

THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1911.

SUMMER SESSION

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PETER MORRISON Argyle, Ont.

Will make the season as follows Monday-At Arch. Campbell's, lot 22, con. 5, Eldon Station, for noon; thence to D. F. McEachern, lot 21, con. 3, for night.

CONDENSED ADS

STATION AGENT'S COURSE Outline and illustrated in New Booklet. Write for it. Central Telegraph and Railroad School, Yonge and Gerrard-sts., Toronto. William Shaw, President.

FOR SALE-CANOPY TOP PHAETON for sale. Very cheap. Special price for aged people. Also tapestry rug 9 x 9-at a low price. Apply Warder Office.

FOR SALE - THE SILVERWOOD homestead adjoining the village of Oakwood, one of the best and most desirable properties in Ontario for mixed farming, consisting of one hundred and forty acres more or less, together with the best outbuildings to be found on any farm in the Province.

FARM FOR SALE OR TO RENT - 200 acres, lots 18 and 19, con. 3, Mariposa, about 120 acres plowable land. One acre orchard, a frame barn on stone foundation, hip roof, 40 x 90, with windmill, one good pig house, three good wells, one with windmill in pasture field, large log house, bath and plastered inside, five rooms upstairs, 1 1/2 miles from school, 3 miles from Little Britain. Rural Mail Delivery. Apply to Wesley Jewell, Little Britain.

FARM FOR SALE - THE ESTATE of the late Douglas Jamieson, lot 13, con. 8, Eldon tp., 211 acres, about 160 acres under cultivation. 5 acres maple grove, the rest good pasture land with a never-failing stream. This farm is in good shape. There is on the premises two good houses, two good barns on stone foundations, two orchards. This property at one time was owned by two parties. For further particulars apply to C. E. Weeks, soldier, Woodville, Ont., or to executors, Colin McMillan, D. J. MacMillan, Glenora, Ont.

FARM FOR SALE - 200 ACRES, lot 21, con. 2, Manvers. Fenced with wire. Two frame dwelling houses, frame barn 30 x 50, nine foot foundation. Drive shed. Lots of water at four foot depth. Young orchard set out three years. Soil is clay loam. 95 acres of swamp. Cedar, spruce, hemlock, balsam, white wood, elm, birch, white and black. Enough timber to pay for farm. Convenient to church and school. One mile from C. P. R. station on main line to Toronto and Peterboro. These farms have to be sold on account of ill health. Also lot 21, con. 1, square 100 acres, more or less. 25 acres cleared, balance heavy oak and pine timber. Sufficient timber to pay for the farm twice over. These farms will be sold together. Address George A. Thorne, Manvers Station, Ont.

WANTED-TEACHER FOR SCHOOL Section No. 16, Mariposa, duties to commence after mid summer vacation. Salary \$500.00 per year. Apply stating experience and qualifications to J. W. Hancock, Cambridge, P.O.

PENIEL Peniel, June 12.-Mrs. Watter Day, of Beamsville, is the guest of her sisters, Mrs. John McKague, Mrs. Robt. Osborne and Mrs. Sam. Squires for a couple of weeks. Misses Pearl and Lillie McKague, also Miss Sadie Francis attended the garden party at Riverview on Friday evening. Mr. G. Halliday and sons, of Cannington, are busily engaged on the bricking of Mr. Geo. Hardy's house. Mr. W. H. Stevens, P.S.I., of Lindsay, visited Cedar Grove school on Friday last. Mr. Howard Hardy, of Oakwood, was the guest of his cousins, Messrs. John and George Hardy on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Squires spent the week end at Lindsay. Mr. John McKague had the misfortune to lose a valuable horse last week. The Mariposa grader is busily working on the roads in our neighborhood. Mr. Herb Black, of Saintfield, spent Sunday at Mr. S. Squires. Mr. Elwyn and Miss Myrtle Brentnell spent Sunday at Mr. Richard Prouse.

PILES CURED at HOME by New Absorption Method. If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write to-day to Mrs. M. Summers, Box 263 Windsor, Ont.

CAMEO KIRBY

By Booth Tarkington AND Harry Leon Wilson Adapted From the Play of the Same Name by W. B. M. Ferguson

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"But there was two of 'em, for I counted," put in one of the newcomers. "The murderer evidently missed at his first fire," said Tom. "My name is Handall of Plaquemine, so you may see by word that I found the gentleman as I have stated. This is a great and villainous outrage. I happen to know the victim, a most estimable and honorable gentleman, who had the misfortune to incur the enmity of the notorious river gambler Cameo Kirby. The latter swore to get even, and there is no doubt he has fulfilled his murderous and cowardly intention."

"I seen this Kirby in town yesterday," commented one of the men, examining with morbid curiosity Moreau's death wound. "He's a bad egg from all accounts. Done his job neat. Shot from ambush, I reckon. "We passed him on the road as we come into the grove," added a second. "I know him by sight—a youngish looking, gray eyed blade with a sort of dandy getup to him. We asked him if there had been a dool, and he said yes, he thought so—" "He lies, as you can see" cried Tom, springing to his feet. "What road did he take?" "He come from that way," interrupted the informant, pointing in the direction Kirby had taken further down. "I know the road forks farther down. All know the road forks farther down. It's our duty to hunt the villain down, to aid the law all we can. Duelling is one thing, but murder such as this deserves only lynch law. We'll show the scoundrel the same quality of mercy he meted out to this poor defenceless gentleman."

"That's right. Short shift and a long rope!" cried the men. Plotted by the member who had met Kirby, the small improvident posse quickly made its way through the underbrush, emerging on the road which the gambler, at a point below the fork, was even then traversing. When the fork of the road was reached Tom and two companions chose the right or southerly branch, while the man who had met Kirby, accompanied by a half grown youth, bore away to the left. By another intervention of the fates young Handall's meeting with the gambler was again postponed. The country side en route, reached town without overtaking or even sighting their quarry.

Meanwhile the other members of the posse had fared better—or worse. They had not long left their companions before Kirby was sighted, and evading leisurely with bowed head and evidently preoccupied mind. Warned by the rapidly advancing steps of his self constituted judges and executioners, he turned in mild curiosity and awaited their approach.

The farmer and his son—for such it would lead. Kirby accepted the desperate and solitary chance that was offered him. Hastily returning to the house with the open window and as pending its steps, he leaped high in



LOOKING MOREAU'S LAST STEPPING STONE FROM THEIR DEATH GRIP.

CHAPTER VII. THE General looked up gravely. "Dele, I wish you would read some of those words here that are too long. Both the prices are just about the best heroes I ever heard of. One is a good price and the other a bad price. Which would you rather be, Anatole?" "Oh, but the good price, of course," replied M. Veandry, good humoredly concealing his vexation at being concealed in the General's "Thin bad one," sighed the price is in a secret of this: The good price gets it passes, and the bad price gets it passes, and at both ends, but the good price has got a slow fuse leading through a crack to a barrel of gunpowder under the bad price's throne where he's sitting. But he doesn't know about it. What kind of time was that to tell anything he couldn't bear the rest of my milk or you shall never hear any more," threatened Mme. Davesse. And the child obediently but unwillingly seized the huge glass and attempted to drain it at a draft. "You are pale like the camellia," murmured M. Veandry, resuming his tete-

armed, but made an earnest and sincere effort to settle me all. In short, ours was a fair and honorable meeting, and as such matters are not prohibited by the statutes I really fail to see how it concerns you all—comes within the scope of your all's worthy usefulness."

"Them big words don't change the case," said the farmer grimly. "I seen you all's victim with my eyes, an' so did my boy and a lot of others. He didn't have no weapon of any kind, an' that we kin prove. L'gustin' is too good for you, Mr. Kirby, an' yuh all know it."

"The devil it is," replied Kirby. "You are the victim of a mistake, Mr. Farmer, and I'm evidently the victim of an enemy who has concealed my late opponent's weapon. I will not permit your ignorance to swing me from the end of a rope."

"Tom, run for help. I'll hold this fellow," cried the farmer. And as the boy ran off the malarial gentlemen swung his wiry arms about Kirby. A fierce and protracted struggle ensued Kirby realizing that he was not only fighting for liberty, but life. In those days lynch law was only too common, and he knew what to expect at the hands of an infuriated, ignorant and unreasoning mob. And in the present instance all explanation would be clever feint, a smashing uppercut, and the malarial gentleman went down on his back, while Kirby, waving an airy adieu to the now advancing army of yelling pursuers, took limberly to his heels.

But, fleet and long winded runner though he was, capture was not thus to be lightly outfooted. The cry of "Catch the murderer!" is infinitely more potent than that of "Stop thief!" and pursuers were multiplying in his track at an alarming rate, adding at every step fresh runners to their ranks.

On sped Kirby, every variety and class of humanity at his heels. Once or twice his way was barred by some energetic and inquisitive newcomer, but a clever dodge or a well directed blow left him to swell the ever increasing army of impotents in the rear. No fox doubling and redoubing on his staking acumen and agility against overwhelming odds than did the young gambler. By now the city proper had been gained, and the pursued, dashing around the first opportune corner, became lost to his pursuers.

Kirby found himself in a quiet side street lined with aristocratic, fat little red brick houses whose drawing room balconies were little more than a man's height from the side path. He vaguely realized that he was in the heart of New Orleans' old French quarter. The street was not very long, and he did not know to where it led. Owing to the early hour the shutters of the houses were still closed, but one house seemed to be an exception. For his quick, searching eyes noted on his right a half open drawing room window with its gently flapping curtain.

He dropped into a quick walk in order to gain a much needed breathing spell, but now as the hue and cry of his persistent pursuers became more insistent he again broke into a run. In a few moments they would turn the corner and sight their quarry. Almost at the same instant another chorus of cries came from the far end of the street toward which Kirby was hastening. He incontinently halted, realizing that the enemy, familiar with the neighborhood, had divided his army and sent one contingent around his flank to head him off. He was trapped, for it was impossible to advance or retreat, and louder sounded the cries from front and rear. Another minute and the short street would be choked with the meeting mobs.

Without hesitation nor caring where it would lead, Kirby accepted the desperate and solitary chance that was offered him. Hastily returning to the house with the open window and as pending its steps, he leaped high in

prove futile, for mob rule is not influenced by judgment, and he was already a dog with a bad name. They would hang him first and inquire into the merits of the case afterward. If possible prompt and ignominious flight was his only salvation.

True to his class, Kirby's opponent possessed some knowledge of wrestling, but was totally ignorant of even the rudiments of pugilism, and the younger man conducted his efforts to frustrating tripping attacks while at the same time striving to free his pinned right arm. This at length he succeeded in doing. A vicious wrench, a

at, caught the overhanging balcony, drew himself up, leaped over the elaborately scrolled railing and, pushing aside the partly bellying curtains, stepped quietly into the room.

General, creeping cautiously from under the table. Kirby's inquiring eyes met those of Cameo Kirby, who, standing motionless by the curtains, was warily watching the entrance. For a long moment the two, surprised to speak. "Come, cheer up," said Kirby at length, unconsciously employing his characteristic phrase, "Don't be

"Does that lead to the street?" he asked, pointing to a door on his right. The General nodded. He was breathless and terrified with joy. "Are you somebody making a hairbreadth escape?" he stated rather than asked. "I hope so," admitted Kirby, with a smile. "Do you want to be somebody helping me to do it?"

"Yes, of course. What do I do?" "Go out on the balcony," Kirby gravely explained, "and look as if nothing was the matter. Lean your elbow on the railing and tell me what you see." He drew aside the curtain as the child, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, obeyed.

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CLARE BROS. & CO., LIMITED, - PRESTON, Ont. D. CINNAMON, - Lindsay. NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS. be issued the day previous, so that As June 22nd will be a public holiday The Watchman-Warder will news budgets early in the week.

Advertisement for R. Soper Dr. White, featuring portraits of the doctor and a list of ailments treated. Also includes ads for 'Prism Brand' paint, 'Everlasting Memorials', and 'Scott Ag ain'.