THE GOLDEN KEY

Or "The Adventures of Ledgard."

By the Author of "What He Cost Her."

CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd).

Miss Montressor raised her glass and winked at her host.

"It don't take much drinking this, General," she remarked, cheerily draining her glass! "Different to the 'pop' they give us down at the 'Star,' eh, Flossie? Good old gooseberry I call that!"

"Da Souza, look after Miss Flossie," Trent said. "Why don't you fill her glass?"

"That's right!"

"Hiram!"

Da Souza removed his hand from the back of his neighbor's chair and endeavored to look unconscious. The girl tittered—Mrs. Da Souza was severely dignified. Trent watched them all, half in amusement, half in disgust. What a pandemonium! it was time indeed for him to get rid of them all. From where he sat he could see across the lawn into the little pine plantation. It was still light—if she could look in at the open window what would she think? His cheeks burned, and he thrust the hand which was seeking his under the table savagely away. And then an idea flashed in upon him—a magnificent, irresistible idea. He drank off a glass of champagne and laughed loud and long at one of his neighbor's silly sayings. It was a glorious joke! The more he thought of it the more he liked it. He called for more champagne, and all, save the little brown girl, greeted the magnum which presently appeared with cheers. Even Mrs. Da Souza unbent a little towards the young women against whom she had declared war. Faces were flushed and voices grew a little thick. Da Souza's arm unchidden sought once more the back of his neighbor's chair, Miss Montressor's eyes did their utmost to win a tender glance from their lavish host. Suddenly Trent rose to his feet. He held a glass high over his head. His face was curiously unmoved, but his lips parted in an enigmatic smile.

"A toast, my friends!" he cried. "Fill up, the lot of you! Come! To our next meeting! May fortune soon smile again, and may I have another home before long as worthy a resting place for you as this!"

Bewilderment reigned. No one offered to drink the toast. It was Miss Montressor who asked the question which was on every one's lips.

"What's up?" she exclaimed. "What's the matter with our next meeting here to-morrow night, and what's all that rot about your next home and fortune?"

Trent looked at them all in well-simulated amazement.

"Heavens," he exclaimed, "you don't know—none of you! I thought Da Souza would have told you the news!"

"What news?" Da Souza cried, his beady eyes protuberant, and his glass arrested half-way to his mouth.

"What are you talking about, my friend?"

Trent set down his glass.

"My friends," he said unsteadily, "let me explain to you, as shortly as I can, what an uncertain position is that of a great financier."

Da Souza leaned across the table. His face was livid, and the corners of his eyes were bloodshot.

"I thought there was something up," he muttered. "You would not have me come into the City this morning. D——n it, you don't mean that you——"

"I'm bust!" Trent said roughly. "Is that plain enough? I've been bulling on West Australians, and they boomed, and this afternoon the Government decided not to back us at Bekwando, and the mines are to be shut down. Tell you all about it if you like."

No one wanted to hear all about it. They shrunk from him as though he were a robber. Only the little brown girl was sorry, and she looked at him with dark, soft eyes.

"I've given a bill of sale here," Trent continued. "They'll be round to-morrow. Better pack to-night. These valuers are such robbers. Come, another bottle! It'll all have to be sold. We'll make a night of it."

Mrs. Da Souza rose and swept from the room—Da Souza had fallen forward with his head upon his hands. He was only half sober, but the shock was working like madness in his brain. The two girls, after whispering together for a moment, rose and followed Mrs. Da Souza. Trent stole from his place and out into the garden. With footsteps which were steady enough now he crossed the velvety lawns, and plunged into the shrubbery. Then he began to laugh softly as he walked. They were all duped! They had accepted his story without the slightest question. He leaned over the gate which led into the little plantation, and he was suddenly grave and silent. A night-wind was blowing fragrant and cool. The dark boughs of the trees waved to and fro against the background of deep blue sky. The lime leaves rustled softly, the perfume of roses came floating across the flower-gardens. Trent stood quite still, listening and thinking.

"What a beast I am!" he muttered. "It was there she sat! I'm not fit to breathe the same air."

He looked back towards the house. The figures of the two girls, with Da Souza now standing between them, were silhouetted against the window. His face grew dark and fierce.

"Faugh!" he exclaimed, "what a tunnel I have made of my house! What a low-down thing I have begun to make of life! Yet—I was a beggar—and I am a millionaire. Is it harder to change oneself? To-morrow"—he looked hard at the place where she had sat—"to-morrow I will ask her!"

On his way back to the house a little cloaked figure stepped out from behind a shrub. He looked at her in amazement. It was the little brown girl, and her eyes were wet with tears.

"Listen," she said quickly. "I have been waiting to speak to you! I want to say good-bye and to thank you. I am very, very sorry, and I hope that some day very soon you will make some more money and be happy again."

Her lips were quivering. A single glance into her face assured him of her honesty. He took the hand which she held out and pressed her fingers.

"Little Julie," he said, "you are a brick. Don't you bother about me. It isn't quite so bad as I made out.—only don't tell your mother that."

"I'm very glad," she murmured. "I think that it is hateful of them all to rush away, and I made up my mind to say good-bye, however angry it made them. Let me go now, please. I want to get back before mamma misses me."

He passed his arm around her tiny waist. She looked at him with frightened eyes.

"Please let me go," she murmured.

He kissed her lips, and a moment afterwards vaguely repented it. She buried her face in her hands and ran away sobbing. Trent lit a cigar and sat down upon a garden seat.

"It's a queer thing," he said reflectingly. "The girl's been thrown repeatedly at my head for a week and I might have kissed her at any moment, before her father and mother if I had liked, and they'd have thanked me. Now I've done it I'm sorry. She looked prettier than I've ever seen her too—and she's the only decent one of the lot. What a hubbub there'll be in the morning!"

The stars came out and the moon rose, and still Scarlett Trent lingered in the scented darkness. He was a man of limited imagination and little given to superstitions. Yet that night there came to him a presentiment. He felt that he was on the threshold of great events. Something new in life was looming up before him. He had cut himself adrift from the old—it was a very wonderful and a very beautiful figure which was beckoning him to follow in other paths. The triumph of the earlier part of the day seemed to lie far back in a misty and unimportant past. There was a new world and a greater, if fortune willed that he should enter it.

CHARTER XI.

Trent was awakened next morning by the sound of carriage wheels in the drive below. He rang his bell at once. After a few moments delay it was answered by one of his two menservants.

"Whose carriage is that in the drive?" he asked.

"It is a fly for Mr. Da Souza, sir!"

"What! has he gone?" Trent exclaimed.

"Yes, sir, he and Mrs. Da Souza and the young lady."

"And Miss Montressor and her friend?"

"They shared the fly, sir. The luggage all went down in one of the carts."

Trent laughed outright, half scornfully, half in amusement.

"Listen, Mason," he said, as the sound of wheels died away. "If any of those people come back again they are not to be admitted—do you hear? if they bring their luggage you are not to take it in. If they come themselves you are not to allow them to enter the house. You understand that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good! Now prepare my bath at once, and tell the cook breakfast in half an hour. Let her know that I am hungry. Breakfast for one, mind! Those fools who have just left will get a morning paper at the station and they may come back. Be on the look-out for them and let the other servants know. Better have the lodge gate locked."

"Very good, sir."

The man who had been lamenting the loss of an easy situation and possibly even a month's wages, hastened to spread more reassuring news in the lower regions. It was a practical joke of the governor's—very likely a ruse to get rid of guests who had certainly been behaving as though the Lodge was their permanent home. There was a chorus of thanksgiving. Groves, the butler, who read the money articles in the Standard every morning, with solemn interest, announced that from what he could make out the governor must have landed a tidy little lump yesterday. Whereupon the cook set to work to prepare a breakfast worthy of the occasion.

Trent had awakened with a keen sense of anticipated pleasure. A new and delightful interest had entered into his life. It is true that, at times, it needed all his strength of mind to keep his thoughts from wandering back into that unprofitable and most distasteful past—in the middle of the night even, he had woke up suddenly with an old man's cry in his ears—or was it the whispering of the night-wind in the tall elms? But he was not of an imaginative nature. He felt himself strong enough to set his heel wholly upon all those memories. If he had not erred on the side of generosity, he had at least played the game fairly. Monty, if he had lived, could only have been a disappointment and a humiliation. The picture was hers—of that he had no doubt! Even then he was not sure that Monty was her father. In any case she would never know. He recognized no obligation on his part to broach the subject. The man had done his best to cut himself altogether adrift from his former life. His reasons doubtless had been sufficient. It was not necessary to pry into them—it might even be unkindness. The picture, which no man, save himself had ever seen, was the only possible link between the past and the present—between Scarlett Trent and his drunken old partner, starved and fever-stricken, making their desperate effort for wealth in unknown Africa, and the millionaire of to-day. The picture remained his dearest possession—but, save his own, no other eyes had even beheld it.

He dressed with more care than usual, and much less satisfaction. He was a man who rather prided himself upon neglecting his appearance, and, so far as the cut and pattern of his clothes went, he usually suggested the artisan out for a holiday. To-day for the first time he regarded his toilet with critical disparaging eyes. He found the pattern of his tweed suit too large, and the color too pronounced, his collars were old-fashioned and his ties hideous. It was altogether a new experience with him, this self-dissatisfaction and sensitiveness to criticism, which at any other time he would have regarded with a sort of insolent indifference. He remembered his walk westward yesterday with a shudder, as though indeed it had been a sort of nightmare, and wondered whether she too had regarded him with the eyes of those loungers on the pavement—whether she too was one of those who looked for a man to conform to the one arbitrary and universal type. Finally he tied his necktie with a curse, and went down to breakfast with little of his good-humor left.

The fresh air sweeping in through the long open windows, the glancing sunlight and the sense of freedom, for which the absence of his guests was certainly responsible, soon restored his spirits. Blest with an excellent morning appetite—the delightful heritage of a clean life—he enjoyed his breakfast and thoroughly appreciated his cook's efforts. If he needed a sauce, Fate bestowed one upon him, for he was scarcely midway through his meal before a loud ringing at the lodge gates proved the accuracy of his conjectures. Mr. Da Souza had purchased a morning paper at the junction, and their host's perfidy had become apparent. Obviously they had decided to treat the whole matter as a practical joke and to brave it out, for outside the gates in an open fly were the whole party. They had returned, only to find that according to Trent's orders the gates were closed upon them.

Trent moved his seat to where he could have a better view, and continued his breakfast. The party in the cab looked hot, and tumbled, and cross. Da Souza was on his feet arguing with the lodge-keeper—the women seemed to be listening anxiously Trent turned to the servant who was waiting upon him:

"Send word down," he directed, "that I will see Mr. Da Souza alone. No one else is to be allowed to enter. Pass me the toast before you go."

Da Souza entered presently, apologetic and abject, prepared at the same time to extenuate and deny. Trent continued his breakfast coolly.

(To be continued.)

TO INSURE YOUR CORN CROP BUILD A SILO.

A silo is not only the safest form of crop insurance for the Wisconsin farmer, but is stock insurance as well. The succulent form of feed helps to keep the herd in good health, and insures a milk flow.

The farmers who have silos are not uneasy because of the backwardness of the corn crop. Even if the season has been backward, they are confident that the crop will go into the silo in fine shape for the stock. And many farmers who, before this year, have not thought of investing in silos, are now asking themselves: "What kind shall I build?"

The value of silage as a feed cannot be overestimated during any year, but in a year like this the worth of a silo in making sure an otherwise somewhat doubtful harvest is emphasized.

Blame the Elephant.

Customer (annoyed)—"I wish to return this paper cutter. It is not ivory, as represented."

Clerk—"Not ivory, madam? I can't understand that, unless the elephant had false teeth."

About four million steel pens are consumed daily in the world.

French Commander At the Dardanelles

GENERAL BAILLOUD.

was the General second in command of the French Expeditionary Army sent to the Dardanelles under Gen. Gouraud. On that officer being wounded, he succeeded to the command. Within three months, three French officers have held the command as colleague to Sir Ian Hamilton. The two former were Gen. d'Amade and Gen. Gouraud.

On the Farm

Common Sense in the Hog Lot.

The question of which breed of swine to select for the economic production of pork is perhaps of less importance to-day than in the past. The leading swine-breeders have begun to recognize the fact that they must shape their favorite breeds to meet market demands. As a natural result, the type of all the leading breeds now conforms to a fixed standard that meets the demands of the packing-houses. The hog that best meets the demand of the present time is a well-muscled hog, that will supply a fair amount of lard, and fat meat well marbled with lean, and be ready for market at any desired age.

Practical pig-owners, and feeders of market hogs look for good quality, depth, length and width of form, and uniformity of type, regardless of the breed, color and characteristic markings. However, it is essential that we select our breeding animals from some well established breed for promiscuous mating of swine of various types has a tendency to destroy the types of all breeds employed in the crosses and to throw away the result of years of systematic selecting and mating and perpetuate a certain fixed type in the breed. This point has been illustrated by mating a half Poland China and half Chester White sow with a pure-bred Berkshire boar. The pigs resulting from the cross were red, spotted, speckled, and striped, showing that the cross was lost, and with it the improvements in color and markings. The result was the return of the offspring by the principle of heredity to the original scrub type.

All of our swine, particularly the improved breeds, which are but a modified form of the original, will not produce themselves perfectly unless guided by the hand of man. Whatever breed is selected, should be kept pure, and only the best used for breeding.

The man who makes a specialty of producing pork, should grasp every opportunity to improve his breeding stock, the same as the man who is breeding registered swine.

Uniformity of type is an important thing in the successful management of breeding-hogs, especially near market time, for a uniform bunch of hogs will bring more money on any market than a mixed lot. A pure-bred lot of hogs are much more apt to mature together and please discriminating buyers.

In selecting a breed we should give particular attention to its adaptability to the environments under which it is to be placed. Some are good rustlers, some are more quiet and better adapted to small feed lots.

The breeds that have proved best suited to our climate and conditions in the hands of farmers and feeders are the safest breeds to invest in. We all have our preferences, our likes and dislikes, our favorite color markings and our hobbies, but from the viewpoint of dollars and cents there is no best breed. All breeds possess many good qualities, and some less desirable ones, and the man who makes a failure with one breed can hardly hope to succeed with another. Judicious care will bring success with any breed.

All practical hog-growers agree that crossing the breeds is a dangerous practice, and that the best results are attained by sticking to one breed. Still, some men still cling to the idea that it is possible to incorporate all the good qualities of the different breeds into a cross-bred animal. It is a disastrous belief if put into practice. There may be certain instances when crossing will give good results, as in the production of pig pork.

The man who is experimenting with the various breeds and crosses, in search of something better than has yet been found, may have a mission, but such line of investigation is not practical for the man who must depend upon the return from his swine-feeding for his farm profits. He is on safer ground if he confines his taste and skill to improving one well established breed and leaves the experimenting to the man of leisure and means.

Oats make a fine ration for hogs but as a rule they are too expensive. Fed to sows just after farrowing, oats cannot be surpassed for keeping them in good condition. A feeding floor will save itself in feed and manure in a single year, provided it is made of waste material around the farm.

A cement feeding floor is a joy to any lover of swine. It is rather expensive to commence with, but its durability makes it a paying investment in the long run. Brick makes a fairly good feeding floor, but to be effective requires a deep foundation of broken stone, sand and cinders, and this is expensive.

A field of rye sown in the early fall will help out the grain supply wonderfully in the late spring.

It is a prevalent notion that hogs cannot thrive except they have a mud hole in which to wallow. Nonsense! Pigs thrive better on clean pasture, clean floors and clean water than they do in dirty surroundings. In the summer time the hog seeks the mud hole in order to cool himself and to rid himself of the flies, not because he naturally likes mud better than clean water.

Many people imagine that if they give the pigs plenty of skimmed milk they do not need water. Milk changes to solid food almost the moment it enters the pig's stomach and is, therefore, not a substitute for water. It costs nothing to soak hard grain in warm water, and when fed to pigs its digestibility is increased.

There are scores of theories about watering animals, but our experience is that the best judge of the matter is the animal itself. If it can always reach water when it needs it, it will take care of its own wants.

A STOREHOUSE OF WORK.

Tremendous Labors of Sir James Murray on New English Dictionary.

Sir James A. H. Murray may be said to have reared his own monument in that prodigious achievement of the lexicographer's art, the New English Dictionary, the last volume of which was almost ready to go to the press when he died. A task of vaster scope in all the long history of the cult of words was surely never undertaken, says The Boston Herald. Here was a richly endowed scholar who gave 36 years of his life to the search for spellings, meanings, derivations and pronunciations that ran back to the beginnings of English literature. He had his volunteer assistants in every Anglo-Saxon country—several thousands of them—and 5,000 authors of all periods were consulted to supply him with material. At the time his work had to be left for completion to others the stock of quotations accumulated numbered 6,000,000, all written on slips of paper that turned the scale at six tons. And out of this industry and this scholarship comes a dictionary of about 300,000 words.

How much of it will fit into everyday use? A good many of the 300,000 are long obsolete; even of those still in good standing how many do we really need? Shakespeare captured his world audience with about 15,000, and Milton wrote himself into fame with 8,000. It is estimated that the average literary man of to-day uses 4,000, and the "man in the street" not over 2,000. The English country yokels of "slow, bovine gaze" whom George Eliot describes have probably 300 to their credit; the peasants in certain sections of continental Europe are known to live the bucolic life on a vocabulary of about 100 words by actual count.

And yet the people who will nibble thus sparingly at Sir James Murray's great encyclopedia of our language are the very people who dictate dictionaries and supersede them by usage even while they are in the making. It is they who have rendered possible this priceless record of our Anglo-Saxon tongue; it is they, too, who in the years to come will call for fresh surveys of our everliving and everchanging speech. We shall need a New English Dictionary long before Americans have begun to spell phonetically and dub themselves "Usonians."

The word "brat," now a term of contempt, was once an ordinary expression for a small child.

A Delightful Garden Freshness——

characterizes the Flavor of

"SALADA"

TEA

Quality Unchallenged for Twenty-three Years.

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FROM SUNSET COAST

WHAT THE WESTERN PEOPLE ARE DOING.

Progress of the Great West Told In a Few Pointed Paragraphs.

Penticton apricot season [illegible] to 7,000 crates shipped.

Prospects are good for [illegible] money crop in British Columbia.

A big run of red fish is [illegible] for on the Kaslo streams this season.

Lumbermen at Cranbrook [illegible] to put up the price a dollar a thousand.

Over a thousand enemy [illegible] are interned in six camps in British Columbia.

The high-water attendance [illegible] the public schools of Vancouver [illegible] was 4,819.

South Vancouver wants [illegible] married residents employed on [illegible] sewer work.

The cunning factory at [illegible] put up two tons of fruit [illegible] topmost time.

North Vancouver civic [illegible] for the first six months of this year [illegible] a deficit of over $8,000.

The casaba, a cross between [illegible] watermelon and muskmelon, [illegible] come popular in Vancouver.

Kamloops has rejected [illegible] for war service wearing [illegible] show they offered their service.

New Westminster decided [illegible] not afford to send its fire [illegible] Ottawa convention this year.

For striking an interned [illegible] military guard at Fernie was [illegible] and dismissed from the ranks.

After cutting Vancouver [illegible] mates over $250,000, a new [illegible] must be made if the tax rate is [illegible] mills.

Prohibition is looming large [illegible] mind of British Columbia [illegible] sister provinces have legalized [illegible] reform.

New Westminster baker [illegible] prised to be summoned [illegible] loaves of bread less than [illegible] weight.

Premier McBride sent Col. [illegible] Roosevelt a souvenir view [illegible] British Columbia to recall his [illegible] visit.

Otto Becker sold his coffee [illegible] in New Westminster and was [illegible] out of the country when [illegible] spy and interned.

Some of the interned aliens [illegible] Brandon, Man., are now at [illegible] Revelstoke Park, where view [illegible] to be delightful.

New Westminster Council [illegible] much trouble, got a local engineering plant ready for munition orders [illegible] the war and never secured one.

A man who refused [illegible] his name [illegible] doing two years for theft at [illegible] Westminster, got $500 cash [illegible] the police; it was on him [illegible] rest.

The current of the River [illegible] is felt 150 miles out at sea.

Redpath

is *the* Sugar for Jams and Jellies.

When you pay for good fruit, and spend a lot of time over it, you naturally want to be *sure* that your jellies and preserves will turn out just right. You can be, if you use Redpath Sugar.

Absolutely pure, and always the same, REDPATH Sugar has for sixty years proved most dependable for preserving, canning and jelly-making.

It is just as easy to get the best—and well worth while. So tell your grocer it must be REDPATH Sugar, in one of the packages originated for REDPATH—

2 and 5 lb. Sealed Cartons.
10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Cloth Bags.

"Let Redpath Sweeten It"

CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.

Fashion Hints

What to Wear and How To Wear It.

The war is furnishing many new color terms. "Bleu de drapeau" or flag blue is the brilliant blue of the French tri-color. It is a trying color, but sometimes a woman can wear it, and when she can it is very stunning. Grays are named for big guns or ammunition. There are the "mitrailleuse," "[illegible] 75" and the "Obus." Laurel green, the symbol of victory, is called Italian green, though many tones darker than the green of the Italian flag.

Bead [illegible] are going to have their hats [illegible] this coming season—their [illegible] hats and their pockets [illegible] money. Combinations of colors [illegible] a distinctive feature of the coming style [illegible] most effective in bead work. One single little patch hat band [illegible] the clever use of six colors, [illegible] buckles and ball-like ornaments [illegible] beadwork are on the best imported millinery. Steel beading is in special good favor with the ruling spirits of fashion.

One year ago the French women adopted the [illegible] coats and small hats suggestive of military life, but now they [illegible] turned to more feminine attire [illegible] are keeping strictly to plain models and rather sombre colors. The [illegible] girls, however are going in for [illegible] so suggestive of belligerency that one of the garments are extreme beyond the point of good sense.

If you are an individual of middle age you will remember the arrival of the short skirt which put in an appearance about twenty years ago.

There was a terrible howl, as there is about everything new. The denunciated critics said it would rob women of their charm, and that they would become masculine and impossible. Behold, the short skirt is still with us, and behold how charming women look.

The wise woman wears a little fancy waist [illegible] her tailor frocks. Her [illegible] always looked fine; further [illegible] the chemisette protects the [illegible] and throat from the [illegible].

Piece [illegible] are [illegible] popular with [illegible] particularly [illegible] and "[illegible]" [illegible] and [illegible] standing [illegible] linen is a [illegible] specially [illegible] fixings. Some of the [illegible] are made of chamy lace, [illegible] hand embroidery [illegible] crystals all [illegible].

Some of the unique [illegible] are made up [illegible] stripes [illegible] or round [illegible] for the and [illegible] the counting. Pearl [illegible] little spaced [illegible] the buttons are [illegible].

THE BIG BY-PRODUCT TEAM.

According to [illegible] are in Canada [illegible] 3,000,000 [illegible] 3,500,000 hogs, [illegible] Experiments [illegible] that the approximate value of the [illegible] tuents of the manure [illegible] liquid [illegible] be $27, by [illegible] each hog [illegible]. This would make [illegible] the manure [illegible] the different [illegible] in Canada [illegible]. The importance [illegible] the farm manure [illegible] compare [illegible] principal [illegible] dustries. [illegible] the value [illegible] ducts:

Total wheat [illegible]
Total oats [illegible]
Total [illegible]
1911 [illegible]
Total milk [illegible]
1913 [illegible]
Farmyard manure [illegible]
[illegible]

The figures are for the [illegible] of each [illegible] the highest [illegible] figures for [illegible] average [illegible] past five years.

[illegible]

Young [illegible] family [illegible] of six [illegible] thought [illegible] find out [illegible] he asked [illegible]

"And what [illegible] about this [illegible]

"Oh, a [illegible] as all about [illegible]

"That's the [illegible] spell mouse."

It was the [illegible] of being [illegible] meditatively [illegible]

"Father, I [illegible] wasn't a [illegible] about. [illegible]

Strictly [illegible] the [illegible] "Yankee" [illegible] residents [illegible] the New England States [illegible] America. It is derived from [illegible] corruption of the [illegible] "English" by Indians.

The Markdale STANDARD

[illegible] is published on Thursday [illegible] by C. W. RUTLEDGE [illegible] Markdale.

Subscription, $1 a year [illegible] ing to the U.S. fifty cents [illegible] postage. Twenty-five [illegible] when not paid in advance [illegible] discontinued until all arrearages [illegible] except at the option [illegible] lishers.

ADVERTISING [illegible]

All Display Advertisements [illegible] charged at the following [illegible] inch for each insertion:

1 Year Contract [illegible]
9 Months Contract [illegible]
6 " " [illegible]
3 " " [illegible]
2 " " [illegible]
6 Weeks Contract [illegible]
4 " " [illegible]
3 " " [illegible]
2 " " [illegible]
1 " " [illegible]

Preferred positions [illegible] ditional.

All Advertisements [illegible] are charged [illegible]

Professional cards [illegible] der, $5 per annum [illegible] months.

Reading Notices [illegible] columns, 10c per line [illegible] vertisers and 5c per [illegible] advertisers.

Adverts. of Farms [illegible] for sale, 1 or 2 [illegible] charged $1 for first [illegible] each additional month [illegible]

Strayed, Lost, Found [illegible] not exceeding 1 [illegible] serting and 25c [illegible] insertion.

Transient Advertisements [illegible] tices, By-laws, etc. [illegible] the first insertion and [illegible] each subsequent insertion.

Memorial poetry, [illegible]

Advts. without [illegible] will be inserted till [illegible] ed accordingly.

All Advertisements [illegible] approval of the Publisher.

Information covering [illegible] tracts will be supplied [illegible] application.

All correspondence [illegible] firm should be addressed [illegible] Markdale Standard.

Standard Clubbing List

Standard and—
Weekly Mail [illegible]
Saturday Globe [illegible]
Christian Guardian [illegible]
Family Herald [illegible]
Weekly Witness [illegible]
Weekly Sentinel [illegible]
Toronto Sun [illegible]
Farmer's Advocate [illegible]
Daily News [illegible]
Daily Star [illegible]
Daily World [illegible]
Daily Globe [illegible]
Daily Mail [illegible]
The Canadian Farm [illegible]
The Catholic Record [illegible]
Farm and Dairy [illegible]
Canadian Farm [illegible]
Canadian Poultry [illegible]
Northern Messenger [illegible]

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dential.

W. C. DAVIS [illegible]
The Painter and [illegible]
Markdale. Estimates [illegible]
tracting done. The [illegible]
in Wall Paper [illegible]

R. S. SPRINGER [illegible]
Flesherton, Conveyancer, Valuator and [illegible] Deeds, Mortgages, [illegible] drawn up and Valuations [illegible] shortest notice. Office [illegible] Apply to R. I. Spencer [illegible]

LEGAL

P. McCULLOUGH [illegible]
Barrister, Solicitor [illegible]
Main street, Markdale [illegible]

LUCAS, RANEY & [illegible]
Barristers, Solicitors [illegible]
Offices: Lucas Block, [illegible] Traders Bank Building [illegible]
J. B. Lucas, K.C. [illegible]
K.C., W. D. Henry [illegible]

DENTISTRY

DR. J. A. MACALLUM [illegible]
Dentist [illegible]
Office in Artley [illegible] Bowes' hardware store [illegible] at southwest corner [illegible] Toronto street.

L. G. CAMPBELL [illegible]
(L.D.S., D.D.S.) [illegible]
Dental Surgeon. Graduate [illegible] tario College of Dentistry [illegible] versity of Toronto. Office [illegible] post-office. Office hours [illegible] 6 p.m. Parties calling [illegible] please call up residence [illegible] telephone in reception [illegible] tal office.

G. R. MILLER, M.B. [illegible]
Rockton, Ont. [illegible]
Graduate of the Medical [illegible] Queen's University, [illegible] Late House Surgeon [illegible] and Marine Hospital [illegible]
Phone 213r3 and 51r3 [illegible]