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lice court this morning, assault preferred ssrs. O'Brien and Hudson 4 Wellington was dismissed tate Jackson. The evidence the witnesses for the proas contradicted by a witde defence and the Magisdisposed of the case. Inderstood that Mr. J. of the accused, has been d slanderous tongues. His been drawn into certain

A couple of men stepped out and not only after this one tree, but many, carefully righted the case.

to break those lovely butterflies for Duncans! Freckles' body sagged one old tree. Is that a valuable tree? against the ropes in sick despair. Why didn't you tell us last night you! There was no hope of McLean's morning? Oh, say, did you put your case there to protect that tree from that stealing old Black Jack and his wasn't bright! What kind of a tree is it?"

"It's a golden oak," said Freckles. "Like those they make dining tables and sideboards out of?" "Yes."

"My, how interesting!" she cried. "I | ing! don't know a thing about timber, but my father wants me to learn about just everything I can. I am going to ask him to let me come here and watch you until I know enough to boss a gang myself. Do you like to cut trees, gentlemen?" she asked of the men with angelic sweetness.

Some of them looked foolish and some grinned, but one managed to say that they did. Then the angel's eyes turned full on Black Jack, and she gave the most beautiful little start of astonishment.

a ghost!" she cried. "But I see now that. The angel would not believe. that you are really and truly. Were Neither would McLean. He would you ever in Colorado?"

"No," said Jack.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ANGEL GOES FOR HELP.

SEE now you aren't the same man," said the angel. "You know, we were in Colorado last year, and there was a cowboy that was the handsomest man about. He'd come riding into town every night, and all we girls just adored him! Oh, but he was a beauty! I thought at first glance you were really he, but I see now he wasn't nearly so tall nor so broad as you and only half as handsome.

The men burst into a roar of laughter, and Jack flushed crimson. The angel joined in the laugh.

"Well, I'll leave it to you! Isn't he handsome?" she challenged. "As for that cowboy's face, it couldn't be compared with yours. The only trouble with you is that your clothes are spoiling you. It's the dress those cowboys wear that makes half their looks. If you were properly dressed you could break the heart of the prettiest girl in the country."

With one accord the other men focused on Black Jack and for the first time realized that he was a superb speciman of manhood, for he stood six feet tall, was broad, well rounded and had dark, even skin, big black eyes and full red lips.

"I'll tell you what!" exclaimed the angel. "I'd just love to see you on horseback. Nothing sets a handsome man off so splendidly. Do you ride?" "Yes," said Jack, and his eyes were burning on the angel as if he would fathom the depths of her soul.

"Well," said the angel winsomely, "I know what I just wish you'd do. 1 wish you would let your hair grow a little longer. Then wear a blue fannel shirt a little open at the throat, a red tie and a broad brimmed felt hat and ride past my house of evenings. I'm always at home then and almost always on the veranda, and, oh, but I would like to see you! Will you do

The angel was looking straight into Jack's face, coarse and hardened with sin and careless living, which was now taking on a wholly different ex pression. The evil lines of it were softening and fading out under her clear gaze. A dull red flamed into his bronze cheeks, and his eyes were growing brightly tender.

"Yes," he said, and the glance he shot at the men was of such a nature that no one saw fit even to change countenance.

"Oh, goody!" she cried, tilting on her toes. "I'll ask the girls to come to see, but they needn't stick in. We can get along without them, can't we?" Jack leaned toward her. He was the charmed, fluttering bird, and the angel was the snake.

"Well, I rather guess!" he cried. The angel drew a deep breath and looked him over rapturously.

"My, but you're tall!" she gurgled. "Do you suppose I will ever grow to reach your shoulders?

"Lariat Bill used always to have a bunch of red flowers in his shirt pocket, and the red lit up his dark eyes and olive cheeks and made his splendid May I put a bunch of red flowers on vou?" mind lifting the trees we came for, put I'm cursed if I want blood on my

"Well, you ain't going to get it," bel-

lowed Jack. "You fellows only contracted to help me get out my marked trees. He belongs to Wessner, and it ain't our deal what happens to him. It's all planned safe and sure. As for killing that buck-come to think of it, killing is what he needs. He's away to good for this world of woe anyhow. His dropping out won't be the only secret the old Limberlost has never told. It's too dead easy to make it look like he helped take the timber and then cut. Why, he's played right into our hands. He was here at the swamp all last night and back again in an beautiful weath tettion with this particular hour or so. When we get our plan worked out even old fool Duncan won't lift a finger to look for his car-

cass." "You just bet," said Wessner. "I circulation which have he snarled at Freckles. owe him all he'll get. But I'll pay!"

So it was killing then. They were

FRECKLES

and with his body it was their plan "There; that's better," she said to kill his honor. To brand him a "Freckles, I'm surprised at your be- thief, like them, before the angel, the ing so careless. It would be a shame | Bird Woman, the dear boss and

were going to take a tree out this | coming. They had chosen a day when they knew he had a big contract at the south camp. The boss could not possibly come before tomorrow, and gang? I bet you did! Well, if that | there would be no tomorrow for him. Duncan was on his way to the south camp, and the Bird Woman had said she would come as soon as she could. After the fatigue of the party it was useless to expect her and the angel today, and God save them from com-

The sweat broke out on Freckles' forehead. He tugged at the ropes whenever he felt that he dared, but they were passed about the tree and his body several times and knotted on his chest. He resolved that he would bear in mind what he had once heard the Bird Woman say. He would go out bonnily. Never would he let them see if he grew afraid. After all, what did it matter what they did to his body if by some scheme of the devil they could compass his disgrace?

Then hope suddenly rose high in keep up his courage. Kill him they could; dishonor him they could not.

Yet, summon all the fortitude he might, that saw eating into the tree rasped his nerves worse and worse With whirling brain he gazed off inte the Limberlost, searching for some thing, he knew not what, and in blank horror found his eyes fastened on the angel. She was quite a distance away, but he could see her white lips and wide, angry eyes.

Last week he had taken her and the Bird Woman across the swamp over the path he followed in going in from his room to the chicken tree. He had told them last night that the butterfly tree was on the line close to this path In figuring on their not coming that day he failed to reckon with the enthusiasm of the Bird Woman. They must be there for the study, and the angel had risked crossing the swamp in search of him. Or was there some thing in his room they needed? The blood surged in his ears like the roat of the Limberlost in the wrath of

He looked again, and it had been dream. She was not there. Had she been? For his life Freckles could not tell whether he had really seen the angel or whether his strained senses had played him the most cruel trick of all. Or was it not the kindest? Now he could die with the vision of her lovely face fresh with him.

"Thank you for that, O God!" whispered Freckles. "'Twas more than kind of you, and I don't s'pose ought to be wanting anything more but if you can, oh, I wish I could know before this ends if 'twas me mother"-Freckles could not even whisper the words, for he hesitated a second and ended-"if 'twas me mother aid it?" "Freckles! Freckles! Oh, Freckles!" the voice of the angel came calling. Freckles swayed forward and wrenched at the rope until it cut deep-

ly into his body. Black Jack whipped out a revolver and snatched the gag from Freckles'

"Say quick, what's that, or it's up with you right now and whoever that is with vow" "It's the girl the Bird Woman takes

about with her," whispered Freckles through dry, swollen tips. "They ain't due here for five days

yet," said Wessner. "We got on to that last week."

"Yes," said Freckles, "but I found a tree covered with butterflies and things along the east line yesterday that I thought the Bird Woman would want extra, and I went to town for her last night. She said she'd come soon, but she didn't say when. I take care of the girl while the Bird Wom an works. Until me quick until she is gone. I'll try to send her back.

and then you can go on with your dir ty work." "He ain't lying," volunteered Wessger. "I saw that tree covered with tutterflies and him watching around it when we were spying on him yes

terday." "No, he leaves lying to your sort," snapped Black Jack as he undid the rope and pitched it across the room. "Remember that you're covered every move you make, my buck," he caution

"Freckles! Freckles!" came the an gel's impatient voice, nearer and near

Freckles' eyes popped, and he wheezed for breath. He wished that the earth would open and swallow him up. Was he dead or alive? Since his angel had set eyes on Black Jack she had never even glanced his way. Was she completely bewitched? Would she throw herself at the man's feet before them all? Couldn't she give him even one thought? Hadn't she seen he was gagged and bound? Did she truly think that these were McLean's men? Why, she couldn't. It was only a few days ago that she had been near enough this man and angry enough with him to peel the hat from his head with a shot. Suddenly a thing she had jestingly said to him one day came back with startling force, "You must take angels on trust." Of course you must! She was his angel. She must have seen. His life and, what was far worse, her own were in her hands. There was nothing he could do but trust her. Surely she was working out some plan.

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Mrs. Wilson, 110 Wickson Ave. Toronto, says: " About four years ago a sore spot appeared on the right side of my face. This spot increased in size until it became about half an inch in diameter and very painful. I went to a doctor, but the ointment he gave me did not have any good effect. The sore continued to discharge freely, and was most painful. I had it cauterized, tried poultices and all kinds of salves, but it was no good, and I continued to suffer her till we're loaded anyhow. Can't from it for four years!

"A sample of Zam-Buk was one day given to me, and I used it. Although the quantity was so small, it seemed to do me some good, so I purchased a further supply.

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"I know a lady in the east of the city, whose husband suffered for years with an open sore on his leg On my recommendation, Zam-Buk was tried in that case. The other day, when I saw her, she told me that it had healed the sore completely. "My daughter, who lives in Lethbridge, Alta., has also used Zam-Buk at Jack, and she was bewitchingly with the same satisfactory result. I lovely. think it is, beyond all doubt, the

finest healing balm known." Such is the opinion of all persons who have really tried Zam-Buk. It is a sure cure for eczema, piles, "Oh. I almost thought that you were Freckles' breast. They could not do abscesses, ulcers, scalp sores, ringand all skin injuries and diseases. 50c. box. all druggists and stores, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. In case of skin disease use also Zam-Buk Soap, 25c. tablet.

> The angel knelt beside his flowerbed and recklessly tore up by the roots a big bunch of foxfire.

> "These stems are so tough and sticky," she said. "I can't break them. Lend me your knife," she ordered Freckles.

> As she reached for the knife her back was one second toward the men. She looked into his eyes and deliberately winked. She severed the stems, tossed the

knife back to Freckles and, walking

up to Jack, laid the flowers over his Freckles broke into a sweat of agony. He had said she would be safe in a herd of howling savages. Would she? If Black Jack even made a motion toward touching her Freckles knew that from somewhere he would muster the strength to kill him. He mentally measured the distance to where his club lay and set his muscles

for a spring. But, no! The big fellow was baring his head with a hand that was unsteady. The angel pulled one of the long silver pins from her hat and fastened her flowers securely. Freckles was quaking. What was to

come next?

As the angel stepped back from Jack she turned her head to one side and peered up at him, just as Freckles had seen the little yellow fellow do on the line a hundred times, and said: "Well, that does the trick! Isn't that fine? See how it sets him off, boys! Don't you forget the tie is to be red and the urst ride soon. I can't wait very long. Now I must go. The Bird Woman will be ready to start, and she will come here bunting me next, for she is busy today. What did I come here for anyway?"

She glanced inquiringly about, and several of the men laughed. Oh, the delight of it! She had forgot her errand for him! Jack had a second increase in height. The angel glanced helplessly about as if seeking a clew. Then her eyes fell, as if by accident,

on Freckles. "It's mighty risky for you to be crossing the swamp alone," he said. "I know it's a little farther, but it's

begging you I am to be going back by the trail." The angel laughed merrily. "Oh, stop your nonsense!" she cried. "I'm not afraid-not in the least!"

Freckles turned to Jack imploringly. "You tell ber!" be pleaded. "Tell her to go by the trail. She will for

The implication of this statement was so gratifying to Black Jack that he seemed again to expand and take on increase before their very eyes.

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"You bet!" exclaimed Jack. And to the angel: "You better take Freckles' word for it, miss. He knows the old swamp better than any of us. except me, and if he says go by the trail you'd best do it."

The angel besitated. One last glance at Freckles showed her the agony in his eyes. She would follow the trail. "All right," she said, giving Jack a killing glance. "If you say so I'll go back by the trail to please you. Good-

by, everybody." She lifted the bushes and started for

the entrance.

"Stop her!" growled Wessner. "Keep you see that when this thing is found out there she'll be to ruin all of us. If you let her go every man of us has got to cut, and some of us will be caught sure."

Jack sprang forward. Freckles' heart muffled up in his throat. The angel seemed to divine Jack's coming. She was humming a little song. She deliberately stopped and began pulling the heads of the curious grasses that grew all about her. When she straightened she took a step backward and called: "Ho, Freckles, the Bird Woman wants that natural history pamphlet returned. It belongs to a set she is going to have bound."

Then the angel shot a parting glance "You won't forget that ride and the

red tie," she half asserted, half questioned. Jack lost his head entirely. Freckles was his captive, but he was the angel's, soul and body. With head

held well up the angel walked slowly away, and Jack wheeled on the men. "Drop your staring and saw wood!" he shouted. "Don't you know anything at all about how to treat a

The men muttered and threatened among themselves, but they fell to working with a vengeance.

Freckles sat down on one of his benches and waited. In their baste to get the tree down and loaded so that the teamsters could start with it and leave them free to attack another they had forgotten to rebind him. The angel was on the trail and safely started.

Freckles wondered what she would say to the Bird Woman and how long it would take them to pack and get started. He knew now that they would understand and the angel would try to get the boss there in time to save his wager. She could never do it, for the saw was over half through and Jack and Wessner cutting into the opposite side of the tree. It looked as if they could get at least that tree out before McLean could

When it was down would they rebind him and leave him for Wessner to wreak his insane vengeance on, or would they take him along to the next tree and dispose of him when they had stolen all the timber they could? Jack had said that he should not be touched until he left. Surely he would not run all that risk for one greater value marked.

Once Jack came over to Freckles and asked if he had any water. drank in great gulps, and as he passgirl like that he ought not to be mixed up in any dirty business. I wish I was out of this."

Freckles answered heartily, "I wish

then broke into a roar of rough laugh-"Blest if I blame you," he said. "But you had your chance. We offered you a fair thing, and you gave Wessner his answer. I ain't envying

you when he gives you his." "You're six to one." answered Freckles. "It will be easy enough for you to be killing the body of me, but, curse you all, you can't blacken me

"I'd give anything you could name if I had your honesty," said Jack. When the mighty tree fell the Limberlost shivered and screamed with the echo. Freckles groaned in despair, but the gang took heart. That was so much accomplished. Now, if they could get it out quickly they knew over they could remove three others

worth far more than this.

On the line, the angel gave one backward glance at Black Jack to see that he had returned to his work. Then she gathered her skirts above her knees and leaped forward on the and followed. Soon the pike was an run. in the first three yards she passed Freckles' wheel astantly she imagined that was why he had insisted on her coming by the trail. She seized it and sprang on. The saddle was too high, but she was an expert rider and could catch the pedals as they came up. She stopped at Duncan's cabin long enough to get out the wrench and lower the saddle, telling Mrs. Duncan the while what was happening and that she must follow the east trail until she found the Bird Woman to tell her she had gone for McLean and to leave the swamp as quickly as possible.

The angel saw Mrs. Duncan started and then flew. Those awful miles of corduroy! Would they never end? The bushes

claimed her hat, and she did not stop

At last she lifted her head. Surely it could not be more than a mile now. She had covered two of corduroy and at least three of pike, and it was only six in all. She was reeling in the saddle, but she gripped the bars with new energy and raced desperately. The sun blistered down on her bare head and hands. Just when she was choking with dust and almost prostrate with heat and exhaustion-crash, she ran into a broken bottle! Snap!

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.. PADER "EVERYBODY GO TO FRECKLES!" went the tire. The wheel swerved

and pitched over. The tired angel rolled into the thick yellow dust of the road and lay still. From afar Duncan began to notice

a strange, dust covered object in the road as he headed for town with the first load of the day's felling. As he neared the angel he saw it was a woman and a broken wheel. Many of tree when he had many others of far the farmers' daughters rode wheels, but this face was a stranger's. He glanced at the angel's tumbled clothing, the silkiness of her hair, with Freckles rose and showed him where its pale satin ribbon, and noticed that he kept his drinking water. Jack she had lost her hat. His lips tightened in an ominous quiver. He left ed the bucket back he said: "When a her and picked up the wheel. As he man's got a chance of catching a fine had surmised, he knew it. This, then, was Freckles' Swamp Angel.

There was trouble in the Limberlost, and she had broken down in racing 101 michean. Duncan muilled to the nearest farmhouse to send help to the angel. Then he put the bay to speed and raced for camp.

The angel, left alone, lay still for a second, then she shivered and opened

"Oh, poor Freckles!" she wailed. "They may be killing him by now. Oh, how much time have I wasted?" She hurried to the bay Duncan had unharnessed, snatched a blacksnake whip that lay on the ground, caught the hames stretched along the horse's neck, and, for the first time, the fine, big fellow felt on his back the quality of the lash that Duncan was accus- for some unknown cause his train tomed to crack over him.

At the south camp they were loading a second wagon when the angel thundered up on one of Duncan's bays, lathered and dripping, and cried: man, who was also on the rear of "Everybody go to Freckles! There the coach, had gotten out to signal where to dispose of it safely with no are thieves stealing trees, and they the approaching train, but evidently questions asked. Before the day was have him bound. They're going to kill his signal was too late, for the

She wheeled the horse and headed for the Limberlost. The alarm sounded over camp. McLean sprang to Nellie's back and raced after the angel. As they passed Duncan he wheeled irregular procession of barebacked riders, wildly driving flying horses toward the swamp.

CHAPTER XVL FRECKLES RELEASED. HE boss rode neck and neck with the angel. He glanced back and saw that Duncan

was near. There was something terrifying in the look of the big man and the way he sat his beast and rode. It would be a sad day for the man on whom Duncan's wrath broke. There were four others close behind him and the pike filling up with the

rest of the gang. The angel turned into the traff to the west, and the men bunched and followed her. When she reached the entrance to Freckles' room there were four men with her and two more very close behind. She slid from the horse and, snatching the little revolver from her breast, darted for the bushes. McLean caught them back and, with drawn weapon, pressed up beside her-There they stopped in astonishment

The Bird Woman blocked the entrance. Over a small limb lay her revolver, and it was trained at short range on Black Jack and Wessner, who stood with their hands above their heads. Freckles, with blood streaming

down his face from an ugly cut in his temple. was garged and bound to the tree again, and the rest or the men were gone. Black Jack was raving like a maniac, and when they looked closer it was only the left arm that he raised. His right, with the hand shattered, hung helpless, and his revolver lay at Freckles' feet. Wessner's weapon was still in his belt, and beside him lay Freckles' club.

Freckles' face was of stony whiteness, with colorless lips, but in his eyes was the strength of undying courage. McLean pushed past the Bird Woman, crying, "Hold steady on them for just one minute more?" He snatched the revolver from Wessner's belt and stooped for Jack's.

(To be continued.

FATAL REAR END **COLLISION SATURDAY**

A rear end collision occurred Saturday morning about eight o'clock on the C.P.R. near Sharbot Lake, in which Conductor Green, brother-inlaw of Mr. Robert Flynn, of 'Havelock, was killed. It is understood that one or two others were injured,

Conductor Green also had a number of relatives in Lakefield. At the time of going to press no other particulars were available.

During the night there were seven freight trains in Sharbot Lake yards at the same time, and Train Conductor Green had left the yard and was about three miles from the station when the accident happened. He was standing on the rear platform, and stalled. It was closely followed by another freight, going the same direction. It is thought that the brakefreight jammed into the stalled train and the conductor was killed. Deceased was well known to trainmen. He leaves a widow and family.

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