced.
Beef cattle, $4.50 to $6.50.
Butter, per lb., 25c.
Barley per bush., 40c. to 50c.
Buckwheat, 45c. bush.
Bran, cwt., $1.05.
Chickens, per lb., 20c.
Cream, 15c. to 30c.
Cheese, 18c. per lb.
Celery, 5c. bunch.
Ducks, 18c. lb.
Eggs, per dozen, 20 to 21c.
Flour, Manitoba, $2.70.
Geese, per lb., 17c. to 18c.
Hogs, live, $8.80 to $9.
Honey, 15c. lb.
Hens, 12c. lb., dressed 15c alive.
Hay, baled, 75c. cwt.
Hay, $12 to $13 per ton.
Cow hides, green, 9c. to 10c.
Cow hides, cured, 10c. to 11c.
Hides, calf, 11c. to 16c.
Hides, sheep, 80c. to $1.40.
Lamb, 25c. lb.
Lambs $3.50 to $6 each.
Lard, 15c. per lb.
Oats, rolled, $2.50 per cwt.
Oat dust, $1.05 per cwt.
Oats, 35c. per bushel.
Peas, large, $1.50 bush.
Peas, small, $1.25 bush.
Potatoes, 90c. to $1 per bag.
Potatoes, new, 5c. per lb.
Rib roast, 17c. lb.
Rye, 55c. bush.
Red clover, $10 bush.
Straw, $4.00 to $5.00.
Sirloin steak, 20c. lb.
Spare ribs, 10c. lb.
Sage, per bunch, 5c.
Sheep, $3.50 to $4.50 per cwt.
Timothy seed, $1.50 to $2 bush.
Turkeys, 17c. per lb.
Turnips, $1.15 per ton.
Wheat, fall, 95c.
Wheat, goose, 80c. bush.
Wheat, spring, 80c. bush.
Wool, unwashed, 15 to 16c.
Wool washed 23 to 24c.

JAIL HEATING SYSTEM.

Mr. Wm. Hungerford, of town, has secured the contract of extending the heating system now in use in the court house and county buildings to the jail. Coils and radiators will be placed in the prison and installed throughout the building at points to give the best results from the heat supplied. The extension will cost $815, which is the contract price and according to agreement will be completed by the 15th of next September. Mr. Hungerford will start work with a force of men in a few days.

PREMIER TO ATTEND.

Premier Borden has accepted the Canadian National Exhibition Executive's invitation to perform the opening ceremony this year.

Teach Girls the Art of Swimming

The necessity for girls knowing how to swim as well as boys, is so apparent that it seems strange that there are not more of them adept in the art. Many drowning accidents where men lose their lives, as well as women, are due to the fact that some women in the party could not swim.

The art of learning to swim should be taught to boys and girls both when they are young. They should be taught to like the water, but the child who has a natural fear of water should not be forced into it. This fear should be first overcome. Children should be taken to see exhibitions of swimming, which will inspire them with a desire to learn the art. Sometimes a little judicious bribing will help to bring about the desired result. Even an attractive swimming costume will often induce a young girl to take to the water. After a few lessons almost every one becomes enthusiastic about swimming. Once the difficulties of the first few lessons are overcome, the child needs but little coaxing.

Every woman who has children should know how to swim herself and should see that her children are taught while small, and by so doing she may lessen her own anxiety when the children are near the water.

Those who cannot swim should keep out of the canoes, and indeed any one who enters a small boat without knowing how to swim is forcing an added responsibility upon his or her companions who do know the art. So crying is the need for women to learn to swim, that in some places leagues are formed with the object of seeing that every girl and woman is taught to swim. We should have something of the kind in Lindsay.

DISLOCATED JAW.

A peculiar but painful accident occurred last week in the east ward, when Mrs. Sisson, a resident on St. John-st., dislocated her jaw as the result of a yawn.

The unfortunate lady was in deep pain for several minutes, previous to the arrival of Drs. Collison and Rich, the neighbors being unable to anything for her. Some trouble was experienced in getting the jaw back into place again, the doctors having to administer chloroform.

SENT BACK TO REFUGE.

A case came before Magistrate F. D. Moore, K.C., this morning to decide what steps were best to pursue in the case of a House of Refuge inmate who left the institute two weeks ago. The party was arrested and placed in the county jail, where he remained pending trial. His Worship gave the wayward another chance and ordered that he be sent to the Refuge from whence he escaped for an indefinite period.

County constable Wm. Thornbury escorted the delinquent to the county boarding house this afternoon.

Geo. McBean, a farmer near Glencoe, fell from a load of hay and broke his neck.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

You are invited to inspect the 1913 improvements on the new

Perfection Oil Cook Stove

and see it in operation. Guaranteed to do the work of any ordinary range.

Cinnamon's Hardware Store

The Three Guardsmen

... By ...

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

"That was my intention, but, my dear friend, I have one thing to confess to you. As I had the 75 pistoles in my pocket which you had distributed to me, in order to amuse myself I invited a gentleman who was traveling this way to walk up and proposed a cast of dice to him. He accepted my challenge, and my 75 pistoles quickly passed from my pocket to his without reckoning my horse, which he won into the bargain."

"Have you not your duchess, who cannot fail to come to your assistance?"

"Well, you see, my dear D'Artagnan," replied Porthos "with the most careless air in the world I wrote to her to send me fifty louis or so, of which I stood absolutely in need on account of my accident. She must be at her country seat, for she has not answered me."

"Indeed!"

"No; so I yesterday addressed another letter to her still more pressing than the first, but you are come, my dear fellow, let us speak of you. I confess I began to be very uneasy on your account."

"But your host behaves very well toward you, as it appears, friend Porthos," said D'Artagnan, directing the sick man's attention to the full stewpans and the empty bottles.

"Not at all," said Porthos. "This miserable strain confines me to my bed, but Mousqueton forages and brings in provisions."

D'Artagnan then related how Aramis, being wounded, was obliged to stop at Crevecoeur, how he had left Athos fighting at Amiens with four men who accused him of being a coiner, and how he, D'Artagnan, had been forced to run the Count de Wardes through the body in order to reach England.

But there the confidence of D'Artagnan stopped; he only added that on his return from Great Britain he had brought back four magnificent horses, one for himself and one for each of his companions. Then he informed Porthos that the one which was intended for him was already installed in the stable of the hotel.

At this moment Planchet entered to inform his master that the horses were sufficiently refreshed and that it would be possible to sleep at Clermont.

Porthos said that, according to all probability, his sprain would not permit him to depart yet awhile. Besides, it was necessary he should stay at Chantilly, to wait for the answer from his duchess.

D'Artagnan wished that that answer might be prompt and favorable, and, after having again recommended Porthos to the care of Mousqueton and paid his expenses at the hotel, he resumed his route with Planchet, who was already relieved of one of his led horses.

CHAPTER XX.

Aramis' Thesis.

D'ARTAGNAN had appeared to believe all that Porthos had told him, convinced that no friendship will hold out against a surprised secret, particularly when pride is deeply interested in that secret. Now, in his projects of intrigue for the future and determined as he was to make his three friends the instruments of his fortune, D'Artagnan was not sorry at getting in his grasp beforehand the invisible strings by which he reckoned upon moving them.

And yet as he journeyed along a profound sadness weighed upon his heart. He thought of young and pretty Mme. Bonacieux. He feared that some serious misfortune had befallen the poor woman. He had no doubt she was a victim of the cardinal's vengeance, and, as was well known, the vengeance of his eminence was terrible.

At the Crevecoeur inn, where he had left Aramis, it was not a host, but a hostess who received him. D'Artagnan was a physiognomist. His eye took in at a glance the plump, cheerful countenance of the mistress of the place, and he at once perceived there was no occasion for dissembling with her.

"My good dame," asked D'Artagnan, "can you tell me what is become of one of my friends whom we were obliged to leave here about twelve days ago?"

"A handsome young man, three or four and twenty years old, mild, amiable and well made?"

"Exactly the man—wounded, moreover, in the shoulder?"

"Just so. Well, monsieur, he is still here!"

"Ah, my dear dame," said D'Artagnan, springing from his horse and throwing the bridle to Planchet, "you restore me to life! Where is this dear Aramis? Let me embrace him! I am quite anxious to see him again."

"I beg your pardon, monsieur, but I doubt whether he can see you at this moment. He is with the cure of Montdidier and the superior of the Jesuits of Amiens. After his illness grace touched him, and he determined to enter into orders. Is monsieur still anxious to see him?"

"More so than ever."

"Well, monsieur has only to take the right hand staircase in the yard and knock at No. 5, on the second floor."

D'Artagnan walked quickly in the direction pointed out and mounted one of those exterior staircases that are still to be seen in the yards of our old fashioned inns. The door opened and D'Artagnan penetrated into the chamber.

Aramis, in a black gown, his head enveloped in a sort of round, flat cap, was seated before an oblong table, covered with rolls of paper and enormous folios. He was listening with the most profound attention to a young man seated opposite him, who was reading aloud. The curtains were half drawn.

At the noise made by D'Artagnan on entering Aramis lifted up his head and beheld his friend. But to the great astonishment of the young man, the sight of him did not produce much effect upon the musketeer, so completely was his mind detached from the things of this world.

"Good day to you, dear D'Artagnan. Believe me, I am very glad to see you."

"So am I delighted to see you," said D'Artagnan, "but I disturb you, perhaps, my dear Aramis," continued D'Artagnan, "for by what I see I am led to believe you are confessing to these gentlemen."

Aramis colored imperceptibly.

"You disturb me! Oh, quite the contrary, dear friend, I swear. And as a proof of what I say, permit me to declare I am rejoiced to see you safe and sound."

"Ah, he'll come round," thought D'Artagnan, "that's not bad."

"For this gentleman, who is my friend, has just escaped from a serious danger," continued Aramis, with unction, pointing to D'Artagnan with his hand and addressing the two ecclesiastics. "You arrive very apropos, D'Artagnan, and by taking part in our discussion may assist us with your intelligence. M. le Principal of Amiens, M. le Cure of Montdidier, and I are arguing upon certain theological questions with which we have been much interested."

"Work slowly," said the cure. "We leave you in an excellent tone of mind until tomorrow."

"Yes; the ground is all sown," said the Jesuit. "You promise to become one of the lights of the church."

Aramis conducted them to the foot of the stairs and then immediately came up again to D'Artagnan.

"You see," said he, "that I am returned to my original ideas. These plans of retreat have been formed for a long time. You have often heard me speak of them, have you not, my friend?"

"Yes, but I must confess that I always thought you were joking. But I have eaten nothing since 10 o'clock this morning, and I am hungry."

"We will dine directly, my friend, only you must please to remember that this is Friday. Now, on such a day I cannot eat meat or see it eaten. If you can be satisfied with my dinner, it consists of cooked spinach and fruits. On your account I will add some eggs, and that is a serious infraction of the rule, for eggs are meat, since they engender chickens."

"And so, Aramis, you are decidedly going into the church? What will our two friends say? What will M. de Treville say? They will treat you as a deserter, I warn you."

"I do not enter the church; I re-enter it. I deserted the church for the world, for you know that I committed violence upon myself when I became a musketeer."

"Who—I? I know nothing about it."

"You don't know how I quitted the seminary?"

"Not at all."

"This is my history then." And Aramis told D'Artagnan how he had been compelled to leave the theological seminary after killing a man in a duel fought about a woman. He continued:

"Athos, whose acquaintance I made about that period, and Porthos, who had taught me some effective tricks of fence, prevailed upon me to solicit the uniform of a musketeer. The king entertained great regard for my father, who had fallen at the siege of Arras, and the uniform was granted. You may understand that the moment is arrived for me to re-enter into the bosom of the church. This wound, my dear D'Artagnan, has been a warning to me from heaven."

"This wound? Bah! It is nearly healed, and I am sure that it is not that which at the present moment gives you the most pain."

"What do you think it is, then?" said Aramis, blushing.

"You have one in your heart, Aramis, one deeper and more painful, a wound made by a woman."

The eye of Aramis kindled in spite of himself.

"Ah," said he, dissembling his emotion under a feigned carelessness, "according to your idea, then, my brain is turned! And for whom—for some one with whom I have trifled in some garrison? Fie!"

"I crave your pardon, my dear Aramis, but I thought you aimed higher."

"Higher? And who am I to nourish such ambition? A poor musketeer, a beggar and unknown who hates slavery and finds himself ill placed in the world."

"Alas, my dear Aramis!" said D'Artagnan, in his turn heaving a profound sigh.

"A woman whom I love, whom I adore, has just been torn from me by force. I do not know where she is; I have no means of ascertaining where she has been taken to. She is perhaps a prisoner; she is perhaps dead!"

"Yes, but you have at least this consolation, that you can say to yourself she has not quitted you voluntarily, while I"—

"While what?"

"Nothing," replied Aramis, "nothing."

"So you renounce the world, then forever; that is a settled thing; a resolution decreed?"

"Forever! You are my friend today, tomorrow you will be no more to me than a shadow, or, rather, even you will no longer exist for me. As for the world, it is a sepulcher and nothing else."

"Well, then, let us say no more about it," said D'Artagnan, "and let us burn this letter, which, no doubt, announces to you some fresh infidelity of your servant maid."

"What letter?" cried Aramis eagerly. "A letter which was sent to your abode in your absence and which was given to me for you."

"But from whom is that letter?"

"Oh, from some heartbroken waiting

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

"She is not faithless; she still loves me!"

order to appear smart and attractive, stole some perfumed paper and sealed her letter with a duchess' coronet."

"What do you say?"

"Well, I really think I must have lost it," said the young man maliciously, while pretending to search for it.

"D'Artagnan, D'Artagnan," cried Aramis, "you are killing me!"

"Well, here it is at last!" said D'Artagnan as he drew the letter from his pocket.

Aramis sprang toward him, seized the letter, read it, or, rather, devoured it, his countenance absolutely beaming with delight.

"Thanks, D'Artagnan, thanks!" cried he, almost in a state of delirium. "She was forced to return to Tours. She is not faithless; she still loves me! Dear friend, let me embrace you! Happiness almost stifles me!"

At that moment Bazin entered with the spinach and the omelette.

"Be off, you scoundrel!" cried Aramis, throwing his cap in his face. "Order a larded hare, a fat capon and four bottles of the best Burgundy! Let us drink, my dear D'Artagnan, and while we do so tell me something about what is doing in the world yonder."

CHAPTER XXI.

The Wife of Athos.

"WELL, we have now to search for Athos," said D'Artagnan to the vivacious Aramis when he had informed him of all that had passed since their departure from the capital and a good dinner had made one of them forget his theology and the other his fatigue.

"Do you think, then, that any harm can have happened to him?" asked Aramis. "Athos is so cool, so brave and handles his sword so skillfully."

"There is no doubt of all that. But I fear lest Athos should have been beaten down by a mob of serving men. This is my reason for wishing to set out again as soon as I possibly can."

"I will try to accompany you," said Aramis, "though I scarcely feel in condition to mount on horseback. When do you mean to set out?"

"Tomorrow at daybreak."

"Till tomorrow, then," said Aramis, "for, iron nerved as you are, you must stand in need of repose."

The next morning when D'Artagnan entered Aramis' chamber he found him standing at the window.

"What are you looking at there?" asked D'Artagnan.

"I am admiring three magnificent horses which the stable lads are leading about. It would be a pleasure worthy of a prince to travel upon such horses."

"Well, my dear Aramis, you may enjoy that pleasure, for one of those three horses is yours, with its caparison."

"What, those rich holsters, that velvet housing, that saddle studded with silver, are they all mine? Why, it must have been the king who made you such a present."

"To a certainty it was not the cardinal, but he satisfied that one of them is your property."

"I choose that which the red headed boy is leading."

"Have it, then."

"That is enough to drive away all my pains. I could ride upon him with thirty balls in my body. What handsome stirrups! Hola! Bazin, come here this minute."

The two young men and the lackey went down into the yard.

As a rule every man has two kinds of friends, those whom he needs and those who need him.

DID NOT KNOW WHAT IT WAS TO BE RID OF BOILS.

When the blood becomes impure, it is only natural that boils, pimples, or some other indication of bad blood should break out of the system. There is only one thing to do, and that is to purify the blood by using a thorough blood cleansing medicine such as BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

MR. ANDREW E. COLLIER, River Glade, N.B., writes:—"For years I was troubled with Boils. I did not know what it was to be rid of them until I began to use BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. I only used two bottles of it, and it is now over ten years, and I can honestly say that I have never had any boils since. I can always recommend B.B.B."

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS is a remedy indicated for the purification of the blood, and has been used by thousands

from my stirrup, Bazin," cried Aramis.

And Aramis sprang into his saddle with his usual grace and lightness, but after a few vaults and curvets of the noble animal his rider felt his pains come on so insupportably that he turned pale and became unsteady in his seat. D'Artagnan caught him in his arms and assisted him to his chamber.

"That's well, my dear Aramis; take care of yourself," said he. "I will go alone in search of Athos."

"You are a man of brass," replied Aramis.

"No; I have good luck, that is all. But how do you mean to pass your time till I come back? No more theology!"

They took leave of each other and in ten minutes, after commending his friend to the cares of the hostess and Bazin, D'Artagnan was trotting along in the direction of Amiens.

How was he going to find Athos, even should he find him at all? The position in which he had left him was critical. He might very probably have succumbed. This idea, while darkening his brow, drew several sighs from him and caused him to formulate to himself a few vows of vengeance. Of all his friends Athos was the eldest and the least resembling him in appearance, in his tastes and sympathies. And yet he entertained a marked preference for this gentleman. The noble and distinguished air of Athos, those flashes of greatness which from time to time broke out from the shade in which he voluntarily kept himself, that unalterable equality of temper which made him the most pleasant companion in the world, that forced gayety, that bravery which might have been termed blind if it had not been the result of the rarest coolness—such qualities attracted more than the esteem, more than the friendship, of D'Artagnan; they attracted his admiration.

"Well," thought D'Artagnan, "poor Athos is perhaps at this moment dead, and dead by my fault, for it was I who dragged him into this affair."

And these thoughts redoubled the eagerness of D'Artagnan, who excited his horse, which stood in need of no excitement, and they proceeded at a rapid pace. About 11 o'clock in the morning they perceived Amiens, and at half past 11 they were at the door of the inn.

"In the name of heaven! Listen to me. Speak!"

D'Artagnan had often meditated against the perfidious host one of those hearty vengeances which offer consolation while being hoped for. He entered the hostelry with his hat pulled over his eyes, his left hand on the pummel of the sword, and cracking his whip with his right hand.

"Do you remember me?" said he to the host, who advanced, bowing, toward him.

"I have not that honor, monsieur," replied the latter, his eyes being dazzled by the brilliant style in which D'Artagnan traveled.

"Well, two words will refresh your memory. What have you done with that gentleman against whom you had the audacity about twelve days ago to make an accusation of passing bad money?"

The host became as pale as death, D'Artagnan having assumed a threatening attitude, and Planchet having modeled himself upon his master.

"Ah, monseigneur, do not mention it!" cried the host in the most pitiable voice imaginable. "Ah, seigneur, how dearly have I paid for that fault! Deign to listen to me, monseigneur, and be merciful. Sit down, I beg."

D'Artagnan, mute with anger and uneasiness, took a seat in the threatening attitude of a judge, Planchet looking fiercely over the back of his fauteuil.

"Here is the history, monseigneur," resumed the trembling host, "for I now recollect you. It was you who rode off at the moment I had that unfortunate difference with the gentleman you speak of. I had been warned by the authorities that a celebrated coiner of bad money would arrive at my place with several of his companions, all disguised as guards or musketeers. I was furnished with a de-

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

exactly meet the need which so often arises in every family for a medicine to open up and regulate the bowels. Not only are they effective in all cases of Constipation, but they help greatly in breaking up a Cold or La Grippe by cleaning out the system and purifying the blood. In the same way they relieve or cure Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headaches, Rheumatism and other common ailments. In the fullest sense of the words Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are

A Household Remedy

scription of your horses, your lackeys, your countenances—nothing was omitted."

"Go on, go on!" said D'Artagnan, who quickly conceived whence such an exact description had come.

"I took, then, in conformity with the orders of the authorities, who sent me a reinforcement of six men, such measures as I thought necessary to get possession of the persons of the pretended coiners."

"But, once again, that gentleman, where is he? What is become of him? Is he dead? Is he living?"

"That gentleman, your friend, defended himself desperately. Having placed two men hors de combat with his pistols, he retreated, fighting with his sword, with which he disabled one of my men and stunned me with a blow of the flat side of it."

"But," cried D'Artagnan, "Athos—what is become of Athos?"

"While fighting and retreating, as I have told monseigneur, he found the door of the cellar stairs behind him, and as the door was open, he took out the key and barricaded himself inside. As we were sure of finding him there, we left him alone."

"Yes," said D'Artagnan, "you did not particularly wish to kill him and so were satisfied with detaining him a prisoner."

(To be continued.)

PILES Do not suffer another day with Itching, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and as certainly cure you. 60c. a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp to pay postage.

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A police raid on Hamilton gamblers was "tipped off."

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Let us see your old ones, and old boot that is properly repaired is better than new ones. We give special attention to repairing.

You can have rubber soles on leather boots and leather soles on rubber boots. We excel in repairing all kinds of rubber goods.

We also make ladies and gents boots to measure. Special attention given to corns, bunions, etc. Repairing while you wait.

Sum

E. P

PENIEL

Peniel, July 7.—Mr. Bodie and son of Toronto, were the guests of Mr. Wright and other neighborhood on Wednesday.

Miss Ettie Wright of Toronto, spent the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wright.

Mrs. Smith of Manilla, Lavina Coone, of Lindsay, guests of their daughter, Messrs. Rich. Nancekivell Wilson are spending a few days Bolsover.

Mr. W. G. Hardy of Lindsay, has returned home here for the holidays.

Our teacher, Miss [illegible] and Mr. R. A. Mackey respective homes in Woodville on Friday.

Mrs. Smith and son of Toronto, spent the week-end with John McKague's.

Judge McDougall of [illegible] July 1st at his farm here. The second holiday of the year here was on Dominion day week, when Mr. L. Hardy sold a large piece advised to be cleared for farm occupied by Mr. Fred Nancekivell.

Mr. Fred Nancekivell is building a fine house on his farm near the church. Mr. Morgan of Lindsay, has the contract.

Miss Lillie McKague is visiting with Greenbank friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore of Toronto, spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Osborne.

The July meeting of the Ladies' Aid was held at Mrs. Nancekivell's on Friday, July 4th, in spite of the inclemency of the weather some twenty-five ladies were present. After the usual business was transacted the afternoon was spent in sewing, then the hostess served a dainty luncheon. Plans were discussed for a garden party, particulars later.

Miss Clara Squiers, of Lindsay, is the guest of friends.

The members of the Ladies' Aid Society are holding a strawberry festival on Mr. Harper's beautiful lawn on July 8th. A splendid programme consisting of reading, solos, the Linden Valley orchestra, male quartet, etc., is being prepared. Proceeds are to be in aid of the church.

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Conducted by Dept. of A

FOR SALE

Iron Grey Road Mare, [illegible] years. Will weigh about 1,200 lbs.

Black blood horse, well-broke single and double, rising 4 years, weight 1,150 lbs.

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Hogs, 12—16 weeks, pr

Farm to rent with or without stock, 100—150 acres.

Send "wants" and "for sale" notices to us. No expense to you if they appear in our column.

If you are planning to do any work and are in doubt about the right outlet, the grade, or depth at which to dig, then call on us. We have the instruments and it costs you nothing to have us look it over.

For information apply at the Bureau of Agriculture, Lindsay.