A Romance Near a Throne

BY T. C. DEAN,

Author of "A Pilgrimage to Eden," "That Lossing Gal," "The Death of Summer," "A Canadian Heroine," "Gold Beneath Dross," Etc., Etc.

Entered According to Act of Parliament of Canada in the Year One Thousand Nine Hundred and One, by T. C. Dean, Drayton, Ont., at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

"Say," he said to his sister, "isn't that fellow got fine eyes? I know him well. His name's Bill Noecker, and he lives only a few sections distant from my ranch."

"Are you sure you know him?" inquired the sister in sudden interest. "That is the photograph of an English murderer that the detectives are after. They are offering a big reward for him. Read the whole thing. They've been here hunting for him for over a year. The last trace they had of him was at Cleveland."

The man read the advertisement and asserted positively that he knew the criminal. The advertisement asked that all communications be addressed to "T. Dent, Cleveland."

"That," said the man to his sister, "Dent may be away from this for now. I'll just step over to the post office and inquire where they are forwarding T. Dent's mail to."

At the post office the officials informed the inquirer that Dent had gone to France and Italy, and was on the trail of the girl wanted, but had left agents in Cleveland who were in constant communication with him, and who took his mail letters out of the Cleveland post office.

The man from the Northwest then wrote:

Cleveland, — 18—

T. Dent,

Dear Sir,—I think I can put you on the track of the man you want, as I have seen him often, but you must come to Cleveland as I will not deal with anybody but you.

Yours truly,

WM. YOUNG.

Dent was soon back in Cleveland and had a conference with Young. The young was very anxious about the reward and discussed that feature of the matter a long time with him before he would divulge the information he possessed. Dent assured young the reward was all right, and secured to put $5,000 in a Cleveland bank to Young's credit, to be paid over to Young as soon as Woodville was arrested on the information furnished by the informant.

I may say here that Dent was in no glee and would have paid over to Young $25,000 had Young stood for it, so anxious was Dent to put the handcuffs on one who had given him so much trouble and who had caused him to already spend many times that amount of British money.

CHAPTER XVI.

As the autumn came it was evident to Princess Maud Duncommon that Woodville's condition had progressed almost to a normal plain. The drawn aspect had entirely departed from his face, upon which there was now always a rosy flush of health, and the restless light in his eyes had given place to a glow of calm content. He was a fine specimen of manly vigor again, as with a cheerfulness that was akin to her own he took up once more the work on his fields. Whatever time she could spare from her household duties she spent with him there, thankful and glad that under her guidance, power and care, he had emerged from the gloom of physical collapse, and from the puerility of shattered mentality, individuality, to nearly a robust and manhood again. Once at evening when she had broached the subject to him and was advancing as a reason for his desirable recovery the theory that hereditarily he must have been of a very strong constitution, he replied, "No, I was very weakly as a child," then he thought of her promise to him never to leave him again, which had been the load-stone that had drawn him from the jaws of death, but he said nothing, though he looked at her long with a great joy in his handsome eyes. He was standing by a fence, framed in the glory of the sinking sun, as it stood out the commanding figure from a background of yellow grain, verdant fields, and promiscuously built cabins, which dotted the landscape until it merged in the sky. Fanned by the evening breeze, the glory of her hair hung loosely over her shoulders in silken magnificence, which gave to her matchless face a natural beauty, supreme in its majestry and expression. The fresh color of the prairie range had given the contour of her cheeks a soft and lustre like the glow of the garden orchid bloom, while the exercise which resulted from her many out door duties had given to her complexion the freshness of the lilies' bloom and had perfected the development of her graceful form until she looked like a goddess of the mythical age returned to the hills and plains. Not a detail of all this was lost upon Woodville as he gazed upon her standing framed in the glory of the evening aureola, and his thoughts went back to the days when he had first seen her, a mere child, in the Duncommon forest, and even then the elements of a beauty that he had known would develop into something like this. As he looked upon her on this evening he realized her loneliness and then confessed to himself the truth that it was now his daily comrade he was thankful for all that he had endured for her sake, and felt that he was fully compensated for all that he had suffered for her.

Their evening walk on this particular occasion was typical of the joy that followed it. To the woods the autumn landscape, with its varied store, and its superlative charm, after the effort of requittal had passed, seemed to be the fairest of her eyes had ever looked upon.

The choruses of the streams in their unfettered seclusion, mingled with the evening melody of the wild bird's song, seemed to be the sweetest kind of serenade that had ever filled her ears with music. The peace of the distant hills which in voiceless and undisputed sovereignty guarded the plains from imaginary foes, seemed superlatively sweet in its eternal calmness, and so suggestive of grief assuaged. The great isolation of the vale-formed prairie seemed inspiring in its impressive stillness, so different from the turmoil of the crowded street, where the passions of men are let loose in the thirst for desires satirety and in the conflict for gain. Even the unwalled range which formed a playground for the tremulous light in which to play its games of nursery innocence with the herbage and flowers, seemed sweet to her, and suggestive of freedom and joy. Wherever the eye gazed it rested upon peace and greatness, inviting the soul to a wider range of being and repaying the votary of grandeur, with a sweet sense of happiness, rest and seclusion, sanctifying in the purity of its compensation.

"Oh, how beautiful everything looks, dressed in the earth's harvest garments of peace and content," said the woman, with a shining face upon another occasion at evening. "I believe I like the seclusion of the uninhabited portions of the globe more and more as I become acquainted with them. You seem separated from the shams of busy life, from the duplicity of avaricious passions, and from the selfishness of wishing to be ahead of your fellow beings. No wonder the Garden of Eden was a retreat with pastoral characteristics. The more we see of Nature the more we like her and the less we care for the false pleasures of congested centres, which warp our better natures and give no lasting ecstacy, like the rapture of the woods and fields."

The man did not answer. He had been looking at the woman at his side. He saw very little of the landscape.

The woman continued her eulogy on the beauty of things where nature's designs had not been remodelled by man in his egotistical belief that he possessed a superior skill; but she did not know that everything looked so beautiful to her because she looked out of the magnifying windows of Love's fascinating abode—that everything was lovely to her because Love was tightening around her the meshes of his silken net, which he had spread out for her capture when she had been only a pure hearted child. She did not know this, but it was true. She was at that moment bound in a love that had been growing in volume day by day since she had all unconsciously let it thrill her being when she was a happy maiden dwelling in the sanctity of her childhood home. And now this love lacked not in strength, nor was it minus of any of love's sweetness because of its helpless character, nor was it characterized by any self regret, or disavowal of its birthright because it was sojourning on forbidden ground—ground where the mirror of self arraignment was hidden—into which sooner or later it would see its own futility and despair.

When they returned to the cabin the man was weary, for the walk had been a long one, and buoyed up with mental activity he had not felt physical distress. Smiling upon her solicitude at his fatigue, he, however, allowed her to seat him in a reclining chair, and to read to him from some favorite books which she had brought with her across the sea. Convalescence, mentally and physically, had been assured to him for some time, and there was the old refined light on his features again, which had given them such an attractive expression in the days gone by, but the shock of his sufferings a year ago had left him with slightly impaired vitality and added to this was the natural retrenching of the vital forces now that his youth was passing from him. When the reading was finished they still sat and talked in the twilight, loath to leave each other's company.

"You never told me," she said, in a soft, half-sad voice, "what you did on the morning you read my letter, telling you I had gone."

"I scarcely remember myself," he answered her, "it seemed to paralyze my senses, though I knew it was what was to happen. When I felt that I would never see you again the day grew dark, and I have very little memory of what followed. And when you returned I could scarcely focus my understanding on what really had occurred, it seemed more like a confused dream, from which I dimly caught the purport of what was passing. The first thing I remember distinctly was when I saw tears in your eyes, and I then knew you were sorry for me. But let us not dwell on this longer. When are you going with me to the Great Swail, to watch the ducks making their preparations to fly southward."

"To-morrow. In my trunk to-day I found some oil pigments, and canvas, so that you can paint a picture for me of their autumn flight."

The man was silent, touched by a memory. The thought of artists' materials bore his mental powers back to the long ago, when he had given this princess a few ideas in form and color, before the shadow of a great crime had defiled him in her sight. Could he take up his brush again with that memory upon him? Yes, he could do it still—for her.

Acquiescing in her plans he arose to go into the cabin. Here everything indicated the influence of a refined presence, and a sympathetic touch. A large stone fireplace and chimney had been built in the end, so that a mellow glow could warm and cheer the interior now that a chill came each day with the herald of night. A white cloth covered the home-made table upon which reposed refreshments of cooked wild fowl, pastry and refreshing drinks. Woodville wondered now as he had often wondered before, at the skill of this beautiful woman in refining and making comfortable their unpretentious home, but neither he nor she knew the cause, though both had heard in their childhood the old proverb, "when love directs the hand the hovel becomes a palace." Anon, perfecting everything for his nightly comfort, the princess left him to the isolation of his own thoughts, and it was here as usual the foreboding of a desolation touched him. Going to an easel, he uncovered a miniature drawing of the woman he loved. It was a pencil sketch upon which he was working and revealed her in her youthful innocence and comeliness, as he had first seen her. As he paused before it now, a great pity stole into his heart above his great love. Instead of being here with him, out of gratitude, as he supposed, she might have been receiving, as a queen, in the satin-hung halls of a palace. But she was here, and had promised to stay by him through life. Was it fair to hold her to such a promise now that he was better? No; he thought how cowardly it would be, and yet he knew he could not live without her. Some day she would know what he had done for her sake, and then she would understand it all. But meanwhile what would be the ending of their present, to him, sweet comradeship? His instinct of life told him that shadow must come to dethrone the light of joy that was now his daily guest. returned with the morning and he lived in the light of the woman's smile again, going over much the same routine as the day previous, of receiving and giving companionship through the duties of the working hours, and then, ending the ecstacy of the fleeting moments with a long stroll, while the evening was blessing the earth with its comforting peace.

And thus the days passed on, giving the woman supreme happiness in the participation of the unconventional freedom of her surroundings and in the peace and beauty of the sleeping plains, which exacted no conventional duties from her but the love of birds, flowers and streams. And giving to the man an ecstacy in each day that he had never before known in life.

In a fool's paradise they lived for a little space, fate's vampire frowning upon them meanwhile, yet laughing at them in their folly of thinking that earth could give them any enduring bliss without exacting from them its price in pain.

In a little while they were recalled from dreamland and their awakening was none the less swift and sure because it was brought home to them by two different agencies.

CHAPTER XVII.

The thermometer rapidly fell, then suddenly and without warning, the western heavens seemed to darken. The angry cirri that swept across the face of the sky whirled here and there into conjested masses of turbulent blackness, like contesting navies on the sea enveloped in the vaporous pall of their strange passions. For a short space of time everything was so still that you could hear a footstep with astonishing clearness, then the temper of the elements changed, and the wind rushed through the funnel-shaped passage towards the warmer hemisphere, like an overwhelming army in the ancient days. Like a wild animal that had broken from its tether the hurricane raged, its fury dominating every living thing in its path, bending over tress as if they had been bulrushes and tearing down loosely constructed buildings as easily as a child would upset its pile of toys. In an instant the air became filled with the blinding snow, not in the usual style of a shower of the frozen vapor, but in cloud sheets which seemed to fill up the space between the earth and sky, leaving all living things scant room in which to breathe. So dense was the volume of the flying "white sand" that the sight could not penetrate it for more than a dozen feet, and its compact character was so impervious to the light that the darkness of an eclipse soon settled over the land. Only those who have battled against its fury know the danger of this "white typhoon" of the northern plains, expressed in the one word, "blizzard."

A woman paced the room in the interior of the regulation cabin, in the Canadian Northwest, while the blizzard raged. One who was dear to her had gone on a journey to the railway station that morning for supplies, and the fear that he might be caught in the storm while returning, caused her to walk to and fro in her home, face to face with an indescribable fear. The dinner arranged in tempting and surprising delicacy for cabin housekeeping, remained untouched on the table, as the woman walked back and forth, hoping he had reached a place of safety.

The hours sped apace, but still he did not come. She could not go out, even to a neighbor's home, that would mean certain death, so alone she was forced to wait praying as she hoped for the best, but dreading the worst. Night settled over the almost illimitable breadth of prairie, but still he did not come, and still the blizzard raged. Without there was no sound but the moaning and sobbing of the tempest, like a thousand genii lashing the earth with the frozen tears of Eros, as they shrieked themselves hoarse with madness over Psyche's wrong. To the woman it seemed as if all the fabled chronicles of the savage gods might be true, and that this was a new passion of some fallen spirit of their realm. She did not go to bed, neither did she undress as the night passed and the storm kept company with the night. But with the morn came peace and brightness— the blizzard had blown itself out. As soon as she could see she made her way slowly through the "white sand" drifts to the nearest neighbors, and after knocking at the door, anxiously inquired:

"Mr. Schmaus, have you heard anything of my brother. He went to the station yesterday morning for our winter groceries, and must have been detained by the blizzard?"

"Nix. 'Cept man found in snow bank last night might be John."

The woman turned very white. "Where was the man found in the snow drift?" she asked.

"At Sholta's," a girl (Schmaus' daughter) answered for her father.

"That would be about midway between here and the station. How was the man dressed?"

Some other neighbors of the Schmaus family coming up prevented the latter question from being answered. They, however, confirmed the worst suspicions of the pallid woman by stating it had been W. Noecker who had been found.

The pale woman heard in dumb silence, making no outcry, though the pallor of death touched her cheeks. Made of a different calibre from the natural inhabitant of the plains, she would not reveal how the words had wounded her heart almost to its death. She stood a little apart from the others as if she scorned their sympathy for sorrow such as hers, and wished not for them to mingle their consolation with her grief, that was all her own.

This confirmed Schmaus' opinion of her hard-heartedness, and deepened his dislike for her.

The benumbed woman compelled herself to listen to all the gossip of the Schmaus girls and of the strangers over the event of Noecker's death, and then she forced herself to engage these strange men, to attend to the matter of bringing the dead man to his own cabin.

This done, she went back to her own lonely domicile to await events. No plans for her future formed themselves to a focus as yet in her mind, she was held too securely in the spell of the terrible tragedy of the previous night. She crouched by the door waiting to hear the return of the bearers of the dead, occupying the slow passing moments in steeling herself to bear her burden without betraying her true feelings to the uncouth denizens which she knew would flock to her out of morbid curiosity and to witness her sorrow. Anon she heard the sound of sleigh bells, and thinking it was those bearing Woodville's silent form she arose. But it was Woodville himself with a smile on his face, who opened the door and entered. The sudden changed from deadly dread to joy had a strange affect on the white-faced watcher near the doorway. She trembled like an aspen and reeled, then a dominant bliss surged through her, giving her face the silent wondering beauty of an angel's. The scales had been long in falling from her eyes, but they had fallen at last. In the sudden joy of seeing him alive once more came the knowledge to her, clear and unmistakable now that she loved this man.

"Oh, I thought!— I heard!— I was told!— you had perished in the blizzard," she said falteringly and standing a little back from him.

"I know. That is why I hastened home. The fellow who was frozen was a drunken sot, but he wore clothes like mine. Sholta thought it was me, and his suppositions were soon repeated as facts.

Woodville was puzzled at her strange behavior, but he supposed she had been upset by the anxiety of the night. There was a strange, new, shy demeanor in her bearing as he recounted to her how he had escaped the blizzard by "taking no chances" when it had looked so threatening, but had remained at the station all night.

That quiet, shy demeanor remained with the princess that afternoon, as she busied herself with her duties.

She now understood the latent force of love, and the secret passion that had ruled her heart for years. She now understood why she had aided Woodville to escape, and had been his companion through the London slums. She now knew why she had voluntarily placed herself in such incongruous positions, which were so out of harmony with the dignity of her birthright. Yes, she knew it all at last, knew that her youthful nature was capable of conceiving a mighty passion whose volume and power she could even then scarcely gauge, it had so dominated her and commanded her already. She trembled, almost, as she mused, awed by the knowledge of the fervency of this strange spirit power, that had given her youthful nature such marvellous independence and defying force, yet she was conscious of a new entrancing sweetness at her heart, which she welcomed without reserve and without questioning the cause of its coming there.

But at night, when in her own small private chamber, the reaction came, and a revulsion of sentiment filled up her heart. She wondered that she had not discovered her own secret before, but she was glad that she had not so discovered it. But now that her soul's true sentiment to this man was revealed to her womanhood, there was only one course open to her—immediate flight. Though it killed her to leave him now, she knew it must be done at once. She remembered her sacred promise to her mother, but separate from this, all the inherent virtue of her noble disposition called upon her to at once depart. She, the lover of her father's murderer. She could almost fancy that her father's ashes protested from his silent grave. The impelling sentiments of mercy, sympathy and pity, which she thought had prompted her to be kind to this guilty man; had been noble sentiments, and they did not shame her now, nor would they ever have shamed her if she could always have believed that it was their influence that had prompted her friendship to Woodville, but to love him, to be kind to him out of her love for him, that would be shame indeed. Though she had slept none the night previous, she seemed even more wakeful now, as she planned how she would leave Woodville on the morrow. She would not write to him again but would tell him that the time had come for them to part.

She would be brave now—now that she saw her duty so clearly—and fate must decide the consequences. Even though it killed them both her duty must be done now, at once.

Before the morning dawned she arose and prayed to God to give her strength to falter not in carrying out all that was imposed upon her by the revelations of the previous day, and to sustain her in the hour of darkness and trial that had now come upon her.

Early as it was she found that Woodville had already arisen and had fed and watered his horses, all unconscious that two swords of Damocles hung suspended over his head.

With a great heaviness of heart the princess began the preparation of the morning meal for the last time, Woodville watching her from a seat near the window, as was his custom when he had time, wondering at the new grief in her face which she tried to hide. Just as they were about to sit down to the table a knock came at the door. Wondering who it could be, and what could bring them so early, Woodville arose and admitted two men, dressed in ordinary Northwestern attire.

Neither spoke until Woodville had closed the door behind them, then one of them tapped him on the shoulder, saying in a firm voice:

"We 'ave been looking for you, Mr. Woodville, for some time. I must now harrest you, hon this warrant, which you may look hover."

Woodville and his woman companion were taken completely by surprise, and for a moment or two both were too dumfounded to speak, then as the realization of what had occurred came to them both became extremely agitated, though the despair of the woman was much more noticeable than that of the man.

"I have been expecting you for years," Woodville said coolly.

"You 'ave? Then hall I can say is that you led us a merry chase. I 'ave some bracelets which you will wear, please. My name is Dent, hand I ham from Scotland Yard. This is my hassistant, Mr. Stayner. You will soon become hacquainted, 'owever, for I am going to give you a standing hintroduction by linking you together. Now if you will haccompany hus peacefully, we may yet catch the Southheastern train before people hare stirring much haround, which Hi suppose will be hagreeable to you?"

A great weariness seemed to be lifted from Woodville, for though he betrayed it not, he had been in constant dread of arrest, knowing the unceasing nature of the pursuit of the English detectives. Turning to his companion he said: "It is better so, perhaps, after all. I am only sorry for your sake,"

But the woman refused to be comforted, and shedding bitter tears railed on the detectives for their meanness, ending with the taunt "you had better arrest me, too, for it was I who advised the escape!"

"We 'ave no warrant for you, your 'ighness," the detective declared, with great diffidence. "Hour hinstructions hare not to molest you in hany way whathever."

During the journey to the railway station, the detective, joyous in the knowledge that he had run his game to earth at last, was disposed to be talkative.

"You led hus a lively race, a very lively race," he averred, addressing Woodville. "You deserve great credit. Your shifting game was the best racket. If you 'adn't staid 'ere so long we might still be chasing you. You came within an hace of upsetting the theory of the hinvincibility of Scotland Yard, but my boys will be hall smiling hagain, when I cable them to-day."

Woodville was silent, but the princess expressed her disgust at such a calling as hounding men.

"Well, you see, your 'ighness, the millenium is not 'ere yet, hand if fellows will run why you've just got to run hafter 'em, though Hi'm not denying the hingenuity of this man's harrangements was deserving of considerable success. But British law be British law, you know, and we 'ave to keep it hup to hits standard."

(To be Continued)

Auctioneers

PETER BROWN, Auctioneer, Oakwood P.O., Ontario. Farm stock and other sales promptly attended to. Charges moderate. Sales can be arranged for at The Watchman-Warder Office.

THOMAS SWAIN, Blackstock P.O., Ont., Licensed Auctioneer for Durham, also Ops Township. Farm Stock and other sales promptly attended to; charges moderate.

Money to Loan

A LARGE AMOUNT of private funds to loan, 4½ and 5 per cent. WM. STEERS, Solicitor, Dominion Bank Building, William-st., Lindsay.—24.

THE UNDERSIGNED are prepared to loan money on Farm, Town and Village Property, at the very lowest rates of interest, private or company funds. McSWEYN & WELDON, Solicitors, &c., Ontario Bank Building, cor. Kent and William-sts., Lindsay. In Omemee every Monday.

Music

MR. J. PARNELL MORRIS

FELLOW OF THE TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Organist and Choirmaster of Cambridge-st. Methodist Church.

Teacher of Voice Culture, Piano, Organ and Theory, including Harmony, Counterpoint, Canon and Fugue. Musical Form and History.

Pupils prepared for examinations of Trinity University, or Toronto Conservatory of Music, Studio and Residence 50 Cambridge-st., P. O Box 23.

Dentistry

W. H. GROSS, Dentist, Lindsay, Headquarters for good Dentistry, Member Royal Dental College, Ont.

DR. SUTTON, dentist, Lindsay. Hon. or graduate of Toronto University and Royal College of Dental Surgeons. All the latest improved methods adopted and prices moderate. Office over Anderson & Nugent's, opposite Veitch's hotel. —29.

DR. E. A. TOTTEN, dentist, Lindsay, Graduate of Toronto University and Royal College of Dental Surgeons. Every department of dentistry done in a practical and scientific manner at moderate prices. Office over Morgan's Drug Store—17.

DR. F. A. WALTERS, dentist, Lindsay. Honor graduate of Toronto University and Royal College of Dental Surgeons. All the latest and improved branches of dentistry successfully performed. Charges moderate. Office over Gregory's Drug Store, corner Kent and William-sts.—31-1y.

DR. ARTHUR DAY, dentist, successor to the late Dr. Hart. Member of Toronto Dental College and Toronto University. Also graduate of American Dental College.

Most modern dentistry practised in the most scientific manner.

Crown and bridge work a specialty. Charges moderate. Office 44 Kent-st.

DR. NEELANDS, dentist, Lindsay. Extracts teeth without pain by gas (Vitalized Air) administered by him for 26 years with great success. He studied the gas under Dr. Cotton, of New York, the originator of gas for extracting teeth. Dr. Cotton writes Dr. Neelands that he has given the gas to 186,417 persons without an accident. Dr. Neelands uses the best local pain obtunders. Beautiful artificial teeth inserted at moderate prices. Please send a postal card before coming. Office nearly opposite the Simpson House, Lindsay.—23.

Physicians

DR. G. S. RYERSON, 60 College-st., Toronto. Eye, ear, nose and throat specialist, will be at the Benson House, Lindsay, for consultation on Saturday, Oct. 5th.

DR. JEFFERS. Office hours 9 to 11 a.m.; 2 to 4 p.m.; 7 to 8 p.m. Residence 30 Wellington-st. Telephone No. 43.

DR. McCULLOUGH of Peterborough, will visit Lindsay first and third Wednesday of each month at the Simpson House. Hours, 2 to 4 p.m. Consultation in Eye, Ear, Throat and Nose Diseases.—14.

DR. WHITE, graduate of Toronto University Medical Faculty, also graduate of Trinity University, Toronto, and member of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario. Office Lindsay-st. Telephone 107.

DR. A. GILLESPIE, C.A. and S.O., Office and residence corner of Lindsay and Russell-sts. Licentiate of Royal College Physicians and Surgeons, Edinburgh. Licentiate of Midwifery, Edinburgh. Special attention given to Midwifery and diseases of women. Telephone No. 98

DR. SIMPSON, physician. Office and residence, Russell-st., Lindsay second door west of York-st. Office hours, 9 a.m. to 10.30 a.m.; 1.30 p.m. to 3 p.m., and 7 to 8 p.m. Dr. J. Simpson, graduate of Univ., of Trinity College, Toronto Medical College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. Late of Rockwood Asylum, Kingston, Grand Trunk Surgeon, Lindsay District.

Barristers, &c.

DONALD R. ANDERSON, Barrister, Solicitor, &c. Office immediately opposite the Daly House, Kent-st., Lindsay.

G. H. HOPKINS, Barrister. Solicitor for the Ontario Bank. Money to Loan at Lowest Rates. Office No. 6 William-st. south.

STEWART & O'CONNOR, Barristers, Notaries, &c. Money to Loan at very lowest current rates on best terms. Office, corner Kent and York-sts., Lindsay.
T. Stewart. L. V. O'Connor B.A.

MOORE & JACKSON, Barristers, &c Solicitors for the County of Victoria and the Bank of Montreal. Money to Loan on mortgages at lowest current rates. Office William-st., Lindsay.
F. D. Moore. Alex. Jackson.

McLAUGHLIN, McDAIRMID & PEEL Barristers, Solicitors, &c., Lindsay and Fenelon Falls. Lindsay office, Baker's Block, Kent-st. We are loaning money on real estate, first mortgage, in sums large and small, to suit borrowers, on the best terms, and at the very lowest rates of interest. We do not lend on notes or chattel security.
R. J. McLaughlin.
F. A. McDiarmid.
J. A. Peel.

Veterinary Surgeons

W. F. BROAD, Veterinary Surgeon, Inspector of Live Stock for Dominion Government. Office and residence, 46 Peel-st., between Salvation Army Barracks and Curling Rink. Telephone 146. Calls answered night and day.

Marriage Licenses

HAPPINESS INSURED by getting your marriage license from Thos. Beall. Licences issued either at his house on Albert-st or at his office at G. W. Beall's jewellery store, Kent-st., Lindsay.—31-