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WAS DISMISSED

Police court this morning, the case of assault preferred against O'Brien and Hudson was dismissed.

FRECKLES

A couple of men stepped out and carefully righted the case. "There; that's better," she said. "Freckles, I'm surprised at your being so careless. It would be a shame to break those lovely butterflies for one old tree. Is that a valuable tree? Why didn't you tell us last night you were going to take a tree out this morning? Oh, say, did you put your case there to protect that tree from that stealing old Black Jack and his gang? I bet you did! Well, if that 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 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 rosy 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.

"Oh, I almost thought that you were a ghost!" she cried. "But I see now that you are really and truly. Were 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 specimen 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 wisely, "I know what I just wish you'd do. I wish you would let your hair grow a little longer. Then wear a blue flannel 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 that for me?"

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 expression. The evil lines of it were softening and fading 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 you?"

"Mind using the trees we came for, our I'm cursed if I want blood on my hands."

"Well, you ain't going to get it," belowered 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 hour or so. When we get our plan worked out even old fool Duncan won't lift a finger to look for his carcass."

"You just bet," said Wessner. "I owe him all he'll get. But I'll pay!"

So it was killing them. They were

NAD BAD SORE FOUR YEARS ZAM-BUK HAS HEALED IT!

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 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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The angel knelt beside his flower-bed and recklessly tore up by the roots a big bunch of foxglove.

"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 heart.

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 vest blue. I can't wait any longer. Now I must go. The Bird Woman will be ready to start, and she will come here hunting 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 cue. 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 her," he pleaded. "Tell her to go by the trail. She will for you."

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.

"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 hesitated. 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 her till we're loaded anyhow. Can't 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 numbed 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 at Jack, and she was bewitchingly lovely.

"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 lady?"

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 haste 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 come.

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 tree when he had many others of far greater value marked.

Once Jack came over to Freckles and asked if he had any water. Freckles rose and showed him where he kept his drinking water. Jack drank in great gulps, and as he passed the bucket back he said: "When a man's got a chance of catching a fine girl 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 I was too."

Jack stared at him a minute and then broke into a roar of rough laughter.

"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 soul!"

"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 where to dispose of it safely with no questions asked. Before the day was 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 run. In the first three yards she passed Freckles' wheel, instantly 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 for it.

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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"EVERYBODY GO TO FRECKLES!"

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 trail 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 cazed and bound to the tree again, and the rest of 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-in-law of Mr. Robert Flynn, of Havelock, was killed. It is understood that one or two others were injured, but not seriously.

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 for some unknown cause his train stalled. It was closely followed by another freight, going the same direction. It is thought that the brakeman, who was also on the rear of the coach, had gotten out to signal the approaching train, but evidently his signal was too late, for the freight 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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