:: OF HEADQUARTERS:

BY MARCIN BARBER

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> CHAPTER XI A Wild Ride.

Once he realized the futility of sistance. Britz busied himself with an ordinary brougham, drawn by a pair of high-stepping horses. That much he could tell from the dimensions of the vehicle, and the peculiar ping of the hoofs on the hardrolled park drive. He knew, too, the animals were traveling at a brisk pace. Despite its delicately adjusted springs, the carriage lurched violently at times, the weight of the three men rear seat so suddenly as to threaten disruption of the superstructure. He was lying on the floor, but on a pile of rugs. The silk scarf with which he had been fastened had been loosed from his neck only to be drawn tightly about his mouth. A smaller strip of silk, rolled into a ball, had been thrust between his teeth, gagging him beyond his power to utter a cry. wrists and ankles were bound as if in the electric chair. His life it might be, depended on his self-control and resourcefulness.

In the faint light that flashed from time to time through the windows of the brougham as it whirled past park lamps. Britz saw that all three of his captors were dark of feature and lithe of form. He strained his gaze to fix [visualized were too hazy to make | ment to spare. Britz had little time future recognition certain. One mo for thought. With a powerful conment he was convinced there was | tortion of his wiry frame, he threw of the men. The next, he was less certain they were not American. ever, inclined him more strongly to the former belief. He had seen recently, he thought, a face that in such | a light would resemble those bending above him. As he was striving to recall it, and the circumstance sur! about his eyes and knotted behind! his head. The silken strip was light in texture, but folded so many times that he could not see the dimmest! glimmer of light.

That act assured the lieutenant that he was approaching the climax of his adventure. He had been blindfolded, he had no smallest doubt, because his captors were about to take him out of the carriage, and did not wish him to see where he was going. Their precaution, also, was directed against his study of their faces. Britz drew quick comfort from that reflection. It the three intended to kill him, they would not care how clossly he scanned their features. That they wished to make it impossible for him to recognize them indicated it was their design soon or late to set him free. No sooner was that conviction firmly in his mind than he resolved to make the most of his captivity. It must be important to him as it was to the strangers. That it bore in greater or less degree on the Missioner mystery he hardly

questioned. "Every little helps." thought Britz, twisting to make himself as comfortable as possible. "I may be close to! something worth while." That did not sway him from his determination to make one bold strike for liberty first chance. Profitable though his present situation might prove in a sense, it could not be as valuable as freedom to follow the case in his own way. Something told him it was urgent that he have his little chat with the Oriental of the opera box. The more he thought about that mysterious individual, and the part played by the Indian in the discovery of the false Maharanee, the more eager he became to talk with him about things in general, and diamonds in particular. Britz was not given to gossip, vut somehow he felt the Oriental was a brilliant conversationalist, and that anything the Easterner might say would be interesting. He did not neglect to make allowance for the possibility tha what the Hindoo might not would interest him still more.

"It's a small world," said Britz to

himself. "Who knows?" A slight jolt, and three more in swift succession, told the detective the carriage had turned out of the park and was crossing Central Park West. That was certain because there were no car lines in Fifth Avenue nor in 110th Street, and in Fifty-ninth Street the stretch of as phalt between the macadam of the drive and the crosstown tracks was much wider than the brougham had crossed before the first of the jolts. By which gate the brougham had made its exit was another question. All the cross streets leading to nark entrances were asphatted, and most of them were wide. The only way he could ascertain how far uptown he was lay in counting the blocks and fistening for further aural indications. The trouble was he could not hear very well. The scarf that gagged him also covered his ears. craned his neck gently, first to one the ear next the rugs. He rubbed his head patiently against the soft fabrics until he made a snace through

## HAPPY MOTHERHOOD

prescribe Scott's Emulsion for over- In part, that accounted for the failure man's experience. Britz, in the course by a catapult movement and sat back

Get Scott's at your nearest drug store.

a cold application, but a sounding board that microphoned the smallest noises with expansive emphasis. He could hear, amid all the thudding of the horses' hoofs, the slight suction every time a crack in one of the rubber tires left the asphalt.

Britz focussed his forces on the task of ascertaining his whereabouts and direction. One, two, three blocks the brougham sped westward. There had been no swerve in the course since parting from the park. Britz knew he was headed for the Hudson. Had not his blindfolding convinced him his life was not in peril, he might have thought his captors were hurrying him to the river to make an end of him. He continued counting the blocks until, wheeling sharply to the right, the horses headed north, and a change in the sound of their hoofs betrayed that they had left the asand were on the macadam

with a slight glow of satisfaction. The distance traveled from the park, the change of direction, and the altered pounding of the highsteppers' hoofs could mean but one thing; the vehicle was bowling along the beautiful Riverside concourse New Yorkers have come to appreciate only in recent years.

It was at that point Britz made his first mistake of the trip. The laten of the left door was jarred loose by an uneven crossing, and the detective felt the door give slightly against his his hand. The agony was duplicated berserverance, and pluck, and when shoulder. He sensed in an eyeflash the door had not swung open. Prob. though he did with all his grit and ably an end of the rug had caught trength to retain his grip, his fingers and alliteratively equipped. under it sufficiently to hold it shut. But it undoubtedly was unfastened and that evidently without the knowledge of his captors. Had any of the three noticed the unlatching of the

door, he would have drawn it close immediately. There was momentary danger of that. There was not a mosomething foreign in the appearance off the men above him long enough to fling himself against the door.

Britz reckoned on the likelihood hawkish sharpness of profile, how- that his fall from the carriage would be seen by a patrolman-at any rate, that his attempt at escape would cause a commotion sure to result in police interference. He did not expect to get away unaided; he was bound too securely for that. It was rounding it, a fourth scarf was passed | more than possible bad bruises, if not broken bones, would be among the consequences. He was willing to take that chance rather than to hazard indefinite captivity with the great Missioner diamond mystery unsolved. In the very moment of hurling himself against the door, nothing was stronger in his mind than yearning to see the Swami. He felt he positively must chat with that mysterious personage about diamonds and steel safes, and other things. Until he made the Oriental's acquaintance, his social development would be

stunted.

The detective omitted from his reckoning the astuteness and readi ness of his captors. He thought the surprise hinging on his desperate attempt at escape would be of sufficient duration to let him roll to the road He was shocked mentally as well a physically, therefore, when his fall was stopped with a jerk, and the back of his head struck with cruel force against the carriage step. Just for a second's flight, reinforced steel and rubber though he was, he lost consciousness. When his senses turned, he was in the same position -head dangling, shoulders resting against the rods of the step, back bent painfully over the steel-shod threshold of the carriage floor, legs inside, gripped in a hold not all his struggles could break. His ankles still bound. So, for that matter, were his wrists, with his hands behind him. The scarf bandaging his eyes had blessing. He would have told inslipped partly to his forehead, so that he could see a little; but, in his upside-down position, he could not se the sidewalk; only treetops and the dusk line of the Palisades were in his line of vision. The gag was fixed as firmly as ever. He tried to call

for help, but the cry was smothered

in his throat.

Then began as strange a struggle as any in which Britz had engaged in all his exciting career. The men in the cab strove to pull him inside; he battled against their efforts. Bound though his hands were, his fingers were twined tightly about the step rods. He had a grip on the rods as powerful as that with which one of his captors held his ankles. crossing of his hands to bind wrists had made his hold only the firmer. All the leverage of each sinewy wrist strengthened the other. The rods were so small they hurt his hands, but unless they broke his grip could not be loosened. Britz clutched them with an iron resolve not to be drawn into the brougham again. S,afe though his life might have been at the outset, he was not certain would be secure after his daring deflance of the odds against him. He still knew nothing of his captors. Even their nationality was problematical, to say nothing of their purpose. He felt that his grip on the rods might be his last hold on existence-and Britz, in any stage of his career, would have said he was toler

ably satisfied with life, thank you! "This," said Britz to his inner consciousness, with a touch of the grim ance of his whereabouts. One cause deserted by the three men who seized humor his colleagues often found dis- of that unpleasant fact was the inky him in the park did not occur to him. concerting, "is hill-climbing under darkness that covered him like a pall, He thought of them as coming back been at a disadvantage to what other difficulties." For the coachman, in Even if he had been able to put his to carry out the purpose of their darside, then to the other, until he work spite of perhaps because of the hand before his face, he could not ing capture. It was far from desirsilent struggle going on furiously at have glimpsed its sketchiest outline. able that he be there on their return. lic, although he has left many very the door of the cab, had whipped his The darkness wrapped him so closely Yet how should he get away? Al- creditable fillies and a few young horses to a gallop, and was speeding it seemed to class him in a deadly ready he felt the futility of striving stallions that will surely make their them up a slope. Over the edge of embrace. He felt like the Inquisition to snap his bonds by main strength. mark. the scarf that had slipped from his victim in the steadily contracting He must have recourse to another eyes, Britz got a glimpse of the Sol- contracting room. The darkness pres | method. But what? diers' and Sailors' Monument. He sed upon him. With the remorseknew exactly where he was then. less insistence of some murky mon. his hands were tied behind his back, sire to choose. The drop is princi-The happiness of mother hood is too often Next moment his eyes fastened them- ster of the deep, it forced its way into his chin rested on the floor, and he pally in the lighter horses; there checked because the mother's strength is selves on the faces in the carriage, his eyes, his ears, his mouth. It had little leverage by which to lift sti'l a scarcity, and I think likely to not equal to her cares, while her unselfish and he tried with all his might to made its way between his teeth and himself. Several times he tried to be a strong demand for good draftmake out the dark features of the into his throat until he fancied he rise to his knees, only to slip and ers. It is a duty of husband or friend to see three in the gloom of the cab; but could taste it—until he almost suffo bruise his face on the hard floor. Breed to a reliable sire like Sir that she gets the pure medicinal nourish- their features still were shadowy. He cated. He gasped desperately several mishaps were painful, but not dis- Ben. He is enrolled under the Stalment in Scott's Emulsion, which is not would not have liked to have to pick times before he returned to anything couraging to a man of Britz's resolion Enrollment Act Chap. 67 of the a drug or stimulant but nature's con- them out of a line in a police station. like his normal breathing. centrated oil-food tonic to enrich and en- It was a point of honor with the Mingled with the peculiar taste of the attempt, again and again he failed, liven the blood, strengthen the nerves and lieutenant always to be sure of his the smothering dark was a faint odor but at last, with a mighty heave that given me their custom in the past, aid the appetite. Physicians everywhere man before making an indentification. unlike anything in the Headquarters left him panting, he raised himself

dark interior and caught him about the middle. Other hands seized his legs, while the pair clutching his ankle tightened their grasp, but he only twined his fingers the more Ermiy around their slight circumierence. By now the carriage was rolling and pitching like a seagoing tug. Had he not been held so stoutly by the six lean hands above, and his own iron clutch below, the motion might have swung his head against the step again with force to crack it in a dozen places. The very fury of the battle made for his safety. The horses struck a slope that took

them out of the Drive. Britz guessed

they could not go far without countering a policeman. If they did not meet a mounted patrolman or a bicycle blue coat in the avenue, it wa almost certain they would strike an ordinary policeman in one of the byly in the hope of freeing his voice. force it out of his mouth, he tried to consciousness that just for to swallow the silken ball inside his ment he fancied his thoughts were And, owing to the elusive texture of came upon him and with it the knowsomething between thumb and fore. tried to shake off a gorilla's grip at wrists. Suddenly, the sleuth felt a him greatly. He had been in worse frightful burning pain in the back of places. It was a question of patience.

sway of the brougham swung him tion and not the theory." clear of the rods. Then, by the united strength of the three inside, he was jerked upward, and dragged with a single tug into the carriage. door was slammed, and the conchmat brought his horses back to their high-stepping trot. Suddenly they in such manner as to give him oppor- bound hands with hot metal told him slowed to a walk.

"What's wrong here?" asked voice at the window. "Hallo, Rafferty," said the driver

with an easy familiarity of a night hawk toward the rank and file of the force. "Just a bunch of drunks I'm taking to their little white cots," he added in an undertone.

A patrolman pressed his face against the pane and looked inside Already, the three dark, slender men who had kidnapped the detective were lolling and nodding in a way suggestive of safe but satisfied in ly. The more furious his struggles, endeavor to escape, he bent forward toxication. Britz, trussed more se the closer their clinging. curely than ever, was under their feet, well out of the policeman's range.

"They're sure a fine lot of rum mies!" exclaimed the bluecoat to hi friend the coachman. "The soons they hit the hay, the better. Or your way!" And, the driver flickin his horses in a leisurely ways, th brougham resumed its journey wit Detective-Lieutenant Britz raging in enforced silence among the silk rug. on its floor.

It was just about then that Brit made his second mistake. H breathed deeply. True, he was blown sadly by the desperate struggle as l hung headdown from the vehicle an his lungs had almost stopped workin when he was jerked so violently bac. into the carriage. The air near th floor was cool and refreshing. ordinary man would have hesitated to renew his strength by drawing it as far down into his lungs as the cramped position would permit; bu Britz himself, in cooler moments itself was not always an unmixed quiring minds that, under suspicious circumstances, it should be taken with caution and, if possible, shoul be well shaken before taken. In this instance, the air Britz breathed was mixed with a subtle something that gradually stole his senses and lef him, though healthily alive, an inerheap under the feet of his captors.

So potent, so gentle was the action of that strange something that th stoppage of the carriage, the lifting from its floor of the inanimate de tective, the carrying of his limp form up darkened stairs in dead silence to a top room at the remote end of suite at the top of the building, and that which happened to the Headquarters man as, sodden with th subtle soporific, he remained at the mercy of the strangers three, were things Britz for many a long day could only guess. So groping was his conjecture through those weary days of uncertainty that whenever he recalled the experience, it was with certain gliding movement of the jaws that boded ill for the three dark, slim men if ever he should be able to enfold them in the meshes of the law as they had wrapped him in their scarves.

No, Britz was not vindictive, but he

CHAPTER XII.

The Empty Apartment.

worked, nervous, tired women; it builds of almost every defendant in any of of his long career, had worked on on his heels, waiting to catch his cases in which subtle chemical agents

were important factors. He had so ved one mystery hinging on murderous use of poisonous perfumes from Persia and Asiatic Turkey, and fatal narcotics of South America. This ghostly scent that hovered about him was unlike any of those drugs or essences. Neither did it suggest any of the anesthetics that are the servants of surgery. So delicate was it that after the first whiff it was only by an effort the detective could make his doubting senses record its presence. Yet it had a persistence all its own, and when he tried to persuade himself his sensory nerves had played a trick upon him, it wreathed into his

nostrils with unmistakable individu-Britz needed no effort to rise to tell him he still was bound hand and foot, and in the first instant of his full streets. Britz chewed the gag savage- awakening he realized the silken gag formation he needed in regard to the still held his speech in thrall. So un-Finding the bandage too tight to like all other waking was his return teeth. Gulp as he might, his reversed spoken aloud. It was when he tried "The Drive!" Britz told himself position distressed him so he could to call whoever might be within earnot get the ball behind his tongue, shot that the complete awakening , the gag, not all the biting and grind- ledge he could not make himself heard ing of his strong teeth could shred it. more than a few feet off. He bit the Abrupt as us beginning was the end ball of silk savagely and strained his of the struggle. Britz, his eyes still tongue until the roots ached in enboring into the inner murk, saw one deavors to force the gag out of his of the long, lean hands slip forth mouth. As well might he, helpless as again. This time, the hand clutched to hands and feet as he was, have finger. The arm extended until the his throat. Yet the seeming hope hand was close to the detective's lessness of his plight did not disturb in the knuckles of the other. Strive It came to virile qualities the famous the floor again, but he recovered his Central Office man was abundantly poise quickly and stood erect. For

pened against his will, the tendon for want of a more appreciative audi- welcome after his long continuance contracted by the biting agony, and tor, "is a proposition that calls for in a cramped and prostrate position Britz knew a powerful acid had beer both thought and action. It is both Then a second's forgetfulness, natural sprinkled on his hands. He could not a theoretical and practical pickle. enough to one accustomed to his free close them again in the first momen! Much time might be spent in followof his torment, and before his musclet ing it out logically. Guess I'll save a could recover from the shock, thi few hours by considering the condi-

He tested his bonds-gently, then pitched forward heavily. He did not vigorously, then with all his strength. fall to the floor, however, for some They held because they yielded. They thing sharp and hard stopped him followed every movement of his well- He found himself wedged between a trained muscles elastically. At no metallic framework and the wall. time did they offer direct resistance | venomous hiss and the contact of his tunity to snap them. They did not he had fallen on a steam radiator, clasp; they clung. Shrewdly had his and as the hissing sound increased captors planned the holding power of he guessed the shock had broken the those soft bandages. The scarves little safety valve close to the top of were of silk from foreign looms, and the curved pipes. If the detective's their softness was equaled by their position had been perilous before it strength. They could have been split | was extra hazardous now. He was into half-inch strips without becoming | gripped in the jaws formed by the breakable, save in the hands of a radiator and the wall, and with strong man pulling with excellent neither hands nor feet at liberty, it purchase. Circling the detective's seemed next to impossible for him to wrists and ankles as they did, it was free himself. He kicked and struggimpossible, tug as he might, for him | gled furiously, the hiss of the steam to apply his power to them effective | constantly growing louder, and in his

as well as mental, well-being had Britz throughout his service in the voluntary recoil it caused culminated Detective Bureau devoted half an hour daily to gymnasium work. He was not a Sandow, but he had abundance of pliant and serviceable strength. After many minutes passed in vain efforts to free himself, he re axed his body and limbs for a short as he listened to the sibilant menace but complete rest, meanwhile bend- of the escaping steam. "Looks as if ing his mind to tht task of determin- those fellows might be going to have ing where he was. The result of his a little steamed detective on the mental endeavor was as fruitless as side." But whereas, as a merciless the other. All he knew at the end student of self, he was glad to note first-class condition and sold for of it was that he lay on a bare floor | that even in such a predicament he in a room which, from the sound of had a saving sense of humor, Britz his heels on the boards, he judged appreciated the added danger thor was small. That thought suggested oughly. Once away from immediate to him a means of summoning help contact with the radiator he knew other than vocal. He began drum- there was a ming on the boards with his heels. It | scalded gor'analy, for the ream was tiring work, for his ankles were held so close that, with his feet beating in alternation, he could not make such noise. To make a sound likely to carry far, he had to raise and lower his heels together-an achievetried doing it many times. With all his endurance he could not keep it up for many times at a stretch. In the intervals he strained his hearing

for a response. None came. The hollow thud of his boot heels told him the room below was bare of the great Hiawatha. Weighs bettoo. Evidently, he was in a building that was abandoned in whole or in part. The reflection made him just a little uncomfortable. If there was one thing that got on the cool detective's nerves it was the idea of being helpless in a fire. He would not mind fighting his way out of a burning house-he had done so more than once. But the thought of being hemmed in by four walls, unable to move hand or foot, with flames sweeping through the structure or crawling hungrily towards him had been the phantasy of his few nightmares. He dreaded it with all the dread of a strong man who lusts for action in danger. So long as Britz could battle for life or liberty, he was sure to be happy. He would have shone only in a literal sense as the hero of an

The Headquarters sleuth, however, quickly dismissed from his mind the unpleasant possibility that suggested itself. It was true he would have preferred even the return of his abductors to the probability of being roasted like a trussed fowl, but it also was true that there was no special reason to fear the building would blaze. The When Britz groped his way out of important thing was to escape before the soundest sleep he had known in he could be assailed by either kidnap- by many to be one of the best promany a year, it was in absolute ignor pers or flames. That he had been

> luteness. Again and again he made Statutes of Ontario 2 George V. breath\_

It was a harder task to get on his feet. He could not do it in the middle of the floor. Slowly, carefully, he worked his way on his knees to the wall, against which he braced himself. Then, bit by bit, he bent his feet forward in a demilune until his weight was on knees and toes. His progress was as painful as it was slow, for the silk scarf compelled his ankles to bend in unison, if at all. and even when he had bent his toes to the requisite point it was a great strain to keen them there.

A whim of fancy, in that moment

when he knelt and balanced himself with such extreme difficulty, threw on his mental moving picture screen the memory of little Dorothy March as she looked that afternoon in the Forrest Theater when, unwilling as he was in one way to play upon her girlish ingenuousness, he had deemed it permissible to get from her the in drawings from which the fraudulent Missioner necklace was made. O course, it was only natural that any one in any way connected with the case should come into his mind, yet it undoubtedly was strange that the picture of the demure débutante should present itself to his inner vision so vividly and so persistently. Close behind it came recollection of another afternoon on which he had ! seen little Miss March cantering along the bridle path near the obelisk -an afternoon months before he ever heard of the Missioner mystery. The detective, after a brief pause

to gather his strength, set his shoul-

der against the wall and threw all

his force into a single, vigorous push. The movement almost threw him to a few moments he was content to "This," said the sleuth to himself, revel in the relaxation that was so to step away from the wall, oblivious to the scarf that bound his ankles, and shade trees in front with proper until his face was scalded by the Not without profit to his physical, rushing steam. The pain of that mishap aided him, however, for the inin a final effort that loosed the grip in which he was held and sent him staggering in a series of two-footed hops along the wall.

"Things are warming up a little too fast for comfort," thought Britz To be continued

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Registered, inspected and approved. Sire "Michaboe," and grandson ter than a ton. Will make a home stand at Ashmore's hotel, Lindsay, rom Wednesday evening until Monday, Monday at Mr. Lynch's, Hogan's Island, for noon, Janetville for night, where he will remain until Wednesday, Wednesday will return to Lindsay by way of Shannon's and Mackassey's corners. For extended pedigree see large bills. Terms \$15.00.

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My Imported Clydesdale Stallion, Sir Ben (5408) (127239) will make the season of 1914 at his owner's stable, Ed. G. Costello, White House Farm, Downeyville.

The description and pedigree of this horse is hardly necessary; he is so well known. Sir Ben is now 12 years old, in the pink of condition, and last year got the greatest percentage of colts of any season since have owned him. He is the best horse in this vicinity and is claimed ducing stallions in Ontario. Owing to the scarcity of registered dams in the sections he has travelled he has

With the present depression in the horse market, it is the time for far-Britz rolled over on his face. As mers to consider well the class of

and I ask a share of their patronage tions apply to for the coming season.

Terms to insure a foal, \$10, pay- Dated at Lindsay, July 3rd. 1914.

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Li er, only cut fifty acres, will sell South, Lindsay, Out. Bra for half price. Apply B. A. Woods, 46 Elgin St.

MEACHER WANTED-For S.S. No. 19. Mariposa. Protestant holding second class, Normal certifi cate. Boarding place convenient with Rural mail and telephone. Duties to commence Sept 1st. Apply stating experience and salary expected to Albert E. Rich, Sec.-Treas., Oakwood P

ed and in good state of cultivation lot north half of 3, con. 10, Emily, miles from Lindsay, two miles from church, school, post office and two stores. Leading road from Lindsay. Buildings on farm medium. For particulars apply to W. O'Neil, Lindsay, Ont.-wtf.

Torraip of Fenelon, Land soil, loom on main road to Lindsay and mail delivery. 1 mile from Islay school, 2 miles from Glenarm, church, store and blacksmith shop, 45 acres seeded down. Owner will sell cheap. Wants to go west. Geo. H. Green, owner on

of Kirkfield, one frame house with Office over Standard Bank good stone cellar, soft water cistern Thos Stewart L. V. O'Conner Ri with pump, and an acre of land, sta ble for two horses and a cow, 4 ber pens well wired, six beautiful maple adjoining worth two thousand dol lars. Just the spot for a retired farmer. Three churches, large school and good stores, and a good doctor i village. For price and all particulars a clear deed with property, ap ply to H. Lacey, box, 35, irkfield

FARM FOR SALE-Being the west Office-Ridout-st., cor. Kent and Lines half of lot 32, first Concession Town of Fenelon, on the Victoria Road, containing one hundred acres more or less. Less one tifth an acre taken off for long Point Methodist the adjoining farm, bixty acres un Church on the farm. Post office or cultivation, balance second growth timber, suitable for ranch grain. For further particulars apply to Myles Eaygarth, Victoria Road

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ers, six to nineteen months old. These are the best lot of heifers . I have ever raised and would not be dairy business. Your choice for sixty! dollars, P. J. Wilkinson, Cambray.

JARM FOR SALE-Good 200 acres, Lot 7, Con. 6, Township of Ops, four miles south of Lindsay, frame bank barn with stone foundation (40x80ft.), log dwelling (18x26ft) with frame kitchen (12x18ft.) good [] well, never-failing creek runs through farm. Property must be sold in order to wind up the estate. Apply to Geo. Murphy, or F. McClory, Executors. The Traynor Estate, Lindsay,

UANTED-A young girl to assist in the store at Sturgeon Point.

### MORTGAGE SALE

VALUABLE FARM PROPERTIES In pursuance of the power of sale produced at the time of sale, there will be sold by public auction at the Simpson House, in the town of Lindsay, on Saturday, AUGUST 1st. 1914,

at two o'clock p.m. Parcel No. 1-In the township of Ops, in the County of Victoria, being composed of the north half of lot no. 18, concession 1, of said township of Ops, save and except 2 58-100th, of an

Parcel No. 2-The Westerly of lot 18, concession 2 Township of Ops save and except 54 acres heretofore sold.

Parcel No 1-All good clay loam, good stone dwelling frame barn with stone basement and good outbuild-

Parcel No. 2-All first class land, solid brick house, frame barn and other buildings. TERMS—Ten per cent of the pur-

of sale and balance to be paid within thirty days thereafter. For further particulars and condi

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