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A start which will lead you into a good salaried position? Enter our college NOW and be ready for a situation in the fall when business is at its best.

AT 40

YOU BEGIN TO THINK BETTER THINK NOW

The difference between the LARGE men and the SMALL men—the successful and the unsuccessful—is only the difference in training.

PETERBORO BUSINESS COLLEGE

GEO. SPOTTON, - President J. A. McKONE, - Principal

Spring Cleaning Time

Tools Step Ladders Garden Barrows The Sherwin-Williams Paint, Prepared Free Pruners

Alabastine Glazed Sewer Pipe, and Cem

G. Edwards & Co.

AM'S DIFFICULTY

The class is my delight, a big boy in a fight study lessons half the night, not for mine.

People think that I'm an owl, I don't get up a howl around the house till midnight, I do subtraction.

The class I'll have you know I'm not going to be a blow, I'll do rather a baseball I can do subtraction.

Get there just the same Big M. D. tacked to my name don't I'll lay the blame that subtraction.

So cozy in your nest, at five so I'll be drest see the comet.

Let's going some, they say miles or more a day, chance it comes our way I'll be no more subtraction A.M.T.

HOLOCAUST IN CORNWALL HOTEL BLOTTED OUT TWELVE LIVES

Cornwall, April 30.—Twelve human lives blotted out and a property loss that \$250,000 will scarcely cover is the record of a fire which broke out at 3 o'clock yesterday morning in the Rossmore Hotel, destroyed that structure and damaged a number of leading business establishments.

The Dead. Charles Gray, manager Ives Bedding Co.; his wife and two children, aged 6 and 8.

Ben Fielding, accountant, Sterling Bank. Charles Gagne, teller Bank of Montreal. Mrs. Taylor W. Archibald, aged 70, an invalid.

Wm. Hume, waiter, of Montreal. Ernest Buller, bellboy, of Montreal. Marie and Jennie Oliver, waitresses at the hotel for twelve years.

Mrs. Goeller of Philadelphia, a kitchen employe. Breaking out in the Rossmore Hotel the fire spread with great rapidity, baulking for hours the efforts of the fire brigade and hundreds of citizens.

Three score persons, 20 being commercial men, and the others permanent guests and employes of the hotel, clad only in their nightgowns, reached the ground by means of sliding down ropes, with lacerated and bleeding hands.

One entire family was wiped out in the catastrophe, the remains of C. C. Gray, managing director of the Ives Modern Bedstead Co., with his wife and two children, having been found in the smoldering ruins.

Mrs. Gray was in delicate health, and, while the facts will never be known, it is believed that it was in a desperate effort to save Mrs. Gray and the children that Gray himself perished.

The six bodies found last night, four are thought to be those of the Grays. Judge O'Reilly saw him and held the door open for him until he himself was driven forth by the blinding smoke and rolling flames, and the last seen of Gray he was turning into the room where his wife and family were.

Pitiful, too, was the death of Mrs. Taylor W. Archibald, an aged invalid, who had for years resided at the Rossmore, and who through her weakness and infirmity, was unable to escape when the warning was given.

Cool heroism on the part of William Fitzgibbon, president of the Cornwall Lacrosse Club, resulted in the saving of several lives. Aroused by the watchman's outcry, he woke up young Fielding and showed him how he might escape.

Fitzgibbon then broke a skylight above the servants' quarters and by means of a ladder managed to bring three of the dining-room girls to the roof when all fled to safety in their nightclothes.

Judge O'Reilly and his wife had a narrow escape in their plucky rescue of young Harry, their son, who has been ill with pneumonia. They were able to drag the boy from his room and then over the roof of Larmour's dry goods store beyond the reach of the flames.

Charles C. Gray was a former Torontonian, and two brothers, F. M. Gray, barrister, and R. A. L. Gray, electrical supplies, live there.

Strangely coincident with the fire is a judgment given yesterday morning by the Court of Appeal in a case arising from the death of George Hagle of Philadelphia.

Hamilton will endeavor to find out in the inquest which opens this afternoon. The night clerk claims to have found fire while on his hourly rounds, when, as he stepped from the kitchen to the rotunda, he was met with a burst of fire that swept up the main stairway.

Obituary

ISAAC BOND

Isaac Bond, former president of the open board of trade, is dead at the family residence, 530 East Thirty-sixth street. He died Friday afternoon April 28th, 1910. Mr. Bond was born in Meaford, Ont., in 1839, and had been a resident of Chicago since 1863.

The late Mr. Bond referred to above is a brother of Mrs. J. W. Hancock, Linden Valley, Ont.

JOHN MASTERSON

On Friday, the 15th of April, at his home in Alnwick, after a short illness of thirty six hours, John Masterson, an old resident of the Township, passed away.

He is survived by two brothers and Thomas, of Wisconsin, and Mrs. Thos two sisters, Hugh, of Alnwick, and Govin, and Mrs. Murphy, of New Mexico. The funeral took place to St. Jerome's church, Warkworth, where Mass was celebrated by Rev. Thos. A. O'Connell and thence to the cemetery at Warkworth.

Hard to Please

Man that is born of woman is of few days and many growls. When the spring comes gentle Annie, and the rain watereth the earth, he complaineth because of the mud, and a few weeks later his soul is grieved because of the exceeding muckness of the dust.

Some of the new "middy" collars for young girls are of white pique or linen with a colored border of the same material.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Mr. Martin Appointed. Mr. Fred Martin was appointed yesterday by Mr. F. J. Young of the Stoney Lake Navigation Co., their representative in Lindsay.

Month of May Will be Stormy

So Says Prof. Irl Hicks In His Latest Forecast

A reactionary storm period is central on the 2nd, 3rd and 4th, during which days look for a change to warmer, with falling barometer, cloudiness and rain, all beginning in western sections and passing in due order eastward over the country on and touching dates mentioned.

A regular storm period is central on the 9th, extending over the 6th to 12th. Moon is on the celestial equator on the 6th, in perigee on the 8th and new moon at an eclipse node falls on the 9th, the central day of the period.

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WARREN—At her home, near Tisdale, Saskatchewan, Isabella Warren, beloved wife of Mr. Richard Warren, and mother of Messrs. Wm. and Richard Warren, Lindsay.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Wedding Bells

BROWN-MOON

The home of Mrs. Thos Moon, at Haliburton, was the scene of a very pretty wedding on Monday, April 25, when her daughter, Sophia Elizabeth was united in marriage to Mr. Wm. Brown, of New Liskeard.

The bride, who was given away by her uncle, Mr. Thos. Bachelor, was attired in cream voile, with white tulle veil and orange blossoms, and carried a large bouquet of American beauty roses.

At the close of the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Brown received their friends under an evergreen arch and bell, after which a wedding breakfast was served.

The groom's gift to the bride was a pearl pendant and to the bridesmaid, a gold bracelet.

Old Hoss

Old hoss, your race is nearly run You're no account, 'tis plain to see; I reckon I must take my gun And put you out o' misery, That crooked nigh hind leg that you're Always a-favorin' so Jest won't admit of cure— Old hoss, I 'low you'll have to go!

I mind when you and me was young Come twenty years this next July I mind the nights the old moon hung A golden glory in the sky, We hitched the ribbons round the whip, My Jane and me, and didn't care 'Twas us that needed guardianship 'Twas you that exercised it there

I mind the night my little Jane Took down with croup—old hoss, I mind, How you went tearin' through the rain, I've not forgot that two mile climb You took without a minute's loss I heard the doc say "just in time" And thanked my God I owned you, hoss.

Old hoss, I can't. It ain't no use Fer me to talk of killin' you, I jest can't give you that abuse Account o' things you used to do That leg o' your'n has run its race, But right here now is where we jine, I'll keep you hobblin' round the place If I must loan you both o' mine!

Moved to Lindsay

John Kettle, who has been a resident of Bobcaygeon for a number of years, has taken up his home in Lindsay, and has moved with his family to the east ward. Mr. Kettle is a teamster and will be at the service of the public.

DIED

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Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Hear Slezak sing "Celeste Aida" in the Edison Phonograph

The New York Tribune says: "Mr. Slezak dominated every scene, and his clarion voice rang out superbly in the climaxes. He sang the Celeste Aida with effectiveness, and the Nile scene with fire and passion, yet always with regard for phrase."

These comments represent the consensus of opinion of all who heard Slezak at the Metropolitan in the role of Rhadames. Could you ask for better evidence of the fact that Slezak is the greatest lyric tenor since the days of Tamagno?

The AMBEROLA, the newest and highest type of Edison Phonograph

combines the rich, tonal beauty of the Edison Phonograph with a cabinet that is a masterpiece of craftsmanship. It is charmingly harmonize with surroundings in any home.

Edison Grand Opera Records... 85c and \$1.25 Edison Standard Records... 40c Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long) 65c National Phonograph Co., 100 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N.J., U.S.A.

The Boy Sitting Back of Me

The boy 'at sits in back o' me at school, He's goody-goody, and learns his joggerfee, 'N he's scared to death fer fear he'll bust a rule, But teacher don't like at all, fer gee, When something's wrong, why I get lammed fer fair, An' he gets off—because he combs his hair, The boy in back o' me.

One time we got snowballin' and at last, We hit "Squint" Blakely's little sister, an' Gee! I got called down fer it, an' when I sassed, I got it good an' proper an' he went free; Why, just 'cause 'twas me that trun the ball, They never said a word to him at all The boy in back o' me.

Next day I brung a mouse to school, an' just As they sung "Little Workers" it got out, an' Gee! You never seen sich fun! I thought I'd bust! The kids all hollered an' laughed an' so did he, And then I got sent home fer pa to trim, It's funny how she never picks on him, The boy in back o' me.

An' once when we was studyin' some old stuff, Us kids we had a circus shottin' wads, but Gee! Teacher she saw it, and she said: "That's enough." An' sent me to the office an' when he, Came in an' asked me who'd been raisin' Ned; An' who it was 'at spoiled our school I said: The boy in back o' me.

Once teacher was sick, an' our room had a sub... An' we all yelled an' laughed, an' stomped, an' Gee! She hammered the desk just like she had a club, An' said 'at she'd see! An' say! the boy our teacher says is best, Why, that day he was worsen' all the rest, The boy in back o' me. Jamee E. McDade in Chicago Record Herald.

Gentle Spring

Hail, gentle spring, hail, balmy winds! (Unwholesome breezes!) Hail, spring time's joyous signs of life, (And fell diseases!) We breathe once more thine odors fresh, (And miasmatic) We tread thy spongy meads and valleys (With curse emphatic.)

Our pulses beat with vernal joy (Or vernal fever) Thou wholesome, witching, smiling, spring, (Thou arch deceiver!) 'Tis now the time for love and song (And stomach bitters) A time to banish care and grief (And busk wheat fritters.) A time to doff our winter gloom, (But not our flannels.) To frisk and leap with gladsome cry (Like foolish spaniels.)

The springtime brings new joy to all (Mad Merry-makers) To princes, peasants, priests and clerks, (And undertakers.)

Signs of Spring

bullfrog in the meadow warbles boom-ab-bomm, ah-boom; when ducks are flying northward, and the butterfies are out; and the rob n goes housekeeping in the broken water-spouts; when grasshoppers are hopping and black bats come out at night, and venture in your bedroom, attracted by the light; when birds fly down the chimney, and hens walk in the door; beetles hold conventions in the centre of the floor; when the mud is o'er your shoe tops as you cross the new ploughed land — you may count on it as certain, sweet spring is near at hand.

A Treatise on the Horse, FREE. KENDALL'S SPAIN CURE. Conderly, Wis. Oct. 5th, 1909. "Please send me your book—A Treatise on the Horse—I saw by your ad that it was free, but if it cost \$5, I would not be without it, as I think I have saved two valuable horses in the last year by following directions in your book." William Napes. It's free. Get a copy when you buy Kendall's Spain Cure at your dealer's. If he should not have it, write us. Dr. E. J. Kendall Co., Eastburg Falls, Wt.

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