By St. GEORGE RATHBORNE,

nther of "Dector Jack's Wife," Captain Tom," Baron Sam" "Miss Pauline of New York." Miss Caprice," Etc.

At least preasuast ends-it is after eight and the carriage awaits them at the door. Jack has given ordersthe luggage is already down, so that all they have to do is to put on their outside wraps and leave the hotel.

Avis has become grave-she seldom smiles now, for there is a weight upon her mind. In leaving gay Paris she remembers the danger that lies shead -their mission must occupy all thought new to the exclusion of everything

The ride to the station is almost a stient one-outside the rain patters down-then the sun breaks out, to be followed by another shower-it is just such an April weather day as we are accustomed to here, and yet the winter has hardly flown,

It is early yet-Doctor Jack has come long before the scheduled time for the train to leave in order to ascertain the truth about the Pasha. He walks up and down the platform smoking-Avis remembers the scene in Madrid, where he did exactly the same thing, and hopes they will not have the same trouble en route that came to them in

Watching closely, Jack fails to dissover anything of the party for whom he looks-the Pacha has not turned up. Nearer comes the time for starting, and atill there are no signs of the

No wonder Avis' eyes follow him as he walks up and down the platform. There is nothing of false pride in his manner, no strut such as a vain man might show, but for all he has a firm, manly carriage, that indicates self re-Hance and independence.

She is proud of him, and exceedingly glad to remember that he is her friend -that he has devoted himself to her cause. She has such confidence in Doctor Jack that it seems impossible any enterprise can fail which he backs with his indomitable will power. The man who conquered the black toro, and defeated the plots of the scheming Carlists, must surely be a master in the game now before them, and will discover some means whereby Aleck may be rescued from his awful posi-

Then she remembers how she saw the disguised Mercedes approach him. Will she still follow, or is the game to be dropped at Paris ? Unconsciously she, too, begins to glance beyond. and survey the people who pass in review, but she is not looking for the same party as Jack-he seeks the red fes and bronzed face of the Turk, while Avis is endeavouring to discover, under some disguise, the most dazziing black eyes she ever met. Not that she is jealous of Jack-she believes every word he has told her with regard to Mercedes, and yet somehow Avis feels that the Spanish woman does not mean to give up the game

More time passes—she wishes the song would sound, and Jack climb into the carriage. When this occurs she will feel better satisfied—as though he really belonged to her. As it is, Avis is in a continual nervous state lest something should occur to prevent his going with them-a number of things seem to flash into her mind-a telegram may be handed him requiring his attention on some grave business matter, or perhaps the crafty Pasha may prefer a charge against him, and the police arrest the American just before the train moves out. These things may seem foolish, but they are one and all within the range of possibility, and in her present frame of mind Avis can invest each with an air of truth.

So she holds her watch in her hand and casts many an anxious look upon it. Evidently Jack is preoccupied with his thoughts, for he passes the window a number of times without looking up

Finally he does so, and smiles in return for the look she wafts him. He draws near, and Avis lowers the sash

"Is it not nearly time, dector?" she

"Two minutes more. I think we will start out on time, which is a good beginning. See how they toss the luggage into the van. We can't say much worse of our baggage-smashers at home. There comes the man in charge of the train-note the proud step-Jove, a little authority makes fools of some men. A conductor on our side of the big pond attempting such dignity would be unmercifully guyed, I tell you."

Avis herself has to laugh at the pompous Frenchman-she sees he is the Grand Mogul-guards cringe before him, and scowl behind his back. Jack has already bought up the fellow with whom they will deal, and as the compartment has its allotted quartette, there is no danger of their privacy being intruded upon, which is the main cause for dissatisfaction with the European method of travelling firstclass—you must either pay for the entire compartment or have disagreeable fellow passengers thrust in with you, unless wise enough to tip the guard

The rush now becomes a scramble. as belated travellers seek to get their tickets, look after luggage, and find accommodations. Many ludicrous scenes are always occurring at a time like this, and although it seems in a measure heartless to laugh, those who have a keen sense of the ridiculous cannot avoid smiling at the odd pict-

As the critical moment draws nearer the excitement increases-its equal cannot be found on the globe, for in the main these people are excitable Frenchmen, and even the commonplaces of life are rendered with dramatic fervour by the Gaul.

The magnate sweeps his electric gaze up and down the station, glances at his watch, gives one more look | 1888. around to see that all eyes are upon the guards cry, "all aboard" in Danube, but this would be slow work, Having seen the ladies safe in

quents to gain some carriage.

Doctor Jack smiles-he has reason to feel satisfied, for not a trace of the pasha has he seen, which in itself is evidence that the Turk has fallen into

To tosses away his cigar, and turns to enter the carriage, when a hand is laid on his arm. Avis gives a gasp of alarm as she sees a tall Frenchman in citizen's garb thus prevent the American from entering-she believes her worst fears are about to be realised and Doctor Jack will be dragged at to jail on some trumped up charge canthing in order to separate him

To her satisfaction, however, while she clutches the ledge of the window, and holds her breath to eatch what is said, she hears in French ;

"Dector Jack Evans, I believe ?" "Correct-you have-" "This," and thrusting a paper into Jack's hand the tall Frenchman

There is no time to lose, and Dector Jack enters the carriage—the train moves out of station, and presently they are sweeping through the outskirts of the great French capital. Although suspecting what the mes-

like a native. No name signed-he "The pasha will not leave Paris today- he has changed his mind, and is paying a visit to underground Paris, which charms him so much he may desire to spend several days in exploring the mysteries described by Victor

you of his flitting."

Hugo. Send your address-may warn

CHAPTER XIX. There are no secrets between the devoted quartette now-even Madame Sophie is interested in effecting the release of Aleck Morton, her favourite nephew, so Doctor Jack shows them the note, and they laugh over the lovely situation the Turk finds himself in this early spring morning. How he must fume and fret at the detention just at this time when time is of so much value to him. Perhaps a glimmer of the truth may creep into his brain, and if so his sate of mind will certainly be anything but improved by the consciousness that his crafty enemy has outwitted him again.

"What is our course ?" asks Larry, who has fallen back upon the cushions, and seems to be taking life easy -indeed, the little man has a way of doing this quite his own.

"We shall take the most direct line now open-there has been an unfortunate series of accidents happening lately that temporarily closes several routes. To reach Vienna, and then Buda-Pesth, we must pass through Baden and other portions of Germany. Wait, I will try and mark our course on this guide-book map."

So Jack busies himself while Avis offering suggestions now and then. A very pretty picture Larry thinks as he watches them through his half closed man to ever come between two who seem to be so mutually smitten-so he nobly resolves to give up his own chances in the affair, and let Jack have a clear field-a resolution that does him credit under the circumstances seeing that he has three times asked Avis to have him and on each she has always apologized, though declining to enter into any partnership arrangement with a cousin.

They are making good time, and before the day ends stop at a station on the border, where a customs official makes a pretense of searching their luggage, receives his tip, glances at their passports, and they are free to enter Germany.

It is long after darkness sets in that they cross the historic Rhine, and feel they are in the heart of the German empire. Now and then the gentlemen step out at the stations to stretch their limbs and smoke. The night passes away. Once there seems a long delay, and Jack fears lest this, the last method of reaching Vienna, may be closed to them, as there has been an accident ahead. In case it is a landslide, that may be hours and days being cleared up, he soon makes up his mind what they will do.

In Europe money will accomplish wonders, even as in our own country, and in the morning they may find conveyance of some sort that will take them beyond the obstruction, where

they can find a train. Should this fail, one more course remains-to pass down through the St. Gothard tunnel into Italy, reaching Venice on the Adriatic, and there taking a steamer for Constantinople.

Thus Jack lays his plans and goes to sleep-he is awakened by a jarring motion, and finds they are on the move again. Good ! only an hour or so has

Morning finds them at Munich, and if all goes well they should reach Vienna some time before the sun goes down in the west. Breakfast is eaten here, time being given the travellers. Avis looks a little jaded, but she seems to stand the rack of travel upon a Continental railway wonderfully well, Jack thinks, as he helps her back into the carriage. Again they are off, over the Inn river, and along its bank, until finally another official appears. It is at Simbach, and they are now on the border of Austrian territory. Travellers in Europe grow accustomed to these things, but they are a terrible nuisance, and we never realize what this business is like in the States until we have a yellow fever epidemic like the one at Jacksonville, Florida, in the summer of

Vienna at last, and all well. They him, holds his arm suspended in mid are obliged to remain over night in air for just ten seconds, then, describ- the Austrian capital, as there is no the way to believe that he must rescue ing a grand parabolic sweep, it de- train until morning. True, they Aleck or lose his own life in the atseends, the clang of a gong is heard, might take one of the boats down the tempt.

case haspe on the willion trees, as the college weekley colding come process to the college and the

Who shall sink us the song of Zhou? I make her was the shall sink the shall be a contract to the

Sophie, as they roll into the station, "Ah! you have been here, before, cries Avis, "we shall benefit by your

And they do. Jack secures what information he desires to begin with, engages a carriage, and in a short time they have entered the city, and are in the gleasant rooms of the hotel. Evening near at hand, but after enjoy.... luxury of a little fresh wall party start out to view the con-

the Ringstrasse near by. One can spend most of his t Vienna on the streets or in the -it is amusing to study the charato be met upon the streets of tra great city, for Austria is made up

a dozen small nationalities, from Hungarians and Germans to Poles and They might at any other time have gone to the opera in the evening, for Vienna is a second Paris, and her in-

habitants must always have numeramusements going on-each strasse, especially if a boulevard, seems to be thronged all day longmusic sounds from every quarter, and one soon gets an idea that the Viennese are a lively people, and the city one of the finest in Europe,

In the morning they leave Vienna, and once more their course is southeast. A long journey still lies before them, and at the end of it is the Turkish city, where they expect to find the prisoner of Abdallah Pasha. Buda-Pesth is reached by noon, and to their surprise they find a magnificent city on both sides of the Dais-Jack glances at it eagerly-- nube, conscted by a splendid bridge, Buda being on one shore and Pesth of

> During the afternoon they pass near the border of Servia, but night still finds them in Austria. Another examination of passes-this time it is by the Turkish officials sure enough. They make slow progress now, for a lightning express in Turkey would be such a novelty that the Sultan's people might expire from fright.

> The wearisome journey draws near an end, and with the morning they find themselves close to their goal. Great inroads have been made in the old time habits of the Turks by the progress of civilization rushing eastward. The advent of the railroad has changed many of their customs, and some of the most intelligent among officials would follow after the ways of their Western neighbours if the mass of people were not so settled in their old dogmas.

Gradually the Turk is being pushed out of Europe-many of his fairest provinces have been taken away and made into new states that, fermerly a coalition, will put a nation between Austria and the Black Sea. Some day there will be an upheaval.

and Mr. Turk will cross the Bosphorus in a hurry, to return no more, when Constantinople, taken originally by force, will revert to new owners. The Turk is nothing if not philosophical, and when this dreadful day of disaster comes he will probably say, resignedly :- "Kismet ! Allah is Allah and Mohammed is his prophet." At a quarter to ten Jack calls their

attention to a sight that inspires them into a burst of enthusiasm. The sun has climbed half way up in the heavens, and as they chance to be upon an elevation where they can see the leans over his shoulder looking on and | blue waters of the Bosphorus, before their vision comes a glimpse of Constantinople. Never, while they live, will they forget that first view of the eyes, and it would be a shame for any | Oriental city. It seems like the phantasy of a dream, with the golden sunlight fisshing from numerous domes and minarets, marking the mosques, of which there are several hundred in Stamboul-as the natives call the city.

Soon the train reaches the station. Jack having been here before, knows occasion sent the New York girl off the ropes, and pilots his party by into a spasm of laughing for which means of what seems to be an underground railway into the city proper. Here they emerge, and find themselves in Stamboul-around them are the thousand and one strange sights that greet the traveller in Turkey to-

> Jack takes them to a house-here he finds an old friend with whom Aleck and himself lodged on the former occasion, and who now receives him

Hotels are almost an unknown luxury in Turkey, and what inns there are European visitors avoid as general thing, seeking some private house to which they have been referred by friends who have been here be-

Avis watches Jack closely-she realizes that everything depends on him. and does not desire to divert his mind from the business on hand. She believes he will succeed, but the position is grave, and nothing must occur to annoy him.

As for Larry, he is in for seeing the sights, and without any loss of time proceeds to take them in, wandering about the crooked streets under the care of a man he has engaged, whose ordinary business is that of a hamal, or porter, but who nevertheless makes

a good guide. One can spend weeks in Stamboul sight seeing-the mosques, almost always crowded, are a daily spectaclethen there are other things upon the streets to attract attention, such as the bazaars, with their glass roofs, where the Turkish tradesmen offer for sale the strangest things one can imagine-where are crowded in their stalls, elbow to elbow, men who carry on every business known to the Orient. and the display of goods is so varied, ranging from the jeweler and seller of henna down to the maker of the national headgear, the fez, that one can

Yes. Constantinople is a splendid lounging place, to pass away a month -new sights can be seen every day, and one does not even grow weary of

easily imagine himself in an enchanted

Jack Evans has not come here for such a purpose, however-no man has a greater weight on his mind than ha. on that his own fate depends upon ms Aleck he wins his sister, and, indeed, remembering the desperate nature of it is brief and to the point.

the house Jack sives them a few di- Unless the pasha is detained on the capabilities of the western prairies.

rections, and then sets out to make | way, he will arrive at Stamboul some airangements, Most tourists when visiting the Turkish capital lodge at | Jack has never known a train to be Pera, on the outskirts, where the Eng- on time here, and he counts on havly located, but Jack, prefers to be in

the city itself, where he can hear the muesgin upon the minaret chanting the adan at sunrise-memories that He has another motive. If the Pasha reaches Stamboul before the grand finale of the game, he will look for his enemy in Pera or Galata, the fashionable suburbs of the old city, where, of

course, he will not find him. The detective force of Constantinopie is hardly equal to that of Paris-when a man desires to hide himself in the former city he can easily do so, and it will only be by accident his where-

abouts may become known, So Jack believes himself secure. He purchases a red fee the first thing, and adopting this, renders himself less consideuous, for many of the Turks have come to wearing just such garments as Frenchmen-they cannot quite go the usually loud costume of the average English tourist.

It may be set down for granted that Jack has his hands full, but he is feeling like a fighting cock, and was never better in his life, so if he falls, he cannot offer as an excuse that he was not in condition.

Two days and nights-that is the most he can count on ere Abdallah Pasha turns up-perhaps even now the Turk is on the way, driving fast as a European train can take him for the city on the Bosphorus, eager to thwart the schemes of his shrewd Yankee enemy,

Jack's first desire is to find this out -there is a telegraph line to Paris, and he seeks the Hotel de Londres in Pera, where he sends a message to the prefect of police, carefully worded, and desires an answer.

Then, knowing that it will be some hours before he can receive his reply, he asks the operator, a Frenchman, to hold it for him, after which he saunters away. The Turks are accustomed to seeing

Franks in all places, and derive much income from them, so that they pay no attention to them so long as they saun-Hence Jack is too wise to rush along, no matter what eagerness he may te restraining, but makes up for this by

peristence, so that he gets there all Leaving Pera, he makes enquiries, and finally enters the shop of an armorer in a bargar. The man looks at him closely, gives a cry of "Allah

is great f it is my master," and kisses his hand impulsively. This Turk is a man whom Decter Jack has made his slave-when here before, circumstances allowed him to do Achmed a great favour, and the man fairly worships the ground he

Jack needs him now-he tells him what the risk is, but the man shrugs his shoulders. His life would have been taken before but for Jack, and he is quite willing to jeopardize it now if by so doing he may prove his gra-

he knows Achmed means it, too. He will do whatever he is told to the best of his ability. Jack becomes more positive in his belief that if Aleck is alive they will save him. He is very dogged in his

Such words please the American, and

way, and having set his course, will sail it until the mest is blown out, be-He gives the Turkish armorer certain work to do, and declares that he

will return to the shop to hear his report at dusk. Achmed knows where Abdallah Pasha has his residencejust outside of the great city, and overlooking the blue Gosphorus-one of the loveliest sites the human mind could conceive. His grounds are noted for their magnificence. Certain European friends of the Pasha, who have travelled a great deal, have seen and admired the palace and its surroundings, but none of them have, with the owner's consent, ever set eyes on the interior of the harem or the seraglio, where the beautiful houris of the Orient pass their life of luxury.

Achmed has a hard task before him, but he is more than ordinarily shrewd for a Turk. It was from him Jack got his hint that his friend Aleck had not been killed, but was a prisoner in the Turk's palace, and he is now sent out, well supplied with money, to ascertain the exact truth.

As for Doctor Jack himself, he hies away to the water front. His idea is to buy a fast boat of some sort, and

There are a men-or-tog at the Golden Horn, and among others fack sees one bearing the Stars and Stripes. What a thrill the sight of car old flag gives him. If he could only rescue Aleck, and all of they would be safe, but he knows the commander would not dare shelter them after they have entered a Turkish palace and defied the power of a Pasha, so he makes up his mind to depend only on himself.

Making enquiries he finds a vessel for sale, and discovers she is an English yacht, small in build, but well manned. He meets the owner on board, has a private talk, and in half an hour the Thistledown is his. The crew greet their new master, and Jack

He has a talk with the captain, and examines the interior of the yacht, making some suggestions regarding the hold, where a fine hiding-place can be made between two bulkheads. Having given explicit orders, Doc-

ably well for the few hours he has at a cafe, and Jack is enough of a Turk to know what is best, so he fares well where a stranger might almost

tor Jack again lands. It is long past

high noon, and he has done remark-

the hotel in the Pera suburb, eager Paris. A dispatch is awaiting him-

fourth." as ins age. A children sant red-covered vade mecum, which gives of grain threshed will likely open the arrival and departure of trains. | the eyes of the people to the great

cold at to all of gentless, then the first

Honter, Lindsey. - v ogs

time early on the second night, but

the booths, giving the scene an additional weird aspect as the dark faces and many-coloured garments of the groups are seen under the yellow

of these illuminating agents. Jack cannot but notice these things even while his mind is engrossed with the business in hand, for he is something of an artist in his way, and always grasps the picturesque.

Achmed makes an obelsance as he somes in-his veneration for the American is great. As is his usual custom, Jack proceeds to get the facts

He learns that the Turk has been in the palace of the pasha, bribed one of the servitors, and even looked upon Aleck Morton in his prison. This he describes to Jack as a dungeon beneath the ground, where Aleck has been kept all these weeks and months. His garments are in tatters, his face thin, but his Yankee spirit unbroken Twice he has attempted to escape,

and came near doing it, but the vigilance of the guard prevented him. There is a grating of iren covering an air hole that lets a ray of light into the dark dungeon during the day time. Could Achmed lead him to it after nightfall ? The faithful Turk prostrates himself and declares it is impossible. Jack asks more questions, makes an appointment, and hurries

He hies himself to the home of the American minister-it is possible that this gentleman may interfere and save Aleck, for no matter what his offence has been, he is an American citizen, and entitled to the protection of his

The fates are against him. He finds that the minister, together with the British ambassador, has gone off DR. TAPT BROS. MEDICINE Co. for a cruise on a new vessel that has just been built for the antiquated Turkish navy. "When will he be back ?"

"With rare good luck, if the engines do not break down, in a day or so, but," with a shrug, "we always allow for accidents in Stamboul." Just so, and this sets Doctor Jack back a peg or two in his calculations. He remembers the Quinnebaug, the old style American man-of-war, then Fast 130th St., N.Y. City. in port, and wonders if her captain dares to assist him, shakes his head grinds his teeth together, and says,

"Before I could set the wheels geing he would be here-no. I see very plainly this good arm alone stands between Aleck and death."

emphatically :-

CHAPTER XX.

If ever Doctor Jack was aroused in all his life, he certainly is now-a lion at bay could not exhibit more animation, for success or failure means much to him. There are rare qualities about this man that make him an enemy to be feared-his usually quiet manner can be thrown off, and a flerce aggressiveness takes its place. Passing along through the streets he heads toward the bazzar. Crowds jostle him-they are composed of representatives of many nations-Circassians, Arabs, Russians, Jews, negroes, Greeks, Armenians added to the Turks themselves, Servians, and natives of Montenegro-each in his national costume, make a spectacle not to be found elsewhere upon the globe. Looking neither to the right nor left, Jack more than once stumbles over some mangy cur, of which millions, one could almost say, roam the crooked thoroughfares and alleys of old Stamboul, where day and night magnificence and squalor go hand in

A pilgrim with a camel, direct from Egypt or perhaps Persia, adds to the Oriental interest of the scene, while fellow who has a performing bear from the Ural Mountains, draws quite a crowd but mighty few plastres, for the Turks, as a rule, are close with their small coins.

So Jack pushes in. He is so wrapped up in thought that he overshoots his mark, and finds himself opposite a mosque, which he remembers in far-

ther down the street than the passes in which Achmed has a stall. His attention is attracted by the loud voices of a band of howling dervishes in the mosque, and he glances in for a moment to hear their continual shouts of "La illa ha illa Allah !" and witness their contortions. Jack is no stranger to the sight. He grades, from the dancers of Stambou to those of the singing tribe, who take the place of our "little

band" in Persian cities. Turning back, he is soon in the basar-it is less crowded now, but Fitters Supplies. schmed is there, waiting, ready to lead the daring American to the prison his friend, no matter what the (Continued next week.)

SOME PHENOMENAL YIELDS

What the Rich Prairies of the North-West Can Produce.

Some of the crop reports stready to hand from points in Manitoba and the Territories will make the eyes of Outario farmers bulge out. Here are a few sapmle yields; In the Regina district many re-

turns are given of crops of wheat running from 40 to 45 bushels to the

J. A. Snell, of Yorkton, threshed 28,000 bushels of oats from 450 acres, an average of 68 bushels per Call on_ ocre for a large acreage. W. R. Motherwell, of Abernethy, threshed 2,650 bushels of wheat from a 50-acre field, an average of 53 Hutchings threshed 728 bushels of

wheat from a ten-acre plot, an av-"He left Paris on the night of the of cars from 60 acres of land, an average of 116 bushels per acre. Jack calculates quickly, consults his The publication of the actual yields

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After having it carefully analyzed, we can state that Asthmalene contains no opium, morphine, chloreform or ether. Very truly yours, REV. DR. MORRIS, WECHSLER. Avon Spaines, N.Y., Feb. 1, 1901.

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Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full-size bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have family of four children, and for six years was unable to work. I am new in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimony you

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