## Richard the Brazen

CYRUS ? TOWNSEND BRADY Author of "For the Freedom of the Sea," "The Southerners," etc , EDWARD PEPLE

Author of "A Broken Rosary,"
"The Prince Chap," Etc.

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"Yes," said Richard: "I'm going to Mr. Renwyck this evening and make a clean breast of it. It's the only thing I can do."

Mr. Corrigan whistled softly. "After which brilliant move I dare say you will apply for board in the

state insane asylum." "Any place will do for me after that," admitted the unfortunate ad venturer.

"You would find its inmates congenial after you followed that course, I am sure, but if I were in your place I'd do nothing of the kind."

"Why not?" "For various reasons. In the first place, what good will it do? Would you then be in a position to tell your father? No; you see that clearly for yourself. You will be invited to leave Irvington and will accept the invitation promptly. Thus endeth the first lesson, Miss Harriet Renwyck being the principal subject matter. Mr. Jacob Renwyck will then institute proceedings against one Bill Williams for obtaining information by fraud in the

person of his son." "But, my dear sir," cried Dick, with some asperity, "I had no such intention, I assure you. The information

was-well, it was forced on me." "Aha!" exclaimed the old lawyer knowingly. "That's just the delicate point. I'm speaking legally. Of course you're innocent. You know it, and I believe it, but how about a jury of your peers? To put it bluntly, you have taken the name of a wounded and helpless man without his knowledge or consent. You have bribed his servant. Bad point, Dick-very bad. Then you creep into a confiding old genfleman's house and worm away the

secrets of his inmost heart. The alleged pursuit of the girl is merely a blind to cover your deep laid, crafty, nefarious designs, which"-

"Hold on, for God's sake!" vehemently protested Richard, appalled at the revelation of his perfidy by the lawyer's merciless logic, which was about as hard to bear as if it had been a truthful indictment. "Don't put it that way! You make me feel like an actual criminal. Next I'll be stealing their cut glass and silver hairbrushes." "I am merely looking at it from a

legal point of view," said the little man solemnly. "To confess to Jacob now is the very worst policy imaginable." "Then what am I to do?" demanded

the young man savagely. "Brazen it out," advised his counsel. striving to suppress the dancing humor in his eyes. "But, for the Lord's sake, Dicky, boy, do brush up on English history."

"And what of dad?"

Mr. Corrigan began to chuckle and

to rub his hands violently. "I'm afraid," he said, with great conviction, "that Bill will have to play this hand alone. You can't help him, young man, and you've got to trust to luck. If your father finds out about the deal he may pull down Jacob's ladder; if not-well, I'm almost as sorry for Bill as I am for his son."

Richard drew his brows together in a troubled frown. "And is that all the advice you can give me?" he asked, hoping against

"No," said the little man; "there is one more suggestion, and a sound one, too, by George! My vision is a shade imperfect owing to creeping age, but I think I see Harriet over yonder under the trees. I, as your counsel, direct you to go and talk to her."

This last piece of advice was too good to be neglected, and Richard, dismissing his cares, followed it forth-

CHAPTER X. HEN the young Texan had got out of earshot Mr. Corrigan leaned back and laughed till his plump sides could stand the strain no more. Rarely had he passed so amusing and delightful a half hour. He lived the lonely life of a wealthy old bachelor, and the comedy had come to him in the shape of a godsend. He liked what he had seen of the young man immensely, and he was prepared to like him more for his father's sake, but he determined to make him suffer as much as possible in payment for his reckless assurance. Besides, he had another end in view. the success of which depended largely upon the son of his old friend Bill Williams. Every feature of the game was a joy to his merry heart, and in order to watch its progress he determined to be a frequent visitor at Restmore, which promised to belie its name and become a troubled spot, after all. Rising from the bench at last, he cut across lots toward his own home, half a mile away, measuring every stride

with a sort of chuckling pedometer. Meanwhile Richard followed the lawyer's counsel, not only as to closing his mouth with regard to Mr. Renwyck, but as to opening it without delay with regard to Mr. Renwyck's daughter. This at least was his intention, but he found himself once more disappointed. Miss Harriet was in her favorite seat on the lawn, with an open book resting in her lap. Richard's footfalls made no sound on the soft green turf, and, unconscious of his approach, before he was within hailing distance she arose abruptly and went into the | day evening, and you are in it, be-

\* house. He followed ner forthwith, but just as he reached the veranda steps t sprightly little figure bounced out and greeted him effusively. Needless to say, it was not Miss Renwyck. Miss Imogene Chittendon was more fluffily irritating to the adventurer than usual Her motions, like her manner of speech, were nervous and spasmodic, not unlike the movements of a humming bird over a bunch of honeysuckle, with the lord representing the fragrant blos-

> soms. "Why, Lord Croyland?" she twittered, with something between a giggle and a shrick, "how very fortunate! was just going out to pick wild flowers. I've never picked wild flowers with a real nobleman. Please say you are just dying to give me a new experi-

She looked up at him with a baby-like air of innocence and admiration and laughed again,

"I-I should be delighted," said Richard, telling the first downright lie which had passed his lips since arriv-

ing at Irvington.

He relieved her of the absurd basket she was carrying on her arm and start- he asked. ed across the fields, cursing inwardly at the fate which linked him with this troublesome and irresponsible little creature and striving outwardly to be decently polite to her. Unconscious of his cogitation, Miss Imogene fluttered at his side, now murmuring idiotic small talk into his bored ears, now pouncing with little squeals of delight upon some gaudily colored weed and depositing it in the basket.

"It is so good of you to come," she confided, with a melting glance. isn't heavy enough to tire you, is it? You are so strong, you know, and so I mean-you and I are in a room to-

She alluded to the basket, which weighed perhaps four ounces. Richard assured her that he thought he could stand the strain and that he was not in the least afraid of butterflies, the only living thing they had met so far, which brought forth a fresh outburst of gigglesome joy. Presently she took a seat upon a stone, begged him to do likewise and began fanning herself with her hat.

"Do you know," she whispered, think I shall trust you and tell you a

"All right," he said carelessly. "Fire -er-I mean do so, by all means." He seated himself and added dramatically, "Believe me, maiden, it shall be sacred with me."

"There!" she cried in triumph. knew you could do it, though Harriet says flatly - just flatly - that you couldn't."

"Couldn't what?" "Act"

"Well, she's right," agreed Richard. "I can't. I've been told so before. Where do you get your strange delusions?"

Once more her big baby eyes looked apward with a pleading glance. "But you'd try if I asked you,

wouldn't you? You couldn't resist if I begged you - er - real hard, could Pou?" "Nothing short of a

could make me refuse you," said Richard, emphasizing the preseun and looking sadly out across the Hudson. It was wreng, of course, but he couldn't help it, and really she was pretty enough to excuse so venal a lapse. "Oh, you dear, delightful man!" chir-

ruped the little lady. "Now, listen, Don't look at the river. Look at me." "I dare not." "Nonsense! You said you were not

afraid of butterflies." "I was wrong. I am of one." "Don't be afraid of me. I won't hurt

you," said the highly flattered girl laughingly. "I breathe again. Ge on."

"Well, Lord Croyland, we are going to have a little one act play on Fri-



"I've never picked wild flowers with a real nobleman."

cause you just said your would, and I know you will do it just beautifully, because I told Harriet you could, and, having promised, of course you can't refuse now, when everything has

"Hold on; hold on!" interrupted Richard. "I'm sort of losing my grip on things. Slow down to a trot and let's

get our bearings." This sounded very unlike an English nobleman, but the young lady in

her excitement failed to notice. "You see," she began again, "the play is called 'The Man and the Bird.' You are the man, and"-

"And you are the bird," completed Richard. "I thought as much. Well, go on."

Miss Imogene dimpled with pleasure and applauded his quick percep-"Yes," she said; "I am the bird, and

you-it's only a play, you know, or course-and you're just desperately in love with me."

"I couldn't act that part. It's too

"Oh, yes, you can! I thought you wouldn't find it difficult. I'll help

"That settles it. I'm lost." "And, besides, it will make Cornelius Van der Awe just frantic. He isn't in the cast, you know. We've put him in the audience, and he has just to sit there and be wretched. Oh," she cried, "It will simply be too delicious! Don't

you think so?" "Rapturous, but dangerous for me," assented Richard gravely. "Is Miss Renwyck in the play?"

"Why, of course she is, stupid! She's getting it up herself and has the leading part." Richard brightened. Private the-

atricals were not so silly, after all. . "What sort of a part will she play?"

"Oh, the serious part!" his companion advised him. "It's more real acting than mine, of course, but I like the love part best, don't you?" Richard nodded, and the debutante continued: "Harriet is the rich heiress, you know. And, oh, she's going to wear the Renwyck diamonds! Her father will bring them up from the city tomorrow night She'll look awfully stunning in them. You are engaged to her-in the play, I mean-but you'll find out that you love me best, and it's an awfully exciting scene. You and I-in the play, gether, and you tell me how much you

love me"-"Hadn't we better practice a little bit now?" "Don't you think you could do it

without practice?" "I shall need to acquire-er-restraint in the presence of such temptation, you know."

"Oh, I see. I guess it won't be necessary for you to be too restrained. It's beautiful, so impassioned - the language, you understand"-

"I shall try to live up to it." "And just when you kiss me"-

"I'm sure it would be best for us to try that in private." "Not at all. We can make believe about that part, you know."

"That's not true acting." "Isn't it? Oh, we'll see about that later, and we needn't rehearse that

anyway." "But I'm sure to be so awfully awkward about that. I've had so little

practice in my short life." "You poor little innocent Englishman! We'll fix that later."

"Oh, happy hope!" "Will you listen to me, Lord Croyland?"

"I'm sflent." "Harriet comes in and denounces you. Don't you think it's perfectly de-

"Dazzling."

"Then it's settled. I'm so glad. Come on and let's dig up more roots." Miss Imogene Chittendon proceeded to pick wild flowers. Mr. Richard Wil-

liams carried them in the four ounce basket and communed with himself. Denunciation at the present speaking was rather a sore subject with him and coming from the lips of the girl he worshiped in a one act play in which he was some one else was more than flesh and blood could stand. It had too definite a relation to his present circumstances to be comfortable. On the whole, he decided to get out of that play if he could. He did not want Harriet denouncing him, even in fun. She might have to do it in earnest later, and he did not wish her to have the advantage of a previous rehearsal. He was getting sensitive, he realized. but he wanted to see her alone, to talk with her as a kind of relief from the troubles that were gathering around him in uncomfortable, sticky coils. But at every turn his innocent purpose was frustrated, and he found himself in the clutches of some one else, an inquisitor like Michael Corrigan, a chat-

terbox like Miss Chittendon. He was not so occupied with his thoughts, however, as to forget a plainsman's training, and during the latter half hour of his wild flower hunt he was conscious of a spy upon his trail. He had turned at some remark of his companion and had chanced to see a figure that dodged swiftly behind a bowlder some fifty yards away. He had paid no special heed to the occurrence. But when it was repeated twice he became convinced that some one was watching them-why-he could Richard wheeled suddenly and spled ing on the head of Mr. Cornelius Van thought, can you?" der Awe.

CHAPTER XI. H, it's you, is it?" said Richard, the first to recover from astonishment "Do know, I almost fancled it

was some one with designs on the Mr. Van der Awe flushed, drew himself up and folded his arms in a strik-

ingly dramatic pose. "No," he answered without the first vestige of humor: "I was not after the poultry. To be perfectly frank, I was

This was another one! Was every body lying in wait for him this morning? Could he have speech with all the world but her?

"I admire candor," coolly remarked Richard in return, "and I rejoice in the fact that your desire is gratified. How may I serve you?"

"Lord Croyland," said the dramatic young gentleman, "there is a matter which must be settled between us here and now. Upon it depends my future

happiness." "All right," responded the Texan cheerily. "Shall it be rifles, pistols, lariats, bowie knives or arbitration?"

Once more Mr. Van der Awe flushed. He had a faint idea that the English nobleman was laughing at him, a point on which extreme youth is sometimes oversensitive.

"I think it can be settled by arbitration," he answered coldly. "Will you kindly follow me to some less public protest against its captivity. place?"

The two young gentlemen walked up the road for a short distance, stopping at the brow of a hill which overlooked the river. It struck Richard that this being continually led away from the house of his ladylove for secret conferences was growing rather monotonous. This was the fourth time in two days, and each excursion seemed to involve him more deeply in some quagmire of trouble. They sat down under a tree and for a time remained

"Smoke?" asked Richard, holding out his cigar case.

"Thank you, no," said the young man sadly. "I have no heart for pleasare just at present. If you don't mind. we'll get down to business."

The Texan lit his cigar and expressed a willingness to open negotiations with the enemy, while the enemy collected his thoughts and dug holes in the ground with a short sharp stick. "Lord Croyland," he began at last, "in this country openness and square-

ness are the first principles. I've heard that gentlemen have the same ideas in England. Is this true?" Richard bowed. "Very well. I'm going to ask you a

plain, blunt question, without any in-

give me a straight, plain answer. Which one are you after?" Richard's cigar nearly dropped from between his teeth, while he gazed at his questioner in extreme astonish-

ment. "Which one of what?" he asked when he recovered himself. "The girls," said Mr. Van der Awe

"Perhaps I didn't put it clearly." The Texan tried hard to conceal his amusement and succeeded imperfectly. "Ab, I see," he returned. "Which

one are you after?" "Miss Imogene," confessed the young man without reserve, "and if you don't object to my confidence, Lord Croyland, I love her as no man ever loved it's painful!" He fell into a thoughtful pause, then looked up again, "Now, I think I've been perfectly candid with you, and I want you to be quite frank with me. If it's Miss Chittendon we

can decide what to do later." throws new light upon your glorious American people. Allow me to give you a cigar and be equally unreserved. While I admit without besitation that Miss Imogene Chittendon is a most charming and utterly desirable young lady, I beg to assure you, sir, that never for a single fraction of a second have I entertained the least idea ofof-in your own phrase, of going after

ter. Is that satisfactory?" "Entirely so," said Mr. Van der Awe holding out his hand with the nearest approach to happiness he had yet shown. "I'm glad to know you in your true, real light. You are not a bit like other Englishmen I have met. Fact is, you don't even talk like one."

"Thanks," bowed Richard, prudently screwing in his monocle. The eyeglass always made him feel like an idlot; but, on the other hand, it gave a dash of local color to his appearance without which he would have been lost. "Is there anything else in which I can ring. serve you, old chap?"

"Yes, Lord Croyland, there is. You have very kindly stated to me that won have no intention of making a bid ror Imogene. That's very square of you, and I appreciate it. But would you mind telling her so?"

laugh that came echoing back in merry mockery at this most ingenious proposition.

"Well, he said, "that's rather a diff ficult thing to do, isn't it? Strikes me as rather-er-indelicate."

"Not at all," protested Mr. Van der Awe. "Imogene is a sensible girl"oh, the blindness of love!-"and would not imagine. As they neared Restmore | understand you perfectly. You see," he explained, "she's young. Her mind, the figure crouching along a boxwood I confess frankly, is immature. She's hedge. It seemed a very strange af- apt to be-well, dazzled, I might say, fair, and he determined to get to the by foreign titles and brass buttons and bottom of it. So, excusing himself on things of that description. It's a wothe steps of the veranda, he made a man's natural instinct, you know, and circuit of the house, cut across the I have no logical right to blame her. rose garden and vaulted a fence into You see, I have reasoned it all out and the road. The hedge ended at this am speaking from a standpoint of supoint, and, to the vast surprise of two perior age and experience. Now, you ntlemen. Richard came near to land- can't find fault with that line of

"Not a flaw," answered Richard gravely. "It's simply norfect. Go on." To be continued.

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### The Hen Was Not Purloined

#### A Leghorn in the Lime Light at the Local Police Court

A brown Leghorn hen occupied prominent position in a police court case last Friday. It lay on the court room floor with its feet tied together, and at frequent intervals during the proceedings it shifted its position and cackled frequently as a

This bird, it was alleged, was stolen by one east ward resident from another about the 28th of January last. Mr. G. A. Jordan appeared for the complainant and Mr. F. Holmes

Hopkins for accused. The complainant gave evidence which he stated he lost a brown Leghorn hen on Jan. 28th. When was missed he went to Flavelles mill and in telling Mr. Whitney, from whom he bought the fowl, about the theft, they both agreed to hunt for it. On April 18th Mr. Whitney informed complainant that he knew where the fowl was-at the house of Mrs. A. Goheen. The complainant had his hen marked with two brass rings on each leg. Leonard Goheen

was asked if he had a stray hen around the place. He replied he would ask his mother, who stated in reply to his query that there was none around. Complainant asked Mrs. Goheen who was the owner of the brown Leghorn in the yard. She said the accused, who resided next door. He was not home at the time. Mrs. Goheen said accused told tention of offense, and I want you to her he got the hen in the country. Complainant caught the hen with the assistance of Mr. Whitney, and he found two brass rings on the bird's legs. One ring was taken by complainant and was produced court. The hen was then left with Mr. L. Goheen until the accused came home. On April 19th a little boy called on complainant and said the accused wished to see him. He called on him, and he informed accused that he did not charge him with the theft. They both went down in the yard and into the Goheen stable, but the hen had disappeared. Looking in accused's yard, complainant a girl before. It's-it's-well, hang it noticed a brown Leghorn hen near the driving shed. It looked like his bird, but was not sure of it. If it had a brass ring on the left leg he stated it was his property. The accused said he bought the fowl in "My dear fellow," said Richard, the country and it was none of com-"you can't imagine how I appreciate plainant's business where it was your openness and squareness. It got. Accused finally ordered complaintiff from the premises. Accused was told that when next he was visited by complainant, he would bring his knitting and stay awhile. The accused then told complainant he would lay a charge of defamation of character. Complainant had no doubt that the hen he saw was his. It was the same bird he saw when Whitney was with him. Complainant then swore out an information. He saw the hen again that afternoon when Chief Vincent was with him, but the

ring was not on leg. P. Whitney followed the complainant and recited practically the same

Chief Vincent followed and told o having inspected the fowl and found a mark on the left leg which looked as if it had been made by a

THE DEFENCE John Burnett, of Ops, whose son

sold the accused some hens, gave evidence. He did not know the hens that were sold. Two brown Leghorns and two Plymouth Rocks were sold Richard laughed a long, free, bubbly him. There was no special on them that he knew. They were sold and taken away on March 25th. James Burnett, who sold the hens

to the accused said they were brown Leghorns and Plymouth rocks. There were no marks that he put on, but one of the Leghorns had rough legs and little spurs. The hen produced in court looks like one he sold accused. It had the same marks. The court then proceeded to examine the points of the bird, and spurs were discovered on the legs.

The other Leghorn, the witness said, had no such spurs, and not as high a comb. He had just other like hen produced. To the best of his knowledge witness swore that hen produced was the one he sold ac-

Mrs. Goheen's evidence was the last taken, and at its conclusion the

the accused left the court room with the hen nestled under his arm.

### The Demoniacal Whistle

Independent: The Beaver and the Arthur C. left the dry dock on Friday last, and made their way to Lindsay, the 23rd of April being the opening of navigation for this port. On Monday the Mary Louise came into port from Lindsay, and woke up the boatmen with her demoniacal whistle. She had Baker and Power outfit for cribbing and sorting logs. the scow Resolute, fitted with cookery and bunk cabin, the steam punt Baptist, and a crib of boom sticks. They were bound for Nogey's Creek and Pigeon Lake.

#### Warning to Fishermen

The local branch of the fisheries department wishes to warn all those gaffing suckers in the river against keeping any bass or lunge they may happen to hook and take out of the water. Watch will be kept on "gaffers" to see that they live up to the regulations in this respect.

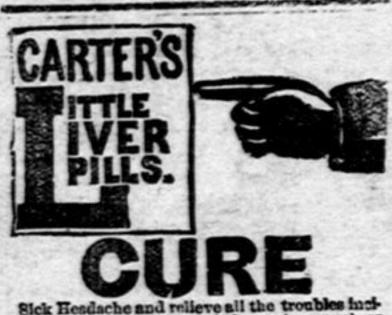
A sharp lookout will also be kept for those catching and netting fish out of season and offenders will vigorously prosecuted.

#### Runaway on Kent-st.

A runaway horse hitched to a bug gy caused some excitement on Kentst. Wednesday. The frightened animal started at Moore's hotel yard, ran the whole length of Kentst., until it came to a sudden stop at the Y. M. C. A. corner. In mak. ing the turn it struck a telephone post, tearing off the back wheel. Before it could get a fresh start the animal was captured and returned to

#### Boy Broke His Arm

Peterboro, April 30.-The eight-year old son of Mr. Geo. Stevens had an arm broken while playing on some freight cars on a siding in Ashburnham Wednesday evening. The accident was a result of a fall. A doctor was called and attended tothe little fellow's injuries, and his is getting along nicely.



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is the bane or so many lives that here is wheat we make our great boast. Our pills cureit while

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