

**900 DROPS**

**CASTORIA**

**For Infants and Children.**

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

*Wm. A. Ritchie*

**In Use For Over Thirty Years**

**CASTORIA**

Vegetable Preparation for Assisting the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

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**An Afternoon With the Partridge**

Bang!

The loud resounding report of a shotgun was heard in the forests of Manvers the other day, just about ten miles from Lindsay.

And then again, bang!—nimrods were on the still hunt for partridge. "Hunting time! We have the same old yearning now of yore, just to take the pleasures of the open air once more!"

"The partridge, closely ambushed, hears The crackling leaf—poor, timid thing!

And to a thicker covert steers On swift, resounding wings."

To the sportsman partridge hunting means a long circuitous tramp through dense underbrush, thickets and wooded land; over fallen trees, and across running brooklets.

The sportsman after this species of game dons the old sweater, a pair of boots that do good work on the feet of a river driver, and an old slouch hat, skiddoo hat or cap, makes a capital head dress. Every pocket loaded with Eley "Grand Prix" and a gun under the arm he starts for the woods.

As is generally known, the partridge as a rule sticks to the ground in the day time, and with the going down of the sun they slip-flop, flap-flap their way into the branches of the trees. Owing to their grayish color they at times are hard to see, and it takes a fairly good shot to single them out.

The good sportsman who understands his business goes after his feathered game in much the same manner as the ardent fisherman after the wiggly-wabby suckers. He bends down low, peeps through the dead brush, his eye alert for the least sign of animal life, or perhaps he stands erect, spies the partridge a short distance away, and fires the death-dealing shot. When a good partridge dog is available he is taken along to scare the partridge out of their hiding places and into the trees, and the real value of the dog is measured in accordance with his ability to serve. The better the dog performs his work the greater the enjoyment and satisfaction of its master.

There is lots of fun hunting partridge, and many local hunters have journeyed far to try their luck on the wild feathered game; and with ordinary luck the good shot generally manages to secure several brace. He loves to be where the partridge whirl in the tree tops, to sight the gun and pull the trigger and hear the consequent flutter of the bird to the ground.

Did you ever try whistling for the partridge? It is a fact that if you spy a partridge and then start to whistle a nice quiet and low lullaby, or something along that line, and free from rag-time, and the birds will "prick up their heads" so to speak, sit up and take notice. As a rule if a partridge sees you before you see it it will not tumble downward after the crack of a gun, because it manages to dart hurriedly away. But try the whistling dodge and the old adage will be reversed—you will not pay too much for your whistle. Strange as it may seem the partridge may for a space listen to the whistling and perhaps that space will be just long enough to cock the gun and fire the deadly shot. Try it the next time you happen to be out hunting for partridge.

"Speaking of partridge," said one of the Lindsay crowd, "it reminds me of the first time I went hunting for them. Before leaving town we were jollied so much about the luck we would have and the large number we wouldn't shoot, that we decided to buy a few partridge in town before starting out to find them in the woods. We were not going to come back empty-handed to be given the laugh, and as we did not land any game it was lucky for us that we bought four before leaving town—the same four we brought back."

A hunt for partridge in good bracing weather with Old Sol beaming brightly is a thing to be enjoyed, and very often what a man brings home in his heart after hunting partridge under the clear blue canopy in the fine bracing air is of more account than what he brings home in the line of game-birds with variegated plumage.

However, the trophies of the afternoon's hunt were gathered together, and the party trudged back to the nearby house, where they enjoyed a spread fit for a king, after which the engine was "cranked" and the auto quickly brought the Lindsay huntsmen home again after having enjoyed one of the best afternoon's sport it would be possible to have anywhere, and feeling that it was an afternoon well spent—an afternoon away from the worries and cares of the office.

Police Inspector Donald Macpherson was appointed Chief of Police of Winnipeg.

**SAVED FROM THE SURGEON'S KNIFE**

"Fruit-a-tives" cured Appendicitis

Newburgh, Ont., Feb. 12th, 1910.

"Just about a year ago, our daughter, Ella (fourteen years) was taken with terrible pains in the right side. We at once put her under the care of a first-class doctor, who pronounced it a case of appendicitis and advised an operation. We took her to a Hospital in Kingston where she was again immediately examined by an eminent specialist. He said she had Appendicitis and must be operated on at once, if we wanted to save her life.

"Lucky for us and for her, an uncle came in with some 'Fruit-a-tives' and insisted on Ella taking them. Good results were apparent almost from the first dose, and the treatment cured her. 'Fruit-a-tives' saved our daughter from the surgeon's knife and to-day she is enjoying the best of health."

J. W. FOX, (Father)

LILLIAN FOX, (Mother)

"Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine in the world that will positively cure Constipation—the cause of Appendicitis. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial size, 25c. At all dealers, or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

**MARRIAGES.**

GLADMAN—STEPHENS. — In Port Hope, on Wednesday, Oct. 25, 1911, Miss Millicent Stephens, of Port Hope, to Mr. Cyril Gladman, of Toronto, both formerly of Lindsay, by Rev. Dr. Shorey, of Lindsay.

**A GIFT WITH A THOUGHT IN IT.**

What other Christmas present costs so little and means so much as a subscription to The Youth's Companion—52 weeks to any Canadian subscriber for \$2.00? It is a gift which benefits not only the one who receives it, but every member of the same household. With many Christmas presents the sense of novelty wears off by the week's end, but The Youth's Companion is as new and sought after the fifty-second week of the year as the first. It is elastic in its adaptability, too; for it does not matter whether the present is for a boy or a girl, young married people, sedate couples, grandparents—there never was one yet who did not set store by the Youth's Companion. You cannot make a mistake if you give the Companion—and it is only \$2.00 a year now to Canadian subscribers. On January 1, 1912, the price will be advanced to \$2.25. The one to whom you give the subscription will receive free The Companion's Calendar for 1912, lithographed in twelve colors and gold, and you, too, as giver of the subscription will receive a copy of the Calendar.—The Youth's Companion, 144 Berkeley-st., Boston, Mass.

**IT PAYS TO KICK.**

There lived two frogs, so I am told, In a quiet wayside pool. And one of these frogs was a blamed bright frog, But the other frog was a fool.

Now a farmer man with a big milk can, Was went to pass that way, And he used to stop and add a drop Of the aqua, so they say.

And it chanced one morn, in the early dawn, When the farmer's sight was dim, He scooped those frogs in the water, "he dipped," which same was a joke on him.

The fool frog sank in the swashing tank, As the farmer bumped to town, But the smart frog flew like a tug-boat screw, And swore he'd not go down.

So he kicked and splashed and slammed and thrashed, And he kept on top through all, And he churned that milk in first class shape, Into a great big butter ball.

Now, when the milkman got to town And opened the can, there lay The fool frog drowned, but hale and sound, The kicker, he hopped away.

**MORAL.**  
Don't fret your life with needless strife, Yet let this teaching stick, You'll find old man, in the world's big can, It sometimes pays to kick.

**IF YOU**

Want a cook,  
Want a clerk,  
Want a partner,  
Want a situation,  
Want a servant girl,  
Want to sell a piano,  
Want to sell a carriage,  
Want to sell town property,  
Want to sell your groceries,  
Want to sell your dry goods,  
Want to sell your hardware,  
Want to sell your millinery goods,  
Want customers for any thing, Advertise weekly through this paper. Advertising is highway to success, Advertising brings new customers, Advertising keeps the old ones, Advertising will ensure success, Advertising shows energy, Advertising shows pluck, Advertising is "biz," Advertise or bust, Advertise long, Advertise well, ADVERTISE at once.

**BARKING FOR A LIVING**

SOME OF THE LATEST WAYS OF MAKING MONEY.

Selling Time, Acting as a Living Target, Luring Dogs to Bark, Dancing at Academies, Selling Broken Glass—Are a Few of the Quiser Trades—How Would You Like to Name Babies for a Livelihood.

There lives at Maidenhead a lady who sells the time for a living. She is the second generation of her family who has had this curious privilege, which was granted originally to her father by the then Astronomer Royal in the year 1835, says London Answers.

She has about forty customers in different parts of London. She possesses a most marvelous old chronometer, made by Arnold, in 1835, for the Duke of Sussex, and each Monday morning goes to Greenwich and has her chronometer corrected, and gets an official document stating that it differs from mean time by so many seconds or tenths. Her customers correct their time accordingly.

It is an old saying that half the world doesn't know the other half lives, and truly some of the methods employed to capture the elusive £. s. d. are strange in the extreme.

The other day a man appeared in court, requested compensation for injuries received in the course of his employment. Asked the nature of his work, he said that he got fifty-five shillings a week for standing in a barrel at fair grounds and letting people say balls at his head.

Paris has a man who barks for a living. In Paris there is a tax of eight shillings a year on dogs, and the owners are supposed to declare them themselves. But many get out of this by tipping the concierge, or hall porter. So the authorities have found a man who can bark just like a dog, and he is giving his pupils a dog's mouth to go round at night and bark outside each house, and when a dog replies, to send the name and address to the authorities. The two-legged dog also gets a small commission on each discovery, and does very well.

Spring of Paris, did you ever hear of a "jambiste"? A "jambiste" is a young man, usually of good family, who attends dancing classes, and helps the master by acting as partner to pupils. He gets no salary, but sometimes meets a rich heiress and marries her.

In London is a man who deals in second-hand plate glass. He buys up broken windows, cut the remains into panes of smaller size, and finds a ready market for his wares.

There is another who patches wall-paper for a living. He is an artist in his way. Cutting a piece of blank paper to fit the damaged spot exactly, he pastes it on very carefully; then, using paints and brushes, colors it to match the general color of the paper, and afterwards puts in the pattern so delicately that it is next to impossible to find the place where he has been at work.

A defendant in a case recently before the courts received a letter from a man who called himself "Ex-prisoner," offering in exchange for a small sum of money or some cast-off clothing, to give the other instruction in the best methods of making himself comfortable in prison. "One tip," he wrote, "by means of which you will be able to obtain an improvement on the official dietary, you will consider to be well worth what my advice will cost you."

An advertisement in a London newspaper comes from a woman who may be known as a "professional baby-namer." She proclaims her willingness, for the sum of one shilling, to select a suitable name for the new arrival. She asks to know the child's sex, complexion, color of eyes, and date of birth, and guarantees to satisfy the parents.

To be a radium errand-girl is the ambition of certain young French women. Radium is so precious, and at the same time so dangerous if handled carelessly, that special messengers are employed to carry the little cases containing it from the laboratories to the hospitals. Girls are employed in preference to boys, and are paid as much as fifty shillings a week for their services.

An Essex man makes a living by cleaning incandescent gas-mantles. He travels from house to house, and uses a long soft brush, and then impregnates the mantles with a preservative solution.

In the streets we see many odd methods of gaining a few pence, but perhaps none more original than that of the old blind Austrian who used to haunt Fleet Street, playing tunes on his hands.

Arching his hands till the palms were quite rigid, he struck them smartly together, the contact evolving a note rather like that made by striking a metal bar with a leather-covered hammer. He knew all the operas, but usually confined himself to simple melodies, such as "Home, Sweet, Home" and "God Save the King."

**Card-Playing Queens.**

Queen Elizabeth was fond of cards, but inclined to be peevish and lose her temper in the game. Mary, Queen of Scots, carried her inclination to the extent of wagering her personal attire on the game. She would play continuously from Saturday to Monday and sacrifice her wardrobe if necessary to do so. Queen Anne of Austria had persistent ill luck, we are told, but "she played like queen, without passion or greed." Anne Boleyn was an inveterate gambler, as were all the wives of Henry VIII., with one exception. Catherine of Aragon did not gamble. She had no love for the card table.—London Telegraph.

**General Booth's Recipe.**

Probably a hundred recipes for attaining old age have been published; but none better than that of General Booth. "Get married, have a good conscience, recreate simply, live within your income, eat as little as possible, drink plenty of water, abstain from indulgences."

—The home of Miss Katie Fenelly was the scene of much merriment the other evening when a number of her young lady friends called and surprised her with a linen shower, it being the event of her approaching marriage. The evening was spent in music and dancing, at which dainty refreshments were served. Then all departed, having thoroughly enjoyed themselves, each throwing Miss Fenelly heaps of good wishes and congratulations.

Italy has despatched additional reinforcements to Tripoli.

**THE LIGHT-HOUSE KEEPER'S STORY.**

FROM the lighthouse at Lobster Cove Head, Bonne Bay, Newfoundland, Mrs. W. Young sends her experience of Zam-Buk.

She says: "I suffered with eczema for seven years and to my great delight Zam-Buk has cured me. The disease started on my breast, and spread until it extended over my back. The itching and burning—especially when the affected parts were warm—was terrible; and yet when the eruption was scratched or rubbed, it turned to bad sores and caused great pain. I went to a doctor and tried various prescriptions, but seemed to get no benefit, so tried another doctor. Again I got no relief, so tried a third doctor, and then a fourth.

"Seven years is a long time to suffer, and I had got used to the thought that I never would be cured, when I saw a report in the Family Herald, telling how beneficial Zam-Buk was in cases of skin disease.

"I bought some Zam-Buk, and from the use of the very first box I saw it was going to do me good. I persevered with it, and the improvement it worked in my condition was really wonderful.

"It eased the irritation, stopped the pain, and the sores began to dry up and disappear. In short, I found Zam-Buk all that was claimed for it and within a very short time it worked a complete cure in my case.

"Since that time I have recommended it for several other cases, and in each it has proved its wonderful merit.

**What Zam-Buk Cures**—Eczema, Urticaria, Blood Poison, Piles, Cold Sores, Chapped Hands, Scalp Sores, Bad Legs, Festering, Children's Eruptions, Cuts, Bruises, Scalds and Burns. All druggists and stores sell at 50c box or post free for price from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. Refuse worthless substitutes.

**FREE BOX**—Send this coupon, named and stamped, to the nearest drug store or to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, and receive free trial box.

**Zam-Buk**

EVERY HOME NEEDS IT

**SPECIAL NOTICE**

**A Big Bargain In Carvers At Cinnamon's**

We are offering for Thanksgiving Time a High Grade Carving Knife and Fork, a very necessary article in every home, good value at from 75c to \$1.00 per pair.

**Our Special Price while they last only 39c a pair**

Also see our **Safety Razors** with 12 blades, fully warranted at **\$1.00**

**Headquarters for Hardware and Stoves**

**D. CINNAMON**

57 KENT ST. LINDSAY

**You wash dishes about two hours every day. That's one hour wasted!**

Dishes get dirty, greasy and sticky and soap will not clean them. Soapy dish water merely cleans the surface; it doesn't dig out the corners and drive out the decayed food particles. Moreover, soap leaves your dishes with a soapy, animal-fat smell, that is far from inviting.

**GOLD DUST** is the sanitary dish washer. It not only cleans the surface, but digs deep after hidden particles of dirt and kills the germs of decayed food which ordinary dish-water overlooks. **GOLD DUST** sterilizes as well as cleanses.

Besides doing the work better than soap or any other cleanser can, **GOLD DUST** will save just half the time you spend in washing dishes.

**GOLD DUST** is sold in 50 size and large packages. The large package offers greater economy.

**"Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work!"**

Made by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Montreal

Makers of FAIRY SOAP, the oval cake.

**Our 15 and \$18 Overcoats**

On our line of \$15 and \$18 Overcoats we Spread Ourselves

This is a very popular figure for a good Overcoat, and the man who pays it has a right to expect a splendid coat.

We show several models at this figure—every one representing the very best Overcoat value that can be made, shown and sold for this price.

We selected the fabrics and linings, dictated the high standard of the tailoring we required and employed the best Overcoat makers in the country to do the tailoring in the best and most artistic manner.

Our fifteen and eighteen dollar Overcoats are prizes, every one of them.

They can not be duplicated elsewhere for the price.

**Telling you is talk—Showing you is proof positive**

**J. HOUZER** Ladies' and Gent's Furnisher

NEXT DOOR TO THE POST OFFICE

**Aren't You Really Tired of Some Pieces of Furniture?**

Will not a few dollars invested in new things to live with—New Chairs, Tables, Beds or even Kitchen Furniture be the wisest possible use of some money just now? Haven't some of the old pieces served long enough? Wouldn't "Something New" be a real eye-comfort to every member of your household?

**Anderson, Nugent & Co**

FURNITURE UNDERTAKING

**THE TORONTO NEWS**

HAS GENERAL NEWS SERVICE

THE SPORTING PAGE

THE FINANCIAL PAGE

BEST WOMEN'S PAGE

THE NEWS WILL BE SENT DAILY BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS IN CANADA FOR ONE DOLLAR AND A-HALF A YEAR

**It Is Worth The Difference**

*St. Lawrence* Sugar costs the dealer more than ordinary sugar, but it is worth the difference.

**St. Lawrence "Crystal Diamonds"**

are absolutely the perfection of sugar refining—brilliantly clear and sparkling—and an ornament to every table.

Ask for "St. Lawrence Crystal Diamonds"—in 5 pound boxes—also sold by the pound.

The St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co. Limited MONTREAL

**THE DOMINION LIFE**

by its careful selection of lives and its high earning power, combined with its competent and economical management, is able to excel in dividends to policyholders. A Policy in this progressive Company is a thoroughly safe and exceedingly profitable investment.

Average Rate of Interest Earned in 1910 - 7.52 per cent

Ratio of Actual Death Losses to Expected Losses for the year 1910, but - 40 per cent

Policies up-to-date Equitable Distribution of Surplus

HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONT.

**P. A. Ferguson,** District Manager

**CASTORIA**

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. A. Ritchie*

THURSDAY, NOV. 2, 1911.

**Bank**

Capital Paid

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10 to 3 o'clock.

Saturdays 10 to

**THE CA**

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SIR EDMUND ALEXA

CAPITAL - \$1

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The Canadian Bank of

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Lindsay Branch

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**LIPIT**

**The Victo**

Capital \$300.00

In the mortg

on savings at rates

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respectfully solicit

**JAMES LOW,**

Manager

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**STEVE**

Shoots 30x30

7 Shot Repeat

The Fastest A

Sold with the S

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**J.G.EC**

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1 Storey Bric

2 Storey Fram

foundation, \$800.

Both in South