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done in our own office and and move this very morning. Principal and interest repaid to "Going to put em in with the misters, etc., Lindsay.

## Auctioneers

reales promptly attended to chanced to be open. gm moderate.-29.

## Physician Physician The English Orphans

Continued from page two.

to work Miss Grundy immediatey stepped into her place, filling it so well that, as Sal had said, Mr. Parker bore a great deal from her, knowing that no one whom he could hire would do as well or save as much as she did. Sal Furbush she could neither manage nor make work, and she vented her spite toward her by getting her shut up on the slightest pretexts. Sal knew very well to whom she was indebted for her "temporary seclusions as she called them, and she exerted herself to repay the debt with interest. Sometimes on a sultry summer morning when the perspiration stood thickly on Miss Grundy's face as she bent over a red-hot cookstove in the kitchen, Sal, with her feet in the brook which ran through the back yard and a big palm-leaf fan in her hand, would call out from some shady spot, "Halloo, Miss Grundy, don't you wish you were a lady boarder and could be as cool and as comfortable as I am?" Occasionally, too, when safely fastened in the pantry enjoying her green tea and Boston crackshe would be startled with the words, "That must have been an excellent relish!" and looking up she would spy Sal cosily seated on the top shelf eyeing her movements complacently and offering perhaps to assist

her if she found the tea too strong! Miss Grundy wore a wig, and as she seemed disturbed whenever the fact Over was mentioned, the walls of the house both inside and out were frequently ornamented with ludicrous pictures of herself, in which she was sometimes to examining and treating the represented as entirely baldheaded, with proper lenses when required. while with spectacles on the end of her nose, she appeared to be peering hither and thither in quest of her wig. On these occasions Miss Grundy goers. -9 to 5. Saturday everings, wrath knew no bounds, and going to Mr. Parker she would lay the case before him in so aggravated a form that at last to get rid of her, he would promise that for the next offence Sal should be shut up. In this way the poor woman, to use her own words, was secluded from the visible world

nearly half the time. With the other inmates of the house, however, she was a special favorite, and many were the kind turns which she had done for the lame woman, whom Miss Grundy took delight in reminding that "she didn't half earn the salt to her por-

Next to the wig nothing more annoyed Miss Grundy than to see Sal, with grammar in hand, perched upon str and Royal College of Dental | the window sill or table and repeating singeons. All the latest improved at the top of her voice the "rules, methods adopted and prices moder- of which every fourth one seemed to office over Post New Building. have been made with direct reference to herself. But it was of no use for Miss Grundy to complain of this, for as Sal said, "Mr. Parker merely winked at it as the vagary of a disordered mind," and she was free to quote her grammar from morning till night. Whenever she was crazier than usual her command of language was proportionately greater, and her references to her grammar more frequent, while no one in the house could venture a remark without being immediately

corrected for some impropriety of Uncle Peter, who had a high opinion of Sally's abilities, always did his best to converse as she directed; but in her "inspired days" even he became utterly confounded, and once when in one of her lofty strains she had labored hard to impress upon him the all-important fact that adjecives are frequently changed into adverbs by the suffix "ly," the old man, quite out of his wits with his efforts to under tand and profit by her teachigs, was guilty of a laughable blun-

"Uncle Peter," said she, "did you notice how unusually funnily Miss Grandy's wig was arranged at dinner

Thinking that he fully understood the reply which he was expected to make, and anxious to make amends ples, he asked what it meant. for his former studienty, uncle reter she told all, beginning from the time anybody play in the mud and not get peared among the bushes, and then promptly replied, "No madam, I did when Alice was first brought into the dirty. My particlet hand and not get peared among the bushes, and then

face assumed convinced Uncle Peter that he had failed in his attempts at speaking grammatically, and with a sudden determination never again to try, he precipitately left the house, and for the next two hours amused himself by playing "Bruce's Address" upon his old cracked fiddle. From that time Sal gave up all hope of edu-A ex. Jackson. cating Uncle Peter, and confined herself mostly to literary efforts, of which

we shall speak hereafter.

The night following Sal's first acquaintance with Mary, Alice cried until nearly daydawn. The milk which Miss Grundy's stinginess allowed her was not particularly conductive to her health, and besides that, she missed the invigorating bath to which she had been accustomed during her mother's lifetime. Mary had spoken of it two or three times, but Miss Grundy only jerked her shoulders, saying, "she guessed she wasn't going to have such a slush around the house. You can bring her down," said she, "to the sink, and pump as much water on her as you so easily. like:" so Mary said no more about No sooner was he gone than Sal heart almost failed her when on entering the kitchen she saw how the chairs and Miss Grundy's shoulders danced around. She well knew that something was wrong, and attributing it to Alice's crying, she waited in silence for the storm to burst.

"Rind," said Miss Grundy to the girl with crooked feet, who was wash- she seemed to cling naturally to Saling the milkpail, "ain't there nary spare room in the dark passage?" "None but the wool room, as I kitchen below, was busy with the know on," was Rind's sullen response. | thousand things which Miss Grundy "Well, wool room 'tis then-for, as for my being kept awake night after night by a good-for-nothin' young one that hain't no business here, anyway, on real estate mortgages at I shan't do it. So" (speaking to lowest current rates. The busi- Mary) "you may pick up your duds

without any expense of remit- wool?" asked Rind, suspending oper-We also purchase mortgages ations, and holding up the pail so debetatures. TO INVESTORS that the water ran out of the spout. brigament money for clients on "You shet up." said Miss Grundy, Transpages, also upon municipal de "and wait until you're invited to Mer Attended stocks and speak. Goodness alive! look at that McLAUGHLIN & PEEL, slop! Tip up the pail, quick." By this time Mary had found cour-

age to say she thought Alice would be better if she could have her usual bath every morning. This only increased Miss Grundy's wrath, and she JAMES. CAMBRAY, Ont., Li- whirled round so swiftly that her Auctioneer, for the county; forehead came in contact with the Farm stock and all sharp edge of the cellar door, which "Cood." softly whispe

while the shuming motion of her club feet showed how pleased she was. Mary, on the contrary, was really distressed, for she knew the bumped head would be charged to her and felt sure that she was further than ever from the attainment of her ob-Still, after Miss Grundy's forehead was duly bathed in cold water, and bound up in a blue cotton hand-

kerchief (the lady's favorite color),

she again ventured to say, "Miss

Grundy, if you will only let me wash Alice in my room, I'll promise she shan't disturb you again." After a great deal of scolding and fretting about whims, stuck-up notions, and paupers trying to be somebody, Miss Grundy, who really did not care a copper where Alice was washed, consented, and Mary ran joyfully upstairs with the bucket of clear, cold water, which was so soothing in its effects upon the feeble child that in a short time she fell into a deep slumber. Mary gently laid her down, and then smoothing back the few silken curls which grew around her forehead, and kissing her white cheek, she returned to the kitchen, determined to please Miss Grundy

that day if possible But Miss Grundy was in the worst of humors, and the moment Mary appeared she called out, "Go straight back, and fetch that young one down here. Nobody's a-goin' to have you racin' upstairs every ten minutes to see whether or no she sleeps with her eyes open or shet. She can stav here as well as not, and if she begins to stir, Patsy can jog the cradle."

Mary cast a fearful glance at Patsy. who nodded and smiled as if in approbation of Miss Grundy's command She dared not disobey, so Alice and her cradle were transferred to the itchen, which was all day long kept at nearly boiling heat from the stoveroom adjoining. Twice Mary attempted to shut the door between, but Miss Grundy bade her open it so she could "keep an eve on all that was going The new sights and faces round her, and more than all Patsy's strange appearance, frightened Alice, who set up such loud screams that Miss Grundy shook her lustily, and then cuffed Patsy, who cried because the baby did, and pulling Mary's hair because she 'most knew she felt gritty," she went back to the cheese-tub muttering something about "Cain's being raised

At last wholly exhausted and overcome with the heat. Alice ceased screaming, and with her eyes partly closed, she lay panting for breath while Mary, half out of her senses, tipped over the dishwater, broke the yellow pitcher, and spilled a pan of morning's milk.

"If there's a stick on the premises, I'll use it, or my name isn't Grundy.' said the enraged woman, at the same time starting for a clump of alders which grew near the brook.

At this stage of affairs Sal Furbush came dancing in, courtesying, making faces, and asking Mary if she thought "the temperature of the kitchen conducive to health?" Mary instinctively drew nearer to

her, as to a friend, and grasping her dress, whispered, "Oh, Sally, Aunt Sally, don't let her whip me for nothoff its leaves as she came. "Whip you? I guess she won't." said Sal, and planting herself in the doorway as Miss Grundy came up,

'Out of my way," said Miss Grun-"I'll teach that upstart to break

aside, she entered the kitchen. Mary retreated behind the cupboard door, and Miss Grundy was about to ed the whip from her hand, and broke it in twenty pieces. How the matter would have ended is uncertain, for at that moment Mr. Parker himself appeared, and to him Miss Grun-

both in the same breath. woman, who was quietly paring ap- clean.

when Alice was first brought into the dirty. My pantalet hung by a few she too started for home, with a lightkitchen, and adding as an opinion of threads, and as I wanted a rag to The look of horror which Sally's her own that the child was suffering wash my earthens with. I tore it off. from heat. Mr. Parker was a good- Why don't you wear pantalets?" natured, though rather weak man, and in reality slightly feared Miss ping, he would do it himself.

"But Sal Furbush," said Miss Grundy, as she adjusted her headgear, which was slightly displaced, "can' she be shut up? There's Bedlam to pay the whole durin' time when she's

Mr. Parker knew this very well, but before he had time to answer and said, "If you please, don't shut her up. She was not to blame, for I asked her to help me.

"Well, well, we'll let her off this time, I guess," said he; and as Uncle Peter just then put his head into the window, saying that "the lord of the

manor was wanted without," Mr. Parker left, glad to get out of the muss

it until the night of which we have catching up the cradle, started for spoken, and then she determined on the stairs, saying, "I won't work, making one more effort. But her but I can and will take care of little Willie, and I choose to do it in a more congenial atmosphere." Then, as Mary looked a little startled, she added, "Never you fear, dearie, Sa knows what she's about, and she won't make the little boy the least bit of a face.

From that time there was no more trouble with Alice during the day, for ly, who hour after hour rocked and took care of her, while Mary, in the found for her to do.

#### CHAPTER VII.

about three weeks when Miss Grundy and through the woods until she came path along the fence until she came to another strip of woods, with a brook running through it. "And just on the fur edge of them woods," said she, "you'll see the men folks to some?" work; and do you tell 'em to come to their dinner quick."

mary used her sunbonnet and har were conclusive Jenny unrolled her have such a noise." ments from the hot kitchen, with its pantalet, and tried to wipe some of endless round of washing dishes, the mud from her dress, at the same

denly upon the sparkling brook, which danced so merrily beneath the shadow of the tall woods.

What a nice place this would be to sit and read," was her first exclamation, and then she sighed as she thought how small were her chances for reading now.

Quickly her thoughts traversed the past, and her tears mingled with the clear water which flowed at her feet, as she recalled the time when, blessed with a father's and mother's love, she could go to school and learn as other children did. She was roused from her sad reverie by the sound of voices, which she supposed proceed- to talk to me about keeping clean, ed from the men, whose tones she fancied were softer than usual. "If I can hear them, they can hear me. thought she, and shouting as loud as she could, she soon heard Mr. Parker's voice in answer, saying he would come directly. It was a mild September day, and

as Mary knew that Sal would take care of Alice, she determined not to hurry, but to follow the course of the stream, fancying she should find it to be the same which ran through the clothes-yard at home. She had not gone far when she came suddenly upon a boy and two little girls, who seemed to be playing near the brook. In the features of the boy she recognized Henry Lincoln, and remembering what Billy had said of him, she about turning away when the smallest of the girls espied her, and called out, "Look here, Rose, I reckon that't Mary Howard. I'm going to speak to her.'

"Jenny Lincoln, you mustn't any such thing. Mother won't like answered the girl called Rose But whether "mother would like it," or not, Jenny did not stop think, and going toward Mary, she said, "Have you come to play in the

"No," was Mary's reply. "I came to call the folks to dinner." "Oh, it was you that screamed so loud. I couldn't think who is was, but it can't be dinner-time?" "Yes, 'tis; it's noon.'

"Well, we don't have dinner until two, and we can stay here till that time. Won't you play with us?" "No, I can't I must go back and work," said Mary.

"Work!" repeated Jenny. "I think it's bad enough to have to live in that old house without working; but come and see our fish pond;" and taking Mary's hand, she led her to a wide part of the stream where the water had been dammed up until it was nearly two feet deep and clear as crystal. Looking in, Mary could see the pebbles on the bottom, while a fish occasionally darted out and then

"I made this almost all myself, said Jenny. "Henry wouldn't help me because he's so ugly, and Rose was afraid of blacking her fingers. But l don't care. Mother says I'm a greatgreat-I've forgotten the word, but it means dirty and careless, and I guess I do look like a fright, don't I?"

Mary now for the first time noticed

the appearance of her companion, and readily guessed that the word which she could not remember was "slating," at the same time pointing to- tern." She was a fat, chubby little ward Miss Grundy, who was return- girl, with a round, sunny face and ing with an alder switch, stripping laughing blue eyes, while her brown hair hung around her for head in short, tangled curls. The front breadth of her pink gingham dress was plastered with mud. One of her she asked, "Come you with hostile | shoestrings was untied, and the other, one gone. The bottom of one protalet was entirely torn off, and the other rolled nearly to the knee. things when she's mad." Pushing Sal | disclosing a pair of ankles of no lilliputian dimensions. The strings her white sunbonnet were twisted into a hard knot, and the bonnet itfollow her, when Sal, with a nimble self hung down her back, partially bound, sprang upon her back, and hiding the chasm made by the abpulling her almost to the floor, snatch- sence of three or tour hooks and eyes. Altogether she was just the kind of little girl which one often finds in the country swinging on gates and

making mud pies. Mary was naturally very neat; and dy and Sal detailed their grievances, in reply to Jenny's question as to whether she looked like a fright, she | time in these woods. I'd ask you to "I can't get at a word," said he, answered, "I like your face better and turning to the pleasant-looking than I do your dress, because it is

"Why, so was my dress this morn-In a plain, straightforward manner, ing," said Jenny, "but there can't

Mary biushed painfully, as she tried to hide her bare feet with her Grundy. On this occasion, however, dress, but she answered, "When he did not take sides with her, but mother died I had only two pair, and said, "It was ridiculous to have such | Miss Grundy says I shan't wear them works; and that if Mary wanted whip- every day. It makes too much wash-

"Miss Grundy! she's a spiteful old thing. She shook me once because laughed at that droll picture Sal Furbush drew of her on the front door. am afraid of Sal, ain't you?"

"I was at first, but she's very kind to me, and I like her now. "Well, I always run when I see her. She makes such faces and shakes her fist so. But if she's kind to you, I'll like her too. You go away (speaking

to Henry), and not come here to Henry gave a contemptuous whistle, and pointing to Mary's feet, said "Ain't they delicate? 'Most as small as her teeth!"

The tears came into Mary's eyes, and Jenny, throwing a stick at her brother, exclaimed, "For shame, Henry Lincoln! You always was the meanest boy. Her feet ain't any bigger than mine. See," and she stuck up her little dumpy foot, about twice as thick as Mary's

another whistle. "That may be, too, and not be so very small, for yours are as big as stoneboats, any day, and your ankles are just the size of the piano legs." So saying, he threw a large stone into the water, spattering girls, but wetting Jenny the

Mary had been at the poorhouse you know Billy Bender?"

I think he's the bestest boy in the world. And isn't his face beautiful?" "I never thought of it," said Mary. "What makes you think him so hand-

enny drew nearer to Mary and said: "If you'll never tell anybody as long as you live and breathe, I'll tell you

Mary gave the required promise and Jenny continued: "I shouldn't like to have my mother know it, for she scolds all the time now about my 'vulgar tastes,' though I'm sure Rose likes the same things that I do, except Billy Bender, and it's about him I was going to tell you. He was so pleasant I couldn't help loving him, if mother did say I mustn't. He used and once I tried a whole week, and I only dirtied four dresses and three pair of pantalets in all that time. Oh! how handsome and funny his eyes looked when I told him about it. He took me in his lap, and said that was more than he thought a little girl ought to dirty. Did you ever see any boy you loved as well as you do Billy

Mary hesitated a moment, for much as she liked Billy there was another whom she loved better, though he had never been one-half as kind to a deal of trouble succeeded in coaxher as Billy had. After a time she answered, "Yes, I like, or I did like while she read to her from her little George Moreland, but I shall never see him again;" and then she told Jenny of her home in England, of the rected her pronunciation, or stopped long, dreary voyage to America, and her while she expounded Scripture, of her father's death; but when she and at last in a fit of impatience Mary came to the sad night when her mo- tossed the book into the crazy creather and Franky died, she could not ture's lap, asking her to read herself. go on, and laying her face in Jenny's This was exactly what Sal wanted, lap she cried for a long time. Jenny's and taking the foot of Mary's bed for tears flowed too but she tried to re- her rostrum, she read and preached strain them for she saw that Rose so curiously that Mary felt almost had shut her book and was watching glad when Miss Grundy came up to Ere long, however, she resumed her

reading, and then Jenny, softy caressing Mary, said, "Don't cry so, for I'll love you, and we'll have good times together too. We live in Boston every before we go, and I mean to see you every day." "In Boston?" said Mary inquiring-

ly. "George lives in Boston." Jenny was silent a moment, and then suddenly clapping her hands together, she exclaimed, "I know George Moreland. He lives just opposite our house, and is Ida Selden's cousin. Why, he's 'most as handsome as Billy Bender, only he teases you more. I'll tell him about you, for mother says he's got lots of money, and perhaps he'll give you some. Mary felt that she wouldn't for the

swered, "No, no, you mustn't tell him a word about me. I don't want you to. Promise that you won't." Loath as Jenny was to make such promise, she finally did, adding, "! guess I won't tell Rose either, for she and Ida are great friends. George says he don't know which he likes best, though he thinks Rose the handsom-

world have George know she was in

the poorhouse, and she quickly an-

est. He likes handsome girls, and so Mary knew she had no beauty of which to boast, but Ella had, so she very naturally mentioned her sister. saying how much she wished to see

"Why, you can see her at church, answered Jenny. "Why don't you ever

I am going next Sunday, Sally and was Mary's reply. "Billy told me the last time he was here that he would come and stay with Alice." "Oh, I'm glad, and I hope they'll put you in my Sabbath school class. for Ella is in it, but if they do I'll contrive to have Rose sit off a good ways because- because-"

Here Jenny paused, but seeing that Mary was waiting for her to finish the sentence, she added, "She's proud. and sometimes laughs at poor girls." "Thank you, Miss Jenny Lincoln," said Rose, coming forward. "I'll tell mother of this new intimacy, and she'll put a stop to it, I'll assure you.

But come along, I'm going home. Jenny arose to obey, but whispered to Mary, "You'll find me most any come to our house, only mother

wouldn't let you sit in the parlor. I

er heart than she had known before for many a day. She had found a new | Druggist, friend, and though Miss Grundy scolded because she had been gone so | •••••••••••••••• long, and threatened to shut her up in Sal Furbush's cage, she did not mind it, and actually commenced humming a tune while Miss Grundy was storming about a bowl of sour milk which she had found in the cupboard. A sharp box on her brought her song to an end and the tears into her eyes, but she thought of Jenny, and the fact that she too know George made him seem nearer, and when Miss Grundy did not see her she hastily drew the golden locket from her bosom, and glancing at the handsome, boyish face it reveal- 2 ed, quickly thrust it back as she 5

heard a quick step in the passage. She had no opportunity of seeing enny again that week, for she was kept busy from morning till night, running here and there, first after eggs, then after water, next for po- | 8 tatoes, and then after wood. And still | 5 Miss Grundy told her fifty times a 1 day that "she didn't half pay her 2. way, to say nothing about the young

and say you didn't come here to 2 work; that's the way I did." Mary was willing to do whatever | 2 she could but she often wished Mrs. | 8 Parker was able to be round, for then | 18 she was sure she would not have to work so hard. She had several times been sent of errands to Mrs. Parker's room, and the lady had always spoken kindly to her, asking her if she was tired, or what made her look so pale, It was through Mrs. Parker's influmost. After this he walked away, ap- ence, too, that she had obtained perparently well pleased with his per- mission to attend church the following Sabbath. Mrs. Parker was a pro-"Isn't he hateful?" said Jenny, fessor of religion, and before her illwiping the water from her neck and ness some of the family had attended shoulders; "but grandma says all church every Sunday. But since she boys are so until they do something had been sick her husband had with the oats-I've forgot what. But | thought it hardly worth while to harthere's one boy who isn't ugly. Do ness up his horses though he said any one might go who chose to walk. "Billy Bender? Oh, yes," said Mary Few, however, were able to walk; so about three weeks when this or and quickly, "he is all the friend I've got they remained at home and Sunday bonnet and run across the meadow in the world except Sal Furbush."

Well he worked for my no lest "Well, he worked for my pa last week. Sal Furbush generally took the to a rye stubble, then follow the foot- summer, and oh! I liked him so much. lead, and mounting the kitchen table, sang camp-meeting hymns as loud as she could scream. Uncle Peter fiddled, Patsy nodded and laughed, the girl with the crooked feet by way of increasing the Bedlam would some-"Oh I don't know unless it's be-times draw a file across the stovepipe, cause he makes such nice popple while Miss Grundy scolded, and de-Mary tied her sunbonnet and hur- whistles!" and as if the argument clared "she could not and would not

endless round in washing makes, time glancing toward her sister, who joinder, as at the end of a verse she dusting chairs. She had no difficulty at some little distance was reclining paused for breath. dusting chair. She mid no dismouth against an old oak tree and souring | Paused for breath.

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she spent in her own room, and after ing Sal to stay there too, listening Bible. But the reading was perplexing business, for Sal constantly cor-

(Continued next week.)

stop the racket, and locked Sal in her

Prominent Citizens Pall-Bearers. Woodstock, Oct. 16.-Mayor Butler, Ald. Dr. A. Beverley Welford, R. E. Butler, A. L. Dent, Dr. J. G. Odlum and J. G. Karn, some of the most prominent men in the city, will be the pall-bearers at the funeral of Mrs. Cassie Chadwick to-day.

Rev. F. W. Thompson, College avenue Methodist church, will conduct the service, and interment will take place at the Anglican cemetery.

Burglars at Mount Forest. Mount Forest, Oct. 16.—Burglars broke into C. J. Thornhill's hardware store on Monday night by prying the lock off with a jimmy. They secured \$14 in cash, four dozen razors and three dozen knives; loss about \$65. There is no clue to the parties as yet.

Grandson For Chamberlain. London, Oct. 16.-A son was born Sunday to J. Austen Chamberlain, eldest son of Joseph Chamberlain. Mr. Chamberlain was married a year ago last July to Miss Ivy M. Dundas Datchet, Buckinghamshire

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# Grand Trunk Railway Time Table

ARRIVALS

60 From Toronto...... 5.00 a.n

From Peterbora...... 8.00 a.n.

32	From Haliburton 8.55 a.n
21	From Port Hope 9.10 a.m
30	From Coboconk10.10 a.m
22	
35	
12	
18	From Port Hope 6.23 p.m.
4	From Whitby 7.80 p.m
14	
6	
8	From Toronto 9.20 p.m.
1	From Belleville 9.45 p.m
	DEPARTURES
4	For Port Hope 6.00 a.m
1	For Toronto 6.80 a.g.
0	For Belleville 7.20 a.m
1	For Toronto 9.15 a.m
2	For Port Hope
8	For I. B. & O. Jct 11.00 a.m.
F	For Whitby11.05 a.m
7	For Toronto12.05 p.m
3	For Haliburtos 2.40 p.m
8	For Toronto 6.28 p.m
1	For Coboconk 6.80 p.m
8	For Peterboro 9.28 a.m.
9	For Toronto8.05 a.m.
	H. IN S. M. S. M.

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