Author of "Dr. Jack," "Captain Tom," "Miss Caprice," Etc., Etc.

### CHAPTER I.

Night has just settled over the city and harbor of Valpraiso, the greatest seaport of the Chilian coast-an October nightwhen a boat from the Chilian war vessel draws up alongside the landing known as the Mole.

One man only springs out, and his actions bespeak the soldier rather than the sailor. Chili, the stanchest republic of South America, has recently been racked in the throes of civil war, and the beaten government leader, Balmaceda, has fied over the mountains. His fate is still uncertain, and a close watch is kept up in all seaport towns for the fugitive president, who is believed to carry with him a wonderful treasure in precious gems.

"Buenos noche, Senor Colonel," sings out the Chillian officer in the stern-sheets of the boat.

The man on shore responds-his voice and intonation betray his nationality-Colonel Leon Garcia has played a part in the late war, and by rare good luck chances to be on the winning side when it terminates

Swinging on his heel, he passes into the city, siming directly for a certain quarter, as though he has an engagement. Valparaiso at this hour is a noisy place for a number of war vessels, besides trading steamers and ships are in and hundreds of sailors on shereeave make things lively. Among others may be seen a number of Yankee tars from the cruiser Baltimore, new in port.

Colonel Garcia frowns whenever he sights one of Uncle Sam's blue-jackets, for like the majority of his countrymen. he has conceived an intense hatred for all Yankees, and puffed up with the recant victories, believes valiant Chili with her powerful men-of-war can even lay the United States under tribute.

At the corner of the lighted Plaza Heelright he comes to a stop-a figure advances out of the shadow to greet him. a figure of magnificent build, colossal in size, and possessing the unmistakable voice of a Briton. There are many Englishmen in Chili, here the money from the tight little island across the sea controls most of the industries. "Colonel, you are a little late," re-

marks the Briten, somewhat peevishly. "Bah! what does it matter-he will not be back for hours. We have cooked his goose, and the game is in our hands, milord," returns the soldier, as if proud of his own work-this Chilian colonel is a fire-eater, a dare-devil, in his own estimation, though if his soldiers were closely interrogated they would tell how he sheltered himself behind a tree in one engagement, and at the closing battle of Placilla a wrecked stone house gave him security, from which he waved his sword frantically, urging his men to deeds of

"Pardon me if I appear less sanguine than yourself-I've had some dealings with this Yankee doctor-he is in league with the nitrate king, Colonel North, has outwitted the combine that plotted his ruin, and bids fair to carry out the project that brought him to Chili at this time. By Jove! I shall not be satisfied until I know the whole business has been accomplished."

"You surprise me, Lord Rackett; I thought you were invincible; a born athlete; a British prize boxer who had never met his match."

"Wait until you meet Doctor Jack, my work, and I respect as much as I hate the Yankee. Some day we will settle our question at close quarters, but for the present I am content to work in the dark against him." "Pardon again-you adore-his wife!"

"My dear colonel, I worshipped her before she ever knew such a man existed as Jack Evans. Then I lost her-was taken with the fever at Paris-took me six months to recuperate."

"Vaga, hombre, and she-" "By Jove! was Doctor Jack's wife when I saw her again. I was furious, meant to challenge him-thought better of it and laid low to await the turn of the tide that comes to every man who has patience. It has taken several years, but fortune has finally given me the chance I asked. He comes to Chili on a secret mission-to save the fortune he has invested here-Avis accompanies him against his wishes, for she is brave, devoted. I am already here; Englishmen are in favor with the Chilians, while Americans are hated. I am in luck. I lay my plans, and here in old Valparaiso Doctor Jack will meet his Waterloo."

"Carramba! what a mind for scheming. I am proud to serve you, to be your ally. But what do I inhale—that abominable smoke-see, it proceeds from that figure hugging yonder post within earshet. We may be overheard." "Bah! it is the odor of a wretched

eigarette-some Chilian lad lounging in the plaza; we talk in English; it Greek to him, never fear. Are you ready for our little programme?" "You mean our argument under the

lady's window at the fonda-yes, I have is in my mind, and will carry my part. Experience has taught me that all women are jegleus, and I must believe Doctor Jack's wife is no exception to the general

"Ah," says the Briton, with a chuckle. "she has good reason for jealousy; she loves this man; I will cause her first to

"And them?" "By Jove! I shall marry his widow in the end. Trust me, my boy, for that."

"Do we go now?" "At once, colonel. Remember, I shall appear very angry; an English gentleman is easily aroused by such miserable

treashery on the part of a contemptible "Of course—it is natural. You say sh sits much at her open window?"

"Yes, for her husband has had to b away most of the time, and owing to the excited state of the populace since the capture of the city he does not wish her abroad unattended." "Take my arm, milord. Now we shall

proceed to the fonds." As the two saunter across the plaza, after lighting clears, the small figure that has been hugging the post near by, arises, and instead of a Chilian youth proves to be a little man sporting a pair

of the agentsing though diminative

Dundreary whiskers, & checkered Butt and a tremendous cane, with an ape's head for a handle, which the owner sucks whenever he has occasion for deep

"Bless my soul, but this is very odd. I cawn't quite understand it, you know. Something told me Lord Rackett was up to mischief, so I kept out of his sight and followed him here. One thing I've learned that pleases me-they're in Valparaiso-I'll soon be able to give Jack the message I've carried over the sea. By Jove! I must patter after this pair of ducks, you know, and see what they mean to do. Wretched cigarette-abominable odor-I'll wipe out the insult in gore, pon onah, I will."

Thereupon the little man's slender legs fairly fly as he hastens to overtake those whose conversation a peculiar freak of fortune has allowed him to hear.

The hotel looms up-quite a fair-look ing building for Valparaiso. Already the pair ahead seem to have opened up a warm discussion-men generally raise their voices when they become heated in argument-and as seems quite natural, they come to a pause close to the walls of the fonda; as a hotel is known in al Spanish countries.

Not more than ten feet above the side walk there is an open window; through this a soft light escapes as though a lamp men sound upon the night air, the flutter of a white shawl or some similar feminine garment might be noticed in this

"I say it is a burning shame, colonel I'm a single man myself, but I have no patience with a scoudrel who would deceive his wife, leave her at some hotel. and go off to flirt with a pretty girl who has caught his eye." "Bah! they're pretty much alike, mi-

lord, these benedicts: I've no doubt that Senor Evans' wife believes him to be perfection. Men are deceivers ever, you knew." laughs the Chilians "Jove I've a notion to find out where

yes, prove it, if need be, by taking her Senorita Marilla de los Vegos." "Cospital man, she would not go." "Then I shall horsewhip him on the

plaza. I tell you I once knew this lady and worshiped her, Colonel Garcia, and my honest British blood boils at her husband's cowardly act." "Go slow, my impetuous British lion. I have heard of the Yankee, and Doctor Jack has the reputation of one who fears

but even that might not save you in an "An English gentleman never lets such a thought confound him. Win or lose. would make no difference; in the service of a lady whom he respects he would risk his life. You are sure you saw him with the beautiful and wealthy senorita who came se near trapping Balmaceda before

neither man nor devil. You are brave,

his secret flight?" "I will stake my life on it-he kissed her hand and looked the lover. I can hardly blame the Yankee, por Dios, for half the men in all Valparaiso would wade through fire and flood at the nod of her pretty head.'

"Hembre, I admit the soft impeach ment. When I saw this accursed Yankee find favor in her eyes, and receive the

looks of love that I would give my right hand to have bestowed upon my humble self, I stamped his face on my brain, and his name when she uttered it." How flercely the dashing Chilian says this, as though he means every word.

"Tell me what she said." "All I heard, and it was enough to give me a heart-flutter, too, was, 'To the death. Doctor Jack-she shall not come

"Jovel quite anough I dealers" What was that—I thought I heard a low cry."

"Nonsense, man, there is so much confusion around Valparaiso now, with sailors swarming the streets and soldiers from our victorious army marching in squads, that all manner of sounds may strike the ear. Let's find a quiet nook in a neighboring calle, where we can talk this thing over and arrange our plan. By Jove! it's a blasted shame. An Englishman cawn't stand by and see a thing like this done. Doctor Jack has got to give

"Or I shall make his wife a widow soon," grates the fire-eating colonel. Then, arm in arm, the two saunter on,

as though their halt has been an accident. In the window above a feminine figure is crouched-every word has reached the ears of that faithful wife, but beyond the one low, involuntary cry that escaped her at the cruel words repeated by the heartless Chilian soldier of fortune she has given no evidence that the conversation thus accidentally held in front of the Valparaiso fonda, and under her window, is of a character to sear itself with letters of fire upon her brain.

One minute later the light flashes up in the apartments occupied by the rich American, Doctor Evans, and his charm-

Sixty seconds more, and there sounds a sudden knock upon the hall door. "Enter," calls the voice of the lady, in Spanish, but she does not turn her head nor desist in her search through the trunk for something. Through the doorway steps the little

man we have seen upon the plaza; the bright light reveals the wonderful pattern of his garments, and his generally dudish but ridiculous attire, even to the insignificant little Dundreary appendages on either side of his face, which countenance it must be confessed usually boasts of a dull, vacant expression, possibly studied. As this specimen of the Anglomania craze, in New York, stands there, one hand held out toward Doctor Jack's wife in greeting, the other feebly caressing the left tuft of yellow down upon his of cheek, while his cane is tucked under his arm, the woman at the trunk, who has tossed all manner of garments aside in lonely pilgrim from the fends hardly fin-

"I have found it, and now to wring a confession from the lips of the scoundrel.'

clous, Avis, don't you wecognize me- gazing up at the few stars that peep

luckily without exploding, and in another minute the small man finds himself actually embraced by another fellow's

"Thank God you are here, just when I need you most, cousin. I am in a cruel to help me," she cries, as she blushingly releases her small relative and sinks into a chair.

Then she rapidly repeats what has been said beneath her window. "I know-the air is full of danger to you and yours in Valparaiso. I must see Jack as soon as possible: I bring him a message of importance from Quitohunted for you in Santiago, chased you to this beastly place. But you have your hat on-what do you intend doing-make your husband confess?" in a joking sort

Her blue eyes snap sparks of fire:-"If you had not come, Cousin Larry, in five minutes some one would have been hunting for a Colonel Leon Garcia, and before the hour that miserable Chilian officer would be on his knees, looking into the muzzle of this pretty toy, and confessing the truth to Doctor Jack's

### CHAPTER II.

At just the time the boat from the Chilian gunboat lands alongside the Mole, a man leaves the fonda that Valparaiso is proud of, and heads into the

A visitor from one of the capitals Europe or the States might turn up his nose at the idea of Valparaiso being called a great city, for there are lacking many of the elements that enterprise has made common in the civilized world, but it should be taken into consideration that Chili is in reality a Spanish country, through the widest awake of all our South American neighbors, and that they do not take as readily to the wonderful advances of the age as some other nations. Besides. Chili has just suffered the agonies of a terrible civil war, and emerges with an added luster to her diadem; all she wants now is a little time to recover and then watch her advance with giant Thus it may be accounted for that in-

stead of flashing electric lights, such as we are accustomed to seeing even in most of our small towns along the railroads. Valparaiso, recently the seat of battle, is dimly lighted with flaring gas lamps.

Doctor Jack thinks little of this as he leaves the hotel and strikes for the center of the city; he has delved into many quaint city of Europe, and in his travels has seen so much that is odd and belongs to a past age that with a traveler's experience his philosophy is to take all things as he finds them, and do the best

Once he turns, to wave his handkerchief to the figure in the window of the notel and receive an answering salute. "God bless the dear girl," mutters

Doctor Jack; "it's a beastly shame that she should be compelled to endure what has come upon us in this war-racked country, but Avis would not allow me to sail alone, and everything depended on my coming. Well, it looks as though the biggest success of my life had attended me, and in a couple of days more we'll take the steamer, sail for California, and put in the winter on our lovely place near Monterev. "I am more than curious to know

what the writer of this note has to say concerning the secret mission that brought me to Chili-the vague hints thrown out do not satisfy me. It may be he has news of importance to communicate, or on the other hand this little business may turn out-a trap. Doctor Jack comes prepared with gold to buy this secret if it is worthy of a price, and with cold lead to meet treachery. Thus meditating, the American trav-

erses a narrow calle where the draught of sea air causes the lights to flare, and fantastic shadows to creep over the pavements like weird phantoms.

Valparaiso, like all seaport, always has its quota of rough characters, and at this particular time is boiling over with elements succeeding the late war-soldier adventurers spending the spoils they have picked up, sailors deserting their ships, and numerous rogues from the country flocking to the scene of Balmaceda's overthrow, as though expecting to find the treasure of the late government

Doctor Jack seeks no quarrel, though ever ready to defend himself against all comers. He knows the antipathy that against Americans, and how quick these natives are to spot a Yankee on sighthence, he pulls the soft hat he wears farther over his eyes as he pushes along the

dismal looking calle. Doctor Jack can talk Spanish fairly well, and if asked a question may even reply in a tone that would cause no suspicion to arise concerning his right to the streets of Valparaiso. Better a little deception of this sort than a silly outbreak that must betray his identity and cause a small riot in the city.

His residence in the country has been such as to make it profitable for him to imitate the natives in the matter of dress and habits as much as possible. The Chilians do not differ greatly from our own methods-the habiliments of a gentleman are much the same every day, but in a few things they have their own oddities, and these are enough to mark a native in the street from foreigner, just as we spot an Englishman

The wisdom of Doctor Jack's policy is presently made manifest. At a certain point of the calle two vagabonds, who wear remnants of soldiers' uniforms, though this does not prove that they have ever marched under the Chilian flag, suddenly confronts the American

pedestrian and demand his money. Their appeal is not one of charity, for the outstretched hand holds something

in its grasp that glitters like steel. Now, Doctor Jack has never been niggardly in his dealings with the needy his hand and pocket-book are always open to the appeals of want, but there is something in his nature that invariably protests against having the hand of a footpad thrust into his purse and seize

upon the contents. He has had the experience under the moons of various countries, and as a general rule kieked against it with all his might. Just so on the present occasion although unwilling to create a disturb ance or commit a breach of the peace in the streets of old Valparaiso, he is even more opposed to handing over his valuables to a couple of cowardly vagabonds who thus waylay him, taking advantage of the fact that at this particular moment

narrow, ill-lighted calle. Hence, the fellow who addresses her excited search, gives utterance to a | ishes his demand for the coins of ishes his demand for the coins of the reaches a realm when he is struck by a young cyclone, the revolver sent flying from his forming a rude cross—it is known as duse take these whiskers! It's me—your down from the parrow lane of blue sky



In married life is generally of health in man and wife. But how soon, in many

cases, the wife loses the start and fades in face and fails in flesh, while her husband grows even more rugged and robust. There is one chief cause for this wifely failure and

that is, the failure of the womanly health. When there is irregularity or an unhealthy drain, inflammation, ulceration or female weakness, the general health is soon im-Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures woman-

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impudent footpad he thus chastises has comrade, and whirling around, he is just in time to seize this fellow's upraised arm, which brandishes aloft an ugh

When those fingers of steel encircle the wrist of the Chilian desperado he feels a though he has aliened his sem by mistake into a vice, which clamps upon it with terrible force, causing a cry of anguish to burst from his lips.

With a few words in Spanish to emphasize the force of his action, the Yankee gives a sudden fling of his arm-it is not unlike the snap of a drover's long whip. At the same moment he releases his clutch, and the footpad is sent across the calle with a force like that attained by a stone hurled in olden times from that primitive war engine, the catapult. As he strikes the door of a house which chances to be slightly ajar, he goes

crashing in, and that lack of positive re-

sistance saves him from a broken head. The field is clear by this time, and Doctor Jack walks on as composedly as though such little occurrences are everyday matters with him, and count for but little anyway.

"Strange, how many cities I've been n where just such a thing occurred to me-Paris, London, Madrid, Rome, Cairo, yes, and even in far-away Constantinople and Bombay. Well, when a man takes to roaming the streets at night he's almost certain to meet with just such an adventure, be it in Chicago or Santiago, Rio de Janeiro or Buenos Ayres. That's done, and all the injury I've sustained is the fractured skin upon one of my knuckles. Reckon the chap who was the cause of it all feels worse than that after the collision."

Saying which, he wraps his handkerchief carelessly around the hand that bleeds a little, and his thoughts go back to stormy scenes in Madrid some years ago, when he first met the woman he so proudly calls his wife, and in striving to keep his first appointment passed through just such an experience as has befallen him here in Valparaiso.

Then his mind leaves these old scenes and once more turns to the business on hand-the strange affair that causes him to part from his wife at the fonds and plunges into the amazing depths of the

Fortunately Doctor Jack is at home here—he has threaded every one of Valparaiso's calles in the daytime, and knows just where his course lies.

Presently he emerges from the narrow street, to find himself upon one better lighted, where there are many pedestrians of all classes and nations. Here gangs of sailors reel along, shouting their national airs, for under the exciting circumstances the alquazils are prone to wink at any ordinary disturbance of the peace. Valparaiso contains so many rough elements, and is in such a prime condition for a riot that the cautious Intendente, or chief of police, has issued orders to his men to wink at small disorders.

Along this thoroughfare the American strides for some ten minutes-then he stops to look around him, as if a little

"Passed the calle, I reckon-anyhow. I don't remember seeing yonder barracks the time I came out of that same street and turned in the quarter I've just come from. Let me go back and see-here's a street, and I honestly believe it's the one -isn't that a name rudely painted the glass of the blinking street-lamp? Wait until it flares up again, poor thing -ah! now we have it, Calle los Angeles. Bless my soul, the street of the angels -well, judging from the looks, I should say their visits in this section are few and far between.

Standing there a minute, he takes survey of the street; although it does not appear to be a thoroughfare, it is fairly lighted, and he remembers that quite number of what are called palaces in South American city can be found in this

Little does Doctor Jack imagine what strange events lie before him as he stands for a minute upon the threshold of his adventure and gazes down the calle with its twinkling lights.

Around him arise the various sounds that may be heard in a Spanish town of a balmy evening-much laughter, loud talking, songs from jolly spirits passing, while from over the walls of a garden (oolish of all ailments of his is hay near by come the tinkling notes of a fever. And hitherto no cure has been mandelin as one of Chill's dark-eyed daughters thrums a national air. discovered. But hay fever, it

Doctor Jack hears, smiles, and turning his back on all this exhilaration of sounds plunges down the Calle los Angelesadvancing to meet the strange adventure

onfession from the lips of the scoundrel."

She turns as she speaks.

"By Jove! a revolver it is. Good gwalver in the lips of the scoundrel."

She turns as she speaks.

With such impetus that he finds himself las many a time served as a rendezvous lying on his back ten feet away, feebly for lovers and pletters. At the Tree of the Cross he pauses and glances around him. A figure which the

Good evening, senor-I have been expecting you. You are prompt." "Are you Jose?

"Si, senor, that is my name," bowing, and Jack notices that he is attired as servante are in the families of rich Chil-

"You are to lead me into the presence

of one who sight the name of Don Rafael "That is true, senor."

"Then lose no time-I am ready." "Follow, senor.

Doctor Jack does so willingly; he not in the habit of engaging in wildgoose chases, but on the present occasion the letter which has been handed to him. requesting an interview, contained so many points concerning his secret mission to Chill, which he believed were only known to himself, that, acting on the advice of his wife, it is only proper that he should take some risks in order to find out what this means. Jose looks behind him several times.

as if to see whether the American follows; but he need have no fear on this score, since Jack has entered the game. determined to see it to the end. "We arrive!" cries the man, suddenly,

as he opens a heavy gate, above which hangs a red lantern. It may be like the fly walking into the

parlor of the cunning spider, but having made up his mind, the Yankee is bound to go forward, even though he may suspect all manner of evil hovers there in store for him. So he passes the portals Like many houses owned by the higher

classes in Santiago and Valparaiso, this building is set in the midst of a garden, and commanded by bigh wells to inque privacy-indeed, these same walls might not be amiss in conjunction with a peni tentiary or lunatic asylum. They pass along a walk bordered with flowers, the perfume of which at least

makes itself manifest. Then comes the

house—broad steps are ascended, a noble plazza orossed, and Jose throws open the "Enter." he cries, and when Doctor Jack her come so he leads him to a room, which, wough but dimly lighted. be seen is elegantly flirnished

Here the American waitader drawing-room where his deadly foe Lord Rackett Plympton, is an honored guest -here he stands impatiently-them, de strous of seeing the paintings, turns on the gas, floois the room with Meht, and hearing what may be a sigh, turns-to gase upon a sight that would thrill most

To Be Concinued.

# BATEESE, THE LUCKY MAN.

On de place were no wan ketch at an:

He's alway ketchin' barbotte, dat's a'at you calf bull-pout, An' he never miss the wil' duck on

O! de partridze do some skipin she keem on de swamp For she know Bateese don't go for not'in' dere. An' de rabbit if he's comin', wall, you ought to see heen jump.

so scare! Affre two hours by de reever I has hees leetle song.

W'y he want to offub de tree oe le

Dan I meet heem all hee's pockets full of snipe. An' me, I go de same place, and I tramp de whole day long. An' I'm only shootin' two on t'ree, ba Cripe!

I start about de suneri

holler on hee's boy For carry home two dozen duck or

four o'clock to nine n' ev'ry duck she's rassn'y up so Dere's blue-bill, an outter-ball, an red head, de finest kin.

An' I might as well go shootin' on Don't see de noder fellow lak Bateese

He can ketch de smartest fish as An' de bird he seidom miss dem. le

try de hard he can W'r do cagle on de mourtain can't fly away from beem. But ali de bird an feesh, too, is geev

An' de rabbit he can stay at home For he feesh an' shoot no longer, ole Jean Bateese Befair. Los he's dead.

William Henry Drummond.

# A Theatrical Treat in Prospect.

An effort is being made to secure performance here of the romantic play, "Rupert of Heintzau," a seque to "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Rupert of Hentzau," is the attraction at the Grand Opera House, Toronto, next week. If the negotiations carry through and the pisy is secured, it will be one of the most important digmetic events of the season.

A North Ward Episode.

A mouse will scare the average male more readily than an eigphant, as a general rule, and a couple of days ago a dead rate in a pair of water was nearly the death of a Lordi ward womap. The well is in the celiar, and when the pail of drawn water was brought up into the kitchen the horrifying discovery was made. The alorming shricks that followed created a sensation in the neighborhood. The family have removed to another house, where river water will be used.

Cure For Hay Fever. A New York paper says: The most

just been established, can be trozan put of one, A patient who has tried this cura declares it to be infalible. ation of a friend who had been simllarly afflicted, to the cold storage or, He wandered for nearly an hour among the carcasses of frozen builocks, chickens and hams in a temperature twenty degrees below freezing point, and since then has neither sheeted nor wanted to. The remedy body of the tree has concealed suddenly Is simple, exciting and rational.

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