The Spoilers.

By REX E. BEACH.

Copyright, 1905, by Reg B. Beach. " -" 'Hard tellin',' says I. 'If she holds This is a story of that great | out like she run last fall, there'd ought north country of which it has to be a million clear in her.' "How much 'll' you clean up this beer, said, "There's never a law of God or man runs north of summer? ""Bout four hundred thousand, with fifty-three;" a tale of impetuous "'Bill,' says he, 'there's hell a-popemotion, of brute strength and pin', an' you've got to watch that courage, of swift and passionate ground like you'd watch a rattlesnake.

love and hate; -a tale vigorous,

forceful and absorbing, which

tells itself without fine words;

a story of the hunger for gold

and the hunger of man for wom-

an, brooking no interference or

rivalry, going straight for its ob-

ject, as did the primitive man

before the time of laws and con-

you shall be refreshed and

strengthened in their company.

CHAPTER I.

mountains, black against the sky. He

drank the cool air burdened with its

staints of the sea, while the blood of

"Oh, it's fine-fine," he murmured.

and this is my country-my country,

after all, Dex. It's in my veins, this

hunger for the north, I grow. I ex-

"Careful you don't bust," warned

Dextry. "I've seen men get plumb

drunk on mountain air. Don't expand

too strong in one spot." He went

back abruptly to his pipe, its villain-

ous fumes promptly averting any

"Gad, what a smudge!" sniffed the

"I'd ruther smell like a man than

talk like a kid. You desecrate the

hour of meditation with rhapsodies on

nature when your aesthetics ain't

honed up to the beauties of good to-

The other laughed, inflating his deep

chest. In the gloom he stretched his

muscles restlessly, as though an ex-

They were lounging upon the dock,

while before them lay the Santa

Maria ready for her midnight sailing.

Behind slept Unalaska, quaint, an-

fique and Russian, resting amid the

fogs of Bering sea. Where a week

before mild eyed natives had dried

their cod among the old bronze can-

non now a frenzied horde of gold

seekers paused in their rush to the

new El Dorado. They had come like

a locust cloud, thousands strong, set-

fling on the edge of the Smoky sea,

waiting the going of the ice that

barred them from their golden fleece

-from Nome the new, where men

The mossy hills back of the village

were ridged with graves of those who

had died on the out trip the fall be-

fore, when a plague had gripped the

land, but what of that? Gold glittered

in the sands, so said the survivors.

Therefore men came in armies. Glen-

ister and Dentry had left Nome the

autumn previous, the young man rav-

"Mebbe you'll have a chance."

found fortune in a night.

their own land.

fret for fighting."

creek last summer?"

down Guadalupe way?"

so strong, Mexico?

"That's a bygone."

o' yourn at?

"'Prosperity, politics an' the Wal-

dorf-Astorier,' says he. It seems Mex

was in earnest, I let him run on.

"'How much do you value that claim

"How so?"

jumping?"

cess of vigor filled him,

younger man. "You ought to be in

danger of the air's too tonic quality.

quarantine."

his boyhood leaped within him.

LENISTER gazed out over

the harbor agleam with the

lights of anchored ships,

then up at the crenelated

Don't never leave 'em get a grip on it or you're down an' out.' "He was so plumb in earnest it scared me up, 'cause Mexico ain't a

gabby man. "'What do you mean? says L "'I can't tell you nothin' more. I'm puttin' a string on my own neck sayin' this much. You're a square man, Bill, an' I'm a gambler, but you saved my

life oncet, an' I wouldn't steer you

ventionalities; of civilized man wrong. For God's sake, don't let 'em turned back to savagery and losjump your ground, that's ail.' "'Let who jump it? Congress has ing no manhood in the turning. give us judges an' courts an' mar-Tarry awhile, O reader, with shals'- I begins. these rugged men of Nome, and

"That's just it. How you goin' to buck that hand? Them's the best cards in the deck. There's a man comin' by the name of McNamara. Watch him clost. I can't tell you no more. But don't never let 'em get a grip on your ground.' That's all he'd say." "Bah! He's crasy! I wish some body would try to jump the Midas.

We'd enjoy the exercise." The siren of the Santa Maria interrupted, its hoarse warning throbbing up the mountain.

"We'll have to get aboard," said Dex-"Sh-h! What's that?" the other whis

At first the only sound they heard was a stir from the deck of the steamer. Then from the water below them came the rattle of rowlocks and voice cautiously muffled.

"Stop! Stop there!" A skiff burst from the darkness grounding on the beach beneath. figure scrambled out and up the ladder leading to the wharf. Immediately a second boat, plainly in pursuit of the first one, struck on the beach be-

As the escaping figure mounted to their level the watchers perceived with amazement that it was a young woman. Breath sobbed from her lungs, stumbling, she would have fallen

and helped her to her feet. "Don't let them get me," she panted, He turned to his partner in puzzled inquiry, but found that the old man had crossed to the head of the landing ladder up which the pursuers were climbing.

"Just a minute, you there! Back up or I'll kick your face in!" Dextry's voice was sharp and unexpected, and in the darkness he loomed tall and menacing to those below.

"Get out of the way. That woman's a runaway," came from the one highest on the ladder.

"So I jedge." "She broke qu"-

"Shut up!" broke in another. "Do you want to advertise it? Get out of the way, there, ye blame fool! Climb up, Thorsen." He spoke like a bucko mate, and his words stirred the bile of Dextry. Thorsen grasped the dock floor, try-

ing to climb up, but the old miner

ing with fever. Now they returned to "This air whets every animal instinct in me," Glenister broke out again. "Away from the cities I turn savage. I feel the old primitive passions, the "Well, it's this way. I met Mexico Mullins this mornin'. You mind old Mexico, don't you-the feller that relocated Discovery claim on Anvil "You don't mean that "tinhorn' the boys were going to lynch for claim "Identical! Remember me tellin' you about a good turn I done him once "Greaser shooting scrape, wasn't it?" "Yep. Well, I noticed first off that he's gettin' fat-high livin' fat, too, all in one spot, like he was playin' both ends agin the center. Also he work di'mon's fit to handle with ice tongs. "Says I, lookin' at his side elevation, "What's accented your middle syllable

hadn't forgot old days. He claws me into a corner an' says, 'Bill, I'm goin' The old miner stamped on his fingers. to pay you back for that Moralez deal." stamped on his fingers, and the sailor "'It ain't comin' to me,' says I. loosened his hold with a yell, carrying the under men with him to the beach "'Listen here,' says he, an', seein' he

"This way! Follow me?" shouted the mate, making up the bank for the

shore end of the wharf. "You'd better pull your freight, miss," Dextry remarked. "They'll be here in a minute."

"Yes, yes! Let us go! I must get

aboard the Santa Maria. She's leaving now. Come, come!" Glenister laughed as though there were a humorous touch in her remark, but did not stir.

"I'm gettin' awful 'old an' stiff run," said Dextry, removing his mackinaw, "but I allow I ain't too old for a little diversion in the way of a rough when it comes nosin' around." He moved lightly, though the girl could see in the half darkness that his hair

"What do you mean?" she questioned sharply.

"You hurry along, miss. We'll toy with 'em till you're aboard." They stepped across to the dockhouse, backing against it. The girl followed. Again came the warning blast from the steamer and the voice of an offi-

"Clear away that stern line!" "Oh, we'll be left!" she breathed, and somehow it struck Glenister that she feared this more than the men whose approaching feet he heard.

"You can make it all right," he urged her roughly. "You'll get hurt if you stay here. Run along and don't mind us. We've been thirty days on shipboard and were praying for something to happen." His voice was boyishly glad, as if he exulted in the fray that was to come, and no sooner had he spoken than the sailors came out of the darkness upon them.

During the space of a few heartbeats there was only a tangle of whirling forms with the sound of fist on flesh, then the blot split up, and forms plunged outward, falling heavily. Again the sailors rushed, attempting to clinch. They massed upon Dextry, only to grasp empty air, for he shifted with remarkable agility, striking bitterly, as an old wolf snaps. It was baffling work, however, for in the darkness his blows fell short or overreached.

Glenister, on the other hand, stood carelessly, beating the men off as they came to him. He laughed gloatingly, deep in his throat, as though the encounter were merely some rough sport. The girl shuddered, for the desperate silence of the attacking men terrified her more than a din, and yet she stayed, cronched against the wall.

Dextry swung at a dim target and, missing it, was whirled off his balance. Instantly his antagonist grappled with him, and they fell to the floor, while a third man shuffled about them. The girl throttled a scream.

"I'm goin' to kick "im, Bill," the man panted hoarsely. "Le' me fix 'im." He swung his heavy shoe, and Bill

cursed with stirring eloquence. "Ow! You're kickin' me! I've got 'im safe enough. Tackle the big un." Bill's ally then started toward the others, his body bent, his arms flexed, yet hanging loosely. He crouched beside the girl, ignoring her, while she heard the breath wheezing from his lungs; then silently he leaped. Glenister had hurled a man from him, then stepped back to avoid the others, when he was seized from behind and felt the man's arms wrapped about his neck, the sailor's legs locked about his thighs. Now came the girl's first knowledge of real fighting. The two spun back and forth so closely intwined as to be indistinguishable, the others holding off. For what seemed many minutes they struggled, the young man striving to reach his adversary, till they crashed against the wall near her and she heard her champion's breath coughing in his throat but for Glenister, who ran forward at the tightening grip of the sailor. Fright held her paralyzed, for she had never seen men thus. A moment and Glenister would be down beneath their stamping feet-they would kick his life out with their heavy shoes. At thought of it the necessity of action smote her like a blow in the face. Her terror fell away, her shaking muscles stiffened, and before realizing what she did she had acted.

The seaman's back was to her. She reached out and gripped him by the hair, while her fingers, tense as talons, sought his eyes. Then the first loud sound of the battle arose. The man yelled in sudden terror, and the others as suddenly fell back. The next instant she felt a hand upon her shoulder and heard Dextry's voice.

"Are ye hurt? No? Come on, then, or we'll get left." He spoke quietly, though his breath was loud, and, glancing down, she saw the huddled form of the sailor whom he had fought.

"That's all right. He ain't hurt. It's a Jap trick I learned. Harry up!" They ran swiftly down the wharf, followed by Glenister and by the groans of the sailors in whom the lust for combat had been quenched. As they scrambled up the Santa Maria's gangplank a strip of water widened between the boat and the pier.

"Close shave, that," panted Glenister, feeling his throat gingerly, "but wouldn't have missed it for a spotted

"I've been through b'iler explosions and snowslides, not to mention a triflin' jail delivery, but fer real sprightly diversions I don't recall nothin' more pleasin' than this," Dextry's enthusiasm was boylike.

"What kind of men are you?" the girl laughed nervously, but got no an

They led her to their deck cabin, where they switched on the electric light, blinking at each other and at their unknown guest

They saw a graceful and altogether attractive figure in a trim short skirt and long tan boots. But what Glenister first saw was her eyes, large and gray, almost brown under the electric light They were active eyes, thought, and they flashed swift, comprehensive glances at the two men. to her waist, all agleam. Officwise she showed no sign of her recent or-

Glenister had been prepared for the type of beauty that follows the frontier-beauty that may stun, but that has the polish and chill of a new ground bowie. Instead this girl with

the calm, reposerul face struck a almost painfully different from 1roundings, suggesting count ant things that had be a strange to him for the past few wars.

the older maa's pres "I make "cation," said he, "that you're the gamest little chap I ever fought over, Mexikin, Injun or white.

Pure admiration at one was patent in

War's the trouble?" I suppose you think I've done some thing dreadful, don't you?" she said. "But I haven't. I had to get away from the Ohio tonight for-certain reasons. I'll tell you all about it tomorrow. I haven't stolen anything, nor polsoned the crew-really I haven't." She smiled at them, and Glenister found it impossible not to smile with her, though dismayed by her feeble

explanation. "Well, I'll wake up the steward and find a place for you to go," he said at length. "You'll have to double up with some of the women, though. It's awfully crowded aboard."

She laid a detaining hand on his arm. He thought he felt her tremble.

"No, no! I don't want you to that They mustn't see me tonight. know I'm acting strangely and all that, but it's happened so quickly I haven't found myself yet. I'll tell you tomorrow, though, really. Don't let any one see me or it will spoll everything. Wait till tomorrow, please."

She was very white and spoke with eager intensity.

"Help you? Why, sure Mike!" sured the impulsive Dextry. "An', see planations. We don't care a cuss what you done. Morals ain't our long suit. 'cause 'there's never a law of God or man runs north of fifty-three,' as the poetry man remarked, an' he couldn't have spoke truer if he'd knowed what he was sayin'. Everybody is privileged to 'look out' his own game up here. A square deal an' no questions

She looked somewhat doubtful at this till she caught the heat of Glenister's gaze. Some boldness of his look brought home to her the actual situation, and a stain rose in her cheek. She noted him more carefully-noted his heavy shoulders and ease of bearing. an ease and looseness begotten of perfect muscular control. Strength was equally suggested in his face, she thought, for he carried a marked young countenance, with thrusting chin, aggressive thatching brows and mobile mouth that whispered all the changes from strength to abandon. Prominent was a look of reckless energy. She considered him handsome in a heavy, virile, perhaps too purely physical fashion.

"You want to stowaway?" he asked "I've had a right smart experience in that line," said Dextry, "but I never done it by proxy. What's your plan?" "She will stay here tonight," said Glenister quickly. "You and I will go

below. Nobody will see her." "I can't let you do that," she objected. "Isn't there some place where I can hide?" But they reassured her

and left. When they had gone, she crouched trembling upon her seat for a long time, gazing fixedly before her. "I'm afraid," she whispered. "I'm afraid. What am I getting into? Why do men look so at me? I'm frightened. Oh, I'm sorry I undertook it." At last she rose wearily. The close cabin oppressed her. She felt the need of fresh air. So, turning out the lights, she stepped forth into the night. Figures loomed near the rail, and she slipped astern, screening herself behind a lifeboat, where the cool breeze fanned her

The forms she had seen approached, speaking earnestly. Instead of passing, they stopped abreast of her hiding place. Then as they begun to talk she saw that her retreat was cut off and that she must not stir.

"What brings her here?" Glenister was echoing a question of Dextry's. "Bah! What brings them all? What brought the duchess and Cherry Malotte and all the rest?" "No, no," said the old man, "She

ain't that kind-she's too fine, too delicate-too pretty." "That's just it-too pretty! Too pretty to be alone-or anything except what

she is." Dextry growled sourly. "This coun- his courtesy ended, however, and the try has plumb ruined you, boy. You think they're all alike-an' I don't eyes narrowed, and the good fellowknow but they are-all but this gal. ship fell away, leaving him the stiff Seems like she's different, somehow, and formal officer. but I can't tell."

Glenister spoke musingly: "I had an ancestor who buccaneered among the Indies a long time ago, so rm toid. Sometimes 1 think 1 have his disposition. He comes and whispers things to me in the night. Ol he was a devil, and I've got his blood in me-untamed and hot-I can hear him saying something now-something about the spoils of war. Ha, ha! Maybe he's right. I fought for her tonight, Dex-the way he used to fight for his sweethearts along the Mexicos. She's too beautiful to be good, and 'there's never a law of Cod or man

runs north of fifty-three." They moved on, his vibrant, cynical laughter stabbing the gir! till she leaned against the yawl for support

She held herself together while the blood beat thickly in her ears, then fied to the cabin, hurling herself into her berth, where she writhed silently, beating the pillow with hands into which her nails had bitten, staring the while into the darkness with dry and aching eyes.

CHAPTER IL HE awoke to the throb of the engines and, gazing cautiously through her stateroom window, saw a glassy, level sea, with

the sun brightly agleam on it. So this was Bering? She had clothed it always with the mystery of her Her hair had fallen loose and crinkled school days, thinking of it as a weeping, fog bound stretch of gray waters. Instead she saw a flat, sunlit main, with occasional sea parrots flapping their fat bodies out of the ship's course. A glistening head popped up from the waters abreast, and she heard the cry .Dressing, the girl noted minutely the

personal articles scattered about the cabin, striving to derive therefrom owners. First, there was an elaborate copper backed toilet set, all richly ornamented and leather bound. The metal was magnificently hand marked and bore Glenister's initial. spoke of elegant extravagance and seemed oddly out of place in an arctic miner's equipment, as did also a small

set of De Maupassant. Next she picked up Kipling's "Seven Seas," marked liberally, and felt that she had struck a scent. The roughness and brutality of the poems had always chilled her, though she had felt vaguely their splendid pulse and swing. This was the girl's first venture from a sheltered life. She had not rubbed elbows with the world enough to find that truth may be rough, unshaven and garbed in homespun. The book confirmed her analysis of the junior part-

Pendent from a hook was a worn and blackened holster from which peeped the butt of a large Colt's revolver, showing evidence of many years' service. It spoke mutely of the white haired Dextry, who, before her inspection was over, knocked at the door, and, when she admitted him, addressed her cautiously:

"The boy's down forrad, teasin' grub out of a flunky. He'll be up in a minute. How'd ye sleep?"

"Very well, thank you," she lied. "but I've been thinking that I ought to

explain myself to you." "Now, see here," the old man interjected, "there ain't no explanations fortunate. We help you-that's natuquestions asked - that's

"Yes, but I know you must think"-"What bothers me," the other continued irrelevantly, "is how in blazes we're goin' to keep you hid. The steward's got to make up this room, and somebody's bound to see us packin' grub in."

"I don't care who knows if they won't send me back. They wouldn't do that, would they?" She hung anxlously on his words.

"Send you back? Why, don't you savvy that this boat is bound for Nome? There ain't no turnin' back on gold stampedes, and this is the wildest rush the world ever saw. The captain wouldn't turn back. He couldn't. His cargo's too precious, and the company pays \$5,000 a day for this ship. No, we ain't puttin' back to unload no stowaways at five thousand per. Besides, we passengers wouldn't let him-time's too precious." They were interrupted by the rattle of dishes outside, and Dextry was about to epen the door when his hand waver ed uncertainly above the knob, for he heard the hearty greeting of the ship's

"Well, well, Glenister, where's a the breakfast going?" "Oo," whispered the old man, "that's

Cap' Stephens." "Dextry isn't feeling quite up to form this morning," replied Glenister

"Don't wonder! Why weren't you aboard sooner last night? I saw you 'Most got left, eh? Served you right if you had." Then his voice dropped to the confidential; "I'd advise you to cut those women. Don't misunderstand me, boy, but they're a bad lot on : == 702 come ----Take my word for it, they're a bad lot. Cut 'em out, Guess I'll step inside and see what's up with Dextry."

The girl shrank into her corner, gaz ing apprehensively at the other lis

"Well-er-he isn't up yet," they heard Glenister stammer. "Better | + Shaw, President, or E. R. Shaw, come around later." "Nonsense! It's time he was dress-

ed." The master's voice was gruffly good natured. "Hello, Dextry! Hey! Open up for inspection." He rattled

There was nothing to be done. The old miner darted an inquiring glance at his companion, then, at her nod, slipped the bolt, and the captain's blue bulk filled the room.

His grizzled close bearded face was genially wrinkled till he spied the erect gray figure in the corner, when his cap came off involuntarily. There smile died coldly from his face. His

"Ah," he said, "not feeling well, eh! I thought I had met all of our lady To be continued.

Cenuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Very small and as casy

to take as sugam CARTER'S FOR HEADACHE. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION

CURE SICK HEARACHE.

Women Who Wear Well. It is astonishing how great a change a few years of married life often make in the appearance and disposition of many women. The freshness, the charm, the brilliance vanish like the bloom from a peach which is rudely handled. The matron is only a dim shadow, a faint echo of the charming maiden. There are two reasons for this change, ignorance and neglect. Few young women appreciate the shock to the system through the change which comes with marriage and motherhood. Many neglect to deal with the unpleasant pelvic drains and weaknesses which too eften come with marriage and motherhood, not understanding that this secret drain is robbing the cheek

of its freshness and the form of its As surely as the general health suffers when there is derangement of the health of the delicate womanly organs, so surely when these organs are established in health the face and or mat once witness to the fact in renewed comeliness. Nearly a million women have found health and happiness in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Ingredients on label-contains no alcohol or harmful habit-forming drugs. Made wholly of those native, American, medicinal roots most highly recommended by leading medical authorities of all the several schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments

For nursing mothers, or for those broken-down in health by too frequent bearing of children, also for the expectant mothers, to prepare the system for the coming o baby and making its advent easy and almost painless, there is no medicine quite so good as "Favorite Prescription." system. It is a most potent invigorating tonic and strengthening nervine nicely adapted to woman's delicate system by a physician of large experience in the treatment of woman's peculiar allments. Dr. Pierce may be consulted by letter free of charge. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce. Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute. Buffalo, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND CLOSE INSURANCE COMPANY.

FIRE AND LIFE. The Largest Fire Insura ice Office in the World.

Capital.....\$10,000,000 Accumulated Funds ... 30,500,000 Invested in Canada 900,000

Rates and premiums as low as any other respectable company. The settlement of losses is prompt and liberal. The resources and standing of the company afford those insured in it perfect security against loss. W. R. WIDDESS. Agent for Lindsay and Victoria County.

Farm Loans

MONEY TO LOAN on Mortgage or an term from 5 to 10 years at lowest current rate of interest, with privilege of repayment in instalments when required. Expenses kept down to the lowest notch. All business of this nature kept strictly private and confidential. Come and see me if you want money

and get ny terms. J. H. SOOTHERAN, 91 Kent-st. Lindsay, Land Agent,

Central Business College, Toronto

◆ The largest and best equipped ◆ school of its kind invites you to write for its'new Catalogue. Fall . ♦ Term from Sept. 1. Address W. H. ♦ · Secretary.

First-class home-made Buggies, Wagons and Democrats for sale at reasonable prices. Also some good second hand Buggies and one good second hand Democrat, cheap. Come at once and get a bargain at the City Carriage Works.

Kylie's Old Stand

Curtain Stretchers Horse Clippers Poultry Netting Bird Cages Washing Machines

Clothes Wringers Slip Ladders

Alabastine Kalsomine Prism Paint

Glazed Sewer Pipe Portland Cement Fire Clay Fire Brick

Hardware, Coal and Iron.

-The Evening Post is for sale each evening at Jos. Carroll's, R. L. Morgan's, J. C. Burke's and A. Moore's. PHYSICANS

THE

R. F. BLANCHARD. Graduate Toronto University Coroner for Victoria County Office-Ridout-st., cor. Kent and I say-sts., (former residence of Kempt.) Telephone 45.

DE. J. W. WOOD_ Late of Kirkfield 30 Bond-st., first door west of Ca bridge-st. Methodist Church Office Hours - 9 to 11 a m., 2 to 11 7 to 8 p. m

31 Cambridge-St., LINDSAY

DENTISTR

DR. POGUE, DENTIST Nearly Opposite Post Office Special attention given to Colle HAROLD V. POGD

DR. NEELANDS & IRVIN DENTISTS

Everything up-to-date in Derich Natural Teeth Preserved; Cross in artificial teeth. Painless assured. Prices moderate. Office nearly opposite Simpen Be Lindsay.

DOCTOR Dentist Member Royal College Dental Sur All modern methods departments of dentistry stores practiced. ROOMS ON KENT-ST

DR. F. A. WALTER DENTIST, LINDSAY

Honor Graduate of the Toronto Univer-All the latest and improved braschaelle v carefully performed. Charges modern OFFICE, -Over Gregory's drug ston, one Kent and William-sts -73-lar

Graduate of the Royal College of Day

of Toronto University. Three run Office: - Over Canadian Bank of Com

BARRISTERS, Etc.

Solicitors for The Canadian Bush a five per cent. Offices William-st. Baier F. D. MOORE K.C. ALEX, JACKS

EIGH R. KNIGHT, Barrister, & or, Notary Public, Real Esta Representing Waterloo Mutua Fra surance Company of Waterice, is eral Life Insurance Company of h ton, and the Dominion of Camis in tee and Accident Company of Toron Office of Welden & Knight, Mind

McLAUGHLIN, PEEL FULTON. Barristers, Solicitors and

Notaries. OFFICE: Corner Kent and William (Over Dominion Bank, Links) Money to Loan on Real Est R. J. McLaughlin, K.C., A. M. Palts.

James A. Peel.

SMITH & SMITH LAND SURVEYORS AND CIVIL ESS

Municipal Drainage Work a Sp Phone 242 or P. O. Bor # LINDSAY, ONTARIO WALTER SMITH, O.E S., GEO. SETE &

HOPKINS & HOPKINS, Barries licitors, Notaries etc. Sal the Bank of Montreal. Money to lowestrates. Offices, 6 Williams Lindsey, Ont. G. B. HOPER FRED HOLMES HUPRINS, B. A. W F. O'BOYLE, Clerk of the W. pality of Ops. Insurance.

Fire, Life and Accident, best out Money to Losn, private and obe at lowest rates. Real Estate Agent, Etc. Office: Opera House Block, Im J. ANDREW ROBER

Teacher of Musik Studio connected with Dr. Por

JAMES KEITH Seed Merchant and Design Best Binder Twine on Man

Great care is used to supply true to name and of good ? William-St., Lindsay, oc.

Wheel Barrows MONEY TO LOAN AT CURRENT RATE

desired, and in sums to suits with special privileges. instalments without increase

able at our office. STEWART & O'CO

LINDSAY MARBLE R. CHAMBERS, Prop.

The only up-to-date Mahle sale Works in the County. Lates a lowest prices and best work see the pneumatic tools at ros prices before buying elsewhere

interest. Interest and instant

Speci