# Partners 9 the Tide

Well, we might hire a little house down at South Orham or somewheres." "South Orham! Where all those Portuguese and things live? I'd rather die!" And it was Miss Tempy's turn

"You needn't cry for that, Tempy. We won't sell yet awhile. Not till there's nothin' left. But we can't have the barn shingled, and as for Bradley's goin' to college, that, I'm afraid, is out of the question."

"Oh, dear, dear! And the barn looks awful. Melissy Busteed was sayin' only last week that folks was wond'rin' when we was goin' to have it fixed. And poor Bradley! My heart don't know but I'd live in the poorhouse to make him one. They say Mr. Otis keeps a real nice poorhouse, too,' she added.

Miss Prissy smiled dolefully. "It hasn't got to the poorhouse yet," she aid, "and I hope we can send Bradley through high school anyhow. But we'll have to scrimp awful, and we must try to earn some money. I was talkin' to Abigail Mullett at the church fair last August, and she spoke about those aprons and one thing another that I made and said she never saw such hemmin' and tuckin'. She said she'd give anything if she could get somebody to do such work for her in the dressmakin' season. I've been thinkin' maybe she'd put out some of her work to me if I asked her to. She does more dressmakin' than anybody around; has customers 'way over to Ostable and keeps three girls some-And you know how the summer folks bought those knit shawls of yours, Tempy. Well, I don't doubt you could get orders for lots more. We'll try, and we'll let Bradley start at high school and see how we make it go."

So Miss Tempy brightened up, and in a few minutes she had in her mind sold so many shawls and Miss Prissy had done so well with her hemming and tucking that she saw them put ting money in the bank instead of taking it out. In fact, she was getting rich so fast in her dreams that her sister didn't have the heart to throw more cold water at this time. And even Miss Prissy herself felt unwarrantably hopeful. She had borne the family burdens so long that to share the knowledge of them with another was a great relief. They discussed ways and means for a half hour longer, and then Miss Tempy insisted on getting that "pepper tea." "I honestly believe," she said, "that

if I hadn't took pepper tea steady for the last four or five years I shouldn't be here now. That and Blaisdell's emulsion has given me strength to bear most anything, even the prospects of the poorhouse. Thank goodness, I've got a new bottle of emulsion, and pepper tea's cheap, so I shan't have to give that up even if we are poorer'n Job's turkey." "All right," sighed Miss Prissy. "If

it'll make you feel any better to parboil my insides with hot water and pepper, fetch it along. Don't say anything to Bradley about what we've been sayin'. 'Twen't do any good and will only make the poor child fee

But Bradley was not in the dining The book he had been reading was turned face downward on the table, but he was gone, and so was his hat I never!" exclaimed Miss

"He never went out an evenin' before without sayin' anything to me or you. What do you s'pose is the matter?"

"You don't think he heard what w said, do you?" anxiously asked her sister. "I thought I shut the door."

"You did shut it, but, now you speak of it, seems to me I remember it was not latched when I come out jest now. I hope he didn't hear. He's such a

sensitive boy, jest like all the Allens." The "pepper tea" was prepared-a double dose this time-and the sisters sat sipping it, Miss Prissy with many coughs and grimaces and Miss Tempy with the appreciation of a connoisseur.

After a moment's silence she said: "Prissy, do you know what I've been thinkin'? I've been thinkin' what a blessin' 'twould be if we had Cap'n Titcomb to go to for advice

"Humph! If I've thought that ence I've thought it a million times in the last year." was the decided answer. It was after 10 o'clock, and only

Bradley's absence had prevented the ladies from going up to bed, when the outside door of the dining room opened, and the missing boy came in. "Bradley Nickerson, where've you been?" exclaimed Miss Tempy, run-

ning to meet him. "We've been pretty nigh worried to death. Why don't you shut the door? Who's that out there? Why-why, Cap'n Titcomb!"

"What's that?" cried Miss Prissy. don't mean-Well! Good evenin', Cap'n Titcomb. after deckhouse were illuminated, Won't you step in?"

The captain accepted the invitation. He was as much embarrassed as the rail and from that to the deck a man old maids, even more so than Miss Prissy, who immediately, after a swift sideleng glance of disapproval at her agitated sister, assumed an air of see you back. Everything runnin' dignified calmness.

"How d'ye do, Prissy?" stammered the captain. "Tempy, I hope you're well. Yes, I'm feelin' fair to middlin'. No, thanks. I ain't goin' to stop long. It's pretty late for calls. Fact is, Brad

here's got somethin' to say. Heave next to me, after tomorrer. Mr. Bailey, log." ahead, Brad." The boy, too, was embarrassed, but ly shipped yet, so you needn't break as the two looked at him expectantly him in tonight unless your conscience

he fidgeted with a button on his jacket troubles you too much." and said: "Miss Prissy, I didn't mean to listen, but the door wasn't shut tight, and I Bradley shook it fearfully.

1

Miss Tempy were saying a little while

"There!" exclaimed Miss Tempy. "I was afraid of that door. You remember I said so, Prissy." But Miss Prissy didn't answer. She

merely looked at Bradley. "I heard what you said," nervously went on the boy, "and when you told about what you was going to do so's I could go to high school, I-I thought the previous night. first I'd come right in and tell you you mustn't. But then I thought you wouldn't believe I meant it or wouldn't pay any attention to it if I did, so 1 went outside to think it over by myself. And then-then I went right up to see the cap'n."

"I hope," said Miss Prissy sternly, "that you didn't repeat our talk to Cap'n Titcomb without tellia' us you was goin' to."

"No, no; he didn't," hastily broke in

the captain. "He didn't tell a word. You've got a pretty fair kind of boy here, if you want to know," he added. with more than his usual enthusiasm. "Hum!" was Miss Prissy's only comment. "Go on, Bradley."

"All I told him was," said Bradley "that I didn't think it was right for me to go to school and college when I ought to be earning some money. I'm going on seventeen now, and lots of fellows I know are going to work. don't b'lieve I'd make a very good minister," with a look of appeal at Miss Tempy, "and I'd a good deal rather go to sea. All our folks have been to sea-my father and my grandfather. Yes, and your father, too, you know." The last as a happy inspira-

"Don't you think that we know best what"- began Miss Prissy, but the captain again interrupted her.

"Let him spin his yarn, Prissy," he said. "Nothin' is settled yet, so don't

"So I went to the cap'n," went on Bradley, "and asked him if he'd take me on board his schooner. I ain't a sailor, but I know a lot about boats, and I don't get seasick even when it's mighty rough. Do I, Cap'n Ezra?" "No," replied Captain Titcomb grave-

ly. "You manage to keep your cargo from shiftin' pretty well for a green

"And he said he'd take me as a kind of cabin boy. Didn't you, cap'n? And learn me things and get me advanced as soon as I was fit for it. And he'll pay me wages, too, right away. There: And I won't cost you a cent more. Please let me go."

The captain did not again visit the Allen home, although next day Bradley called on him at his room in the hotel They talked of the proposed plan, of course, but Captain Titcomb did not urge its acceptance. On the contrary, he spoke very plainly of the disagreeable features of a sailor's calling and hinted that being aboard a vessel was like being in jail. "Only," he said, "there's always a chance for a feller to break out of jail."

At the end of the interview he said: "Brad, I ain't askin' any questions bout what made you take this sudden fit, but I'd like to know this: Do the old maids know 'bout that Sampson fund for sailors' children? They could git over a hundred a year out of that if they applied for it, you understand?"

"I don't believe they'd take a cent if it was anything like charity," replied the boy. "Miss Prissy especial. She's awful down on folks that she says are living on charity."

"Um, hum! I see. Well, I know a feller that's one of the head cooks and bottle washers of the Sampson crew. Maybe I could rig it so's- Well, never mind. Don't say nothin' yet."

Three days later it was settled. Bradley was to go to Boston the following Monday with Captain Titcomb and ship with him as the combination "boy and roustabout" for a period of three months. Really, it was settled when the captain suggested it, but it took some time for the old maids to formally make up their minds to the decided change.

Monday morning Bradley's trunk was packed, and Barney Small called to take him and it to Harniss. The old maids wept over him, and Miss Prissy told him to be a good boy and write once a week at least. Miss Tempy said:

"Remember. Bradley, you're an Allen now, and you must live up to the family. Oh, Prissy, don't it seem jest like it used to when father was goin' on a voyage? Bradley's growin' to look so like him." And the sisters went into the house

to cry together.

CHAPTER VI.

HE Thomas Doane, seen from the wharf in the faint light of the street lamp, was a mere shape of blackness, with masts like charceal marks against the sky and a tangle of ropes running up to meet them. The windows of the however, and as Bradley and the captain stepped from the wharf to the came up the companionway from the cabin and touched his hat.

"Howdy, cap'n?" he said.

"Yup," answered the "smooth as a smelt. How's it here?" "Shipshape," was the reply.

"Brad," he said, "this is Mr. Bailey, squint through. Anyhow, p'r'aps you'd the first mate. He'll be your boss, this is a new hand. He hasn't exact-

The mate held out a hand like a ham covered with red sole leather, and

ond mate's room off the cabin, but it was understood that hereafter he was to bunk forward with the crew. The next morning the captain took him up to a store on Commercial street, where a sailor's bag was purchased, for, so the skipper said, nebody but a landlubber took a trunk to sea. It must be either a chest or a bag, and the chest would come later on. Bradley transferred such of his belongings as the captain deemed necessary from the trunk to the bag, and the trunk itself was stored in the wharfinger's office until its owner should call for it some

time in the future. The second mate, a thin young man, with hair and face both a flaming red, came on board in the morning, and the crew were already there. Then a tug took the Thomas Doane in tow and pulled her out of the dock and around to another wharf, where she was to receive her cargo of lumber. And from the moment when the tug's hawser was attached Bradley began to realized wha: Captain Titcomb had meant by some advice which he gave

It was "Here, boy, stand by to take a hand with that rope," or "You, boywhat's your name-git a bucket and swab up that mess on the deck. Liveby! D'you hear?" The cook was little Portuguese, and he delighted to haze his new assistant, so when, at 9 o'clock or so. Bradley tumbled into his bunk in the smoke reeking fo'castle he was tired enough to drop asleep even in the midst of yarns and pro-The lumber, in the hold and on the

decks, was at last on board, and one morning the schooner, with all sail set, passed Minot's light, bound for New York. The afternoon of that day was a dismal experience for Bradley.



The Thomas Doane was heavily loaded, and she swashed and wallowed through the good sized waves with a motion so entirely different from that of the catboats which the boy had been used to that he was most heartily and miserably seasick.

But seasickness and homesickness were forgotten on the day of the wonderful sail through Long Island sound. They passed schooners of all shapes and sizes, loaded till the decks were scarcely above water or running light and they had had a windfall in the and high in ballast. Sharp nosed shape of a contribution from the Sampschooners, with lines like those of a son fund! yacht, and clumsy old tubs, with dirty sails, with patches varying from new white to a dingy gray plastered all

in pictures; whistles sounding, bells to us so"ringing, distant shoutings and the nev- "So we get a check every once in er ceasing undercurrent of hum and

On the following morning Captain raculous!" Titcomb left the schooner and after an six inch letters that no smoking was to explain and so said nothing. allowed, and who said little, but looked a great deal. Bradley learned from ter front and, having fallen in with some friends, was mellow and inclined to be confidential, that the sharp junior member of the firm that owned the Thomas Doane and half a dozen

usually crisp and sharp.

tain, having previously whispered to spoken. Bradley to put on his "Sunday togs," sent the boy on an errand to a cigar store near the wharf and told him to alongside and say nothin'." and the that I'd come to be skipper of a coal pair walked briskly across the city to hod, and a secondhand, rusted out they rode uptown, had a six course enough to make the old man-dad. I dinner in a marvelous restaurant, mean-turn over in his grave! Come where an orchestra played while you on, Brad. Let's go to the theater. I ate, and then went to the theater to want to forgit it." see a play called "The Great Metropolis." It was all real to Bradley, and he thrilled, wept and laughed alter-

On the way down in the elevated he said, with a whimsical smile, "Brad, I cal'late if the old maids knew I took you to the theater they'd think you was slidin' a greased pole to perdition,

Bradley smiled also as he answered did it 'twas all right.'

made no comment on the reply. All diffrent, and I have a notion what he said was: "Well, Orham's Orham, 'twill be too. I guess likely I may ask skipper; and New York's New York, and the you to come in with me. I b'lieve it's way things looks depends consider'ble a good notion. Tell you bout it some on which end of the spyglass yes day." better not put this cruise down in the

But Bradley did put it down in the had learned self reliance, and his log-that is to say, he wrote a full ac voice had a masterful ring. When he count of this the greatest evening of went back to Orham newadays the his life, in his next letter to the sis old maids took special delight in havters. His habit of scrupulous honesty ing him escert them to church, and still clung to him, and he did not evade | Miss Tempy's eyes during the sermon or cover up. If he did a thing it was | were oftener fixed upon him then upon

other considerations counted for little Occasions like the theater trip were few and far apart. For the most part Captain Titcomb was skipper and Bradley was the "hand." With every voyage, sometimes to Portland, to New York, the boy learned new things about his chief officer and to

He learned why it was that the captain received so many presents and was considered such a "slick article." His acquaintance among seafaring men and shipowners was large, and he was always ready to do "little favors." Sometimes a captain just in from a foreign cruise had hidden away two or three pieces of silk or jewelry or even, in one case, a piano, that were intended for gifts to the folks at home and to the cost of which the custom house duty would be an uncomfortable addition. Then Captain Titcomb visited that ship, purely as a social function, and when he came away the jewelry or silk came with him. In the piano affair it was bribery pure and simple, with the addition of a little bullying of an inspector who had made a few slips before that the captain knew of. Petty smuggling like this Captain Titcomb did not consider a sin worth worrying about. There was a smack of adventure in it and the fun of "taking chances."

Then, as a bargainer and a driver of sharp trades with shipping merchants and others the captain was an expert. He liked, as he said, to "dicker," and, besides, he was always on the lookout to further the interests of his owners. | mast. Looking out for the owners was his hobby and explained in a measure why Williams Bros. were willing to pay him more than they paid their other He was a "driver" with his crews,

and every particle that was in the rickety Thomas Doane he got out of her. He was easy so long as a man obeyed orders, but at the slightest hint | can have her if ? want her." of mutiny things happened. The Thomas Doane passed and re-

passed Cape Cod on her short voyages, and Bradley, with every trip, learned more of the sea and the seaman's life. At the end of his three months he went home for a week's stay, but he had al ready made up his mind to return to the schooner again. Captain Titcomb

had said that he was pleased with him and hinted at a steady rise in wages and promotion later on. He was earning his living now-it cost little to live -and he sent home a few dollars to the old maids every now and then. His first home coming was a great

event. The supper that first night was almost equal in the amount of food on the table to his dinner with the captain at the New York restaurant. In fact, Bradley, released from salt junk and fo'castle grub, ate so much that he suffered with the nightmare and groaned so dismally that the alarmed sisters pounded on his chamber door, and Miss Tempy insisted that what he needed was a dose of "Old Dr. Thomas' Discovery"-her newest patent medicineand a "nice hot cup of pepper tea."

There was no music during the meal, but the old maids talked continuously. The hemming and the shawl industry were bringing in some money, though not yet what Miss Tempy anticipated,

"We're all the children father had," said the older sister. "The letter said that there was money due us from the fund and that we was entitled to so Night, and they were fast to a big much every year, most a hundred dolwharf, with lights all about them; lars. Now, I knew about the Sampson lights piled, row after row, up to meet thing, but I thought 'twas charity for the stars; lights fringing the river or poor people, and Tempy and me have moving up and down and across it; got to livin' on charity-not yet, I hope. lights in the arching curve of the But it seems, 'cordin' to the letters 1 bridge that Bradley had seen so often had from 'em, that the money b'longed

awhile." cried Miss Tempy. "And how roar that is New York, breathing stead- they knew and wrote jest at this time! It's miraculous, that's what it is-mi-Bradley thought of his conversation

hour or two returned with a sharp with Captain Titcomb and the affair eyed man, who smoked continuously, did not seem so miraculous, but he although the wharf signs shouted in knew the captain would not wish him

CHAPTER VII.

the cook, who had been along the wa- HE Thomas Doane was at her dock in New York, and Bradley, now twenty years old and a "sure enough" second mate, eved man was Mr. Williams, the was on her deck watching the foremast hands clearing up the coal dust that begrimed everything. The schooner had carried coal for over a year now, and Mr. Williams and the captain had a her latest occupation had not improved it is." long conversation in the cabin, and her appearance. She was old enough beafter it was over the skipper was a bit fore and patched and mended enough, out of temper, and his orders were un- and to turn her into a collier seemed a final humiliation. Captain Titcomb had On one memorable evening the cap- felt it keenly, and his disgust was out-

"Well, by crimustee!" he had ejaculated when his flatfooted rebellion had been smothered by another raise wait there "for further orders." In a in salary. "I used to dream about little while he himself came into the commandin' a Australian clipper some store, commanded Bradley to "lay day or 'nother, but I never dreamed the elevated railway station. Then coal hed at that. Blessed if it ain't

> The captain had another project in his mind, a sort of secret hobby he hinted at every little while, but never told. These hints usually followed a particularly disagreeable trip or when the rickety Thomas Doane behaved even more like a cantankerous old maid than was her wont. Then, when he and Bradley were alone, the captain would wake from a day dream to say "Brad, I git more and more sick of

"No, sir. I guess they'd think if you this bein' somebody else's errand boy every minute. Some of these days I'm Captain Titcomb grinned, but he goin' to take a whack at somethin'

But he never did. Bradley had grown tall and broad during his term of cruising. He

the sisters amounted to semething

New, as he stood by the rail, with his hands in his pockets, he heard a step on the wharf behind him and turned to see Captain Titcomb jump from the stringplece, catch the shroud and swing abourd. The captain's usually good natured face had a scowl on it, and he was plainly not happy.

Bradley touched his cap. "How are things going up at the office?" I "Plumb to the devil," was the short

reply. Then, glancing up at the young man's face and looking hurriedly away again, he added: "Come aft. I want to talk to you."

Seated in the dingy cabin, the cap tain took a cigar from his pocket, bit off the end with a jerk and smoked in great puffs. Bradley waited for him to speak. The skipper's ill humor and obvious discontent had come upon him the afternoon of the day the Thomas Doane reached port and had grown steadily worse. Each morning Captain Titcomb had spent at the effice of Williams Bros., and when he returned to the schooner he had done little but smoke, scowl and pace the deck. The second mate was worried. but he asked no questions. "Brad," said the captain, looking at

the shabby carpet on the cabin floor, "we're goin' to have a new mate." Bradley was surprised. "Is Mr. Bailey going to leave?" he asked. The old first mate had been as much a part of the Thomas Doane as her main-

"They've given him the Arrow, the new schooner. He's goin' to run her." "Why, why, Cap'n Ezra, I thought she was promised to rec." "I thought so, too, but I missed my

ha'f the man his brother waswants me to wait till the other one, the four master, is off the ways. Then I "But she won't be ready for six months, though I guess from what I hear she'll be worth waiting for.

reck'nin', it seems. Williams-he ain't

Who'll have the old Doane then?" Captain Titcomb crossed his legs, but didn't answer. Instead he asked: "Brad, how would you like to sail under Bailey? You and him got 'long first rate. I wouldn't wonder if I could git you the second mate's berth on the Arrow. She's bran new and clean, not like this hencoop." And he kicked a stateroom door with empha-

Bradley did not hesitate. "I guess if you can stand the hencoop I can," he said decisively. "I'd rather wait with you, thank you."

"I don't know's you'd better. Look here." And for the first time the captain raised his eyes. "You know ! wouldn't try to influence you if 'twan't for your own good. I honestly think 'twould be better for you if you sailed on the Arrow." "But why?"

"Oh, because! Bailey's a good man and an A1 sailor." "He isn't half the sailor you are nor half the man either."

"Much obliged. I'll stand for the sailor part, but I ain't so sure about the rest. Brad, sometimes I wish l hadn't stuck so close to 'owners' orders' and had took a few observations



on my own hook. Maybe then- But it's hard for an old dog to learn new tricks. I s'pose I'm a fool to worry Money's 'bout all there is in this world, "A good many folks seems to think

course, and I'll stick to it till all's blue. Brad. will you, as a favor to me, chuck up your berth here and ship 'board the Arrow?"

"Cap'n Ez, if you want me to quit this packet you'll have to heave me overboard: that's all!" The skipper looked at the clear eyes and the firm jaw of the young six

"That goes. Cap'n Ez, you've been the best friend I've ever had, except the old maids and-maybe one more. I don't want you to think I'm not ambitious, because I am. I'm just as anxious to make something of myself as you can be to have me, but I've made up my mind, and, for the present, anyway, while you sail a vessel I sail with you-unless you really order

"That goes, does it?" he asked.

footer opposite.

me to quit."

The older man hesitated. "Well," he said after two or three puffs at the cigar, "I ought to order it p'r'aps, but I'll be hanged if I can. Brad Nickerson, I think as much of you as I would of a son, and your good opinion is wuth-I don't b'lieve you know how much it's wuth to me. But- Shake hands, will you?"

Puzzled and troubled, Bradley extended his hand, and the captain clasped it firmly in his own. For a moment it seemed that he was about to say something more, but he did not, Giving the second mate's hand a squeeze, he dropped it and settled back in his chair, smoking and apparently thinking hard. As he thought his lips tightened, and the scowl settled more firmly between his brows. Five minutes of silence, and then the skipper threw the half finished cigar inte a corner and rose to his feet. His tone was sharp, and there was no trace of couldn't help hearing what you and That pight Bradley stept in the sec done because he thought it right, and the minister. The meany that he sent the feeling so recently manifested.



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"We sail tomorrer mornin'," he said, stepping to the companion ladder. "The new first mate'll be here tonight. His name's Burke."

Bradley did not move. "Just a minute, Cap'n Ez," he faltered. "You-you -I know it's none of my business, but- Well, you understand, I guess. You're in trouble-anybody can see that. Won't you let me help you out?" The captain paused with his foot on the ladder. "My troubles are my own," he answered, without looking back. "You be thankful you ain't got

any. And here!" the tone was almost

"And other folks don't think any the savage. "You take my advice and less of 'em for it. Well, I've laid my obey orders, and don't ask questions." He went on deck immediately and, after a moment, Bradley followed him. The rebuff was so unexpected and so undeserved, the circumstances considered, that it hurt the young man keenly. His pride was touched, and he made up his mind that Captain Titcomb should have no further cause for complaint so far as interference by his second officer was concerned. As for the captain, he kept to himself and said little to any one during the afternoon.

The new first mate came on board that evening. He was a thick set, heavy man, who talked a great deal, swore profusely and laughed loudly at his own jokes. He seemed to know his business and, as the captain would have said, "caught hold" at once. They sailed the next morning, and,

by the time the tug left them, Bradley fancied that he noticed a difference in the state of affairs aboard the schooner. The usual rigid discipline seemed to be lacking. There was no rebellion or sign of mutiny, but merely a general shiftlessness that Mr. Burke did not seem to notice. Strange to say, Captain Titcomb did not notice it either, or, if he did, said nothing. Bradley did not interfere. He had not forgotten the advice to "obey orders and ask no

sea, and the captain drove the Thomas Doane for all she was worth. By the afternoon of the following day they were in Vineyard sound. Bradley's suspicions had by this time come to be almost certainties. For two or three sailors to show signs of drunkenness on the first morning out of port was nothing strange, but to have those symptoms more pronounced the evening of the second day was proof that (Continued on Page 3.)

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