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Lindsay Marble Works
R. CHAMBERS, Prop

Bowmanville's Board of Trade banqueted Chas. H. McCullough, of Hamilton, a native of Bowmanville.

John E. Kresger was run over by a team in Beverley township, near Galt and killed.

Lewis Martin, of the Revere Hotel, Kingston, was fined \$100 for selling liquor on Sunday.

Is Your Husband a Drunkard

Is Your Father a Drinking Man?
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She cured her husband, her brother and several of her neighbors, and now she generously offers to tell you of the simple, inexpensive remedy that she so successfully used. The remedy can be given to the patient without his knowledge so you can help him without his knowing it. It is a secret, but we will tell you who drinks to drop her a line today. She makes no charge for this help, she has nothing to sell (asks for no money and accepts none) so there is no reason why you should not write her at once. Of course, she expects that you are yourself personally interested in curing one who drinks, and are not writing out of mere curiosity. Send your letter in confidence to her home. Simply write your name and full address plainly in the coupon below and send it to her.

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232 Home Avenue, Hillburn, N. Y.

Please tell me about the remedy you used to cure your husband, as I am personally interested in one who drinks.

Name.....
Address.....

Medical men for the defence in the trial of the Jopling brothers at Peterboro, stated that the post-mortem examination was made in a perfumery way, and the cause of Arthur Bollard's death was not blood-poisoning.

The Younger Set

By **ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.**
Author of "The Fighting Chance," Etc.

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His manner with Drina was always delightful, a mixture of self-repressed idolatry and busily naive belief in a thorough understanding between them to exclude Selwyn from their company.

"This Selwyn fellow here!" he exclaimed. "I warned him over the phone we'd not tolerate him, Drina. I explained to him very carefully that you and I were dining together in strict privacy."

"He begged so hard," said Eileen. "Will somebody place an extra pillow for Drina?"

They seized the same pillow fiercely, confronting each other; massacre appeared imminent.

"Two pillows," said Drina sweetly, and extermination was averted. The child laughed happily, covering one of Boots' hands with both of hers.

"So you've left the service, Mr. Lansing?" began Eileen, lying back and looking smilingly at Boots.

"Had to, Miss Erroll. Seven millionaires ran into my quarters and chased me out and down Broadway into the offices of the Westchester Air Line company. Then these seven merciless millionaires in buckram bound and gagged me, stuffed my pockets full of salary and forced me to type-write a fearful and secret oath to serve them for five long, weary years that's a sample of how the wealthy grind the noses of the poor, isn't it, Drina?"

The child slipped her hand from his, smiling uncertainly.

"You don't mean all that, do you?"

"Indeed, I do, sweetheart."

"Are you not a soldier lieutenant any more, then?" she inquired, horribly disappointed.

"Only a private in the workman's battalion, Drina."

"I don't care," retorted the child obstinately. "I like you just as much."

"How tall you're growing, Drina," remarked Selwyn.

"Probably the early spring weather," added Boots. "You're twelve, aren't you?"

"Thirteen," said Drina gravely.

"Almost time to elope with me," nodded Boots.

"I'll do it now," she said—"as soon as my new gowns are made—if you'll take me to Manila. Will you? I believe my Aunt Alice is there."

She caught Eileen's eye and stopped short. "I forgot," she murmured. "I beg your pardon, Uncle Philip."

Boots was talking very fast and laughing a great deal. Eileen's plate claimed her undivided attention. Selwyn quietly finished his cigar. The child looked at them all.

"By the way," said Boots abruptly, "what's the matter with Gerald? He came in before noon looking very seedy." Selwyn glanced up quietly.

"Wasn't he at the office?" asked Eileen anxiously.

"Oh, yes," replied Selwyn. "He felt a trifle under the weather, so I sent him home."

"Is it the grip?"

"No, I believe not."

"Do you think he had better have a doctor? Where is he?"

"He was here," observed Drina composedly, "and father was angry with him."

"What?" exclaimed Eileen. "When?"

"This morning before father went downtown."

Both Selwyn and Lansing cut in coolly, dismissing the matter with a careless word or two, and coffee was served, cambric tea in Drina's case.

"Come on," said Boots, slipping a bride rose into Drina's curls. "I'm ready for confidences."

"Confidences" had become an established custom with Drina and Boots. It meant that every time they saw one another they were pledged to tell each other everything that had occurred in their lives since their last meeting.

So Drina, excitedly requesting to be excused, jumped up and, taking Lansing's hand in hers, led him to a sofa in a distant corner, where they immediately installed themselves and began an earnest and whispered exchange of confidences, punctuated by little whirlwinds of laughter from the child.

"Could you tell me?"

"Nothing serious is the matter, Eileen."

"Is he not ill?"

"Not very."

She lay still a moment; then, with the slightest gesture, "Come here."

He seated himself near her. She laid her hand fearlessly on his arm.

"Tell me," she demanded. And as he remained silent, "Once," she said, "I came suddenly into the library. Austin and Gerald were there. Austin seemed to be very angry with my brother. I heard him say something that worried me, and I slipped out before they saw me."

Selwyn remained silent.

"Was that it?"

"I don't know what you heard."

"Don't you understand me?"

"Not exactly."

"Well, then"—she crimsoned—"has Gerald misbehaved again?"

"What did you hear Austin say?" he demanded.

"I heard—something about dissipation. He was very angry with Gerald. It is not the best way, I think, to become angry with either of us—either me or Gerald—because then we are usually inclined to do it again, whatever it is."

He laughed a little. Her fingers, which had tightened on his arm, relaxed, her hand fell away, and she straightened up, sitting Turk fashion and smoothed her hair, which contact with the pillows had disarranged so that it threatened to come tumbling over eyes and cheeks.

"Oh, hair, hair," she murmured, "you're Nina's despair and my endless punishment. I'd twist and pin you tight if I dared. Some day I will too. What are you looking at so curiously, Captain Selwyn—my mop?"

"It's about the most stunningly beautiful thing I ever saw," he said, still curious.

It was a new note in their cordial intimacy, this nascent intrusion of the personal. To her it merely meant his very charming recognition of her maturity—that she was fast becoming a woman like other women, to be looked at and remembered as an individual and no longer classed vaguely as one among hundreds of the newly emerged whose soft, unexpanded personalities resembled one another.

For some time now she had cherished with this tiny grudge in her heart—that he had never seemed to notice anything in particular about her except when he tried to be agreeable concerning some new gown. The contrast had become the sharper, too, since she had awakened to the admiration of other men. And the awakening was only half convinced happiness mingled with shy surprise that the wise world should really deem her so lovely.

"A red-headed girl," she said teasingly. "I thought you had better taste than that."

"Than to think you a ravishing beauty?"

"Oh," she said, "you don't think that!"

As a matter of fact he himself had become aware of it so suddenly that he had no time to think very much about it. It was rather strange, too, that he had not always been aware of it, or was it partly the mellow light from the lamp tinting her till she glowed and shimmered like a young sorceress, sitting so straight there in her turquoise silk and misty lace?

When Drina had gone to bed Boots also took his leave, and Selwyn rose, too, a troubled, careworn expression replacing the careless gaiety which had made him seem so young in Miss Erroll's youthful eyes.

"Wait, Boots," he said. "I'm going home with you." And to Eileen, almost absently: "Good night. I'm so very glad you are well again."

"Good night," she said, looking up at him. The faintest sense of disappointment came over her—at what she did not know. Was it because in his completely altered face she realized the instant and easy detachment from herself and what concerned her? Was it because other people, like Mr. Lansing—other interests, like those which so plainly in his face betrayed his preoccupation—had so easily replaced an intimacy which had seemed to grow newer and more delightful with every meeting?

What was it, then, that he found more interesting, more important, than their friendship, their companionship? Was she never to grow old enough or wise enough or experienced enough to exact—without exacting—his paramount consideration and interest? Was there no common level of mental equality where they could meet—where termination of interviews might be mu-

tual, might be fairer to her?

Now he went away, utterly detached from her and what concerned her, to seek other interests of which she knew nothing; absorbed in them to her utter exclusion, leaving her here with the long evening before her and nothing to do, because her eyes were not yet strong enough to use for reading.

Lansing was saying, "I'll drive as far as the club with you, and then you can drop me and come back later."

"Right, my son. I'll finish a letter and then come back."

"Can't you write it at the club?"

"Not that letter," he replied in a low voice and, turning to Eileen, smiled his absent, detached smile, offering his hand.

But she lay back, looking straight up at him.

"Are you going?"

"Yes, I have several!"

"Stay with me," she said in a low voice.

For a moment the words meant nothing; then blank surprise silenced him, followed by curiosity.

"Is there something you wished to tell me?" he asked.

"No."

His perplexity and surprise grew. "Wait a second, Boots," he said. And Mr. Lansing, being a fairly intelligent young man, went out and down the stairway.

"Now," he said too kindly, too soothingly, "what is it, Eileen?"

"Nothing. I thought—but I don't care. Please go, Captain Selwyn."

"No, I shall not until you tell me what troubles you."

"I can't."

"Try, Eileen."

"Why, it is nothing, truly it is nothing. Only 1 was—it is so early—only a quarter past 8."

He stood there looking down at her, striving to understand.

"That is all," she said, flushing a trifle. "I can't read, and I can't sew, and there's nobody here. I don't mean to bother you."

"Child," he exclaimed, "do you want me to stay?"

"Yes," she said. "Will you?"

He walked swiftly to the landing outside and looked down.

"Boots," he called in a low voice. "I'm not going home yet. Don't wait for me at the Lenox."

"All right," returned Mr. Lansing cheerfully. A moment later the front door closed below. Then Selwyn came back into the library.

For an hour he sat there telling her the gayest stories and talking the most delightful nonsense, alternating with interesting incursions into serious subjects which he enchanted her to dissect under his confident guidance.

Alert, intelligent, all aquiver between laughter and absorption, she had sat up among her silken pillows, resting her weight on one rounded arm, her splendid young eyes fixed on him to detect and follow and interpret every change in his expression personal to the subject and to her share in it.

His old self again! What could be more welcome? Not one shadow in his pleasant eyes, not a trace of pallor, or care, or that gray aloofness. How joyfully, how young, he was after all!

They discussed or laughed at or mentioned and dismissed with a gesture a thousand matters of common interest in that swift hour—incidentally swift unless the ball clock's deadened chimes were mocking time itself with mischievous effrontery.

She heard them, the enchantment still in her eyes. He nodded, listening, meeting her gaze with his smile undisturbed. When the last chime had sounded she lay back among her cushions.

"Thank you for staying," she said quite happily. "Do you think me interesting to real men, like you and Boots?" she asked.

"Yes," he said deliberately, "I do. I don't know how interesting, because I never quite realized how low you had matured. That was my stupidity."

"Captain Selwyn," in confused triumph, "you never gave me a chance! I mean, you always were nice in—the same way you are to Drina. I liked it—don't, please, misunderstand—only I knew there was something else to me—something more nearly your own age. It was jolly to know you were really fond of me, but youthful

Chapter 8

EILEEN settled deeper among her pillows as the table was removed, and Selwyn drew his chair forward.

"What is the matter with Gerald?" she asked.

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FOR SALE.—A QUANTITY OF dry tamarac wood cut in 4-foot length. Apply Thos. Henry, Yelverton, P.O.

TEACHER WANTED.—FOR S. S. No. 7, Fenelon, duties to commence January 1, 1910. Apply stating salary and qualification to Charles Hore, Sec. Treas., (with recommendations), Pleasant Point, Ont.

FARM FOR SALE.—Lot 11, con. 11, Emily, 200 acres more or less, 140 acres cleared, balance tamarac swamp. New frame house, frame barn, 36 x 80, small orchard, well watered, five miles from the town of Lindsay. Property of Dennis Scully. Price right for a quick sale. Apply to Elias Bowes, Real Estate Agent, Lindsay.

FOR SALE.—COMPLETE SET OF blacksmith tools, with or without woodwork and stock. Will sell cheap for cash. Apply to W. A. Cameron, Victoria Road, Ont.

FOR SALE.—S. W. 25 ACRES OF lot 19, con. 13, Mariposa. Apply to Norman Gillies, Cambray P. O.

FARM FOR SALE OR TO RENT.—Lot 28 and 24, con. 13, Mariposa, 117 acres, nearly all tillable land, well watered, good mixed grain or stock farm. In good locality, half mile west of Cambray. Two good barns with underground stables. Good frame dwelling. Small orchard with good variety of fruit. —Apply P. O. Box 159, Lindsay, or 80 Kent-st. east.

FARM FOR SALE.—LOT 18, CON. 3, Eldon, 100 acres, more or less, all cleared. Good frame house and barn, two wells. Terms easy. Want to sell at once. Apply to Mrs. George Daynes, Woodville, Ont.

FARM FOR SALE.—THE WEST half of lot 1, con. 4, Eldon, adjoining the corporation of Woodville. A snap. Apply to William Moore, proprietor, on the premises, or to Arch. Campbell. If sold possessors to plow this fall. Box 142, Woodville.

FOR SALE.—ONE HEAVY COLT coming three years old. Apply John J. McMillan, lot 15, con. 15, Mariposa, or Grass Hill P.O.

FARM FOR SALE OR TO RENT.—Near to town. Apply at this office.

FARM FOR SALE

Improved farm of one hundred and fifty acres, more or less, being composed of the south half of lot twenty (20), in the tenth and the west part of lot twenty (20), in the eleventh concession of the township of Ops.

This land is good clay loam, suitable for any kind of grain, drained, and all cleared but about fifteen (15) acres of pasture through which there is running water.

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Price 25 cents a vial or 5 for \$1.00 at all dealers, or sent direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

C. P. R. firemen, Geo. Rogers of London, was killed at Ayr through having his head strike a tank while he was leaning from his cab window.

Mrs. Jane Walker, aged 100, died at Kingston, where she was born and had spent all her life.

While trying to start an engine at London, Chas. Stover had his left leg broken in two places by a fly wheel and narrowly escaped death.

The Grand Trunk shareholders at a meeting in London voted Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson, the retiring president, a pension of £1,500 a year.

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