

The Castle Comedy

By THOMPSON BUCHANAN

Copyright, 1904, by HARPER & BROTHERS

Dubarre straightened. "My—I mean Mlle. Percy," he said, and releasing her, bowed with the deep reverence of a subject before his queen.

"Good! Good!" cried the others.

Sir John strode for comfort over beside Sir Henry.

The blind man came back to light. He stood in the midst of them all, smiling slightly and holding the handbag in one hand. May Percy was beside him. The others stood about, but those two seemed in some way to be off to themselves, apart from the rest. The girl looked at her captor with a sort of troubled archness. Something it was of the same look she had worn when he made her dance the minuet.

"I tried, yet I could not escape you. I have got past all our gallants easily. I don't understand."

Then evidently the dancing master forgot himself. He bent toward her, eager, earnest to explain.

"Mademoiselle, but slipped a little. My good fortune caught her. Mistress Percy is handicapped always, for no man can stay long away."

The glance that flashed about the circle showed amazement then.

Sir Henry Percy, already black as midnight, grew ponderous in his rage. "Come, come, children," he belloved.



As though accustomed, Dubarre assumed readily the dominating place.

"It's almost time for the feast! Hurry away to prepare yourselves!" And thus rudely he broke up the game.

Gaily they moved toward the castle. The girls gossiped together.

"Isn't he graceful?" exclaimed Alice Harmon. "Did you ever see such quickness, catching May?"

Ethel Courtleigh laughed. "Tut, child! Didn't you see him peeping?"

"For my part," observed Elizabeth Hampton, "I believe she slipped on purpose."

Dubarre still stood where he had caught May Percy. He was looking at the handbag in his hand and smiling with a sort of puzzled, quizzical wonder—as it were, laughing at himself.

"Monsieur," with marked emphasis on the title, "seems strangely at home as the game of blind man's buff."

Sir John followed the lead.

"Certainly he displays rare excellence. One might imagine he had played diligently at it from childhood, with the French army perhaps."

Dubarre looked up. "No, no, messieurs," he laughed, "not there. The amperer reverses the game. His enemies are blindfold."

Sir Henry Percy and Sir John walked away with much dignity, but without giving a reply. Dubarre resumed his musing.

Now a big oak, the captain of the conducting host of trees, stood out in the center foreground of the lawn. There was a bench on the dark side of the tree, and the path through the garden to the castle ran past it on the right, and on the left continued to the woodland lodge, where the dancing master lived, a quarter of a mile away.

The birthday feast was to be set on the lawn near this "captain" tree, and there, leaning against the bench, Pierre had left his heart.

Mistress Percy, starting toward the house after the others, stopped in the garden to get a shower for her hair, then returned to the lawn to superintend the placing of the tables for the birthday feast. Coming along the path, she stepped from behind the big tree almost to overrun Dubarre. Both started.

"You here?" she exclaimed.

The man drew back. "I am in mademoiselle's way?"

"No, oh, no," she protested.

"Mademoiselle is disturbed; unwell perhaps." There was insistence in his speech.

"You know I'm not."

Still he seemed bent on forcing it.

"What, then, mademoiselle?"

Quickly she faced him, all sternness.

"Is this you, sir?"

"For the first time since they had met the girl had the upper hand.

"I" he cried against.

"Yes, you've been remis." The words were a rebuke; the tone, utter condemnation. They swept him to inglorious defeat.

"I remain to you? Oh, mademoiselle!" He dropped on one knee, pain in every look and word and gesture.

"Yes, you've not given me my dancing lesson." And the smile that broke over her face as she said it showed the first awakening of one who begins to live.

Dubarre sprang to his feet all ablaze with happiness.

"Ah, mademoiselle, like le bon Dieu, you give pain that great joy may follow."

"Monsieur!" That was all, but the smile, that was your birthday. I thought the lesson forgot." He cried it eagerly as a defense.

"Monsieur!" Repeatedly this time she said it.

"But how I shall atone!"

"The minuet."

"With Pierre and his harp," the man broke in delightedly. He ran to the path and called over toward the lodge. "Pierre! Pierre!" Then came back to the girl beside the tree.

"Have you taught many ladies of France the minuet, monsieur?" she asked as they waited for Pierre.

"I fear that none can now be taught, mademoiselle."

She drew up coldly. "Which means, of course, they all know. We English girls are perhaps more backward. We learn more of housewifery, less of junk-junk and furbelows."

After that there was silence until Pierre appeared.

"A minuet, Pierre." The dancing master spoke in his most professional tone. The music began, and they took positions.

As their hands met in the dance: "And does the house— Oh, what do you call it?" asked Dubarre.

"Housewifery?" prompted the girl.

"Yes, that's it. Does that give the grand air, mademoiselle?" he questioned, most innocently.

"Does flattery come within your province, M. Dubarre?" she answered.

"I was brave of you."

"Even a poor dancing master can be brave for the truth, mademoiselle." There was no reply for that.

"You said your countrywomen do not care for the minuet. Why is it?" she asked after a pause.

His face lighted. "Because, their hearts pump warm blood, mademoiselle, not freezing water that boils only from anger. For such, the minuet, but for women of heart, the dance."

"The dance?" She stopped and looked the question. "One we English would like? What is the dance?"

The time, the scene, the maid had all combined to make the Frenchman reckless. The poetry of his French nature was uppermost.

"It is a world's music throbbing in one's feet—this dance! Ah, mademoiselle, to a man!"—he paused.

"Yes, to a man"—she repeated slowly. "It is sometimes to carry heaven in his arms until his very heart sings in its joy."

"Carry heaven in his arms, monsieur?"

"I mean the vaise, mademoiselle. Would you value?" His eagerness was overwhelming.

To her cheeks there came the quick flush that faded quick again, in her eyes that looked of sweet yet arch surrender. "You are the dancing master, monsieur."

"Pierre, a vaise!" he cried.

Then Dubarre stepped close and put his arm about her.

"With all respect, mademoiselle."

She yielded, and they began waltzing slowly.

Now Dubarre spoke. "One, two, three—one, two, three. Ah, mademoiselle, 'tis the poetry of life clothed in the joy of motion. Can you not feel, for this 'gaint each other hearts talk, throbs to throbs?"

Over beside the tree Pierre began to show signs of meanness.

May Percy's head was bent down. Her breast moved with deep breaths, a dawning plink had stolen to her cheeks. Dubarre looked at her.

"Pardon, mademoiselle. I was wrong. 'Tis far more beautiful when the warmth of an English heart melts the mask of ice from off the face." He half-whispered the words.

Pierre coughed sudden warning.

The man continued eagerly. "Then, then, mademoiselle!"

Again Pierre coughed aloud. Dubarre glanced that way. The harpist, with his head, was making violent signs of disapproval.

The hands of the dancing master fell. He stepped back suddenly and bowed. When he spoke it was in quite altered tones and very sad.

"But, mademoiselle, I forgot. There is another dance, quite another dance—the dance of the sword, where men choose honor for a partner and go down to meet death at the end. And that, mademoiselle, is the grandest dance of all."

They stood apart, looking at each other. In his face she watched struggling resolution, glad hard mastery, while he saw but blushing wonder and the questioning softness of her eyes. And as they stood thus there floated over from the harp the air of an old French love song, a song of parting.

But louder from the direction of the house came the hearty voice of Sir Henry Percy, calling: "May! Oh, May!"

"What can I do?" asked May Percy gently.

The stranger became instantly valuable.

"My name, Jacques Fournay. My cousin, Jean." Then he indicated by signs that Jean was deaf and dumb. "We run from ze la belle France, from ze leetle Corsican. He hate us. We look for comrades, les bons comrades, who came before. We meet, zen we be so happy, but—" as he noted the tables which the servants had begun to spread for the feast—"so hungry."

May Percy's mind was already made up. "Father, no person shall go hungry from here on my birthday," she cried. "These men must stay, eat and rest tonight. Tomorrow you will give them a little to find their comrades."

Then Dubarre spoke.

"Mademoiselle, may not all the beggar Frenchmen be together? I will gladly share my room with my compatriots."

At the words Jacques Fournay looked quickly at the speaker. For a moment their eyes met. Then Fournay's glance fell.

"The very thing!" exclaimed Sir Henry Percy.

"Yes, a good plan—all together," echoed Sir John.

Mistress Percy turned to Dubarre. "Certainly, monsieur, if it gives you pleasure," she said. And so the matter was settled. As Dubarre led the newcomers off toward the house Captain Thornecliffe of the smaller French man the soldier checked suddenly, looking in puzzled fashion, then came on, evidently wondering. The little Frenchman ducked his head and hurried after Dubarre.

The tables had been set, the feast brought on, and the guests came troop in back. May Percy, from her post at the head of the table, seated them.

"On my left, captain; Ethel, next to him; next to Ethel, James; and you, Alice, on my father's right." Then she motioned for Sir John to sit at her own right hand. "Dorothy—Sir Henry—Elizabeth."

"I'm sorry the bishop is not here to ask the blessing," quoth Sir Henry. "You should have brought him, Sir Harvey."

"His grace got prevented," answered Sir Harvey Johnston, "but he swears to be over in a day or two."

"Not all were in place, and the feast began. Seated on the bench behind the big tree, a dozen feet away and almost out of sight, Pierre, at the harp, made music for the diners. Dubarre had gone to show the strangers his room. Such feasts were not for renegade dancing teachers.

Gradually, at the table, appetites surrendered, and there came that time when tongues were loosed in praise of host and hostess. Captain Thornecliffe had been descending on the virtues and might of the French.

"Why, even the French have a Percy," he exclaimed as a climax.

"Indeed?" asked Sir John Wilmerding, with interest.

"And he is the worst devil in the army," added the enthusiastic captain.

"Sedition! Sedition!" went the laughing cry about the table, and Sir Henry came quickly with explanations for his family.

"He is my cousin." The squire spoke very much after the same fashion as would have admitted, "My brother died of leprosy."

But Thornecliffe was honest in his admiration.

"Indeed, you should be proud of the connection, sir," he said, while May Percy clapped her hands, saying: "Good, captain, good!"

"Tell us, is he handsome? Let us know all about him. What has he done?" came the irregular fire of questions from the rest.

"Well," said the captain meditatively, "for one thing he stole General Wellington's papers."

"A thief!" It was the horrified chorus.

"Aye, and one of the boldest," laughed the soldier. "When we started from Lisbon we were warned of this French Percy, who might pass anywhere for English."

Interested in what promised to be a good story, none noticed Dubarre, who, coming along the path from his lodge, quietly took his seat on the bench beside Pierre and began to listen.

"A traitor is this Percy?" asked Sir John.

Sir Henry answered, "His mother was my cousin, Sarah Percy."

"Daughter of Cousin John," added May Percy.

Her father nodded. "He disinherited her when she ran away with the Vicomte de St. Croix. We never saw her again."

A gentle "ah" of sympathy for the disinherited daughter of the long ago ran from girl to girl about the table.

"There was no heir. The place came to our branch," continued Sir Henry. "I believe her son is called Percy. I heard she died abroad, and rumor says the boy was taught by Englishmen."

"They did their work well," spoke up Captain Thornecliffe. "As I began to tell you, we were after Sont close. One night a man, claiming to be an escaped English prisoner, joined the ranks. He wore a heavy English beard and looked the Englishman. Also, he gave good information of Sont and led us until daylight. At daybreak there was a cry of alarm, a stir at the outpost. In the camp three sentinels were dying. A lieutenant who tried to stop the stranger fell wounded. In the morning the 'escaped English prisoner' was gone. So were the headquarters papers." The captain finished with a smile and shrug. Not so his hearers.

"Atrocious! Audacious! Horrible! Could nothing be done?" They were the exclamations of scandalized, stay at home Englishmen, horrified at the insult put upon their country's arms abroad.

"The captain listened, then continued,

smiling: "Yes, in the morning came a message under flag of truce. 'Feeling that he had taken advantage of our hospitality, Vicomte de St. Croix, the man who once held a Spanish pass for half a day against a regiment, offered to fight any officer in the English army with sabers for the amusement of the two hosts and the English headquarters papers as the prize.'"

"Did any one accept?" asked May Percy eagerly.

"The general would not allow an officer to commit suicide," was the laconic ending.

"Suicide?" questioned Wilmerding, surprised.

"Exactly," answered Thornecliffe. "No man in fair fight can stand against French Percy."

"Captain Thornecliffe seems very friendly toward the renegade," whispered Sir Harvey Johnston disagreeably. "And sure of his prowess," sneered James Bate.

The captain's reputation for reckless bravery was too well founded to mind it.

"Naturally," he laughed. "I was the lieutenant."

Then Mistress Courtleigh's eyes went very big. "He beat you, captain?" she exclaimed.

"Easily. I had called to the men on outpost not to shoot, because I wanted to take the daring fellow alive, myself. 'Thanks, monsieur,' he cried, 'accept your life and a small wound from me.' Then he cut me down, jumped on my horse and rode away amid a storm of bullets, calling back to us, 'Vive l'empereur!' Naturally I feel in his debt."

"Audacious scoundrel!" roared Sir Henry, then added, "But his granddaddy, old Jack Percy, over again."

"But is my cousin handsome?" questioned May Percy.

"They say so, without his beard."

"And married?" she persisted.

The captain laughed again. "No, and he despises women. They adore him."

"Well, for my part," sneered James Bate, "I don't admire renegades."

"Nor I like spies," simpered Sir Harvey Johnston.

Sir John Wilmerding had become a bit excited. "Nor I, either," he cried. "The low thief!" Then he added viciously, "I'd love to have him at my sword's point, this French Percy."

At that Gaston Dubarre and Pierre, seated on the bench behind the tree, looked at each other.

"And between two touches on the harp strings his man nodded a smiling 'yes.'"

Over at the table May Percy and Ethel Courtleigh were talking low. "I'd like to meet my cousin," said Mistress Percy.

Captain Thornecliffe, still chuckling to himself over Sir John Wilmerding's last speech, heard her.

"You may yet, young lady," he cried. "'Tis said to be French Percy's boast that some day he will come to England and stop at his mother's home. They say he promised her to do it."

Sir Henry Percy rose quickly then.

"Tush, tush!" he exclaimed irritably. "Enough of this. We should be merry, not discuss French dogs, for to me this is an aspect of time of joy."

"To be sure, to be sure," cried Thornecliffe, eager to make amends, "for isn't it the seventeenth birthday of one of the fairest maids in all England?"

"Right, captain, but my joy goes deeper. This is not only my daughter's birthday, but today sees my fondest hopes well on the road to be realized."

Sir John Wilmerding glanced at May Percy, then smiled a quick smile of joyful anticipation. At her father's words the girl's eyes flashed fierce rebellion; then, as she looked at him standing there so happy, became as quiet miserably resigned. With maddening playfulness Sir Henry continued:

"It's a pretty secret, and it is my pleasure, friends and neighbors, to tell you of it, but can you guess this little romance?" He paused.

About the table were sly winks and laughs and gestures toward Mistress Percy and Sir John. A dozen feet away and partly screened behind a tree a man stood at strained attention, watching a girl's face and listening for every word.

Again Sir Henry took up his speech. "It all goes back to the time when Sir Elmer Wilmerding and I were young men, friends, closer than brothers. And in those days we planned a romance. He had a son, young John Wilmerding, and I a daughter."

Now at the tree Pierre stopped playing and rose quickly to lay a sympathetic hand upon his comrade's shoulder. That comrade paid no attention—only with his eyes he sought that other pair of eyes, equally miserable, and watched, answering line for line every mark of pain on a girl's white face. And the gay tittering about the table was the laughing accompaniment for breaking hearts. The squire was now in a hurry to finish.

"We fixed our hopes on these children. I have watched John Wilmerding grow, and, whether a playing boy, a youth or a man, he has held my respect, and today I am very happy."

There was deep silence among the guests, the silence of stifled expectation. Beside the tree Dubarre bent forward, eager, intent, fearful, a prisoner awaiting the certain death sentence.

"It is wise, good joy!" Sir Henry spoke very slowly—"that I announce the betrothal of my daughter, Mistress May Percy, to Sir John Wilmerding."

He stopped, beaming over all. Now rang out the "bravos" and the lively buzz of congratulation. Over by the big tree a man turned bitterly aside. "Mon Dieu, and they call that a romance!" he said. The prisoner had got his sentence.

At the table, he strained smile making mock of her own miserable eyes, a girl sat waiting for the hum of congratulation to simmer down. Sir Henry raised his glass.

"And now to the health of these young doves. Their health, friends, their health!" he cried. "It was drunk standing, and when they sat down Captain Thornecliffe remained on his feet for a speech."

"I believe with the Scriptures," began the captain, "that he who captures a woman's heart is greater than he that taketh a city."

"Did Lord Byron or Sir Walter Scott write your Bible, captain?" asked Mistress Stanfield. But the soldier was

impervious to assault.

"And I will add," he continued, with a meaning glance at Ethel Courtleigh, "great is the woman who will allow her heart to be captured. And so— and so—I will drink a health to those who have so closely followed the Scriptures, and may they always show their wisdom and—and—er—magnanimity, as they have done on this occasion."

The captain gave place to James Bate amid cheers and laughter.

"Upon my word, I ought to say something," he began. "I know I ought, but I cannot think of it. We should all be glad, I dare say—don't you think we should all—that is, you and I—all of us?"

"A handsome pair, eh, James?" suggested Sir Henry.

"Yes, I don't know—oh, yes, of course—that is, not"—He cleared his throat, then paused for a moment, silent, awkward. "It's embarrassing as the devil!"

The captain coughed violently. James Bate stood, not knowing what to do. The others laughed.

Suddenly from behind the tree at the left appeared Dubarre. In five quick strides he had reached the far side of the table. His head was high, his body erect. It was not the dancing master, but a suffering-made gentleman among his peers, who came unanimously to add his congratulations to the rest. By comparison the exquisite opposite was more awkward, more silly, than ever. The guests looked up astounded.

"Pardon, monsieur." And, with the air of a French gentleman, Dubarre reached over and took Sir John Wilmerding's wingglass. Then he stepped back so as to face May Percy and the rest.

"May a poor Frenchman, an intruder, add his humble toast to mademoiselle?" he asked.

Sir Henry half rose, but the girl bowed without speaking, and he subsided.

Next, as silent, breathless at his audacity, they watched him, Dubarre raised his glass:

"To the Lady of Moods.
To the Countess of Grace.
To the Duchess of Gayety.
To the Queen of Courtesy.
To the Empress of Hearts.
To the Goddess of Love.
To her whose beauty now, like a mountain torrent from above, rushes o'er.
Next, as the thoughtful pool at the heart of nature, woos one:
Whose courtesy is the constant, sweet picturing of her heart's innocence.
The purity of whose soul, shining from midnight eyes, would shame the whitest moonlight;
Whose Alpine courage and goodness tower above the clouds of men's understanding.
Whose wit, as sun's rays flashing on those snow clad heights, dazzles, but does not wound;
Whose moods are as the snowflakes, infinite, yet each its very own;
Whose love, as that snow, pure and undefiled, rests high, secure on the mountain of her trust;
Whose whole self is God's expression of perfect joy to man.
To her, then, whom, seeing, man must say, 'I have followed marsh lights, but now the evening star; henceforth I follow no more marsh lights.'"

He paused a moment, then added, with deepest loving reverence: "To Mistress Percy, God bless her!"

He drank and, as in the queen's toast, snapped off the stem of his glass. Then he stood looking down silently at the pieces in his hand. And in his face could be read plainly what the broken glass meant to him.

With an undermuttered oath, Sir John started up from his seat. Mistress Percy laid a restraining hand on his arm, and he sat down again. At the foot of the table Sir Henry Percy sprang to his feet.

"Have done! Have done!" the squire cried. "Tis time for the dance. Come, all of you, and"—he added it with a sneer—"show your teaching."

Scrambling up in confusion, the party started for the house. But off the way Elizabeth Hampton found time to whisper to Dorothy Stanfield, "If he were a gentleman, Dorothy, Sir John would not be betrothed."

May Percy started with the rest, but in a moment returned to get her forgotten glove. She came back into the cloud world of romance. Pierre was playing softly on his harp, a dreary, mournful melody, the farewell. With his eyes bent down, Dubarre still stood beside the table. And as she watched him he raised his head, sighed, and the pieces of the broken wingglass fell at his feet.

"M. Dubarre"—he started and whirled her—"have you—have you"—she stammered painfully—"have you seen my glove? I dropped one somewhere."

In a flash Dubarre had spied it under her seat at the table.

Over again: "Ah! Out, out!" Then he went back to his clothes brushing.

Fournay asked the next question.

"You been long run away from France?"

Immediately the harpist became too excited to talk straight English.

"Long?" he cried. "Ah, ma fell Much longer 'an if we had not been away so long."

"You mean you been a long time here?" questioned the disgusted Fournay.

Pierre looked at him with admiration. "Ah, you see, I Frenchman. How nice to talk two—Anglais, French—both well." The combination of apology and admiration in his tone was wonderful.

After that there was silence for a time. The harpist lifted the dancing master's coat and began to shake it. As he did so a heavy ring dropped out upon the floor. With a quick "Mon Dieu!" muttered under his breath, Pierre began to search about for the ring. He brought a candle from the high mantle to help him. Fournay sat back in his chair and looked on with indifference. His companion, Jean, had waked up very suddenly. Now and then, when Pierre's back was turned, the pair would look quickly at each other. Pierre was too interested in his search to notice.

"Why, there it is by lag of o' ze table!" cried Fournay at last from his chair. He had seen the light gleam on the gold. Pierre snatched up the ring joyfully.

"Mon Dieu, me glad!" he cried as though immensely relieved; then added in explanatory tone: "A present from the Anglaise mademoiselle he

About Watches

We carry a large line of Gold, Gold Filled, Silver and Nickel Cases in the latest designs.

We fit any case with either a Waltham or Elgin movement, as preferred, or any grade desired, and absolutely guarantee every watch we sell.

Inspectors of G. T. R. Time Service.

BRITTON BROS.

Foot of Kent-St., LINDSAY

PIANOS, ORGANS and SEWING MACHINES

Highest grade Pianos and Organs; best makes. Canadian and American Sewing Machines for sale at very right prices and on terms to suit any honest purchaser. All goods guaranteed. Come and see us.

Wm. Warren,
Opposite St. Andrew's Church,
O. Box 217 Lindsay, Ont.

BARGAINS

In New Goods at the CHINA HALL

Dinner Sets	Cut Glass
Tea Sets	Flower Pots
Toilet Sets	Table Glasses
Fancy China	Tea Pots
Lamps	Etc., Etc.

—See our values before you buy—
—We are DIRECT IMPORTERS—

A. L. CAMPBELL,

CHINA HALL, WILLIAM ST.
GROCERIES, KENT ST.

W. E. McCARTY

DECIMAL WATCHES

A GOOD WATCH is like a good friend. It wears well. Not only so, but which you can see, but the watch, with their hundreds of little wheels, gears and parts, all hidden from sight, but doing a big business just the same. Many of them are made in our own works, and one that will last an old friend—is the celebrated

DECIMAL WATCH

Have a talk with us about it before purchasing a new watch.

Marriage Licenses and Wedding Rings at

The Popular Jewelry Store

A PRETTY PICTURE

Is always worth Framing and you will often be surprised at its appearance when Framed.

We have just received a large shipment of American Moulding and will give a Special Low Price on Work received during the next month.

Bring Your Picture in and let us quote you for a Frame on it.

Henley Bros.,

Kent-st. Near the Market

McLennan & Co.

Washing Machines
Clothes Wringers
Step Ladders
Wheel Barrows
Curtain Stretchers
Bird Cages
Horse Clippers
Poultry Netting
Alabastine
Kalsomine
Prism Paint
Floor Wax
Portland Cement
Glazed Sewer Pipe
Fire Bricks
Fire Clay

McLennan & Co.

Hardware, Coal, Iron

JOSEPH MEEHAN

AUCTIONEER
for the County of Victoria
Auction Sales of all kinds of property attended to. Satisfaction guaranteed. Lindsay P. O., Ont.

Physician
DR. J. McALPINE—
and colic, etc.,
attention paid to
throat and
hours: 10 a.m. to 8
p.m.

DR. F. BLAND
GRADUATE TORONTO
SITY, CORNER F
TY OF VICTORIA
Office—Ridout-st., cor
Lindsay-sts. Phone 45

DR. FULTON S. V
N.W. cor. Cambridge an
Telephone 51b.
Hours: 8 to 12
2 to 6

OLIVE M. REA,
Graduate of Trinity U
of Ontario Medical Co
Special attention
given to women and ch
8 to 10 a.m., 2 to 5
61 Kent-S

M. B. ANN
Eyesight Spec
(Successor to Dr. L
Office and Parlors 92 E
Neill's Shoe Store
Special attention giv
examining an
Store, with proper lens
Lenses, eye-glasses
fitted and adjuste
Hours—9 to 5, Sat
and by appointment.

Dentist
DR. GROSS, Dentist,
101 Royal College B
Ont. All modern m
different department
successfully practiced

DR. POOJE, DENTIS
opposite the post
attention given to c
Edward V. Pogue, D

DR. SUTTON, Dent
Honorary graduate of
Royal College of
Surgeons. All the m
methods adopted and
size. Office over Post
William, street.

DR. F. A. WALTERS,
Honorary graduate
University and Roy
Dentistry. All the
proved branches of
carefully. Office over
Store, corner Kent
etc.

DRS. NEELANDS &
tists, members of the
lege of Dental Surge
all the latest method
Orthodontia. Crow
work. The successful
teeth under gas (Vit
the insertion of the
dentures continues to
of this office. Offic
ete the Simpson Ho

Barristers.
H. HOPKINS, Bar
or for the Ontario B
loan at lowest rates
William-st., south.

STEWART & O'CONN
Notaries, etc. Most
very lowest current
terms. Office cor
York-sts., Lindsay.
T. Stewart, L. V. C.

MOORE & JACKSON
etc., solicitors for
Victoria and the Pa
Money to loan on
the lowest current
William-st., Lindsay.
F. D. Moore.

LEIGH R. KNIGHT
Histor, Notary Publ
Waterloo Mutual
Co., of Waterloo; F
durance Co., of Ha
Accident and Surety
dom, Ont. Office
Knights, No. 110, of
Neill's Shoe Store.

McLAUGHLIN, PER
Barristers, Solicit
Office, Corner Ken
streets, over Do
Lindsay. Money to
write. R. J. Mc
James A. Peel, A.
A.

Money to L
J. B. WELDON, Ma
Agent, Issuer of Ma
Contesting in all
THE UNDERSENE
loan money on Far
Village Property a
rates of interest.
Private funds, I u
to buy good mo
WELDON, Solicit
Rock, Lindsay.

BOBROWERS—
money on real estat
the lowest current
rate is done in our
principal and in
us without any ex
We also purch
and debentures.
—We invest money
mortgages, also up
ventures, investme
McLAUGHLIN, B
Barristers, etc., L

Auctione
F. B. JAMES, CAM
of Victoria. Farm
other things promp
charges moderate.