

McCullough

Our Seven Colleges have been established during the past 30 years. The largest trainers in Canada. Owing to our connection with the Ontario Educational Association of Canada. It will be well for you to investigate before choosing. Exclusive right for Ontario of the world famous Bliss Book-keeping System, which is un- equalled. It is actual Business from Start to Finish, and the student keeps same books as Chartered Banks and Wholesale Houses. Enter any time. Individual instruction.

SAY MARKETS

is fairly well attend- ed selling at 24 and 19c. Flour is up other markets remain

THIRTY YEARS

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Fall Term From Aug. 20th

Write, call or phone for particulars. PETERBORO BUSINESS COLLEGE [founded 1885]

GEO. SPOTTEN, President E. E. Logan, Principal



"Prism Brand" Ready Mixed Paint McLennan & Co

Everlasting Memorials

I find a White-Bronze Monument in Simpson, Taylor County, W. Va., that is over thirty years old and as nice and perfect as the day it was set. C. S. Nav, Fairmount, W. Va.

White Bronze in Durability, Artistic Effects of Beauty. Arthur Graham, LEETWOOD P.O. Agent for the Monument Bronze Co. of Bridgeport, Conn.



Scott Again 11479, (114840). The property of PETER MORRISON Arygle, Ont.

Will make the season as follows Monday-At Arch. Campbell's, lot 12, con. 5, Eldon Station, for noon, thence to D. F. McEachern, lot 21, con. 3, for night. Tuesday-At Ed. Lucas', Arygle, for noon. F. McHattie, lot 2, con. 6, Thorah, for night. Wednesday-At D. J. Calder's, lot 10 con. 4, Thorah, for noon. J. G. Morrison, lot 3, con. 3, Thorah, for night. Thursday-At Lorneville for noon. Mc Crae's Hotel, Woodville, for the night. Friday-At Dennis Howkin's, lot 1, con. 5, Eldon, for noon. Saturday to Monday-At his own lot 12, con. 5, Eldon.

See cards for pedigree and description. Mrs. Sarah Elnor of Toronto was seriously injured by falling from an

DONGOLA.

Dongola, Aug. 12. - The harvest is in full swing here now and the crops are good. The grain is heavy in most cases and the straw long. The raspberries are done and there is not going to be any crop of thimble berries this year.

Mrs. John McGee, sr., has returned to her home after a visit in Toronto and Rochester. Mrs. Leslie Mauder and little Harold and Clifford, of Lindsay, are visiting her mother, Mrs. John McGee.

Mrs. G. Carson has returned to Toronto after a pleasant visit here with her sister.

Miss Rene O'Brien has returned to the city after spending her holidays under the parental roof.

Master Alman Carson, who spent the summer here with his cousin, Sammy O'Brien, returned to the city. Mr. and Mrs. Louis McBride and family, of Fort William, are visiting friends here now.

Mrs. Moss Gatchell, of Sudbury, and little daughter Marie, are visiting in this vicinity.

As F. Quinn started for Toronto on Tuesday morning when he will visit friends until Saturday when he will start on an excursion to Spurling, Man.

Some of the people from here attended the S. A. meetings at Norland, last Sunday, conducted by Envoy Brewer Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Barkwell visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Embury, of Norland last Sunday.

Miss L. Watson, of Watson's Crossing, has been visiting friends here recently.

Little Bug After Famous Manuvers' Taters

Lifford, Aug. 14. - The harvest in this part is well advanced for so early in the season. The cutting is practically done and drawing in general. Oats are light on high land but fields that are generally wet are producing more this year than twice the area of higher ground. The days of the high wheat land are over. Taking one year with another they are not so productive as the lower lands.

Everyone is apparently alarmed by a plague that is rapidly demolishing our potatoes. They are in the form of a little green insect similar in form to the grasshopper. It is always found on the under side of the leaf and saps the vitality out of the plant. What a pity it will be if our good old Manuvers' taters never mature this year. Doubtless they are afraid of Reciprocity.

A number of our young men are intending to take in the Cobourg Horse Show this week.

Miss Edith Mulligan, who has been holidaying in Lindsay has returned. Miss Mabel Wilson and Miss Mary Staples are visiting Buffalo friends.

Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Wright and Mr. and Mrs. C. Wright visited Janet-bille friends over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Densen, of Bowmanville, visited the Misses Scott on Sunday.

Miss M. Campbell has returned to Toronto after a pleasant sojourn at this village.

Misses Mabel and Greta Scott are visiting their cousins, the Misses Scotts.

Quite a number from here attended divine service at Fleetwood on Sunday evening.

FALL FAIRS

LIST OF FALL FAIRS OF INTEREST TO LINDSAY. Bancroft, Sept. 28, 29. Barrie, Sept. 25, 26, 27. Beaverton, Oct. 3, 4. Belleville, Sept. 11, 12. Bobcaygeon, Sept. 26, 27. Bowmanville, Sept. 19, 20. Brampton, Sept. 19, 20. Brockville, Sept. 5, 8. Campbellford, Sept. 26, 27. Cartwright, Sept. 26, 27. Cobden, Sept. 28, 29. Colborne, Oct. 3, 4. Collingwood, Sept. 27-30. Fenelon Falls, Oct. 4 and 5. Galt, Sept. 22, 23. We are pleased to hear that Rev. Kingston, Sept. 27, 28. Kinnmount, Sept. 14 and 15. LINDSAY, Sept. 21, 22, 23. Lakeside, Sept. 19, 20. London (Western Fair) Sept. 8-16. Madoc, Sept. 27, 28. Markham, Oct. 4, 5 and 6. Meaford, Sept. 28, 29. Midland, Sept. 28 and 29. Newmarket, Sept. 19 to 21. Norwood, Oct. 10 and 11.

NEW SEASON'S STOCK of Dunlop Tires, Tubes, Hercules Brakes, Pumps, New Line Bicycle Accessories. Large stock of Second Hand Bicycles. Farm Machinery ground equal to new. General repairing at Lindsay Bicycle and General Machine Works NEXT POST BUILDING Geo. W. Shepherd Prop.

CAMEO KIRBY

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

At length, in the midst of his proceedings, a sound from the window attracted his attention, and, listlessly turning, he discerned young Randall, old Pyledd, Aaron and M. Veaudry, all scrutinizing him intently with a look there was no mistaking. They considered the ladies safely away, and the time had now come when a judicial murder might be perpetrated.

Before a word had been exchanged Kirby fathomed their purpose, but no hint of constance was evinced in his manner. He arose leisurely and with the courtesy of guest to guest rather than with any intention of self defense, alarm or even interest. And for a space and in silence the four men surveyed the one. Then young Randall spoke ominously and, for him, with admirable restraint.

"It's pretty dark outside, Mr. Kirby—too dark to shoot straight. Shall we settle it here? We are going to give you a chance, and you'd better get yourself ready to take it blanked quick unless you prefer to be shot like a rat."

"If you leave it to me," said Kirby mildly. "I prefer not to be shot at all."

"Do you realize that in giving you a fair show we do a common gambler an honor?" returned the boy, struggling hard against his passion. He resented Kirby's serene composure, for against it he was placed at a humiliating disadvantage.

"I am deeply sensible of your kindness to me of my profession," observed the "common gambler," bowing with courteous formality. "You seem to be making quite elaborate preparations, gentlemen, but I think you're putting yourselves to unnecessary trouble. Mr. Randall, you and your sister—"

"Don't you dare mention the name of any lady of my family!" menaced Tom.

"But that is necessary, sir," suavely murmured the one, "because you and your sister, Miss Adele Randall—"

"You wolf!" snarled the boy, and he struck with all his strength. The alert and pacific M. Veaudry caught the descending arm, and before the outraged and now thoroughly incensed boy, furious at Kirby's deliberate repetition of Miss Randall's name, could wrest himself free and renew the attack Adele herself had entered the room, followed by the successful Bunce. Her presence instantly prohibited further hostilities, and young Randall sullenly turned away, raging against her delayed departure and unexpected intrusion. The self-satisfied and beaming glance upon him by the portly veteran Bunce did not improve his temper, although in a measure it afforded an explanation of Adele's presence.

"I have yielded to this gentleman's request," said the girl stonily, having an ironic and contemptuous hand toward Bunce, while her eyes looked accurately through the top of Kirby's head. "I grant your interview. What is it you wish to say? Kindly be as explicit and terse as possible."

He handed her the slip of paper which before this he had sought to offer.

"I fear your brother may be too excited to read it," he said indifferently. She eyed it wonderingly, scanning it twice over and yet again before digesting its brief contents. In silence she handed it to her brother, and he, after a long, incredulous stare, exclaimed:

"He gives it back to buy his safety?" "Read the date," commanded Kirby, addressing the girl.

In the same mechanical manner she obeyed, spelling it out as if it were written in some strange language with which she was but vaguely familiar.

"He wrote that the first day the doctors let him set up to a table after Jack Moreau shot his hip?" Kirby explained Bunce, angered at the reception accorded what he considered a sublime act of generosity, forbearance and astuteness.

Slowly Adele raised her eyes from the paper and looked steadily at the "common gambler." "This was in remembrance for my father?" she whispered. "No." It was said quite simply and emotionlessly, as if the question were too absurd to seriously consider. He would have employed the same tone in refuting the statement that he was a Chinaman.

"That doesn't agree very well with Colonel Moreau's story," sneered young Randall, loath to credit such an enemy with one worthy motive.

"You bet your bottom dollar it don't," agreed Bunce.

"That will do, Larkin," said Kirby sharply. "There's nothing more to be said. We're through here."

Despite Adele's earnest request to remain and the plea that she had the right to know the meaning of this strange contradiction of evidence, he resolutely turned to leave the room, his partner obediently following.

gentleman to you, Gene. But now's the time you got to think of yourself. "Looks to me you're considerable of a curmudgeon," smiled Kirby, picking up a card. "What were you saying to me about this? There's my wife. I married that for better or for worse—too long ago for a woman to come between us now. And what else was that you said? Oh, yes—'Take us good look at yourself, Gene Kirby; then take another at her.'"

Bunce snarled freely. "I've kind of changed my mind since I said that," he mumbled. "Besides," consulting his watch, "it was a long time ago. It was last night now."

Bunce came, and with it the white dawn, and as still the men sat, one

that same patient, unbusiness tone, totally devoid of resentment or even interest.

"If we've been in the wrong," tremulously whispered Adele, raising her head proudly but pleading supplication speaking strongly from her eyes, "you will set us straight, you will be fair?"

For a long moment Kirby hesitated, then finally turned to the now eagerly waiting boy.

"Mr. Randall," he said, with elaborate formality, "the question involved in my conduct is so purely professional that it may be almost impossible to clear it up to the satisfaction of a layman. Mr. Bunce, being one of the brethren, would comprehend me perfectly, but I shall have to point out that in my profession there are separate groups, both high and low, each controlled by its own standards."

"You accuse Colonel Moreau of being a gambler?" said young Randall as the other paused.

"I regretfully admit that he had some claim to the title," replied Kirby, with intentional elegance of manner, "for the group to which the 'colony' belonged countenanced certain practices, such as the intoxication of opponents and the elimination of chance in the fall of the cards, and this, we feel, shows a lack of foresight tending to bring discredit on the entire profession, which might in time drive its followers from their legitimate field of industry. For that reason, when I discovered the late Colonel Moreau in a private stateroom of the Showwell despoiling a gentleman who was— who was not himself, I took charge of the despoliation of what remained, intending to make restitution in the morning, when the victim should be in better condition."

Young Randall being one who cherished his hatreds and affections and renounced them with difficulty, this new and obviously accurate version of his father's suicide left him in a state of mental fog. Where Adele was only too willing to believe, he was not so ready to do so.

To the girl Kirby had once appeared all that woman can think of man, but to her brother he had ever been the personification of evil. Tom had belatedly nourished his hatred. Now he felt strangely bewildered, self-distrustful and unconfident. It is certainly not his own respect, he fumed hotly at the thought of how implicitly and on such meager evidence he had believed the specious and totally unscrupulous Moreau, bow from such a tissue of falsehood he had carefully erected his elaborate feud. He had even stooped to the ignominious act of treating a murderer upon this man, who, rather than being an enemy, had stood his father's sole friend. To him it was difficult to relegate into himself a new viewpoint with the "common gambler."

as an object for admiration rather than for detestation and fear. Kirby's name, which had been shattered with his self-respect. He flushed hotly at the thought of how implicitly and on such meager evidence he had believed the specious and totally unscrupulous Moreau, bow from such a tissue of falsehood he had carefully erected his elaborate feud. He had even stooped to the ignominious act of treating a murderer upon this man, who, rather than being an enemy, had stood his father's sole friend. To him it was difficult to relegate into himself a new viewpoint with the "common gambler."

"You meant to protect my father?" he asked at length.

"For the honor of the profession," said Kirby. "That's all right, Mr. Randall," he added gently as the boy, utterly crushed and filled with a bitter self-hatred, strove to verbally interpret his abstract thoughts, to frame some sort of fitting apology. "It won't lend me a horse to get back to the city we'll call it square. I'm ready, Larkin."

He held out his hand, and young Randall, flushing hotly, grasped it firmly, then turned away and, sinking into a chair, buried his face in his arms.

Adele, placing her hand on her brother's shoulder as if he were a child, raised him gently and escorted him from the room. At the door she turned, looking steadily at Kirby.

"You waited for me this afternoon when there was no danger," she said tremulously. "Won't you wait for me now, when there is none?"

CHAPTER XV. George, Gene, it looks to me like you'll get the girl and the plantation, too!" exclaimed Bunce when at length the two were alone.

"What was that you called me a white rat?" returned Kirby, quivering, but with an undercurrent of great seriousness. "Nothing but a what was it? Seems to me you said something mighty pleasant about me, you being my oldest friend and therefore complimentary. Oh, yes, nothing but a 'damned gambler.' That was it."

He seated himself at the table and, as was his wont in moments of abstraction, began to cut the cards.

Bunce diplomatically ignored the tribute. The mad escapade had terminated far better than he had expected or thought possible, and in consequence he had not had of good humor had been abundantly re-enforced.

"Take Miss Randall while you can get her," he advised. "She ain't thinkin' tonight of you bein' a gambler."

"What do you suppose she'll think of it tomorrow? Think she'll remember what I am, perhaps?"

"Am I to tell him the end of the story?" nodding to the sleeping General. "But he'll want you to."

"I'm afraid it won't be fired so that I can, Miss Randall. You see, I was only waiting to say goodby to you."

"He'll—he'll be disappointed," she ventured, with a pitiful attempt at composure. "And—you are only waiting to say goodby?"

"He nodded, smiling wanly. "You remember that story I told you of the rosebush and the playing cards?"

"Are you and I like that?" "Just like that," he said.

"But some time—she broke off, making a hopeless, pleading gesture. "Tell him when he awakes," said Kirby, taking a great breath and holding high his head, "the end is that for one great day, from sunrise to sunrise, the mixed prince was with somebody so good that he went away to try to make himself all over. And if he can"—He faltered and stopped; then, taking courage from her eyes, began again. "And if he can't—"

"And if he can't," she prompted, a great wave of color surging to cheek and neck. "And if I should wait for that—that wouldn't be the end?"

"No. That would be—"

"It would be"—she whispered, holding him with her eyes. "Just the beginning, after all."

THE END.

BADLY BURNED. A distressing accident occurred on Saturday when the three-year-old son of Dr. Sutton, Victoria-ave., was severely and seriously burned. It appears that the little fellow got hold of a match and managed to light it. The small flame caught on his dress and in quick time the child was a mass of flames. He ran out in the open air where his mother was and Mrs. Sutton succeeded in putting the fire out, but not until after the child as well as the mother were badly burned.

The little fellow was seriously burned about the chest, his lips and nose, and this morning his condition was serious. Mrs. Sutton's hands and arms were badly burnt.

PERSONALS. From Tuesday's daily. Miss Clara Trumbull, of Minden, is visiting her cousin, Miss Margaret Ranson, town.

Mrs. (Dr.) W. Irvine, of Beaver Falls, U.S., is spending a few days in town the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. Irvine.

Mrs. Herb Gillis and daughter, Norine, of Toronto, returned to the city after a visit of three weeks with Mrs. T. Gillis and friends.

The Misses L. and M. McGeay, accompanied by Miss Flora Cully, of Toronto, are spending their vacation under the parental roof at Cameron.

Miss McBride, of Toronto, passed through town to-day for Bobcaygeon, where she will spend a few weeks with her friend Miss May Morrison.

Ald. Newton Smale returned home from a three months' trip through the West last evening. He speaks very favorably of the crop condition and likes the West fine.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart and children, who were the guests of Mrs. Stewart's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. Mills during the past week, returned to their home in Toronto Monday.

Mr. H. McMullen, of R. Nellis', returned last evening from a trip through the Canadian West. While away he visited a large number of friends and reports that the crops are looking fine.

Mr. H. Clare Sootheran, of the Bank of Montreal staff, Spokane, Wash., is home spending a few weeks holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Sootheran, at their summer home on Cameron Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Kells, of Milton, announce the engagement of their daughter, Mary Gertrude, to Mr. Henry Augustus Sims, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Jerry A. Sims of Prescott, and a native of the Bank of Toronto, Erie.

W. H. Hoyle, M.P.P., and Mrs. Hoyle, "Westward Ho," Cannington, announce the engagement of their daughter, Mabel F. M., to Angus Campbell, L.R.C.S., R.M.O., of the Central London Ophthalmic Hospital, England. The marriage will take place this fall.

Canadian Verse

THE PHANTOM LIGHT OF THE BAIE DES CHALEURS. By Arthur W. H. Eaton. 'Tis the laughter of pines that swing and sway. Where the breeze from the land mingles the breezes from the bay. 'Tis the silver foam of the river-tide in ripples that reach to the forest side. 'Tis the fisherman's boat, in a track Plying through tangled seaweed green Over the Baie des Chaleurs.

Who has not heard of the phantom light? That over the moaning waves of night, Dances and drifts in endless play, Close to the shore, then far away. Piece as the flame in sunset skies, Cold as the winter light that lies On the Baie des Chaleurs?

They tell us that many a year ago, From lands where the pain and the love have grown, Where vines with their purple clusters creep by the water's side, Over the hillsides gray and steep, A knight in his doublet, slashed with gold, Famed, in that chivalrous time of old, For valorous deeds and courage rare, Sailed with a princess unwedded fair To the Baie des Chaleurs.

That a pirate crew from some isle of the sea, A murderous band as e'er could be, With a shadowy sail, and a flag of night, That haunted and flew in heaven's sight, Sailed in the wake of the lovers there, And sank the ship and its freight so fair In the Baie des Chaleurs.

Strange is the tale that the fishermen tell: They say that a ball of fire fell Straight from the sky, with a crash and roar, Lighting the bay from shore to shore. Then the ship, with shudder and with groan, Sank through the waves to the caverns lone Of the Baie des Chaleurs.

That was the last of the pirate crew: But many a night a black flag flew From the mast of a spectre vessel sailed. By a spectre band that wept and wailed. For the wreck they had wrought on the sea, on the land. For the innocent blood they had split on the sand. Of the Baie des Chaleurs.

This is the tale of the phantom light: That fills the mariner's heart, at night, With dread as it gleams o'er his path on the bay. Now by the shore, then far away, Piece as the flame in sunset skies, Cold as the winter moon that lies On the Baie des Chaleurs.

Canadian Verse

CHINOOK. By Ezra Hurlbut Stafford. Miffly through the mists of night Floats a breath of flowers white, Warmly through the waning light Wafts a wind with perfumed feet, Down the gorge and mountain brook, With the sound of wings—Chinooks!

By no trail his spirits go, Through the mountain passes high, Where the moon is on the snow And the screaming eagles fly, Where the yawning canyon roars With memories of misty shores.

On still prairies, mountain-locked, Frost lies white upon the grass, But where the witch of winter walked, Now the summer's masquers pass: They seek the morn's fresh breath, Tender flowers rose from death.

And the breeze, that on the Coast Wakened softly at the morn, Is on snowy prairies lost, When the twilight pales forlorn; Sweet Chinook! who breathes betimes Summer's kiss in winter climes.

Canadian Verse

THE PASSING OF SUMMER. By William Edward Hunt. "Summer is dead!"—it was the wind that spoke. In the bronze mantle of the sombre pine— "The summer bush unfurls a scarlet sign; The sere rush signals it in stream and lake; Soudeth a requiem in a lonely brake, Where aimless birds a gloomy fate repine; The sky is veiled in tears; each gray confine Bespeaks the shrunken branch the leaves forsake.

"I laugh with ruddy autumn in the morn; I sound his praises in the golden light; But when high noon has passed and raven night Comes rushing down, I wail with those that mourn. The dying leaves, the lone flowers, pale and torn, The multitudes confronting death or flight."

BIRTHS. FANNING — In Ops on Thursday, July 20, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Fanning, a son. FULTON — In Lindsay, Aug. 11th, 1911, to Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Fulton, Bond-st., a son.

DEPARTS. FANNING — In Ops, on Friday, Mrs. J. Fanning.