

### A Positive Cure For Indigestion and Dyspepsia.

Have you ever felt a leaden weight in the pit of the stomach—a feeling of fullness, with belching of wind and perhaps severe pain? Then you know how indigestion feels. It makes a person sarcastic and cranky—it causes misery after every meal—it saps the strength.



Rev. Father Morrissey

### FATHER MORRISSEY'S "No. 11" TABLETS

—one of the best of the late priest-physician's remarkable prescriptions—positively cure Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sick or Sour Stomach, Heartburn, and all the suffering that comes from a "bad stomach."

Each tablet will digest 1 1/4 pounds of food—a good meal.

Take "No. 11" Tablets regularly, avoid articles of food that you have found disagree with you, and you will be benefited from the start and soon cured.

50c. at Your Dealer's.

Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd.,

MONTREAL, QUE.

SOLD AND GUARANTEED IN LINDSAY BY E. GREGORY, DRUGGIST

### SOME DREAMS OF COLLEGE DAYS

By A Graduate

One day, being in a reminiscent mood, I strolled into the old college halls, where, in days gone by, I had received more or less training in the philosophy of life. The sun streamed through the south windows just as it had done years before and showed up the same cracks in the worn floor and maybe the same dust as when my classmates and I had daily tramped up and down. The place had changed but little, and as I peeped through the door of class-room B, I well remember the lectures on Final Causes while room A spoke loudly of Logic that we never knew or practiced. It was in room E that I paused. It was there had received our first lesson in Mill and read from a book a few things that life had taught us in a much more realistic school.

The place was deserted so I seated myself in the professional chair to think. As I sat and mused I saw the room peopled again by the students of former days. They were all just boys and girls again looking out on life with the confidence and the belief that they were sent to change the order of things. But one thing surprised me greatly; it was the silence, almost oppressive, that seemed to fill the room. In awe I leaned over toward Neil Smith, the mischief of the class, who had never been known to be quiet in the old days, and whispered, "Why are you so quiet?"

"What is there to say?" he questioned.

"Why everything," I answered.

"No, nothing," he replied. "I am busy."

I then noticed that he had on the desk before him a number of parcels, and as I watched he dropped one to the floor, and it disappeared; and as it did so new lines appeared on the face that changed it in some way I could not explain. He dropped parcel after parcel, and as each one disappeared, there was a change in him and generally not for the better.

### "I Suffered Intense Pains in My Left Side."

Do you realize it is better to be safe than sorry, that it is the best policy to lock the stable door before the horse is stolen?

**Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy** cured Mrs. C. C. Gokey, of a stubborn case of heart disease, such as thousands are now suffering with. Read what she says:

"Before I began taking Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy I had been suffering from heart trouble for over five years. I had grown so weak that it was impossible for me to do thirty minutes work in a whole day. I suffered intense pains in my left side and under the left shoulder blade. I could not sleep on the left side, and was so short of breath that I thought I should never be able to take a full breath again. The least excitement would bring on the most distressing palpitation. I had scarcely taken a half-bottle of the Heart Remedy before I could see a marked change in my condition. I began to sleep well, had a good appetite, and improved so rapidly that when I had taken six bottles I was completely cured. MRS. C. C. GOKEY, Northfield, Vt.

If you have any of the symptoms Mrs. Gokey mentions, it is your duty to protect yourself.

**Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy** is what you need. If the first bottle fails to benefit, your money is returned. Ask your druggist. DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Toronto, Can.

At last I interrupted him. "Do stop dropping those things," I said, "you are losing all your good looks. You are getting positively ugly."

"Maybe," he replied, "but I have something better than good looks" and he picked up his one remaining parcel and held it close.

"What are those things?" I asked.

"Those," he replied, "are dreams I had when here. You see they are all gone but one."

"What is the one?" I asked.

But he had taken out the bank book in which he was writing and he did not hear me.

Then I looked around the room and I saw what I had at first thought were books on the desks of the other students were parcels somewhat similar to those Neil had dropped and I was surprised at how few some had.

George Marston the plodder, who had taken a scholarship every year, had only two, and one of these he dropped while I watched him. On the other I saw the picture of a large church with a fine organ, a splendid choir, and an immense and wealthy congregation. I recalled that the last I had heard of him was preaching in a small church in the prairie town and was not very popular even there.

"I wonder," I said "I wonder," and as I spoke I noticed a girl friend, who had always sat near me and with whom, I believe I was acquainted. She had been very clever and we had often talked of the future, when she would do great things in the world. We had talked of many ways in which we would help humanity, especially our own sex, so I was much surprised to see only one parcel on her desk. I looked closely at it and I saw the picture of a home. It was not grand or very beautiful as regards architecture, but even in the picture I could feel the sweet atmosphere of home.

"So that was really her dream," I said "and she never told me." But as I spoke the parcel slipped off her desk of itself and disappeared, and she sat there with folded arms looking listlessly around.

"Get another," I said sharply.

She jumped in surprise and asked, "Get what?"

"Get a parcel," I said "you'll be wretched without one."

"Maybe," she replied indifferently, but I saw it was useless to say any more. I sometimes received letters from her and I knew that she occupied an obscure position in which she was not happy, but she was not trying to better herself.

Near her sat the most brilliant student in the year. Everything came easy to him. He had not worked long hours after others were asleep, as many of us had. He went out into the world and drank deeper of the cup of pleasure as he went along and then came back and took from us the laurels we had worked so hard to win. It had not seemed fair but while we envied his ability we all liked him for his frank indifference to his success when once it was his. He valued things only as they meant struggle and when easy victory was in sight he lost interest. In front of him there were dozens of parcels which were slipping off and disappearing, but as quickly as one disappeared another took its place. But on his face was written discontent, for success over-

eluded him. A hundred times he grasped it only to let it slip away.

"Surely," I said, "life does not always prove a disappointment."

Just then a man that I had never respected as a student raised his hand to attract my attention. He had never seemed ambitious was always afraid of being plucked and was great rejected when he got through with a few "sups" in front of him were only two parcels but as I watched, the number increased to five and as I saw a look there had never been in olden days. There was a strength and confidence lacking before. He was now a man to be reckoned with in a world of strong men.

Involuntarily I said aloud, "I never expected it."

"No he said quite cheerfully, "and the funny thing is that I did not expect so much."

"Is it impossible that life ever gives people more than they expect?" I asked.

"No, never," said a voice at the elbow, "but it mixes things up a bit."

The old professor was standing beside. I did not know how long he had been there, and wondered if I had kept him long. But when I moved to leave the chair he motioned me to remain were I was.

"Look at that," continued the old gentleman, pointing to a parcel in front of a quiet, modest looking girl I looked and saw a house in the country surrounded by trees and flowers, while in the distance cattle and horses fed, and all around were birds and bees.

I was surprised for I knew she was the wife of a prominent politician and her life was one constant round of social duties; and then instinctively I looked at the parcels in front of her husband, who was also a classmate of mine. On it was the picture of a library, filled from floor to ceiling with books, and in quiet a man read and studied.

"Well, that beats the Dutch," I said.

"I beg your pardon" said the professor.

"That is surprising," I corrected, remembering the old man's dislike to slang.

"Not so surprising as that," he said, pointing towards a young man who had promised great things. He was a quiet, studious, religious chap, when he first entered college, but his quietness and studiousness were evidently the result of environment. He never finished his college course. He drifted from one thing to another and one parcel, and on it was printed in large letters just one word.

Just then the class-room door opened with a loud noise, and standing where I saw the old professor who had but a second before been speaking to me, I was so dazed I rubbed my eyes and looked stupidly at him.

"How to do you do?" he said heartily. "Dreaming of the old days?"

"Yes," I said, looking down at my classmates; but the seats were empty.

"Come down to Co-convocation," said the old man, "our 1911 class is the best we ever turned out."

"No doubt," I replied, as I prepared to accompany him. "No one ever graduated in anything but the most promising class."

"You may joke if you like," he said "but this is an exceptional class. Some men in it will make their mark."

"Do the men you expect to do well always satisfy you?"

"Well, I don't know," he replied. "I don't know; but at least as some of them do what is the difference."

As I looked at the students I wondered how many of them would pawn their dreams, but as the old professor said, "They are the best class yet." Maybe dreams will be above par when they take their place in the life struggle.

"Get what?"

"Get a parcel," I said "you'll be wretched without one."

### TIRE CO. MAY GO TO GALT

Peterboro Times: As a result of the voting of the Independent Tire and Rubber Co., by-law on Tuesday the Company are negotiating with Galt for a location. The Times is informed that Galt is offering better terms than Peterboro offered. At last night's Board of Trade meeting Industrial Commissioner Duggan remarked that Peterboro cannot carry an industrial aid by-law without better organization than heretofore offered, and with funds behind that organization. Other cities can carry measures that Peterboro ratepayers reject at the polls on the three-fifth legislative provision.

### Leslie Burk Is Committed

Colborne, Ont., April 26.—The preliminary trial of Leslie Burk, who is charged with arson in connection with the fire in the Express printing office early in the morning of April 17, opened before Magistrate R. Snettinger, Reeve of Colborne, this morning. County Crown Attorney W. W. Kerr, of Cobourg, conducted the prosecution. Provincial Detective Miller, of Toronto, was also present. Mr. F. L. Webb, appeared on behalf of the prisoner, who was accompanied by his father, Mr. C. W. Burk, of Wingham.

A large number of witnesses were examined and at 5.30 o'clock there were still several others to be heard, the court adjourned until to-morrow morning at 10.30 o'clock. Eight of the witnesses testified that they were in close vicinity to the Express office between 11.30 and 12.30 on the night of the fire, and none of them saw a light in the office or any sign of fire nor heard any sound of a struggle.

The evidence of Dr. Latta and Dr. Sargent went to show that if the prisoner had been struck between the eyes, and knocked insensible as claimed, there would in all probability have been some evidence of the blow on his face and his eyes would have been blackened. Although the prisoner claims that the alleged burglar was tampering with the safe, it was shown the safe was not locked and the combination had apparently not been moved, nor were there any of the contents disturbed.

In summing up the evidence before an adjournment Mr. Webb urged that the prisoner be acquitted, as there was not sufficient evidence to commit him for trial. County Crown Attorney W. W. Kerr designated the prisoner's tale as a cock and bull story, and urged that he be committed for trial.

The magistrate declined to give a decision without hearing the rest of the witnesses and expressed a desire to examine the ropes with which the prisoner was bound and the court accordingly adjourned.

The affair has caused a great deal of excitement throughout the district, and the courtroom was crowded during the entire hearing.

### Government Takes Over the Bridge

The new bascule bridge was informally accepted by the Government yesterday in the presence of Superintendent Engineer A. Grant, of Peterboro, Mr. S. Clegg, T. V. C. Overseer also of Peterboro, and Mr. McGill, representing the Hamilton Bridge Works. There was no ceremony attached to the event, except the looking over of everything and seeing the bridge worked satisfactorily.

Lindsay can now claim the honour of having the first bascule trunnion bridge in Canada.

It is understood the Government intends erecting a similar structure over the Canal at Campbellford.

### Four Men Killed By Explosion

Sand Point, Ont., April 27.—As the result of an explosion in the drying house of the Dominion Explosive Co. one and a half miles west of this place, a calamity which in cause and some of its effects almost exactly duplicated that of a year ago in the same powder mills, four men were instantly killed. The dead are—DOMINIC BENNETT, Westport, aged 22. WILLIAM BROOKS, Sand Point, aged 27.

### JOSEPH MILLS, Poplar, North London, England, aged 38. HORACE McMULLEN, Ottawa, aged 29.

The explosion occurred at 1.20 this afternoon and is said by the officials of the company to have been due to the ignition of a quantity of gas in the building where it took place. The catastrophe came without warning. William Brooks and Dominic Bennett were inside the building and Jos Mills and Horace McMullen standing on its platform. The bodies of Bennett and Mills were blown into atoms, no trace of them being found to-night. Those of Brooks and McMullen were recovered, that of the latter being almost impossible to identify. Almost miraculously none of the other employees were injured, though nearby.

Besides the complete destruction of the drying house, the sides of the nit rats room were stayed in, as were the ends of the ice-house and a store room. Where the drying house had been nothing was left but a large hollow in the ground.

Upwards of a dozen employees of the company were working inside or in the vicinity of the other buildings when the explosion occurred. Although flying splinters from the roof and walls of the drying house flew like hail, none of them were struck, nor were the men inside the nitrate room, who had just dumped the pots of material they were carrying, injured.

Immediately after the shock of the explosion, employees from all parts of the grounds rushed to the site of the drying house and a search for the missing men commenced. The body of McMullen was found where, it is said, it had been hurled against the roof of the other structures, and that of Brooks, less disfigured, was recovered not far away.

There was no fire in fact nothing was left to ignite, so thoroughly had the explosion done its work. The search was prosecuted till midnight, when Corporal Armstrong arrived from Annapolis and made an examination of the scene of the explosion and the remains. These were then covered, and left to be viewed by the jury to-morrow morning.

The explosion was apparently similar in origin to that of July 11, last year, when three men were killed. In the drying house where it took place was a little more than half a ton of the explosive, which is known as "blaster's friend" in one of its primary stages.

It was being heated by hot air which is piped from the boiler room, the temperature maintained being between 90 and 100 degrees. Just how the explosive, or gas, originating from it, ignited will, of course, never be known, as all the men at work in the drying house were killed.

### Fatal Shooting Accident at Scogog

Port Perry Star: Last Sunday Gordon Schell, the seven-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Schell, of Scogog, went over to visit his chaun, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. Levi Stevenson. The two little fellows went out to the barn to play and before long they found Mr. Stevenson's gun. It had been left at the barn where it had been used to shoot barn rats. Mr. Stevenson had intended to take it to the house, but forgot. The gun was loaded and somehow while the boys were examining the weapon it went off, the shot entering the smaller boy's head and killing him almost instantly.

Gordon Schell was the only boy and both families feel terribly about the tragic affair.

The sad accident brings home again with pathetic emphasis the great need for care in matters like this. It is so easy to forget and the price paid is so great that it seems out of all proportion to the fault which is the first cause of the fatality.

Everybody sympathizes with the bereaved family and with the family at whose home the tragedy occurred.

### MARRIED BEFORE HE WAS FOURTEEN

When James Dudley was married in Colborne over twenty years ago he was only 13 years and 9 months old. Four years afterwards he left his wife and little daughter, the latter, who is now married and has a little one.

A couple of years ago Dudley went with a young woman from Woodstock to Detroit, where they were married Thursday the youthful looking grandfather was in Toronto Police Court, charged with leaving the country to get married while he already had a wife in Canada.

The young woman testified in his behalf. She swore they went to Detroit together, but not for the purpose of getting married. After an auto ride they visited a jeweler's

### The Victoria Loan and Savings Company

INCORPORATED 1895  
In presenting the claims of our Savings Bank Department we beg to intimate that we employ our funds in first mortgages on real estate, an investment that is everywhere understood and appreciated. We pay interest at the rate of 3, 4, and 4 1/2 p.c. according to terms.  
Money to loan on farm property at current rates of interest.  
JAMES LOW, Manager  
NEWTON SMALE, Assistant Manager

### THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

Established 1873 OF CANADA 80 Branches  
A DEPOSIT OF ONE DOLLAR  
is received in our Savings Bank Department, and is sufficient to open an account and entitle the Depositor to a pass Book. The highest current rate of Interest is allowed, and money may be withdrawn at any time without delay.  
Savings Bank Department at Every Branch.

Lindsay Branch: F. F. LOOSEMORE, Manager  
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Branches also at Cannington, Woodville, Beaverton, Pefferlaw, Brochin, Sunderland and Blackstock.

### THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., PRESIDENT  
ALEXANDER LAIRD, GENERAL MANAGER  
CAPITAL - \$10,000,000 REST - \$7,000,000  
TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES  
Issued by The Canadian Bank of Commerce are the most convenient form in which to carry money when travelling. They are negotiable everywhere, self-identifying, and the exact amount payable in the principal foreign countries is printed on the face of every cheque. The cheques are issued in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100 and \$200 and may be obtained on application at the Bank.  
In connection with its Travellers' Cheques The Canadian Bank of Commerce has issued a booklet entitled "Information of Interest to those about to travel", which will be sent free to anyone applying for it.

H. A. HOLMES, Manager Lindsay Branch

### The Home Bank Canada

HEAD OFFICE TORONTO  
JAMES MASON, General Manager  
General Banking business transacted. Special attention to savings accounts.  
Full compound interest paid on savings accounts of one dollar or more.

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LINDSAY, JANETVILLE

### BANK OF MONTREAL

ESTABLISHED 1817.  
Capital Paid up \$14,400,000  
Reserve 12,000,000  
Undivided Profits 961,749  
Total \$27,361,749

Branches of the Bank in every Province of the Dominion.  
A general banking business transacted.  
Savings Department at every Branch.

Office Hours: 10 to 3 o'clock  
Saturdays 10 to 1 o'clock  
H. B. BLACK, Manager Lindsay Branch

Ice Out of Lakes  
The ice went out of Balsam Lake Friday, on Wednesday morning Henry Merriam crossed Cambridge in a canoe on his way to Rice Lake, although the bulk of the ice was there. It went out that night, however, and the lake is now clear.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA