**** Partners 9 the Tide 泰泰泰 *********

"Who are you talkin' to?" he demanded.

"You. Who do you s'pose?" "Well, you'd better shut up." "I had? S'pose I don't want to?"

"Then I'll make you-that's what!" "You will?"

"Yes, I will." "You ain't the size. Takes a man,

not a monkey." "I'll show you whether I'm the size or not."

"You will?" "Aw, gee!" said one of the bigger boys. "I wouldn't take that from no Wellmouth kid, if I was you, Sam."

"Nor I, neither," said another, Thus encouraged, Sam bristled up to his opponent and looked down at him sneeringly. Bradley didn't give way an inch, and the two boys rubbed jackets as they moved slowly about each other. The surrounding group looked delightedly expectant.

"Stop your shovin'!" commanded Sam, giving his enemy a push with his shoulder. "Stop yourself," said Bradley, push-

"I'll put a head on you so's the old maids won't know you."



Mr. Daniels tripped.

"I'll make you snivel worse 'n you

did in school this mornin'." "Well, Sam," exclaimed a spectator in huge disgust, "'fore I'd take that!" The Hammond boy did not really want to fight, but, thus goaded, he suddenly gave Bradley a violent push with both hands. The next instant both youngsters were clasped tightly together, gripping each other about the neck and wrestling savagely. In a moment they fell with a thump and

rolled over and over, pounding, kicking and scratching. The snow flew, and the crowd whooped and pushed and strained to see better. Then there was a rush, a frightened

scurry, and both combatants were pulled apart and jerked to their feet, while Mr. Daniels, holding each by the coat collar, glared down upon them. "You may come with me," he said, with chilling calmness.

The scene in the schoolroom that followed was brief, but exciting. Bradley held out his hand and bit his lip stubbornly while the ferule descendedonce, twice, twelve times.

"There!" said the teacher. "Now. you may take your seat. For a new scholar you begin extremely well. Now, Samuel!" The Hammond hand having received

its share of beating and its owner also sent to his seat, Mr. Daniels said: "Both of you will lose your afternoon recess. I shall also give each of you a note, telling of your punishment, to take home. At half past 4 that afternoon Brad-

ley, with the note tightly clasped in his hand, walked dismally up the walk to the Allen back door. The thought

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in the eyes of his protectors burned like a fire under his new cap; also there older." was a bitter feeling that Gus, the cause of all his trouble, had not been near him to console or ask pardon.

handed it to Miss Prissy the moment he opened the door. She read it and sat heavily down in the chintz rocker. "My soul and body!" she wailed. "Tempy Allen, come here this minute!

Here, for mercy's sake, read this!" Miss Tempy's agitation was even more marked than that of her sister. "Oh, oh, oh!" she cried, waving the

condemning sheet of paper like a distress signal. "How could you? How could you? I don't b'lieve a relation of the Allens was ever whipped in school And his first day too!" Bradley, with direful thoughts of

self destruction in his mind, twisted his new cap into a ball, but said nothing. "He says you were fightin' and there was somethin' else," said Miss Prissy. "Tell the whole story now-every saw the twinkle in his eye and an-

The boy began slowly. He told of shutting the dog in the closet, but was interrupted by the older sister, who demanded to know whose dog it was. "Whose was it?" she asked. "Why don't you ans . r? Don't you know?"

"Yes'm." "Then whose was it?" Bradley shifted his feet uneasily on

"I ain't goin' to tell," he muttered sullenly.

"Ain't goin' to tell? Why, I nev"-She was interrupted. The door behind Bradley flew open, and Gus appeared, tearful, but determined.

"Miss Prissy and Miss Tempy," she began, "don't you scold Bradley-don't you, now, a bit! It was all my fault, every mite of it. Oh, dear, dear!" And, with sobs and amid the ejacula-

tions of the astonished sisters, she told the whole story, omitting nothing and sparing herself not the least. When the recital was finished Miss Prissy was the first to comment upon it. "Well," she exclaimed, "this is the

most-I never did- There, Tempy, if this ain't a lesson in keepin' bad comp'ny, then I don't know. Augusty, you'd better go home, I think." Gus looked at Bradley appealingly,

then at the sisters, and, with another burst of sobs, flung herself out of the door and slammed it behind her. "That awful dog girl!" sputtered Miss Tempy. "I knew what she was

from the time she spoiled this very floor with her dreadful critters. Bradley Nickerson, don't you ever speak to her again. Now promise." But that promise the boy would not make, although the argument lasted for

an hour and ended in his being sent to his room without his supper. "It looks to me," said Miss Prissy that night, "as if we'd got about as

much on our hands as you and me could handle, Tempy." "It certainly does," agreed her sister nervously. "I think it's our duty to ask

Cap'n Titcomb's advice right off."

WHEN the captain called, which he did the next tale of Bradley's eventful first day at school was told him in all its harrowing completeness. Miss Prissy, by previous agreement, acted as story teller, and Miss Tempy was a sort of chorus, breaking in every few moments to supply a neglected detail or comment on a particular fea-

"And we didn't know what to do, concluded Miss Prissy. "He wan't goin' to tell us whose dog it was, and"-"I don't b'lieve he ever would have told," broke in Miss Tempy, "if that 'dog girl' herself hadn't come bouncin'

"And he won't promise not to speak

to her again, neither," continued the older sister. "We sent him to bed without any supper"-"That is, any real supper," interrup

ed the chorus. "Of course we took up cookies and things when we he wouldn't come down, but"-"And he won't promise this mornin'. and he went to school without promisin'. What do you think we ought to Can'n Titcomb?"

"She's noisy and a tomboy," said Miss Prissy decidedly.

likes those dreadful dogs." "Um-hum," answered their visitor, with unimpeachable seriousness. that he had disgraced himself forever course that's a terrible drag, but maybe she'll cut 'em adrift when she gits

"Well, we don't like her," said Miss Prissy, with decision. "And we wish you'd speak to Bradley about it. You It was typical of the boy that he had | know," she added, looking down, "I not thought of destroying the note. He put a lot of dependence in your judgment, Cap'n Titcomb."

"So do I," said Miss Tempy quickly; "jest as much as Prissy does. I b'lieve in you absolutely, Cap'n Ezra." "Yes, yes, of course," hurriedly re-

plied the captain. "Well, I'll speak to the boy by and by and see what I can "Brad," he said, as they came out of

the Allen gate after dinner, "what's this I hear 'bout you gittin' the rope's end yesterday? Never mind spinnin' before. What shall we do, Prissy? the whole yarn. I cal'late I've heard the most of it. You and the Hammond boy had a scrimmage, too, didn't you?" "Yes, sir," said Bradley doggedly. "Hum! Think you'd have licked

him if the skipper hadn't took a hand?" Bradley looked up at his questioner,



"Think you'd have licked him?"

swered with a sheepish grin: "Don't know. Guess I'd have tried mighty

The captain roared. "I presume likely you would," he chuckled. "I understand you've sort of took that little Baker craft next door in tow. She

seems like a smart girl. Do you like "I jedge Prissy and Tempy wouldn't enter her for the cup. Now, Brad, mind I ain't coaxin' you to go back on a friend, but the old mai-that is, your with the persistency of the born gosladies at home, have set out to make a | sip, not to be so easily diverted from

man of you. They're your owners, and his subject, he went on: "I told M'lissy you're expected to sail 'cordin' to their | that, but she said there wan't scarcely orders. If there's one thing that I've a doubt that you meant bus'ness this

part when she didn't have to, and I like her. And I won't promise not to speak to her, neither."

The captain looked down at the lad's square jaw and whistled. "Well," he said, "I don't b'lieve you need to promise, but don't whoop too

loud about it. Run as close to the wind as you can, and don't carry all sail in a two reef breeze jest to show you ain't afraid to. Catch my drift?" "Yes, sir," answered Bradley, rather

doubtfully. "You mean be chums with the girl, but don't tell Miss Prissy and Miss Tempy about it."

"No-o." Captain Ezra looked some what put out by the literal interpretation. "That ain't jest it. Be-well, be easy, and- Oh, thunder! Let it go at that. I guess you know what I mean. How do you think you're goin' to like your school?"

Bradley answered, "Pretty well, guess, when I get more used to it; but, although he did not say so, he was certain that it would take some time to get used to it. As a matter of fact, however, that very lively first day was the only serious trouble for him during the entire term. He was quick to learn and so found little difficulty with his studies and advanced as rapidly as other b vs of his age. As for his behavior, it was no worse than that of any other healthy youngster. At the end of the year he was "promoted"that is, he was no longer a member of the fourth class, but instead proudly left his seat when the third was called. Gus was "promoted" also, much to

the surprise of the "old maids," who could not believe there was any good in the "dog girl." They gradually ceased to urge the boy not to have anything to do with her, for the very good reason that in this matter their urging was of no avail. They grew to understand their colt better as the months passed, and they learned just how tight a rein it was advisable to draw.

Bradley also grew to understand the sisters. He discovered that Miss Prissy was the business woman and that she paid all the bills, bought all the household supplies and did it without con sulting Miss Tempy, whom she treated as a sort of doll with a mechanism that

must not be jarred. Bradley made friends among the vulage boys and did not make any virulent enemies. He had his interrupted fight "out" with Sam Hammond and emerged a conqueror with a black eye and a swollen nose, which were the cause of his being in disgrace at home for a week. Also he joined the "Jolly club," a secret society that met on Saturday afternoons in "Snuppy" Black's

During the long summer vacation

there were chores to do, but there was also all sorts of fun along shore, digging clams on the flats, spearing flatfish along the edge of the channels or rare and much prized trips to the fish weirs where the nets were hauled. Captain Titcomb came home in August for an intended stay of two weeks, and he made the boy happy by taking him for an all day sail and blue fishing excursion off Setuckit Point.

That fishing trip had unexpected and fateful results. The captain had called on Miss Prissy and her sister. the morning of his arrival in Orham "Yes," said Miss Tempy; "and she and, as was his custom, had brought each of them a present-exactly alike, of course. He had promised to dine at the Allen house the following Sunday. But it happened that Peleg Myrick wanted to make one of his infrequent visits to the mainland that week, and he seized the opportunity to hail the catboat containing Bradley and Captain Ezra as it passed his quahaug dory and beg for a passage up. Mr. Peleg Myrick was a hermit. He

lived alone in a little two room shanty on the beach about half a mile from Setuckit Point. He owned a concertina that squeaked and wailed and a Mexican dog-gift of a wrecked skipper-that shivered all the time and howled when the concertina was played. Peleg was certain that the howling was an attempt at singing and boasted that Skeezicks-that was the dog's name-had an "ear for music jest like a human."

Among his other accomplishments Mr. Myrick numbered that of weather prophet. He boasted that he could "smell a storm further 'n a cat can smell fish." It was odd, but he really did seem able to foretell or guess what the weather would be along the Orswore by his prophecies. He was a great talker when he had

any one to talk to and was a gossip whose news items were usually about three months old. Captain Ezra ap preciated odd characters, and he welcomed the chance to get a little fun out of Peleg. "Well, Peleg," said the captain as

the catboat stood about on the first leg of the homeward stretch, "what's the news down the beach? Any of the sand fleas got married lately?" "Don't ask me for no news, Cap'n

Ez!" replied Mr. Myrick. "You're the feller to have news. You ain't married yit, be you?" "No; not yet. I'm waitin' to see

which girl you pick out; then I'll see what's left." "Well, I sin't foolin'. I thought you might be married by now. Last time I was up to the village-'long in June 'twas-I see M'lissy Busteed, and she

courtin' one of the old maids." Captain Titcomb scowled and looked uneasily at his passenger. "She did, hey?" he grunted,

said 'twas common talk that you was

"Yes. I told her I didn't take no stock in that. 'Cap'n Ez,' I says, 'has been courtin' too many times sence I can remember,' I says. 'One time 'twas Mary Emma Cahoon, 'nother time 'twas Seth Wingate's sister's gal, then ag'in 'twas' "-

"All right! All right!" broke in the captain, glancing burriedly at Bradley. "Never mind that. How's the quahaugin' nowadays? Gittin' a fair Miss Prissy's face and her thin fingers

"Pretty fair," replied Peleg. Then. always stuck to it's 'Obey orders or time. Said you fetched presents every break owners.' Sometimes owners' or- time you come home. Said the only ders don't jibe exactly with your own doubt in folks' minds was whether ideas, but never mind-they pay the 'twas Prissy or Tempy you was after. Said she was sure you was after one "She's a good girl," said the boy on 'em, 'cause she as much as asked "She came in and took my 'em one time when she was at their

house, and they didn't deny it." Mr. Myrick talked steadily on this and other subjects all the way to the wharf, but Captain Ezra was silent and thoughtful. He shook hands with Bradley at the gate of the Traveler's Rest and said goodby in an absentminded way.

"I s'pose you'll be 'round to dinner Sunday, Cap'n Ez?" said the boy. "Hey? Sunday? Well, I don't know.

It might be that I shall be called back to the schooner sooner than I expect, Can't tell." Sure enough, the next day the sisters received a note from their ex-

pected guest saying that he was obliged

to leave at once for Portland and could not, therefore, be with them on Sunday. The ladies were disappointed, but thought nothing more of the matter at the time. It was nearly six months before the captain visited Orham again, and during this visit he did not come near the big house. He waylaid Bradley, however, asked him all about himself, how he was getting on at school and the like, but when the boy asked if he, the captain, wasn't "comin' round to see the folks pretty soon" the answer was vague and unsatisfactory.

Why, I-I don't know's I'll have time," was the reply. "I'm pretty busy, and- Give 'em my regards, will you, Brad? I've got to be runnin' on now. It was the same during the next

"shore leave," the following November. Captain Titcomb saw Bradley several times, gave him a six bladed jackknife and took him for a drive over to the big cranberry swamp own- you might say, and I realized what ed by the Ostable company, but he did we'd been doin'. Oh, I've tried and not call on the old maids.

cations, with "chores" and sailing and for? And then the cran'by swamp?" cranberry picking, followed, Bradley was sixteen. His voice, having passed through the squeaky "changing" pe- 'em. riod, now gave evidence of becoming what Miss Tempy called a "beautiful sorts of things to keep you from knowlouble bass, jest like father's." He in'. But I sold 'em to help pay the was large for his age, and his shoul- bills. And then you was took down ders were square. He was more par- with the typhoid, and there was that

ticular about his clothes now, and his neckties were no longer selected by Miss Tempy. To be seen with girls was not so "sissified" in his mind as it used to be, but he still stuck to Gus and she was his "first choice" at parties, and he saw her home from prayer meeting occasionally. As for the "dog girl" herself, she, too,

dresses came down to her boot tops, and Miss Tempy grudgingly admitted that "if 'twas anybody else, I should say she was likely to be good lookin' when she grows up.

The "last day" came, and Bradley and Gus were to graduate. In Orham there is no graduation day. The eventful ending of the winter term is the "last day," and all the parents and relatives, together with the school committee and the clergymen, visit the school to sit stiffly on the settees and witness the ceremonies.

That evening after the "last day" exercises at school Bradley sat at home reading in the dining room. Miss Tempy, in the sitting room, was going over, for the fortieth time since it was written, the wonderful argument in favor of a "republican form of government," which Bradley had composed and had read at the school that day. As her sister entered the room she dropped the roll of paper in her lap and said solemnly: "Prissy Allen, it's my belief that

when that boy first came here and I said that I wanted him to go to college and be a minister I was inspired. I declare I do! I've jest been readin' that piece of his again, and it beats any sermon I ever heard." Miss Prissy seated herself in a rocker

and looked solemnly at her sister. For a minute she gazed without speaking. Then suddenly, as if she had made up her mind, she rose, gave the dining room door a swing that would have shut it completely had not the corner of a mat interfered, and, coming back



Tempy, we've hardly got any money

to her chair, said slowly, "Tempy, I'm afraid we'll never be able to send Bradley to college." The precious manuscript fell from

Miss Tempy's lap to the floor. "Why-why, Prissy Allen!" she exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"I mean we can't do what we've hoped to do. Oh, dear! I-I don't know what we'll do. Tempy, we've hardly got any money left!"

CHAPTER V.

OR a moment Miss Tempy made no reply to her sister's speech. Instead she sat there with her eyes fixed upon picking nervously at her dress.

"Haven't got any money?" she repeated after a pause. "Haven't got any money left? Why, then-why, then, we'll have to take it out of the savin's bank up to Boston. Of course, Bradley must go to college. You know he must, Prissy."

But Miss Prissy shook her head.

"You don't understand, Tempy," she said. "I ought to have talked with you about it long ago. I can see now that I ought to; but, oh, dear, father always said you was too delicate to bother with money matters, and I've been used to takin' all the care myself, and so I've jest gone on and on. worryin' and plannin' and layin' awake nights until I can't go on any further. Oh, Tempy," she cried, and the tears rolled down her cheeks, "you don't understand. The money in the Boston bank has all gone too. haven't got more than \$500 left in the world, and when that's gone"- She waved her hands despairingly.

But still Miss Tempy did not compre "Why, all of it can't be gone!" she

said. "All of the insurance money and everything! Why, it was \$5,000!" She mentioned the sum reverently and in an awestruck whisper. "Yes," said Miss Prissy, trying hard

not to be impatient: "yes, 'twas \$5,000, and father died over ten years ago, and we've been livin' on it ever since." "But \$5,000, Prissy! Five thou-'Oh, my soul and body! Anybody'd

think 'twas a million. Jest think, now: jest think! We've lived on it for pretty nigh eleven years; paid for our ciothes and livin' and havin' the house painted six years ago, and"-"But it needed paintin'." "Needed it! I should think it did

But it cost more'n we'd ought to spend jest the same. Oh, it's more my fault than anybody's. Long's father lived the place was kept up, and you and me was used to havin' things as good as our neighbors, and I went on and on, never thinkin' we was too extravagan until all at once the money that we first put in the Harniss bank was used up. And then it come home to me, as

tried; scrimped here and pinched there. Three more years of school and va- What do you s'pose I sold the wood lot "Why, you said we didn't need 'em, and it was too much trouble to run

big doctor's bill, and then Bradley came, and he had to have clothes and a little money to spend, like the other boys. And now!"

Miss Prissy choked, tried to go on, and then broke down and cried heartily and without restraint. In all the years since the death of

Captain Allen Miss Tempy had never seen her common sense, practical sister paid more attention to clothes, and her give way like this. The sight alarmed pets—though still numerous and just as her much more than the story of the disreputable in appearance-were made financial situation had so far done. to behave .with more decorum. Her She didn't fully understand the latter hair was carefully braided now, her

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yet, but every one of Miss Prissy's sobs was to her a call for help that needed

an immediate answer. "There, there, there, dear!" she said running to the other rocker and putting her arm around her sister's neck. "You poor thing! You mustn't cry like that. You've jest worried yourself sick. You're all worn out. I shouldn't be surprised if you've got a little cold, too, in that drafty schoolhouse. Let me make you a good, big cup of pepper tea right away; now do."

Miss Prissy turned a sob into a feeble "Oh, dear me, Tempy." she said, laying her hand on the other's arm. "I b'lieve you think pepper tea'll cure anything, even an empty pocketbook. wish 'twould pay bills; then, I don't know but I'd drink a hogshead. But it won't, nor cryin' won't, either. Set down, and I'll tell you jest how things

So Miss Tempy, reluctantly giving up the "pepper tea" idea for the present, went back to her chair, and Miss Prissy continued. "The money in the Boston savin's

bank is gone," she said, "and a year or more ago I wrote to the broker folks that bought the bend for us when father died, and they sold it for me and got a little less than a thousand dollars for it. I put the money into the bank at Harniss, and, though I've tried my best to be economical, there ain't but five hundred and eighty left. That and the place here is all we've

In a bewildered fashion Miss Temp; strove to grasp the situation. "Then we're poor." she said, "real

poor, and I thought we was rich. Well, I shall give up that new bonnet I was onin' to have next spring, and I s'pose I hadn't ought to subscribe to The Comforter either. I did think so much "I'm afraid we'll have to give up more than the Comforter, Tempy. I've

thought and thought till my poor head is nearly worn through. We might sell the place here, but 'twould be like sellin' our everlastin' souls-if 'tain't unreligious to say it - and, besides, property at Orham is so low now that and when that money's spent there am sorry to hear that! wouldn't be anything left." "Sell the place! Father's place!

Why, Prissy Allen, how can you talk

(Continued next week.)

so! Where would we live?"

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