

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Dr. H. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. 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 Diarrhoea. 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

Dr. H. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

THE Paternoster Ruby

BY CHARLES EDMOND WALK

Supplied exclusively in Canada by the British & Colonial Press Limited, Toronto.

A moment's reflection made me feel sure that only my presence in the room had forestalled a rather perilous undertaking. Why should anybody want to lock in, simply, and why adopt such a compromising means of entering, if the temptation had not been extraordinarily powerful?

My hesitation was but momentary. I swung open the window, leaped out, and commenced running along the trail of the daring, unknown visitor. The visit had been so recent that I was spurred by a faint hope of overtaking the fellow.

I had not proceeded far before I heard a shout from the house. I glanced back without slackening, and saw Stodger staring at me in amazement from an up-stair window. Motivated by him to remain where he was, I continued to follow the footprints.

As soon as the bushes screened me from the house, I arrived at a point where the trail presented a new aspect: the distance between the impressions measurably widened, signifying that my unknown caller had broken into a run the instant the shrubbery concealed him from the house. I quickened my pace.

The chase led me to a low stone wall marking the boundary of the premises, across some vacant lots, to the intersection of two streets, where the presence of a trolley line discouraged further pursuit.

On one of the corners, however, stood a grocery of the suburban variety; and when I arrived hatless and without an overcoat, the grocer came out, and eyed me curiously.

"Did you see anybody just ahead of me come this way?" I panted.

"Yep," returned the grocer. "Fellow came running across these lots not five minutes ago. Three other fellows waiting for him on the corner here."

"Three others?" I exclaimed. "I hadn't the least idea what it all meant."

"Yep," said the grocer. "When he came there were four. The whole bunch caught a down car. They was Chippens."

I could not no more than vent my bewilderment in ejaculations.

"Chippens!" I cried.

"Or Jans," remarked the grocer.

"Come to think of it, they must've been Japs; they didn't have no pigtails."

Well, there was nothing else for me to do but to turn round and go back the way I had come. The grocer could tell me no more, and I was completely stumped. Why four Chinese or Japs—should be interested in my movements in the Page house I could not in the least imagine.

But one thing was certain. I had skirted the border of some secret, desperate enterprise. It challenged directly all my powers and capabilities. I was irritated, puffed, not at my inability to discover the mystery at once, but at a species of mental numbness which prevented me from even conjecturing a plausible theory to account for the strange episode.

I strode along in a deep, moody reverie, unconsciously scanning each in turn of the absurdly small footprints. I vaulted the low wall into the Page premises, and before I had fairly recovered my balance, I found myself upon a folded sheet of paper which lay in the snow on one side of the trail.

I unfolded it. The sheet bore a roughly sketched floor plan of some house's interior. There was a wide hall a square stairwell, and three or four rooms. One of the rooms—the smallest—had been designated by a cross.

All at once I uttered a little cry. This was a second-floor plan of the very house I had been exploring. Although I had not been up-stairs yet, I had seen enough of the relative positions of the different rooms to recognize the one indicated by the cross.

It was the bath room.

CHAPTER X.

The Second Story

The reader will have observed, very likely, that up to the present I have made no mention of a close examination of the second story, nor, moreover, of having ascended the stairs above the balcony-like landing with its greivous burden.

Such was indeed the case; and while my failure in this regard might arise, neglect, or at least a strange lack of system, I can only point out that the entire sequence of events, from the moment of my arrival in the house, had been most unusual.

It is true that so many divagations become inevitable. I was obliged to beguile myself with the circumstances as they forced themselves upon me, and not as if I had been free to ferret them out in accordance with any customary course of procedure.

All along I had been impatient to get up-stairs; but first one thing and then another had arisen, demanding immediate attention. We shall soon learn, however, how my search in the second story was rewarded. While the results may appear not very significant, they were nevertheless of vast importance in pointing a way to the puzzle's answer.

For, mind, although I was reasonably sure that the ruby represented the motive for the murder, I had been given a number of reasons for believing that this motive involved a plot of infinitely farther-reaching than the determination of some common thief or housebreaker to secure the gem. If I wanted to fix responsibility for Mr. Page's cruel death, I would be obliged to lay bare the controlling cause in all its ramifications.

Whether Maillot or Burke was the guilty man, it was at this stage of vital consequence that the State's Attorney be given light upon every factor in the tragedy; and as this was my business, it is not surprising that I was animated with an ambition to make a thorough job of the matter.

And furthermore, I was satisfied that the Paternoster Ruby had not yet been removed from the house, wherever the murderer might be—a belief which I was very shortly to have strengthened by seemingly unimportant incidents. The trail in the snow was one of those confirmatory incidents, although I had no occasion yet to so regard it.

But now it bore many indications of extremely rough usage. It was not only open, but empty; the lid was bent, twisted out of shape, and hanging precariously by one damaged hinge. The leather was freshly torn and scratched, while the inner lining of faded satin had been slit in a number of places. I contrived after some manipulation to get the box into a semblance of its former shape, and then slipped it into a pocket or my coat.

Neither Maillot's room nor Burke's revealed anything of much consequence. In the former I noted the open wardrobe door, and, owing to

Wanie it was my first duty, therefore, to discover the murderer, I saw no reason why I should not at the same time find the well-nigh priceless gem, inasmuch as I hoped that the latter would point definitely to the former.

The Ruby had disappeared between eleven o'clock last night and the time of Stodger's arrival—shortly before three in the morning. One of the two men who had passed the night in the house might have secreted it. Their presence offered the most plausible explanation.

Was Maillot the one? His fantastic story was certainly a strain upon one's credulity, I must confess; yet, I had sat face to face with him, and I am not without skill—nor was I at the time—in penetrating a man's outward aspect and discerning the sincerity of his purpose. In justice to him, I can not emphasize too strongly how convincing had been every utterance of his, which I have been at some pains to record. And then, I could not attribute the freshly oil-dipped hinges nor the tiled safe to Maillot. Consequently the next step was to turn to Burke; when I did I was met only by a mental image of his inscrutable eyes; the baffling, impassive visage which showed no mark of age.

Well, Maillot did not have the ruby. And now, if a search of Burke's person and belongings resulted as the former search had, why, I must look to some hiding-place near at hand. And this was a task after my own heart. I cast about in pleased anticipation for an hour or two after nightfall in this dreary old mansion, when I would be alone and at liberty to pursue my quest with the least likelihood of being disturbed. If the ruby were really here, I meant to remain pretty close to it until it came to light, or else have a dependable substitute take my place when it should become necessary for me to go abroad. It was this determination which led to the scar that will disfigure my face as long as I live.

The erstwhile secretary submitted without demur to an examination of his clothing, and without any change of expression that I could perceive. The pale eyes followed my movements with a blank, incurious stare (though Stodger maintains that they did not cease for an instant regarding him), and I was glad enough to see the fellow depart, after I had privately pressed word to Stodger not to lose Burke until another man could relieve him.

The flight of stairs above the landing gave upon a hall which—excepting in the front, where there was a large diamond-paned window—entirely surrounded the stairwell, and was continued by a lateral passage connecting the gables or wings.

One leaning over the balustrade at the top looked down the ascending stairs, the balcony midway up, and a good portion of the spacious hall below. The lateral hall gave access to all the rooms on the second floor.

Arriving at the head of the stairs, I first gave my attention to the staircase. This piece of furniture was simply a pedestal of shelves, without sides, front, or back, so that to tilt it in any direction far out of the perpendicular would mean to spill its burden of old newspapers and periodicals.

Maybe it would have been convenient in a musicroom, but situated where it was it was certainly in the way of anybody using the stairs. If a person unfamiliar with the house should ascend the stairs in the dark, the instant he turned at the top he must almost inevitably collide with it—a circumstance which I was to have brought home to me a few nights later, with consequences which missed being fatal by only the slenderest margins. But after all, I concluded, if a stranger missed it only by a miracle it might have served a double purpose here; no one slept in the second story, ordinarily, and it would make a good burglar alarm, as well as a repository for the iron candlestick and the sea-shell match receptacle.

From the point where it now leaned against the balusters to the lateral corridor or hall, there were many little details to arrest and stimulate my curiosity. The carpet between these two points plainly showed signs of a recent struggle, and at the very vortex of the angle formed by the balustrade, surrounding the stairwell, innumerable drops of congealed paraffin were scattered widely over the floor.

And the railing itself also held a record. Stout as were the uprights sustaining it, it had received the impact of a body sufficiently heavy to throw it askew. At this point on the railing there was a deep triangular dent, destined to assume a high place in solving the problem of Felix Page's murder.

When I stood directly in front of the bath room door, I could look down over the balustrade to the landing below the body had been removed to a more suitable place—and I could also see the front door and most of the first-floor hall.

A dozen or so feet west of the stairwell two floors opened upon the lateral passage. They were directly opposite each other; the front room having been the one occupied by Maillot the previous night, while the other was Burke's.

Now as I allowed my glance to rove along the dim-lighted hall in the direction of the two bedrooms, it was at once arrested by some small object lying in the centre of the floor a few feet beyond the two doors. I went and picked it up.

It was the shabby leather jewel case.

But now it bore many indications of extremely rough usage. It was not only open, but empty; the lid was bent, twisted out of shape, and hanging precariously by one damaged hinge. The leather was freshly torn and scratched, while the inner lining of faded satin had been slit in a number of places. I contrived after some manipulation to get the box into a semblance of its former shape, and then slipped it into a pocket or my coat.

Neither Maillot's room nor Burke's revealed anything of much consequence. In the former I noted the open wardrobe door, and, owing to

Wanie it was my first duty, therefore, to discover the murderer, I saw no reason why I should not at the same time find the well-nigh priceless gem, inasmuch as I hoped that the latter would point definitely to the former.

The Ruby had disappeared between eleven o'clock last night and the time of Stodger's arrival—shortly before three in the morning. One of the two men who had passed the night in the house might have secreted it. Their presence offered the most plausible explanation.

Was Maillot the one? His fantastic story was certainly a strain upon one's credulity, I must confess; yet, I had sat face to face with him, and I am not without skill—nor was I at the time—in penetrating a man's outward aspect and discerning the sincerity of his purpose. In justice to him, I can not emphasize too strongly how convincing had been every utterance of his, which I have been at some pains to record. And then, I could not attribute the freshly oil-dipped hinges nor the tiled safe to Maillot. Consequently the next step was to turn to Burke; when I did I was met only by a mental image of his inscrutable eyes; the baffling, impassive visage which showed no mark of age.

Well, Maillot did not have the ruby. And now, if a search of Burke's person and belongings resulted as the former search had, why, I must look to some hiding-place near at hand. And this was a task after my own heart. I cast about in pleased anticipation for an hour or two after nightfall in this dreary old mansion, when I would be alone and at liberty to pursue my quest with the least likelihood of being disturbed. If the ruby were really here, I meant to remain pretty close to it until it came to light, or else have a dependable substitute take my place when it should become necessary for me to go abroad. It was this determination which led to the scar that will disfigure my face as long as I live.

The erstwhile secretary submitted without demur to an examination of his clothing, and without any change of expression that I could perceive. The pale eyes followed my movements with a blank, incurious stare (though Stodger maintains that they did not cease for an instant regarding him), and I was glad enough to see the fellow depart, after I had privately pressed word to Stodger not to lose Burke until another man could relieve him.

The flight of stairs above the landing gave upon a hall which—excepting in the front, where there was a large diamond-paned window—entirely surrounded the stairwell, and was continued by a lateral passage connecting the gables or wings.

One leaning over the balustrade at the top looked down the ascending stairs, the balcony midway up, and a good portion of the spacious hall below. The lateral hall gave access to all the rooms on the second floor.

Arriving at the head of the stairs, I first gave my attention to the staircase. This piece of furniture was simply a pedestal of shelves, without sides, front, or back, so that to tilt it in any direction far out of the perpendicular would mean to spill its burden of old newspapers and periodicals.

Maybe it would have been convenient in a musicroom, but situated where it was it was certainly in the way of anybody using the stairs. If a person unfamiliar with the house should ascend the stairs in the dark, the instant he turned at the top he must almost inevitably collide with it—a circumstance which I was to have brought home to me a few nights later, with consequences which missed being fatal by only the slenderest margins. But after all, I concluded, if a stranger missed it only by a miracle it might have served a double purpose here; no one slept in the second story, ordinarily, and it would make a good burglar alarm, as well as a repository for the iron candlestick and the sea-shell match receptacle.

From the point where it now leaned against the balusters to the lateral corridor or hall, there were many little details to arrest and stimulate my curiosity. The carpet between these two points plainly showed signs of a recent struggle, and at the very vortex of the angle formed by the balustrade, surrounding the stairwell, innumerable drops of congealed paraffin were scattered widely over the floor.

And the railing itself also held a record. Stout as were the uprights sustaining it, it had received the impact of a body sufficiently heavy to throw it askew. At this point on the railing there was a deep triangular dent, destined to assume a high place in solving the problem of Felix Page's murder.

ANY DYSPEPTIC CAN GET WELL

By Taking "Fruit-a-tives" Says Capt. Swan

Life is very miserable to those who suffer from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach and Biliousness. This letter from Captain Swan (one of the best known skippers on the Great Lakes) tells how to get quick relief from Stomach Trouble.

PORT DORVILLE, ONT., May 8th, 1913. "A man has a poor chance of being happy and enjoying life when he cannot eat. That was what was wrong with me. Loss of appetite and indigestion was brought on by Constipation. I have had trouble with these diseases for years. I lost a great deal of flesh and suffered constantly. For the last couple of years, I have taken 'Fruit-a-tives' and have been so pleased with the results that I have recommended them on many occasions to friends and acquaintances. I am sure that 'Fruit-a-tives' have helped me greatly. By following the diet rules and taking 'Fruit-a-tives' according to directions, any person with Dyspepsia will get benefit."

H. SWAN
"Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all Dealers at 50c. a box 6 for \$2.50, or trial size 25c. sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ontario.

The person who wrote this letter was obliged to admit that the likelihood of Maillot's being the murderer was very small. Burke, however, was a more likely suspect. He was a man of no means, and he had been seen in the house on the night of the murder. He was a man of no means, and he had been seen in the house on the night of the murder.

With a feeling of lively anticipation, I entered the bath room. I had forgotten that this room alone had been designated by a distinguishing mark on the chart which I had found while following the mysterious footprints. But I discovered nothing to justify my hopes. The place was unoccupied.

Like other bath rooms in which I had been, I gave it an exceptionally thorough overhauling, even resorting to my magnifying-glass from time to time—but all to no purpose; the room was discouragingly wanting in anything that might be regarded as a clue.

In the end I fell to musing over a bar of common laundry soap on the stationary wash-stand. It was impossible not to contrast this humble detergent—for it was of a bluish and coarse yellowness—to suggest the largest possible quantity for the smallest price—with the dead man's wealth, and to wonder a little as to what petty economies as were signified by it, by the paraffin candlestick, the absence of servants, and which perhaps I have mentioned.

I recalled, with a smile, that Burke had scolded of laundry soap, and that on the wash-stand in Maillot's room there had been no soap at all. Well, there are some queer ways of utilizing wealth; but I contented that, of all of them, to deny oneself the commonest comforts of existence is the queerest and the hardest to understand. A philosophy of living is involved utterly incomprehensible to me.

Passing through the bath room, I emerged upon the landing of the rear stairs. Across the landing was an other small room, which contained, besides a dust-mantled sewing-machine, nothing but some brick and worn-out furniture.

I followed the stairway to the bottom, and about half-way down found a bit of flattened paraffin about the size of my thumb nail.

After re-ascending these stairs I stood once more looking idly down over the balustrade, going over in my mind the parts of the puzzle which had been set for me to bring together into an intelligible and perfect whole, and wondering what I would succeed in making of it all. For a while I was aware of a strange lack of confidence in myself, of a feeling of uncertainty. Had I been negligent in not arresting both Maillot and Burke? It seemed the simplest and most direct method of proceeding; it would be no difficult matter to fasten the crime on one or the other, or both of them; why should I go behind the few plain details which lay so invitingly before me?

Perhaps the intrusion of a pair of blue eyes into the midst of my cogitations had much to do with my resolution. Somehow I was extremely desirous of winning their approval. The possibility that I might win or lose did not enter my thoughts, because I reflected rather dimly, the owner of the blue eyes moved in a sphere in which I had neither part nor parcel.

Still, my determination to solve the mystery of Felix Page's death was inextricably interwoven with another determination to win one that friend, commendatory look—perhaps a word or two, or even a warm handshake—from Miss Genevieve Chopin. How was I to do that? By fastening an odious crime upon her cousin's lover? I shrank from such an alternative. Heaven grant that so far I had not reasoned falsely.

It may seem a poor business thus to mix sentiment with one's humdrum daily affairs; but—well, and so it is. After mature reflection, I can think of but one entenuating plea: I was only twenty-six at the time.

Up to the present it had been difficult to ascribe to each circumstance its own proper value; but now they were beginning to shape themselves into some semblance of order, and for the first time a fairly complete concept presented itself to me.

The antecedent circumstances leading up to the crime, were largely conjectural, although they were pretty strongly suggested by the details of the struggle itself. I was thus enabled to supply the missing portions with more or less plausibility.

Here, then, is the way I reconstructed the night's occurrences in this house—the fatal sequence of events which began when Felix Page came

Maillot good-night, culminated in an older man's death, and ended with the flight of the murderer. You will perceive that the four "Chinese" had no place in it; I could find none to them.

After Mr. Page and Maillot separated, for some reason the former had not retired. I took it as being more than likely that he returned to the library, where presently he fell into a doze before the dying fire. But no first of all he went to the safe to dispose of the box containing the ruby; after that he returned to the library. While he nodded over the fire the thief stole to the safe, opened it with the combination, and took not only the ruby, but everything else the strong-box contained.

But cautious as the thief is, some disturbing noise penetrated to the sleeper's consciousness; in fancy we may see the old man—fox, pirate or the pit, as he had been called—starting broad awake, fearless, every faculty alert and strained to catch the betraying sounds.

In a moment he bestirred himself to ascertain what is afoot in his house at so unseasonably an hour. Noisily he enters the hall from the library, in time to behold the murderer—by the latter's own candle flame. I was positive—ascending the front stairs.

And here the tragic episode departs from all precedent; at this stage it assumes its baffling aspects. If the thief had not been a member of the household—even but a temporary member—why should he have gone up the stairs instead of leaving the house by the nearest way? And again, why should Mr. Page have followed the thief so stealthily if he had not recognized him?

But the master of the house steals up the stairs behind the other. At about the time he arrives at the head of the stairs the thief vanishes; else why did Mr. Page pause to light the candle in the iron candlestick which stood upon the etagere?

Fatal move, that! In some manner the etagere is knocked forward against the balustrade; the thief is alarmed, although some door must have closed behind him. And now the old gentleman is facing no longer a thief merely, but a man with murder in his heart.

Which door had it been; Maillot's, or Burke's, or yet some other door?

Once more we are given a strong indication that Felix Page knew the man, for he and the assassin in line do not immediately close in combat. Not yet. Some words certainly pass. The taper in the heavy iron candlestick must burn long enough to account not only for the drops of paraffin scattered about over the floor, but those that ran like congealing tears down the side.

I could fancy the outraged and mystified old gentleman demanding an explanation, and before long exploding with wrath, the thief standing helplessly convicted—caught "with the goods."

Suddenly the struggle is precipitated by the infuriated household endeavoring to recover his property. We may safely assume that it was by no gentle means that he sought to do this, and at once the battle wages on, and from the head of the stairs, and the lateral passage, quite up to the bath room door. The thief is striving to retain the leather box, the other to wrest it from him.

It is pretty certain, too, that the old gentleman hastily put down the iron candlestick before he grasped the box—on the floor, somewhere near the western angle of the balustrade—and in the end, as the combat in one of its uncertain revolutions sweeps past, the thief forces himself with a desperate effort, snatches it from the floor, and becomes an assassin in actu.

The dull impact of the blow, as the scene is blinded by sudden darkness; the crash of the body against the railing; the dominant glare when the body strikes upon the landing below—and the dark deed is accomplished.

What next follows? Panic on the part of the murderer, we may be sure, as he stands one second in a stupor of horror at what he has done; then he must have flown—whither?

It is at this juncture that Alexander Burke steps into the hall, and beholds nothing in the light of his own candle. It is at this point that Royal Maillot springs from his bed, collides with the open wardrobe door, and straightway forgets the tumult in his own physical suffering, until Burke raps upon his door. And it is at this point that, unless there was some third person in the house, either one or the other of these two young men has deliberately turned them both loose.

I trusted to convict the guilty man by his own conduct. It will develop how far my course was justified. The mute but vivid testimony would seem to lead, step by step and with irresistible logic, straight to the private secretary—had it not been for two circumstances which placed him at all beyond the possibility of

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

TREASURER'S SALE LANDS

IN THE COUNTY OF VICTORIA, FOR ARREARS OF TAXES, TO BE HELD IN THE COURT HOUSE, LINDSAY, ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3rd, 1915, AT 11 O'CLOCK A.M.

Township of Dalton		Comm'n	Cost of	Patented or not
Part of Lot	Lot	Con.	Acres	Arrears
	21	11	95	\$14.94
				\$4.93
				\$18.97

Township of Somerville		Comm'n	Cost of	Patented or not
Part of Lot	Lot	Con.	Acres	Arrears
	D	A	119	74.40
				5.53
				79.93
				24.04

I, James Richardson McNeillie, Treasurer of the County of Victoria, as directed by the Warrant of the Warden of the County of Victoria, dated the Twenty-fifth day of November, A.D., 1914, will proceed to sell each and every of the above mentioned parcels of land, for the arrears of taxes now due upon them respectively, as above set out, together with costs, (unless the said arrears of taxes and costs are sooner paid), at the Court House in the Town of Lindsay, in the said County of Victoria, at Eleven o'clock in the forenoon on Wednesday the Third day of March, A.D., 1915.

J. R. McNeillie,
County Treasurer,
Lindsay, November 25th, 1914.

HOPKINS & HOPKINS

Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, etc. Solicitors for the Bank of Montreal. Money to loan at lowest rates. Offices 6 William-st., south, Lindsay, Ont. Branch office at Woodville.

G. H. Hopkins, K. C.
Fred Holmes Hopkins, B. A.

BARRISTERS Etc

LEIGH R. KNIGHT—Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Commissioner etc. Successor to McDiarmid & Weeks, having removed their business to my own office opposite Watchman Warder Kent-st. Phone 14. Insurance and Real Estate in all branches.

MOORE & JACKSON—Barristers, Etc. Solicitors for the Canadian Bank of Commerce. Money to loan on mortgages, lowest rates. Offices William-st., Lindsay.
F. D. Moore, K. C. Alex Jackson

McLAUGHLIN, PEEL, FULTON, STINSON & ANDERSON
Barristers, Solicitors and Notaries. Money to loan. Special attention given to investments. Offices Dominion Bank, corner of William and Kent-sts., Lindsay.

R. J. McLaughlin, K. C., A. M. Fulton, B. A., Jas. A. Peel, T. H. Stinson, V. E. Anderson, B. A.
Fenelon Falls—Tuesday; Woodville—Wednesday; Cannington—Thursday.

STEWART & O'CONNOR
Barristers, Notaries, Etc., Solicitors for Dominion Bank. Special attention given to loans. Very best terms to borrower. Office over Standard Bank, Lindsay.
Thos. Stewart, L. V. O'Connor

CAVANA & WATSON—Ontario and Dominion Land Surveyors, Engineers, Valuers. Surveys of all descriptions attended to including drainage works. Office Rogers Block, Orillia, Ont. P.O. Box 228, Phone 267.

FIRE AND LIFE

The Largest Fire Insurance Office in the World.

Capital.....\$10,000,000
Accumulated Fund.....3,500,000
Invested in Canada.....900,000

Rates and premiums as low as any other respectable company. The settlement 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.

JAMES KEITH

Seed merchant and dealer in the most improved Poultry Supplies, including all kinds of remedies for diseases among poultry; also on hand Bone cutters for Poultry.

William-st., Lindsay

Who is Your Optician?

Eye-glasses artistically fitted with mountings best adapted to your features are a facial ornament. To you who require glasses the newest and most up-to-date are preferred. In our optical department eye-glasses mounting at the latest designs for comfort and elegance, accurate lenses and successful fitting are the secret of our success.

Welsman

JEWELER OPTICIAN

DR. S. J. SIMS, Dentist

Graduate of Toronto University and Royal College of Dental Surgeons. All dental operations carefully performed at moderate prices. Office over Grocery's Drug