The Dewil

By FERENC MOLNAR

Dramatized by OLIVER HERFORD Adapted by JOSEPH O'BRIEN

Copyright. 1908. by HENRY W. SAVAGE

me, you know, but I stayed because I want to talk with you." "How charming." Millar said, with gentle sarcasm.

"Perhaps you know my nickname-Saucy Elsa?" said the girl warningly.

"Oh, yes." "Then you should know that your Chesterfieldian manners embarrass me," Elsa said impatiently as Millar bowed again before her. "I have selected you to deliver a most impudent message to that crowd in there because you are so perfectly impolite." "I am entirely at your disposal, ma-

demoiselle." "How can I be impudent, though, when you are so polite to me?" she

cried petulantly. "Shall we end the conversation, then?"

"Oh, no; not yet," Elsa cried, embarrassed. Then she went on, with determination, "When you came in here you said I was the girl they were going to throw into Karl's arms,"

"L did." "But you did not say that I am the girl who permits herself to be thrown into Karl's arms. Am I right?"

"Yes." "Please sit down," Elsa went on, recovering her self poise, which the baffling politeness of Millar had disturbed.

He declined the chair with a gesture, but she insisted. "I feel much more commanding

when I stand, and I want every advantage," she said. "I want to set you right, and it will be much easier when you sit down and I stand."

Smiling, Millar sat down and looked up at her expectantly. Slightly confused, she went on: "I don't want people making fun of

me before my face. I know everything Do I make myself clear? You were kind enough to mention the subject, and I shall delegate to you the mission of explaining the true facts to those dummies."

She grew quite vehement, and her cheeks flushed. Millar looked at her admiringly as he said: "Your confidence does me great hon-

"As a rule, I don't take these people seriously," the girl hurried on. "I have no more interest in them or their opinions than I have in last week's newspapers. But I want them all to know that they have not fooled me into marrying Karl. And you all want me to marry him-you all want to throw me into his arms." "Pardon me"- Millar interrupted.

But she went on unheeding:

"Don't you think I can see through your transparent schemes? But I'll marry him just the same, if he'll have me. Do you understand? I'll marry him."

"I do not think you will," Millar said quietly.

"I tell you I am going to be Karl's wife!" Elsa cried, with emphasis. "Now that you have graced me with

your confidence," Miliar said, rising. "I feel that I may be quite frank with you. This marriage cannot take place." He pointed to the chair he had vacated and smiled. "Now, you sit down, because I am

going to:set you right," he said. Wonderingly, Elsa obeyed. Millar called a servant who was passing and

said: "You will find a small red leather case in my overcoat pocket. Bring it

here." The servant went out, and he con-

tinued to Elsa: "I know the reason of this marriage, but you-you don't know the reason,

"Or what?"

"Or you don't want to know; hence

you are about to consent" "Consent to what?" Elsa cried. "Don't beat around the bush. That is what I am trying to avoid. I am about to consent to become the wife of a man who loves another woman, and, what is more, I intend to go on my honeymoon with a man who has another woman in his heart, who leaves with this other woman everything he should bring to his wife-leve, sympathy, enthusiasm, everything. You see, you did not know me."

Millar was unmoved by her vehement declaration. As the servant reentered their room and handed him a small red leather case he said: "I did not think this subject could

excite you to such a degree."

"I don't want any one laughing at me," Elsa protested. "I want them all to understand that I know quite well the way I am going and that I go that way proudly, fully conscious of it; that I know everything, and yet I consent to be his wife."

"Why?" Millar asked, opening his little satchel.

"Because-because-I-I love him," the girl answered and began to sob. Millar smiled wickedly as he took from the case a dainty lace handkerchief and held it toward Elsa.

"Pardon me: I always carry this with me," he said. "It is my weeping bag. In it is everything a woman needs for weeping."

Elsa sobbed and dabbed at her eyes with the handkerchief, not noticing that the man was amused. "I-I love him," she declared.

"And take this also," Millar said, handing her a little mirror, then a powder puff and a tiny stick of rouge. Elsa could not help smiling through her tears at the absurdity of it as she

dabbed and dusted her fear stained face, looking at herself in the little

> were removed. "So this is the far famed Saucy Elsa," Millar said as he watched her, "No, it isn't." she said rebelliously. "When I came here tonight I was a young, saucy girl. Now I am a nervous old woman. What shall I do?"

"Whatever you do you must not be discouraged. You must fight-attack the enemy. But first of all you must be pretty."

"I shall try," Elsa said dolefully. "You must show that woman your teeth. Of course it is hard for a young

girl to fight a woman," Millar went on. "You don't possess so many weapons! as a married woman who knows love already-who-may I say something improper?"

"Please do," she said, her sauciness returning, as she held her hands before her eyes and looked at him through her | Olga. fingers.

"A woman who knows all about love that you have yet to learn."

"I understand," she said. "But don't mind that, Listen, There is not much sentiment in me, but I am a man, and I tell you, little girl, you possess the weapon that will deal the deathblow to the most attractive, the most experienced woman in the world. That weapon is purity."

"Should I listen to all this?" Elsa

"You should not," Millar replied promptly, "but listen just the same. It may help you. And now go dance with Karl. You must conquer. But don't try to be a woman. Be a girl. Don't try to be saucy."

"I don't care to be saucy, but it is so original," Elsa said contritely.

"Don't try to be original," Millar said earnestly. "Be yourself. Be modest. Be ashamed of your pure white shoulders. Look at Karl as if you feared he is trying to steal you away from girlhood land and show you the way to woman's land. And if any one ever dares to call you saucy again tell him you once met a gentleman whom you wanted to give a piece of your mind and that you left him with a piece of his mind, feeling very small indeed yourself and making him feel as if he were the biggest rascal in the world."

Eisa turned and went toward the other room, meeting Karl at the door as Millar withdrew behind a curtain of

CHAPTER XIII.

ILLAR had played with devilish ingenuity on the tender susceptibilities of Elsa. He encouraged her in her love for Karl and her determination to win him, evidently with the deliberate purpose that she should repel the boy whose will he had determined to subordinate to his own. He watched as a cat watches its prey the meeting between Karl and Elsa after he withdrew quietly into the sheltering recess

behind the palms. Karl had been searching for her and stopped, barring her way into the ball-

"So here you are at last, Miss Elsa," he exclaimed. "Yes." Elsa replied, dropping he

eyes demurely. "Why are you not in the ballroom?" "I wanted to be alone. If any one really wanted me he could find me." Her dejection surprised Karl.

"You seem sad. Are you worried?" "Then what has happened?" Karl

He walked toward her, and as he did so Millar emerged from his place of concealment. Karl looked at him. "Ah. now I understand," he said,

"Surely you do not mean to suspect that I am the cause of Miss Elsa's unhappiness," he said blandly. Karl ignored him and turned to Elsa,

looking at her in frank admiration. "You are very pretty tonight," he said, going close to her. "It is because you are yourself-a sweet, pure, natural girl. I like you better this way, Elsa. I could take you in my arms

and hug you." "Oh. Karl!" Elsa exclaimed, blushing and hiding her face.

Millar's cynical smile overspread his face, and he turned away, well satisfied with the progress he was making. "Excuse me," he murmured. "I must say good evening to our hostess." And he stole quietly out.

The two young people did not notice him. They sat down very close to each other, Karl leaning forward and looking into the big blue eyes of the girl. Elsa gave a glance at the disappearing figure of Millar.

"I am awfully glad to be alone with you, Elsa," Karl said. "You are the one natural thing in the fetid, artificial atmosphere. Don't you feel warm?" "Yes, as if some hot breeze were blowing through this room. It stifles

"You never spoke like that before,"

His back was toward the ballroom door, and he did not see Millar usher Olga into the room. The man had brought Olga that she might witness the fulfillment of her plan and that he might triumph in her jealousy and further thwart them. Elsa saw them come in and seat themselves across the

"There is Olga," she said, and she, too, is jealous. "Don't you want to speak to her?"

"I have seen her," Karl replied without turning around. "I would rather talk with you. It's far more interest-

"They are talking about us," Elsa said warningly as she saw Olga and Millar look toward them. "Oh, what of it?" Karl exclaimed

impatiently. "Let us be glad we are together. I am just beginning to know you, Elsa." "Why do you look around then?"

Elsa said. "Am I looking around?" Karl asked. "I wasn't aware of it."

But even as he spoke he could not help furtively glancing around to see what Millar and Olga were doing. He remembered the man's declaration in the studio that afternoon, and he distrusted and feared him. He was bemirror, until all traces of her weeping ginning to hate him.

By a sheer effort of will he forced himself to turn to Elsa. He resolved that he would talk to her; that he would make love to her; that he would marry her and banish from his heart those hateful emotions which Millar had aroused. He leaned forward and spoke of love to the girl in low tones, while Elsa, with color coming and going in her face, listened and watched the woman she knew for her rival.

"Our first love usually is our last love our last love always is the first," Karl said.

"I don't know," Elsa cried demurely. "I have never been in love, although was disappointed twice," she added gayly.

Karl was beginning to find his task difficult. His attention wandered to

"Disappointments! Well, yes, who as not been disappointed?"

Elsa observed his growing inattention, his efforts to concentrate his thoughts on their talk, his futile lovemaking, and she turned from him coldly. Meanwhile Millar and Olga were having a conversation in which Olga was being torn on the rack of her jealous emotions.

Millar had brought her into the anteroom to show her Karl making love to Elsa. Every circumstance favored his design. Olga at first was disposed to withdraw when she saw them.

"Don't you think we should leave the young people together?" she said. "You are too considerate," Millar replied cynically. "They seem to be growing fond o

each other," Olga said jealously. "Yes. Do you dislike it?" "No."

"Shall we leave now?" "No. I rather enjoy watching in

seed bear fruit." Olga tried to speak lightly and smile Millar, watching her closely, saw her lips twitch, and it was with difficulty that she controlled herself.

"Can't we discuss something besides these two?" Olga asked impatiently.

"They are an interesting couple," he

"Yes, certainly," Millar acquiesced. "I came here tonight to decide a wager," he went on. "What was it?" Olga asked absently.

looking with jealous eyes at Elsa and Karl

"I made a wager that you would fall in love with me tonight.' Olga was startled by the declaration, but she treated it lightly as one of Millar's strange sayings.

"With whom did you make such a wager?" she asked. "With Karl," Millar answered quick-

"Karl. And what did he say?" Olga cried, almost rising from her seat. "I must not tell you now. It might hurt you."

"Oh. no: it won't Please tell me now," Olga pleaded, leaning over the together in deep thought. table toward him.

Millar, too, leaned forward, his face almost touching her white shoulder, his hand touching hers as it rested on the table. It was thus Karl saw them with one of those furtive glances, and the glist froze the pretty speech he was trying to make to Elsa. The girl, seeing his look, jumped to her feet, exclaiming angrily, and so that all three heard her:

"Take me to the ballroom immediately. I have promised the next dance."

Karl also, his face white with passion, had jumped to his feet. Elsa, almost in tears, stamped her foot at him. "Why do you stand there? Take me away. Aren't you coming?"

She turned and started to the door, Karl following. They passed Millar and Olga, still seated at the table. "I thought you were in the ballroom,"

Olga said sweetly to the girl. "Oh, did you?" "I hope you are enjoying the danc-

"I hate dancing, but I shall dance every dance tonight," Elsa cried passion-

ately. She looked angrily at Olga, who arose and moved toward her. Karl stepped between them, giving his arm to Elsa. The two walked together, leaving Olga looking helplessly into the smiling face of Millar.

COLGA looked angrily at the floundered from the room into the ballroom, followed by the enraged Karl. Millar smiled more cynically than ever as he saw the play of emotion on Olga's face. His ruse had worked admirably. He had at least beaten down Olga's will, but he had yet to make certain of Karl. "How dared she speak like that?"

Olga demanded, turning to her cynic Millar. "Karl must love her." "Let us not reach conclusions so hastily," Millar said. "First let me tell you how Karl answered me this afternoon."

asked quickly. "Yes; when I promised to make you fall in love with me." "What did he say?"

"He tried to kill me," Millar answered slowly.

"The physician attending me prescribed, on my rallying from an attack of rheumatism, your Scott's Emulsion, which I have been taking every winter since. I find it most valuable in strengthening and building up one after a severe illness. I have not had rheumatism since the time mentioned above and I owe it to your most valuable Emulsion. It is my life now, and makes me strong and healthy."-R. PICARD, Grand Ligne, Quebec.

For two hundred years before Scott's Emulsion came Cod Liver Oil was used for rheumatism.

Scott's

is modernized Cod Liver Oil; the purest and best oil partly predigested, made palatable and suitable for the most delicate child or invalid. It enriches the blood, tones up the entire system, and drives out rheumatism.

ALL DRUGGISTS

Let us send you a copy of Mr. Pleard's ject. A Post Card, mentioning this paper, is sufficient .

SCOTT & BOWNE 126 Wellington St., W. Toronto

toward her tempter. it was delight she felt-mad, unreasoning joy that Karl's love for her had prompted him to kill another who threatened to win her from him. Still smiling, Millar went on, taking the shining revolver from his pocket and showing it to her. "With his own hands, dear lady, Karl tried to kill me with this little pistol. I took it away from him." "He tried to shoot you?" Olga ex-

claimed. "Yes, and he would have done so. This is nicely loaded for six." Almost to herself Olga whispered

her next words: "This afternoon he wanted to kill you when you only spoke of making love to me, and now-he saw you whisper in my ear, hold my hand, touch my shoulders. Why, he must

have fallen in love with"-"Don't you think it silly to shoot a friend on account of a woman?" Millar interrupted before she could pronounce Elsa's name.

"Oh, he's fond of me. Perhaps you said something about me," Olga stumbled on hurriedly. "Karl holds me in high regard. But there is no doubt of it, these young people are in love." "I fear you regret the success of

your matrimonial scheme for Karl and Elsa," Millar said. "Do you think it will be successful?"

she asked eagerly. "I don't know. But we may find out easily enough.

"How?" Millar took a turn up and down the room, his upstanting eyebrows drawn

"This afternoon he tried to shoot me when I told him I would make you fall in love with me," be said, stopping in front of Olga. "That means lova. Don't speak to me of respect or regard, my dear lady. They fire off cannons in salute out of respect, but when they draw pistols that means love. Now, you think Karl loves this little girl. Suppose we find out who is right. We will make Karl tell us him-

Olga turned away, with a gesture of dissept, but Millar went on insinuat-

"Of course I understand it interests you only because you planned this marriage, and, after all, it is only right that you should feel a certain amount of pride in the success of your plans. Is it not so?"

"Yes: that is true." "Very well, then. Karl shall tell us which was real, his attempt to murder

me or this little affair with Eles." "But how? You don't mean to ask Kari?" Olga asked in bewilderment

"You are not going to listen at keyholes?" "Oh, madame, no." "Then how can we make him tell

"It is simple. I have a plan. But you must follow my instructions to the letter. Don't ask for any reasons. Simply do as I say." Olga looked at him reflectively. She

knew instinctively that he had some new bit of devilish ingenuity, some sinister twist of that marvelous brain. and she was afraid. But she wanted more than anything else to be assured that Karl did not love Elsa, that her scheme for their marriage had failed. and she replied: "Very well. It is agreed."

"I saw you once at the opera with a very beautiful cloak that covered you completely from your neck to your shoe tips. Have you such a cloak

"Yes." "Good. Put this cloak on. Let only your bare neck show above it and the tips of your shoes beneath. Button it "When you made the wager?" Olga | from top to bottom as if you felt cold. Then we shall need but the presence of yourself and Karl here in this room to solve the problem."

Olga looked at Millar a moment in silence. There flashed instantly through her mind the full meaning of his dar-The color rushed to Olga's cheeks. | ing suggestion, and at first she was on Her eyes sparkled as she turned them | the point of indignant refusal. Then

she as quickly resolved to carry out the scheme-to beat the man at his own cunning game, to find out for her-

self what Karl really felt. "Unconditionally obey me, and w shall know everything." Millar assured her, observing her hesitation.

"This is very mysterious," Olga sai slowly. "What strange influence do you possess that compels me to obe your will? Your eyes seem to have all the wisdom of the world behind them. "You do my eyes poor, scant justice," Millar replied, "Now go, dear ma-

dame. If any one expresses astonishment that you wear a cloak indoors simply say that you felt cold." "It really is cold," Olga said, with

little shiver as they turned away. "Out this way," Millar sald quickly, pointing to the palms and a door beyoud them. "Karl is coming."

Olga gathered her skirts up and hurried from the room just as Karl entered. The young artist caught a glimpse of her dress as she disappeared behind the palms. He looked at Millar, with jealous rage making his eyes

"Who was that?" he demanded. "Who?" Millar asked blandly.

"Did Olga run away from me?" "No one ran from you that I know of, Karl. That is a pretty girl, my young friend, that little Elsa." "Yes, she is pretty," Karl replied absently, sitting down at a table.

He was still tortured by the sight of Millar leaning over Olga, touching her hands, whispering in her ear. He was tormented by the insinuating words the man had uttered in the afternoon when he swore that Olga should love him, should be his. He would have liked to take Millar's throat in his two hands and throttle him.

Keenly aware of the inferno he had raised in Karl, Millar continued to chat affably, Karl not deigning to answer. Finally Millar said:

"You seem annoyed." Karl lost control of himself and leaped to his feet. He went close to Millar, staring into his eyes.

"I am annoyed. Do you want to know why?" he demanded, putting all the insolence he could command into "No," Millar replied, with a smile.

"I want to tell you why," Karl declared. "Please don't," Millar said deprecat-

"Yes, I will," Karl went on belligerently. "I am amazed at the change which has come over you since this afternoon. Don't imagine that it is on account of Olga. We won't discuss her at all."

"Certainly not! She is out of the question," Millar assented warmly. "Absolutely," Karl went on, came here this evening determined to ask Elsa to marry me." "Fine! I am very glad to hear it.

wish you good luck, my boy!" Millar cried, with enthusiasm. "You are glad?" "Delighted!" Millar assured him. "It does not take you long to change your mind," Karl continued, still with a truculent air. "This afternoon you

insisted I should not marry Elsa. Tonight you are delighted at the pros-"Oh, yes. I see the matter now in a

different light" "Then it was Olga who ran away as entered!" Karl almost shouted, glaring at him menacingly. "Ran away! Why should she run

away?" Millar asked, pretending embayrassment. "Don't act like a cad!" Karl cried threateningly. "What do you mean, Karl?"

"I mean exactly what I say. Don't wet like a cad. If you were a gentleman you would hide your pleasure. Millar pretended to be shocked at the indignation of the young artist, which secretly delighted him.

"Don't talk that way, Karl," he urged. "As you seem to have penetrated my secret, I suppose I might as well-but have you made up your mind to marry Elsa?" "Absolutely."

"And you will not change your mind. You promise?" "I will not change my mind." "Well, of course if that is the case I

can tell you. I"-He hesitated as if embarrassed at his own question. Karl cried roughly: "And did you succeed?" "Well, I'-

"Ah, Karl, he is deaf, dumb an

Stifled with the pain at his heart,

"What of her husband?"

Earl turned away.

blind!" Millar cried gleefully.

CARTERS

Sick Readsche and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Droweiness, Distress after cuting, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the

liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valusble in so many ways that they will not be wil-ling to do without them. But after all sick heat | Glazed Sewer Pipe

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cureit while Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW TORK,

A Square Deal

Is assured you when you buy Dr. Pierce's family medicines-for all the ingredients entering into them are printed on the bottle-wrappers and their formulas are attested under oath as being complete and correct. You know just what you are paying for and that the ingredients are gathered from Nature's laboratory, being selected from the most valuable native medicinal roots found growing in our American forests and while potent to cure delicate women and children. Not a drop of alcohol enters into their composition. A much better agent is used both for exprinciples used in them, viz.—pure triple-refined glycerine. This agent possesses intrinsic medicinal properties of its own,

Glycerine plays an important part in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in the cure of indigestion, dyspepsia and weak stomach, attended by sour risings, heart-burn, foul breath, coated tongue, poor appetite, gnawing feeling in stom-ach, bilicusness and kindred derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels. Besides curing all the above distressing ailments, the "Golden Medical Discovery" is a specific for all diseases of the mucous membranes, as catarrh, whether of the nasal passages or of the stomach, bowels or pelvic organs. Even in its ulcerative stages it will yield to this sovereign remedy if its use be persevered in. In Chronic Catarrh of the Nasal passages, it is well, while taking the "Golden Medical Dis-

covery for the necessary constitutional

treatment, to cleanse the passages freely

two or three times a day with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. This thorough course

being a most valuable antiseptic and anti-ferment, nutritive and soothing demul-

of treatment generally cures the worst In coughs and hoarseness caused by bronchial, throat and lung affections, except consumption in its advanced stages, the "Golden
Medical Discovery" is a most efficient remedy, especially in those obstinate, hang-on
coughs caused by irritation and congestion of
the bronchial mucous membranes. The "Dis" covery " is not so good for acute coughs arising from sudden colds, nor must it be exstages—no medicine will do that—but for all the obstinate, chronic coughs, which, if neg-lected, or badly treated, lead up to consump tion, it is the best medicine that can be taken

MISCELLANEOUS

THE LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND CLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.

FIRE AND LIFE. The Largest Fire Insura ice Office in the World. Capital......\$10,600,000 Accumulated Funds 30,500,000

Invested in Canada.... Rates and premiums as low as any other respectable company. The settlement of losses is prompt and liberal. The resources and standing of the company afford those insured in it perfect security against loss.

W. R. WIDDESS.

Agent for Lindsay and Victoria County.

Farm Loans MONEY TO LOAN on Mortgage or any term from 5 to 10 years at lowest current rate of interest, with privilege of repayment in instalments when required. Expenses kept down to the lowest notch. All business of this nature kept strictly

private and confidential. Come and see me if you want money and get u y terms. J. H. SOOTHERAN.

91 Kent-st. Lindsay

Land Agent,

Opens January 4th in all departments of the CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, Youge and Gerrard Streets, Toronto. Our Catalogue explains our superiority in Equipment, Staff, Me hods and Resu ts. You are invited to write for it if interested

in the kind of school work

which brings best success.

Address W. H. SHAW,

144444444444

President.

BUGGIES

First-class home-made Buggies, Wagons and Democrats for sale at reasonable i rices. Also some good second hand Buggies very cheap. Come at once and get a bargain at the City Carriage Great care is used to supply every article Works. Good winter stock of Sleighs on hand.

MCILHARGEY Kylie's Old Stand

Curtain Stretchers

Poultry Netting Bird Cages Washing Machines Clothes Wringers Slip Ladders

Wheel Barrows

Fire Brick

Fire Clay

Horse Clippers

Alabastine Kalsomine Prism Paint Floor Wax

Portland Cement

Hardware, Coal and Iron.

PHYSICANS

R. F. BLANCHAR D

Graduate Toronto Coroner for Victoria County. Office - Ridout-st., cor. Kent and L nd. say-sts., (former residence of late De Kempt.) Telephone 45.

DENTISTRY

DR. POGUE, DENTIST. Nearly Opposite Post Office Special attention given to Children's

HAROLD V. POGUE

D.D.S., L.D.

DR. NEELANDS & IRVINE.

DENTISTS Everything up-to-date in Dentistry-Natural Teeth Preserved; Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty. Splendid fits in artificial teeth. Painless extraction assured. Prices moderate. Office nearly opposite Simpson House

DOCTOR GROSS Dentist -Lindsay

Member Royal College Dental Surg., Ont. All modern methods in the different departments of dentistry successfully practiced. ROOMS ON KENT-ST. R. H. A. NESBITT, L.D.S. D.D.S.

DENTIST.

Graduate of the Royal College of Dental

Surgeons of Ontario and Honor Graduate

of Toronto University. Three years ex-

perience, all modern improvements.

Office: - Over Canadian Bank of Commerce

Telephone 272.

BARRISTERS, Etc.

TOORE & JACKSON, Barristers, Etc. Solicitors for The Canadian Bank of Com-merce. Money to loan on mortgages at five per cent. Offices William-st., Lindsay F. D. MOORE K.C. ALEX, JACKSON

Ros

serv

was

gree

tion

Nor

mat

gave

flue

dau

Wak

your

Hoo

one

socia

Bay

sam

The

fram

bins

mon

chur

"And

tail;

caug

hand

last

Dows

Smit

he is

hand

sister

atten

Well

Mes

Mr

EIGH R. KNIGHT, Barrister, Selicit. or, Notary Public, Real Estate, Etc. Representing best fire, life, accident and health insurance companies. Solicitor for Farmers Bank of Canada Telephone 41.

McLAUGHLIN, PEEL and FULTON.

Office-Kent-st., over the Farmers Bank

Notaries. OFFICE: Corner Kent and William-sts. (Over Dominion Bank, Lindsay)

Money to Loan on Real Estate.

James A. Peel.

BUSINESS CARDS

Barristers, Solicitors and

R. J. McLaughlin, K.C., A. M. Fulton,

SMITH & SMITH LAND SURVEYORS AND CIVIL ENGINEE

Municipal Drainage Work a Specialty. Phone 242 or P. O. Box 25. LINDSAY, ONTARIO. WALTER SMITH, O.E S. GEO. SMITH, O.L.S.

County Engineer.

HOPKINS & HOPKINS Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries etc. Solicitors for the Bank of Montreal. Money

G. H. HOPKINS, K. C. FRED HOLMES HOPKINS, B. A. W F. O'BOYLE, Clerk of the Munici-VV. pality of Ops. Insurance Agent-Fire, Life and Accident, best companies. Money to Loan, private and other funds

to loan at lowest rates. Offices, 6 William-

st. South, Lindsay, Ont ..

Real Estate Agent, Etc.

Office: Opera House Block, Lindsay. ANDREW ROBERTSON

at lowest rates. General Accountant,

Teacher of Music Pupils prepared for Toronto Conservatory of Music examination. Studio connected with Dr. Pogue's office

JAMES KEITH Seed Merchant and Dealer in Best Binder Twine on Market

true to name and of good quality.

William-St., Lindsay, Ont.

MONEY TO LOAN AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES We are prepared to make loans on town

and farm property from either private

persons or leaning companies, as may be

desired, and in sums to suits borrowers,

with special privileges. You may pay in instalments without increase in rate of interest. Interest and instalments payable at our office. STEWART & O'CONNOR,

Barristers, Lindsay

LINDSAY MARBLE WORKS R. CHAMBERS, Prop. The only up-to-date Mable and Granite Works in the County. Latest designs, lowest prices and best work. Call and see the pneumatic tools at work. Get our prices before buying elsewhere.

Furs Repaired and Remodelled

New Furs made to order. A choice stock kept on hand at MRS. MULLETT'S, over Boxall & Matthie's, nearly opposite post office. d5wtf.

In The Evening Post.

-Donald Bell, of Hamilton, is dead of pneumonia.

the N Pute -T North Strat ited.

time.

on F

Port