



A. BELL

UNDERTAKER

and
Funeral Director

Full line of Catholic Robes, and black and white Caps for aged people.

Embalming a Specialty

Picture Framing on shortest notice.

Show Rooms—Next to Swallows Barber Shop. RESIDENCE—Next door South of W. J. Lawrence's blacksmith shop.

Many housewives think it cheaper to buy than to bake. That is because their baking isn't successful every time. Their failures run the cost up. Get

Royal Household Flour

and follow directions. The result will be light, wholesome bread or pastry every time. You pay a few cents more for Royal Household, but those few cents buy certainty and purity. Your grocer can supply you.

Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd.
155 Montreal

Canadian Pacific Railway Time Table

With the opening of the new Canadian Pacific Line another milestone has been reached in the history of our town.

The following time table will be in effect until further notice:

Read down	Read up
9:25 a.m. to Walkerville 10:05 p.m. 1:25 p.m.	9:00 p.m. to Walkerville 8:45 a.m. 1:50 p.m.
9:35 p.m. to Walkerville 9:30 a.m. 1:35 p.m.	9:10 p.m. to Walkerville 9:00 a.m. 1:40 p.m.
9:45 p.m. to Walkerville 9:40 a.m. 1:45 p.m.	9:20 p.m. to Walkerville 9:10 a.m. 1:50 p.m.
9:55 p.m. to Walkerville 9:50 a.m. 1:55 p.m.	9:30 p.m. to Walkerville 9:20 a.m. 2:00 p.m.
10:05 p.m. to Walkerville 10:00 a.m. 2:05 p.m.	9:40 p.m. to Walkerville 9:30 a.m. 2:10 p.m.
10:15 p.m. to Walkerville 10:10 a.m. 2:15 p.m.	9:50 p.m. to Walkerville 9:40 a.m. 2:20 p.m.
10:25 p.m. to Walkerville 10:20 a.m. 2:25 p.m.	10:00 p.m. to Walkerville 9:50 a.m. 2:30 p.m.
10:35 p.m. to Walkerville 10:30 a.m. 2:35 p.m.	10:10 p.m. to Walkerville 10:00 a.m. 2:40 p.m.
10:45 p.m. to Walkerville 10:40 a.m. 2:45 p.m.	10:20 p.m. to Walkerville 10:10 a.m. 2:50 p.m.
10:55 p.m. to Walkerville 10:50 a.m. 2:55 p.m.	10:30 p.m. to Walkerville 10:20 a.m. 3:00 p.m.
11:05 p.m. to Walkerville 11:00 a.m. 3:05 p.m.	10:40 p.m. to Walkerville 10:30 a.m. 3:10 p.m.
11:15 p.m. to Walkerville 11:10 a.m. 3:15 p.m.	10:50 p.m. to Walkerville 10:40 a.m. 3:20 p.m.
11:25 p.m. to Walkerville 11:20 a.m. 3:25 p.m.	11:00 p.m. to Walkerville 10:50 a.m. 3:30 p.m.
11:35 p.m. to Walkerville 11:30 a.m. 3:35 p.m.	11:10 p.m. to Walkerville 11:00 a.m. 3:40 p.m.
11:45 p.m. to Walkerville 11:40 a.m. 3:45 p.m.	11:20 p.m. to Walkerville 11:10 a.m. 3:50 p.m.
11:55 p.m. to Walkerville 11:50 a.m. 3:55 p.m.	11:30 p.m. to Walkerville 11:20 a.m. 4:00 p.m.
12:05 a.m. to Walkerville 12:00 p.m. 4:05 p.m.	11:40 p.m. to Walkerville 11:30 a.m. 4:10 p.m.
12:15 a.m. to Walkerville 12:10 p.m. 4:15 p.m.	11:50 p.m. to Walkerville 11:40 a.m. 4:20 p.m.
12:25 a.m. to Walkerville 12:20 p.m. 4:25 p.m.	12:00 p.m. to Walkerville 11:50 a.m. 4:30 p.m.
12:35 a.m. to Walkerville 12:30 p.m. 4:35 p.m.	12:10 p.m. to Walkerville 12:00 p.m. 4:40 p.m.
12:45 a.m. to Walkerville 12:40 p.m. 4:45 p.m.	12:20 p.m. to Walkerville 12:10 p.m. 4:50 p.m.
12:55 a.m. to Walkerville 12:50 p.m. 4:55 p.m.	12:30 p.m. to Walkerville 12:20 p.m. 5:00 p.m.

Connecting with trains to and from Toronto, through coach between Durham and Toronto, speed, comfort and safety. Try the people's line—no long waits at Junctions. Come to us for tickets and information.

We are also Agents for Allan and Dominion Steamships, C.P.R. ocean liners and Dominion Express.

Macfarlane & Co.

STANFIELD'S

Unshrinkable Underwear

3 grades for sale

AT GRANT'S

The Best Heavy Shirts and Drawers made in the Dominion

Perfect-Fitting Underwear

People's Mills

ECLIPSE
A blend of 1/2 Manitoba and 1/2 Ontario wheat and is a strictly first class family flour.

SOVEREIGN
Our pure Manitoba flour, made from No. 1 Manitoba wheat cannot be beat for either bakers or domestic use.

PAstry FLOUR
Is made from selected winter wheat and is a superior article for making pastry, etc.

WE KEEP
Constantly on hand the best brands of Rolled Oats. Also our make of Rolled Corn, the best on the market. Also Chopped Oats, Mixed Chop, Pea Chop, Bean Shorts and Feed Flour.

Special Reduction on Flour in 5 and 10 Bag Lots.

Goods delivered anywhere in town.

Chopping Done Every Day
TRY OUR NEW CHOPPER.

All up-to-date flour and feed and grocers keep our flour for sale. If your grocer does not keep it come to the mill and we will use you right. Call us up by telephone No. 8.

All kinds of Grain bought at Market Price.

John McGowan.

GOING OUT OF HATS

We have decided to go out of this line of goods that we may give more time, energy and money to other lines; consequently we are offering our entire stock in SOFT AND FIBROUS hats at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. These hats were bought before we arrived at present conclusions, hence we have decided to sell at a sacrifice.

Buy your Fall Hat at Exhibition time, and thus save money.—Entire stock must go—at cost if necessary.

SALE STRICTLY CASH OR PRODUCE. PRODUCE TAKEN AS CASH.

Hats in Brown, Black, Cuba and Dove in both soft and stiff hats.

FANCY CAKES FOR LUNCH ON EXHIBITION DAY

Oatmeal Perkins
Brunswick Mixed cakes at 10c lb
Jam-jams
Molasses Snaps, at 10c. lb.
Crisp Soda Biscuits, in 1/2 lb., 1 lb. and 3 lb. packages.
Best quality of Twin cheese.

Give us a call on Show-Day and buy your hat.

C. McArthur

W. D. CONNOR

Manufacturer of
And Dealer in

Pumps of all kinds.
Galvanized and Iron Piping; Brass, Brass Lined and Iron Cylinders.

Pumps from \$2 upward.
SOP open every afternoon.

ALL REPAIRING promptly and properly attended to.

W. D. CONNOR

THE GHOST OF LOCHRAIN CASTLE

BY MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON

Author of "The Princess Passes," "The Lightning Conductor," Etc., Etc.

Copyright, 1908, by Mrs. C. N. Williamson.

Trowbridge, however, no longer looked at the Countess. He bent down and lifted Kenrith's shoulders from the ground, exerting so much strength in the effort to raise the unconscious man that the clasp of the strange bracelet Elspeth had once before noticed on his wrist, snapped open as his sleeve was pushed back, exposing the arm.

Kenrith had recovered consciousness. But for a moment or two Elspeth had lost sight of the Countess Radeopolskoj's movements, and now she quickly decided that, while she had not been looking, the Countess must have picked up the bracelet.

"Will she keep it, or give it back to him?"—Elspeth asked herself curiously, as she stood aside while Trowbridge helped Lady Hilary into the car. It was then the Countess's turn to take her seat, and Trowbridge's assistance was given to her also, notwithstanding the bitter words, and defiant looks which had passed between them a short time ago. "Now, Miss Dean," said Trowbridge, when the Countess was seated beside Lady Hilary in the large tonneau. But he did not come forward to help her. He let Kenrith give her a hand, as she mounted the step, turning his back for a second or two. Then, with Kenrith was also in the tonneau, Trowbridge closed the door; and Elspeth had a fleeting glimpse of gold and turquoise under his cuff as he did so.

"She has given it to him—quite quietly and stealthily," the girl thought. "Then she must have known all along why he wears it; there could have been no secret about it for her, or she would have said something. Now I'm certain that there's an understanding of some sort between them. She's furious with the man, on account of Lady Hilary. He knows that, but he's defying her; and for some reason or other she dared not fail him when he needed her help, in spite of all."

CHAPTER IX.

Before Trowbridge was aware of the thing that had happened, the bracelet had fallen from his arm to the ground, which it struck with a delicate metallic sound, then rolled away into the bracken by the roadside. Elspeth saw him start, but his eyes did not follow the bracelet. They darted to the exposed wrist, and what they must have seen there she saw at the same time.

The band of white kid, resembling the top of a long glove from which the hand has been cut off, or another like it, still covered the arm tightly and smoothly, but the heavy band of gold which had masked the end above the wristbone had hidden the ragged edge of a curious scar. Elspeth now saw that the flesh was inflamed and that just above the wristbone was a deep red mark.

Instinctively she turned her eyes, that Trowbridge might not be aware of her discovery. She felt that she glanced quickly at her, to see whether his secret—whatever it might be—was at her mercy; but her face betrayed nothing. As he was in the act of lifting Kenrith's shoulders from the ground he could not pull down the cuff and coat sleeve which had been pushed back; but he turned in such a way that, if Elspeth had not already seen the scar, she would be unable to catch sight of it. His change of position must have exposed the scar to the Countess Radeopolskoj's gaze, but Trowbridge either did not care, or considered her knowledge of his secret a lesser evil. Half lifting, half dragging Kenrith toward the electric car lent by Lady Ardcliffe, he had almost reached it when the unconscious man showed signs of coming to himself.

He sighed, opened his eyes, and met those of Elspeth, who had risen and was watching him anxiously. Instantly he seemed to have remembered all that had happened, for looking straight at her, he said, "Thank Heaven, you're safe! And Lady Hilary—"

"Doesn't seem to be much hurt, though she has fainted," Trowbridge answered before Elspeth could speak. "Don't worry. We hope you are going to be all right, too. Better not try and help yourself, for fear you may have a bone broken, or a sprain somewhere. I'll lift you into this car."

"There's nothing the matter with me. Give me a hand and I'll get to my feet," said Kenrith. "No—no—no," he staggered up supported by Trowbridge. "I'm all right. No bone broken evidently." He passed his hand over his forehead, where a few drops of blood trickled down over his eyes. "Just a cut on the head. It's nothing at all. You're sure you're not hurt, Miss Dean, or Lady Hilary?"

"She was up and bending over you when we came," said the Countess, somewhat sharply. "It was only when she saw us that she fainted. There, she's coming to herself now. One thing almost fancy she heard us speaking about her."

There was nothing actually offensive in the words, yet they gave the impression that Lady Hilary had feigned unconsciousness to draw attention to herself, or for some other reason. Elspeth felt an impulse of anger, and would have defended the girl, but it was scarcely a moment for argument. Besides, the color was coming back to Lady Hilary's face, and the long dark lashes were quivering. A moment later she was looking up into Kenrith's anxious eyes.

"I—how stupid of me!" she murmured, trying to sit up, and sinking back on the shoulder of Elspeth, who had bent down again to help her. "I'm not a bit hurt, only I'm tired. At first I was up and looking for Miss Dean, and trying to find out if Mr. Kenrith was alive; but then, suddenly, my heart seemed to stop beating. I suppose it must have been the shock and then the reaction. When did you come Countess—and Mr. Trowbridge?"

"I thought you saw us arrive in Lady Ardcliffe's electric car," said the Countess, with an odd emphasis. "You appeared to before you—fainted."

"No, I didn't see you—consciously," Hilary replied.

"I called after you all, as you drove past me in the avenue," Trowbridge repeated. "I saw one of the driving wheels was out of shape, and followed as quickly as I could, with Lady Ardcliffe's car, in which the Countess was just going out with her. She thought she might be needed to give some assistance; but fortunately you are all able to help yourselves. Even your very serious damage, Mr. Kenrith, and now, if you feel up to the effort, I can get you all back to the hotel."

Involuntarily Elspeth glanced at the place where the bracelet had fallen, and where the heavy band of gold had been visible at the side of the road, its pearls and turquoises gleaming out among the grass. Would he leave it lying there? she wondered. But already it was gone.

It could not have been he who had reclaimed it, for he had not once moved away or stooped down since

Kenrith had recovered consciousness. But for a moment or two Elspeth had lost sight of the Countess Radeopolskoj's movements, and now she quickly decided that, while she had not been looking, the Countess must have picked up the bracelet.

"Will she keep it, or give it back to him?"—Elspeth asked herself curiously, as she stood aside while Trowbridge helped Lady Hilary into the car. It was then the Countess's turn to take her seat, and Trowbridge's assistance was given to her also, notwithstanding the bitter words, and defiant looks which had passed between them a short time ago. "Now, Miss Dean," said Trowbridge, when the Countess was seated beside Lady Hilary in the large tonneau. But he did not come forward to help her. He let Kenrith give her a hand, as she mounted the step, turning his back for a second or two. Then, with Kenrith was also in the tonneau, Trowbridge closed the door; and Elspeth had a fleeting glimpse of gold and turquoise under his cuff as he did so.

"She has given it to him—quite quietly and stealthily," the girl thought. "Then she must have known all along why he wears it; there could have been no secret about it for her, or she would have said something. Now I'm certain that there's an understanding of some sort between them. She's furious with the man, on account of Lady Hilary. He knows that, but he's defying her; and for some reason or other she dared not fail him when he needed her help, in spite of all."

Elspeth felt that she was surrounded by an atmosphere of mystery. Something very strange was going on around her—something so intricate, so many-sided, that she could as yet lay her hand on no clew to the puzzle, though she could dimly see her way toward more than one, as, half bewildered, wholly frightened, she gazed in darkness toward the light.

There was a great sensation at the Lochrain Castle Hotel, when it was known that there had been an accident to Mr. Kenrith's magnificent automobile.

Fortunately for the victims of the disaster, there were few people about when they arrived at the hotel in Lady Ardcliffe's electric car. Dusty and disordered, they were able to escape to their own quarters without being seen by more than three or four persons; but the story of the accident spread through the house like wildfire. Groups assembled in the great hall to talk it over. Those who could say that they had seen the electric car come home suddenly found themselves extraordinarily popular with all their acquaintances, and were besieged for details. How had Lady Hilary looked? Was it true that Mr. Kenrith's head was terribly cut? And had they really had that pretty little typewriter person in the car with them?

The Countess Radeopolskoj kept her room, and Mr. Trowbridge also hid himself, therefore Lady Ardcliffe was overwhelmed with callers in her private sitting room. It was her car which had gone to the rescue, therefore it was thought that she must have more information to impart than any one else.

On the contrary, however, she had very little. All she knew with certainty was that she had been on the point of taking Countess Radeopolskoj out for a spin in her car, when Mr. Trowbridge had rushed up to ask if he might borrow it in a great hurry. He had said something was wrong with Mr. Kenrith's car, and he wanted to follow it. As he knew how to drive, he had preferred not to take the chauffeur, but the Countess had insisted on going. As for herself, she had been so upset by the fear of some terrible accident that she had been obliged to come back to her room and lie down, with her maid to fan her constantly, and hold her smelling salts, or she should certainly have fainted. Neither the Countess nor Mr. Trowbridge had visited her since bringing the others home, though she had expected them to do so, and she had now sent for Miss Dean to tell her everything exactly as it had happened. The young person, it seemed, was slightly shaken and bruised by her fall from the car, and was changing her dusty things. She might not be well enough to act as secretary for a day or two, as she had wrenched her arm, but she would be able to come to Lady Ardcliffe's room and tell the story of the accident.

As a matter of fact, poor Elspeth's experience after reaching home was scarcely conducive to the restoration of shattered nerves. Pitying Lady Hilary's weakness, she had gone with the girl to her room, as poverty compelled Lady Lambert and her daughter to travel without a maid, and Hilary, utterly broken and inclined to be hysterical, was in need of help.

"I'll stay with you, dear Lady Hilary, till the doctor comes, unless Lady Lambert has returned from the walk you say she's gone out to take," said Elspeth.

Good for Biliousness.

"I took two of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets last night, and feel fifty per cent better than I have for weeks," says J. J. Firestone of Allegan, Mich. "They are certainly fine for biliousness." For sale by all Drug stores. Samples free.

THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

Two cents or its equivalent would buy a pair of chickens—in the fourteenth century. For the value of a nickel one would acquire a goose fit for a Christmas dinner—in the fourteenth century. A penny would purchase a dozen strictly fresh eggs—in the fourteenth century; while for 2 cents the brewer was compelled by law to sell three gallons of beer, the equivalent of 48 glasses. Wheat sometimes fell as low as 40c a quarter, though after a great storm or in time of grievous famine it would rise as high as \$4 or \$5 a quarter. Still, at the price a good many pounds of bread could be bought for a penny. Pasture and arable lands were ridiculously cheap—2 cents an acre for the former and 12 cents an acre for the latter being considered a fair annual rental. Draught horses were a drug on the market at 72 cents each, and oxen at \$1 25. In the days of the second Henry \$50 would have equipped a farm with three draught horses, half a dozen oxen, 20 cows and 200 sheep, leaving a balance of \$2 toward the payment of the rent, which would be perhaps \$5 a year. The other side of the story, so far as the laboring man is concerned, comes in the following figures:—Three cents a day was considered good wages for an ordinary laborer. Even at harvest time 4 cents was the largest amount expected. House rent was so low the Lord Mayor of London only paid \$4 80 a year to his landlords. The chancellor had an annual salary of \$192. When a father sent his son to a university four cents a day was looked upon as a comfortable allowance, with a margin for such luxuries as wine at 8 to 12 cents a gallon. A salary of \$24 a year was considered magnificent. King Edward VI gave his daughter an allowance of \$4 80 a week, with an additional \$24 60 a year for the maintenance of her eight servants.—The Mechanic.

Best Treatment for a Burn.

If for no other reason, Chamberlain's Salve should be kept in every household on account of its great value in the treatment of burns. It always the pain almost instantly, and unless the injury is a severe one, heals the parts without leaving a scar. This salve is also unequalled for chapped hands, sore nipples and discolorations of the skin. Price, 25 cents. For sale by all Druggists.

To be continued.

A Travelling Man's Experience.

"I must tell you my experience on an East bound O. R. & N. R. R. train from Pendleton to Le Grande, Ore., writes Sam A. Garber, a well-known traveling man. "I was in the smoking department with some other traveling men when one of them went out onto the coach and came back and said, 'There is a woman sick unto death in the car. I at once got up and went out, found her very ill with cramp colic; her hands and arms were drawn up so you could not straighten them, and with a deathlike look on her face. Two or three ladies were working with her and giving her whiskey I went to my suit case and got my bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy (I never travel without it), ran to the water tank, put a double dose of the medicine in the glass, stirred some water into it and stirred it with a pencil; then I had quite a time to get the ladies to let me give it to her, but I succeeded. I could at once see the effect and I worked with her rubbing her hands and in twenty minutes I gave her another dose. At this time we were almost into Le Grande, where I was to leave the train. I gave the bottle to the husband to be used in case another dose should be needed, but by the time the train ran into Le Grande she was all right, and I received the thanks of every passenger in the car." For sale at all Drug Stores.

A MAN FROM GALT.

(By Chas. F. Raymond.)

"I will return again in three months." Two men stood on the platform of Galt's Grand Trunk station, and, shaking hands, one promised the other that he would return before the first of April.

He is away now, and the prow of the ship he is on is pointing towards England, and, after he visits that little isle, he will be back again as promised.

And even as yonder vessel noising through the ocean, takes the man from Galt towards a foreign shore, so does each day move us nearer to the unknown. Each sunrise ushers in a period of new experience, of sorrows, hopes, and joys. No two days are alike, and there is no retracing of steps, no returning on the journey.

One—two—three.

The clock tells the hour, and three o'clock of this Thursday afternoon will never come again. But the man from Galt will return. He will pass the same old stations in Welland, St. Catharines, Grimsby, Hamilton and Harrisburg, and will alight on the same platform that he left three months before in the town of Galt.

However, there are no returns on life's journey, tickets read but one way, and to one destination.

So if we will see the things of the day, look. If we will learn the lessons of the passing hour, pay attention, for we are never coming back this way again.

And this is a journey unlike all others, we may not tarry. The man from Galt may linger as he goes or comes. He may stand by far off Westminster bridge and view the march of tens of thousands, or he may alight at Beamsville, the village near us, beneath the mountain in Lincoln County, and listen to nature and her eloquent silence.

But not so with you or I.

Is there a chance to-day, then to-day we must seize it. Is there a beauty spot to-day, then to-day we must view it. True, it may come again, but it will never come with just the same force as it does to-day.

This is a journey peculiar, for tomorrow holds not the treasures of to-day.

And so this man from Galt will be back, but not so with you and I, for we are carried on by the current of the days, and there is no anchor to hold our frail barques as we move towards eternity's sea on the ebb of time.

HARDWARE AND FURNITURE.

We are Agents for McClary's famous lines of Ranges, Stoves, Heaters, etc.

The "Pandora" Range

A Range of Beauty is a Joy Forever

that is when beauty is combined with ability. Look at the "Pandora" Range—it is a picture of beauty. All parts of this Range tell the same story of work-ability as well as show ability. You run no risk in buying a "Pandora"—every one fully guaranteed.

FURNITURE COMPLETE

In furniture our stock is complete and up-to-date. We have a great variety of bed-room suites, springs, mattresses etc., at prices which will suit the purchaser. Couches, side-boards, chairs, etc., in abundance. We have a number of parlor suites which we are selling at a bargain. See them and you will be convinced.

LENAHAN AND McINTOSH.

The New Bridge is now Opened For Traffic

And with its re-opening we expect to do more business than ever before.

Though we have been somewhat "out of the way" since the road was blocked some time ago, we have had no reason to complain, as the buying public have readily become aware of the fact that we sell a superior line of goods at very low prices.

This week we are offering:

12 pr. Men's Dongolas, 12 pr. Boys' Box Calf, worth \$25 for..... 1.75.
regular \$3 value, at... 2.50.
24 pr. Children's Shoes, worth 95c., for..... .65.

These are just a few of our many bargains, and we tender you an invitation to call in and inspect our entire stock. You can get exceptional value for your money all over the store.

REPAIRING DONE QUICKLY AND SATISFACTORILY.

THOS. McGRATH

Garafaxa St. Near the Bridge

SITUATIONS

with leading business houses await our graduates.

Loose-Leaf Ledger and all modern office methods which ensure rapid advancement.

Gregg Shorthand taught by the only teacher in Ontario who attended the AUTHOR'S SCHOOL.

Three Courses—Stenography, Commercial, Telegraphy.

Enter any day. Write for particulars.

FALL TERM FROM SEPT. 1

Walkerton Business College
GEO. SPOTTON, PRINCIPAL.

Massey-Harris Implements

The Best in the world

Everything the farmer wants in the implement line can be found in our Ware-rooms.

Sawyer & Massey Threshers
De Laval and Massey-Harris Separators
Rubber rings for Oxford Separators
See our platform scales
Machine Repairs—Cash

Machine Oil and Coal Oil always in stock.
W. J. McFadden,
Lambton Street.