Children Cry for Fletcher's

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. hat I Telcher. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children-Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation. Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhœa. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels. assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea-The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Britz of Headquarters

most grunted with satisfaction at a pinhead ad been the object of their minutes. The shadow man still was have brought it to light. Yet so deft ed outside the window in such a way have left the room with-out any traces as showed Britz it was on a fire es- of their activity. cape, or a balcony of some sort. The rustling sound increased, and it was they arrived at a desk under a hang followed by a faint "cheep." like a ing incandescent lamp, at which Brit. sparrow's call. A second shadow assumed Sands was in the habit co futtered from a point above the win- writing his more personal letters dow and melted into the outlines of From one of the pigeon-holes, one o the first. Then came a slightly rasp- the intruders drew something tha ing sound, and the lower sash, Britz | crackled slightly as the man stuffed noticed, trembled. By well-nigh im- it into the folds of his tunic. From : perceptible degrees the sash was lif- neighboring compartment of the desl ted. 'The next instant two men noise- | the second stranger drew another find lessly lowered themselves to the floor | which he in turn hastily hid in the and glanced hasitly about the room, same way. With lightning rapidity Reassured by the swift look they tip- | they went through every part of th toed along the walls from right to desk. In that same instant Britz fe left; one of them stopped at the chif- rather than heard a footstep behin fonier, the other continued his little him, and, jerking a glance over hi journey of investigation until he ar- shoulders, saw Sands advancing upo: rived at the portières. Then it was bim angrily. With a quick uplift of that Britz held his breath. He held his hand, the detective stopped th it for seconds that seemed tedious millionaire in his tracks, and the as hours, while the nearer of the drew him quietly toward the portier strange visitors, separated from him | and motioned for him to look through

the detective stood.

upon his head that indicated the themselves from their crouching att that time the stranger was out of his | into his coat pocket, he slipped int line of vision. Had such not been the opening in the portieres with imperturbable Britz would have mov- matic pistol that looked more like : ed at least to the extent of a swift | block of steel than anything else, he reach to a side pocket in his coat. cried: "Hands up!" For it was about as evil a counten-Oriental returned to the other end of the inner room and rejoined his com-

Hardly had Britz begun to let the room. The Central Office man was the captives. no Vidocq. It is doubtful if he had even read Poe's story of "The Missing | young friends," he said. "You are two Letter." and had he done so, it is by of the dark jugglers who had fun with no means certain he would have me in Central Park and Riverside adapted the methods of the French | Drive last evening. I think it's about police to metropolitan detective work. | time for me to return the compliment Nevertheless, he had flattered himself | with a merry little jest of my own.' that he usually made a pretty thor- Turning his head to the millionaire. ough search for anything he wanted; he said again: "If you have any tilk but what he saw through that tiny pin handkerchiefs to spare, Mr. Sands.

A MISTAKEN IDEA

There are some people who still resort to drugged pills or alcoholic syrups to overcome colds, nervousness or general debility, and who know that the pure, unadulterated nourishment in Scott's lead to excessive fat or obesity.

Emulsion first strengthens the bodybefore making flesh. Its blood-forming properties aid nature to throw off sickness by building health from its very source, and be head some feeling on the subject. Sands's only concession to the decive's right to question him. He gave the note back to the Headquar to anybody who knew him well.

Sands's only concession to the decive's right to question him. He gave the note back to the Headquar to anybody who knew him well.

Sands's only concession to the decive's right to question him. He gave the note back to the Headquar to anybody who knew him well. Avoid alcoholic substitutes for SCOTT'S,

hole in the leather portiere showed him that he was the veriest tyro in that sort of thing. The two visitors went through the millionaire's furniture and other possessions with a minuteness that would have made a fine-toothed comb look like a garden rake. There could not have remained anything-any nook or corner, any crack or crevice, not anything larger aperture so that he could see even than a bacillus which they happened that detail of the interior. Britz al- to covet. If an article no bigger than what he witnessed in the next few hunt, their untiring scrutiny would at the window, fluttering, flitting to ly had they searched that, granting and fro, rising and falling. It crouch- them a minute's respite, they could

Their search seemed fruitless unti

thieves had abstracted the mysterious articles that so actively engaged

the hole in the leather. Sands ben only by the thickness of the leather, a little, and then glanced wondering!

peered through the parting between into the bedroom. He raised a face of the curtains into the library where astonished inquiry to Britz. He wa answered by another silencing gestur-Britz had not obtained a good view from the sleuth. He looked once of the intruder's face, for it was half | more through the tiny hole just it hidden by a loose fold of the turban time to see the Hindoos straighter stranger's nationality. Britz's eyes tude over the desk and turn toward still were fixed at the hole, and by the window. His hand thrust itsel the case, it is possible that even the single stride, and, leveling an auto

The men did not turn; instead, they ance as one could expect to see any- leaned for the window, followed by where, save under the shadows of the Britz and Sands. Quick as they were gallows. In it rapacity, ferocity, they were not quick enough for the bloodthirstiness, and cruelty of every | Headquarters man. Launching his degree spoke loudly. If that savage wiry form as a tiger springs, pistol in face had advanced an inch or two hand, hurled himself between the nearer, those snaky eyes would have foremost Indian and the open window seen the man from Mulberry Street | 2 d seized him in his strong grasp who shrank into himself behind the Sands, almost as rapid in his move shelter of the protecting strip of ments in spite of his bulk, flung a pow leather. But it did not; and, after erful arm about the throat of the other a leisurely survey of the interior, the intruder, and with his other hand closed the window with a crash.

Britz and Sands dragged their pri soners to the other side of the room and forced them down upon a couch air seep out of his lungs, and before Then the sleuth, slipping his pistol he had indulged in the luxury of an in- | back into his pocket, seized the Intake of breath, when he became an dian Sands was holding by the throat interested spectator in the gentleman- and, more as an order than as a re ly art of searching a gentleman's quest, asked the millionaire to bind

"I think I recognize you, my dear use them as handcuffs. These gentlemen are accustomed to silk, and would not like to use anything cheaper on them than they used on me. suppose if we trussed them up with cotton or hemp, they'd die of mortifi. the big man was known as "Silent"

The detective's sarcasm was lost on Sands until he thought to recount Emulsion is eminently better, but refrain in a few brief words his abduction in from taking it because they fear it may the park and the struggle for life that had followed it. It was evident that, This is a mistaken idea, because Scott's in spite of the detective's coolness,

handkerchiefs as soft, yet any scarf they could have in the bazaars of Calcutta ore. When the task was at was done pretty neatly,

Britz relaxed his hold on the halfstruggling men's throats and pushed them against the back of the sofa until they half sat, half lay there, head to head. Then he stepped back, rested his hands on his hips, and eyed Sands nodded them mockingly.

"but anyway, you're a fine-looking | ively. body of men. What do you think of yourselves, anyhow? Think you'll cut out this 'second-story' game? Or will you content yourselves with the aire. safer occupation of dips? My private advice to you is to try hencoops for Sands?" asked the detective. a while. Cut out the big circuit, and go and get a reputation.'

How much of his biting irony, if "Well, I don't know about that," it!" up and down the room, both pitifully osity." watchful and manifestly most wholesomely afraid.

were doing, Mr. Sands," said Britz, say I should like to understand the and courage avoided any unpleasant-"but what you saw was only the last | purpose of your visit to my rooms." of it. I want to tell you the way they "Oh, you would, would you?" snap host quickly regained his grip upon with pump, and an acre of land, sta went through this room was amazing. | ped Britz. I hope you didn't lose many valua-

Headquarters man was not satisfied. ings. I rather think I am entitled to at the door and two policemen were The mystery of the proceedings, he know the why and the wherefore." was inclined to think, did not begin and end with the Orientals. It was said Britz, "and I don't mind telling possible, of course, they had searched you I came here to see you privately. ing no further time on courtesy. Then olv to H. Lacev. box. 25. irkfield. routine in the same way that at the gentlemen drop to that fire escape and "I wouldn't have brought the patrol search the home of everyone who I had the pleasure of witnessing the been a little more considerate. might be connected in any way with | dexterity with which they ransacked | couple of plain-clothes men could have | the Missioner jewel robbery. Yet your chiffonier, your desk, your bed taken these fellows to the police stasomething stirred uneasily in Britz's | side table, your bed, your chairs, your mind as he reflected on the possibility | rugs, and everything else in the room. a deeper significance. What if they son they have such a deep interest in had reason to believe they would your housekeeping arrangements?" surely find what they sought in that room? If Sands did not know there was justification for the search, why Millionaire. "You will observe that did he take it so calmly? It did not when I said those fellows had no conseem natural for a man to keep his temper whost apartments had been invaded so thoroughly. If the millionaire had expressed any indignation he, Britz, would have felt better satisfied. Besides, what was it the Hindoos had taken from Sands's desk? Sands had not seen them take anything, as they were ending their search when he got the first glimpse of them. Britz watched Sands close- disposed himself in the most comfort ly to see if the millionaire's eyes of his furniture. He almost started things we may like to explain. when the first move Sands made, after finishing his task of binding the your visiting card came to be in the prisoners, was to saunter with a careless air across the room and, in passing., glance swiftly and questioningly on Word's Island

Britz's, always active curiosity. "It's about up to us to do a little searching now, isn't it?" asked Britz. "These bright young men have had their innings, and I believe it's our turn at bat. What do you say, Mr.

into the pigeon-holes whence the

Sands said nothing. He nodded his lead in assent, however, and Britz began a search of the Orientals fully as exhaustive as that they had performed on the room. Before he had gone far in his quest, Sands volunteered assistance, and each explored the folds of the Hindoos' raiment with the clumsiness that might be expected of men not accustomed to that sort of

Britz, working more swiftly than the millionaire, made his first find. It was sheet of notepaper of fashionable size and tint, on which had been written a few lines in a feminine hand. Britz had not the slightest compunction of conscience about reading it. Chivalry was all very well in its way, but it played no part in detective work, especially when the lady most concerned was not present to make a protest. He moved to the centre of the room, and in the light of a cluster of incandescent lamps read aloud to Sands the following enigmatical mis-

"Curtis Dear:-When are you coming up to the hotel? If you do not come or send me a cheque quickly, I shall have to sell some of the jewels. -Millicent."

That was all. Whether that "all' was much or little, Britz, offhand was not prepared to say. The use of Griswold's given name at the beginning of the note apparently meant a good deal. But who was Millicent? In the course of his probing of the Missioner diamond mystery, Britz had canvassed the complete visiting list of everyone who was in the opera box on the night when the falsity of the Maharanee diamond was discovered. He had had compiled a social register of everyone interested in the case -everyone that Mrs. Missioner. Sands, Griswold, Miss Holcomb, Miss March, and the Swami knew. In all that long roster there was no one named "Millicent." Neither, for that matter, was there a "Mildred." There the signature was, too clear to admit of any mistake. The writing was excellent, and while it did not go to the extreme of the current fashion in chirography, it was what Britz called

in his vivid vernacular "classy." "Ever seen that fist before?" asked the detective as he handed the note

The millionaire shook his head While it was true, Britz reflected, that Sands in Wall Street society, he was certainly more economical of words than anyone he had ever known in his

ife. Aloud, he continued: "Are you sure you have never seen any writing at all like that before?" Another shake of the head was

he signally failed. For the detective though his eyes seemingly were astened on the note addressed to Griswold, saw the millionaire take some-

"You are not very clever," he said, Sands shook his head slowly, decis- New York, and if you don't choose

"What's the objection?"

any, the Orientals understood they did Britz returned. "I think I'm the best not indicate. They only gazed at him judge of what interests me; and, as I took a good deal to disturb his equanin dumb misery, evidently in expecta- have played a pretty active part in imity, but the detective's manner, as Buildings on farm medium. For partion of an ignoble end. They followed this little incident, it seems to me the he saw it, was offensive. Sands ser-Britz with their joint gaze as he paced least you can do is to gratify my curi lously meditated for an instant an

tically.

"I certainly should," Sands reuplied. "I come home to find you peeping

"I rather think you are, Mr. Sands," Sands's room simply as a matter of and arrived just in time to see these he turned to the millionaire and said: first opportunity they probably would come in by that window. After that wagon here, Mr. Sands, if you had that the coming of the Orientals held | Maybe you will explain to me the rea-"Maybe you will do a little more ex-

nection with you. I qualified the as

plaining, Lieutenant Britz," said the

"Oh, that was very good of you," said Britz.

Sands continued. "I should like to know right here and now just how far this qualifica

tion extends?" "Well, Mr. Sands," answered the de tective as he relighted his cigar and able of attitudes in the chair beside would turn anxiously toward that part | the desk, "there are a good many | him in the ride along Riverside Drive, should like, for instance, to know how possession of a man who is an inmate of the State Hospital for the Insane

> If Britz expected to startle Sands into any physical expression of guilt he was disappointed. The million aire's muscles were as inflexible as his determination not to satisfy the detective's inquisitiveness in regard to that which he had taken from the Hindoo.

"You are in a mood of riddles, lieutenant," said Sands slowly. "Now, you see, I am not. My time is too val-

"Well, what are you going to do about these fellows?" asked Britz. "Oh, don't you bother about them," said Sands. "I guess I can take care

"I guess you'll guess again," said Britz, "for if anybody is going to take care of these gentlemen, behold in me the only original little caretaker."

Britz turned to the Hindoos. "Now, then, you dusky beauties, suppose you come along with me." "Going to carry them?" asked

Britz blushed; yes, Britz fairly and squarely blushed. In his momentary exasperation at the millionaire's stubbornness he had forgotten that not only the hands, but also the feet of the Orientals were bound. However, he was not to be disconcerted, and it was with sufficient readiness that he replied:

"You don't suppose that I take my prisoners through the streets like a member of the Traffic Squad, do you? Where's your telephone?"

Sands indicated the instrument and Britz took it up and called for 3100

"Headquarters?" he asked over the wire. "Yes, this is Britz. Have a wagon sent from the West Thirtieth Street Station to the St. Barnabas Apartment House. No; don't send the reserves; just send a couple of men. Good-bye."

As he rung off, he turned and faced bis host.

"Mr. Sands," said he, "there are one or two points about which I would like to talk to you this evening. I came to you frankly and directly because I found one of your cards in the possession of a man who, while mentally unbalanced, knows something about the fake Maharanee diamond. After arriving here, I had the opportunity to serve you in the way of protecting your property. And I wasted no time in meeting with you. You see fit to ignore my efforts in that direction, although I may say that if it had not been for me these second-story specialists would have been up or down the fire escape and many blocks away long before you could have caught them I do not mind telling you, Mr. Sands, that even though you were centre rush at Harvard, you are not quick enough for Central Office men. And now, when you find something on one of these men that may or may not be of interest to me, instead of letting m see it, or telling me its contents-I'd take your word for it-you stuff it into your pocket and tell me to go to blazes. Moreover, when I ask you what disposition you want made of these burglars, you almost tell me it's none of my business."

humor of the situation, and in a few of light under the incandescent lamp "Now, let me tell you, Mr. Sands," and studied it again. Meanwhile, he went on, "that it is my business

Sands went on with his search of the what becomes of these prisoners. second Oriental. He was not as cle They are going to the Tenderloin Pover in his movements as Britz, and lice Station, and a charge of burglary when he tried to conceal something, is going to be entered on the blotter against them."

"I am not going to prosecute them, said Sands. "Oh, you're not, aren't you? Well thing out of the Oriental's tunic and I think you will," returned Britz. then slip it into his waistcoat pocket. "Anyway, if you don't feel like prose "Something else, eh?" asked Britz. cuting them, I'll do it myself. This

case is not in your hands now; it be-"Mind letting me see what it is?" longs to the people of the State of to appear as complainant, I'll call you as a witness for the State. So, Mr. "It is not anything that can possibly | Sands, if you are not hopelessly adinterest you," returned the million- dicted to cigars or cigarettes to the exclusion of all other forms of the we have left you alone, you retire to "I do know it," said Sands empha- the remote background of your apartment, put that in your pipe, and smoke

attempt to grasp the Headquarters Ont .- wtf. "Well, I will not," was Sands's de | man by the collar, rush him to the fiant answer. "And, while we are on door, and drop him down at least one "You saw part of what these chaps | the subject, Lieutenant Britz, let me | flight of stairs. The sleuth's coolness

The tension of the situation was relaxed by the buzzing of the electric Sands, in his slow way, assured the through a hole in my portiere, and bell at the outer door of the apartdetective withat it was not likely the two Easterners, with whom apparent | ment, and the entrance of a somewould miss very greatly; but the through my desk and other belong nouncement that a patrol wagon was asking for Detective Britz of Headquarters, who was visiting Mr. Sands.

> tion easily enough; but, when a man, through a rush of emotion to the brain, or-for-some-other reasonyou have done, why, let the law take its course, I say."

> Sands maintained a dignified sil ence as a pair of bluecoats, stumbling Britz, seized the shrinking Orientals. One by one the prisoners were lifted, neck and heels, and taken to the patrol wagon. Britz, of course, could have had the bandages about their feet removed, for it would have been perfectly safe to let those sturdy policemen escort them to the sidewalk in the ordinary way; but Britz was only human. The memory of the grip in which those very men had held of the smothering solitude of the desothe moment when he was on the point of ordering the unfettering of the captives. With a grin that struck terror to their cringing Eastern souls, he

"You two artists are so fond of silk that I guess I'll let you wear those ornaments a little while longer." When the Hindoos were gone Britz tuned to Sands, and said with

said to them:

"If you experience a change of heart, Mr. Sands, I shall be very glad to hear from you in regard to what you found on our dark friend. Of course, since you are in your own rooms, and since the article was evigreat deal of trouble, to let me see it. It is not at an certain it wound be worth my while to take the trouble; long that it will be well worth your | Ont. while, Mr. Sands, not only to let me see the thing, but to tell me everything you know about it. Good-night,

And there was something ominous | tha. (1) The east part of lot 18. in the military click of the detective's heels as he walked across the echoing marquetry to the elevator.

> CHAPTER XVIII. The Glittering Dance

Doris Missioner was affected much more deeply than she would have thought probable when she read the ardor-breathing proposal of marriage from Bruxton Sands. To say that it surprised her would be to set feminine intuition at a discount. She had known for a long time that Sands was in love with her, and on several occasions had been perilously close to the necessity of accepting or rejecting

whom any woman could trifle, even if she wished to do so; and Mrs. Missioner, in spite of the adulation shown to her on all sides from the not that sort of woman. She had no desire to keep her millionaire lover in suspense; but, on the other hand, she did not wish to take so important a step without knowing to the full the exact state of her heart's feelings. In all the long period of the industry cap tain's wooing, she had never been able to decide for herself whether the cared for him sufficiently to become his wife. Matrimony was a grave sub ject in her eyes-a much more for midable one than would be imagined by those who knew how happy her first union had been. But, there is happiness, and then again, there happiness. Doris had been happy as Missioner's wife, it is true, in the sense that she had everything she wanted; that she had a great deal more than she wanted, and that the millionaire who had taken her from the threshold of a seminary had devoted himself to making her life still more luxurious than the almost boundless measure of luxury with which he had surrounded her. She had been

happy, too, in the knowledge that she had the whole heart of a man who had the respect of men, the esteem of wo men, and the trust of little children

lacking. Missioner, for all his mi lions, his devotion, and his genuine goodness, had not sounded the depties of his young wife's heart, and when in the fuiness of time, he was gathered to his fathers, he left her a widow as inexperienced in a romantic sense as any of the many ingenues she was always so willing to chaperon. It Mrs. Missioner married again, she was resolved not to miss that elusive something that had been a will-o'-thewisp through all her wifehood.

To be continued

FOR SALE OR TO RENT

"How do you know that, Mr. weed, permit me to suggest that when FARM TO RENT-100 acres, 85 cleared and in good state of cultivation, lot north half of 3, con. 10, Emily, 6 miles from Lindsay, two miles from Sands became genuinely angry. It church, school, post office and two stores. Leading road from Lindsay. ticulars apply to W. O'Neil, Lindsay,

FOR SALE-in the beautiful village of Kirkfield, one frame house with ness of that sort, and his unwilling good stone cellar, soft water cistern ble for two horses and a cow, 4 hen pens well wired, six beautiful maple shade trees in front with property adjoining worth two thousand dolsearchers had found anything he ly you have had nothing to do, going what blustering bellboy with an an- lars. Just the spot for a retired farmer. Three churches, large school and good stores, and a good doctor in village. For price and all particulars, "Bring them up," said Britz, wast- a clear deed with property, ap

> FARM FOR SALE-Being the west half of lot 32, first Concession Town of Fenelon, on the Victoria ship Road, containing one hundred acres more or less. Less one fifth an acre taken off for long Point Methodist makes faces at the law as openly as an serse fixis .mrs Zainiolbs edi Church on the farm. Post office or der cultivation, balance second growth timber, suitable for ranch or over a bearskin rug in the library, grain. For further particulars apply came into the suite, and at a sign from to Myles Eaygarth, Victoria Road

> VERYTHING IN MUSIC-Music books, sheet music and all sorts of musical instruments from a 2-cent Jewsharp to a Gerhard Heintzman Baby Grand Piano. Several second-hand organs, violins and sewing machines on hand, all in first-class condition and sold for late apartment house, and the struggle | small money and on easy terms if which had followed, came to him in desired. Columbia graphophones, grafonolas and records a specialty, and they are a specialty in every way. There isn't anything like them Also furnishings for musical instruments of every kind. Piano polish. 3-in-1 oil, and all the rest. Brown's Music Store, Kent St., Lindsay.

MARM FOR SALE-Good 200 ac res, 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 dently stolen in the place by the fel- well, never-failing creek runs through Bone cuters for Poultry. low, I cannot compel you, without a farm. Property must be sold in order to wind up the estate. Apply to Geo. Murphy, or F. McClory, Execubut it may dawn upon you before very | tors. The Traynor Estate, Lindsay,

> VALUABLE FARMS FOR SALE The properties of Mrs. Alice Murconcession 8, Ops, 75 acres, all first class land, good buildings, (2) West half lot 19, concession 9, Ops, 100 acres, 15 acres cleared balance pasture land and frame barn. Properties will sold in one or separate parcels. Only three miles from town. Apply Stewart & O'Connor, barristers, Lindsay.

Notice of Application for Divorce

NOTICE is hereby given that Lot tie Thorndike, of the City of Peter-He was not the sort of man with boro, in the County of Peterboro, in the Province of Ontario, will apply to the Parliament of Canada at the next Session thereof for a Bill of Dibeginning of her social career, was vorce from her husband, George Mil ner Thorndike, of the Town of Alto in the State of Michigan, one of the United States of America, Barber, formerly of the Township of Maripo sa, in the County of Victoria, in the Province of Ontario, on the groun of adultery and desertion.

DATED at Lindsay, Province of Ontario, 15th day of June A.D. 1914 Lottie Thorndike

> By her Solicitor. I. E. Weldon

Public Notice

I hereby give notice that I shall not nereafter hold myself responsible for debts contracted in my name by any person or persons with out my written order or consent. Dated at Lindsay, this 21st. day of August 1914.

> NORMAN RAY, Little Britain P.O.

TRAYED from my ranch, Lot Con. 9, Carden, on or about the 19th July, one Holstein cow and one if the name could be applied to the light red 2 year old steer. Any person knowing their whereabouts kindly notify James Drury, Victoria Road P. O.

HOPKINS & HOPKINS Barristers, Solicitors, Notar 6 William-st., south, Lindsay, Branch office at Woodville G. H. Hopkins, K. C. Fred Holmes Hopkins, B. A.

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B. A., Jas. A. Peel, T. H. Stinson Woodville office open every Friday office of C. E. Weks.

STEWART & O'CONNOR Barristers, Notaries, Etc., Solic ors for Dominion Bank Standard Bank, Lindsay Thos. Stewart, L. V. O'Conno.

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