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AUGUST 29.  
in the Central Business College of Toronto and its branches. Are you planning to enter then? Have you seen other young people around you rise from one position to another? There's a reason. They secured a business education first. Our new catalogue is just out. Write W. H. Shaw, Principal, 895 Yonge-st., Toronto.

**NOTICE TO INVESTORS.**—We have a few first class farm mortgages for sale, which we can dispose of to persons having money for investment to net them 6 per cent interest. These mortgages are guaranteed both as to principal and interest. McLaughlin, Peel, Fulton & Stinson, Barristers, etc., Lindsay, Ont.

The strikers on the French railways are relying on the other labor unions to declare a general strike.

**PAID IN  
FULL**

Novelized From Eugene  
Walter's Great Play  
By J. W. Harding.

It was Emma's turn to get up and wait when she had recovered somewhat from her astonishment.

They decided at her suggestion to celebrate their good fortune forthwith by a banquet royal for two at one of the fashionable restaurants. Hastily she donned her prettiest costume, and they set out. Never had she been so vivacious, never more charming.

"Now," she said joyfully, "you'll be able to get a dress suit, and I can have a piano."

The lack of a piano always had been cause for keen regret.

Then she began to consider how they might live more comfortably than they had been doing. Joe proposed that they should avoid the housekeeping and servant problems altogether by living in an apartment hotel. He thought this would be within their means if they furnished the apartment themselves. He did not think it would cost more than living in a flat. Emma fell in with this view with eager enthusiasm.

Investigation proved the plan a little more expensive than they had bargained for, but they had what appeared to Emma to be a fabulous sum of money on hand, and they found an apartment which so pleased them in a hotel where the arrangements appeared to be satisfactory that they decided to take it.

Then Emma, with a light heart and a full purse—which, however, did not remain long in its bulging condition—experienced for the first time the unalloyed felicity of shopping to her heart's content, and the tangible result of her peregrinations was a charmingly furnished nest, conspicuous among the objects in which was her coveted piano.

CHAPTER IX.

AT the end of the first month passed in their new home Mrs. Brooks' joy in the sudden and great change in her husband's fortunes in the steamship company remained undiminished. Her mother Mrs. Harris, had come to look upon him with great respect and to be rather proud of her son-in-law, who had belied her dire prognostications and upset all her firmly rooted ideas and convictions by rising in the world.

As to Brooks himself, the exuberance of his optimism had worn off considerably. He did not share to any extent in the light heartedness of his wife, who diffused happiness and riled it in joyous music on the piano and in songs that had smoothed out the creases of care on her father's brow when she sang to him in the days of her girlhood. He had become more and more thoughtful, with lapses at unexpected times into absentmindedness. Moreover, of late, symptoms of his former ill humor and nervous irritability had reappeared.

"Goodness, Emma, one would hardly know you!" exclaimed Beth to her one evening after dinner, to which Mrs. Brooks had invited her mother and sister. "Your dress is a dream, and at table you were positively radiant."

She had followed Emma into her bedroom and was gazing in admiration at her sparkling eyes and her cheeks rosy with health.

"I am happy," admitted Emma, putting her arm around her affectionately.

"Do you know, dearie, I'm just beginning to know who and what you are?"

Highly amused at the girl's patronizing manner and not at all inclined to take her seriously, Emma looked at her with assumed gravity.

"How's that, little sister?" she inquired.

"Please don't call me 'little sister,'" objected Beth. "You're always making fun of me."

"My dear Beth, it is you who are always making fun of yourself," Emma told her.

"Indeed I'm not!"

"Why not laugh and play and just be a girl—a real tomboy? After all, that's the thing. You are only eighteen, while I have reached years of discretion, I'm twenty-five, you know."

and awfully staid and wise in consequence."

"You weren't a tomboy."

"Oh, yes, I was until I fell in love. You were a wee bit of a little maid then, and after I fell in love I became a silly little goose like all girls in love, and then—"

"You married Joe."

"Yes," said Emma seriously, "and that's why I want you to have such a good time now, while you can. Of course I hope you'll not have the hard pull that Joe and I have had—I mean when you are married—but one never can tell."

"Never mind the past now, Emma. Think how happy you are."

"I know. It is good to be living once again, but the best of it all is that Joe has succeeded. Even mother admits it. Think of it!"

"She even likes him," confided Beth.

"My dear, you know that mother likes most any one who has healthy indications of a bank account."

"Emma," chided the girl, "you ought to be ashamed!"

"I'm not," laughed her sister. "I'm too contented. I don't think that I shall ever forget the night, nearly seven weeks ago, when Joe came home with the good news, his salary more than tripled and six months' back pay."

"Joe never thought Captain Williams would do it for him."

"No, nor I. And the way it was done! You know the captain and Jimmy had been gone three days before Joe knew the good news."

"When are they coming back? Not for a month anyway."

"Joe says he doesn't know."

"Isn't it funny that with all his luck he doesn't seem contented?"

Emma became grave.

"He's worried, poor dear, and I can't make it out," she said. "Perhaps he's so anxious to succeed in his new position."

In the parlor Mrs. Harris sat fanning herself, for it was a very warm day. She was dressed in a gown of summer finery that would have been more suitable to her had she been, say, fifteen years younger, and she

Her son-in-law had been waxing more and more exasperated.

"For heaven's sake," he broke out angrily, wiping the perspiration from his face, "can't you find something better to talk about than ruined men, thieves and f'allows who go wrong?"

"Why, Joe, what's the matter?" inquired his wife, gazing at him in astonishment.

He turned his wan face toward her, and there was a look as of entreaty and apology in his eyes, under which the dark circles appeared to have deepened, as he replied:

"I'm tired and nervous. I think I'll walk down the street."

"Oh, but you've got to take us to the theater," Beth told him. "Mother hasn't seen the play at the Renaissance, and you can't get seats—not a single one—even from speculators. I promised to take her."

"Where do I come in?"

Mrs. Harris answered for her:

"You just take us; call for us after the show and put us on a car."

"We simply can't miss this chance, can we, mamma?" said Beth. "You will take us and come for us, won't you, Joe?"

"Oh, I suppose so," he acquiesced, a little wearily.

At that moment the telephone bell rang, and Emma answered it.

"Yes, right up," she instructed the operator and, hanging up the receiver, turned with an eager smile.

"I've got a surprise for you," she said. "Guess who's calling? Some one who wasn't expected for a month."

"Jimmy," cried Beth.

"Jimmy Smith, straight back from Guatemala."

Joe's eyes widened, and the little color in it faded from his face. He was very much startled by this unexpected visit, but kept sufficient control over himself not to make the fact too apparent.

"Is Captain Williams with him?" inquired Mrs. Harris.

"I don't know," answered Emma.

"I wonder what brings him back? He wasn't expected for a month or six weeks."

"I suppose the captain's with him," surmised Beth.

Her mother expressed the hope that he was.

"So do I," said Emma. "I want to thank him for Joe's raise."

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" exploded Brooks furiously. "I want you all to understand here and now that my business is my business. I don't want it discussed with either Smith or Williams. What I've got I've got, and it is nobody's affair but mine. Now, if any of you have got anything

to say about me or what I do, say it to me or shut up."

"Joe, how can you?" reproached his wife, taken completely aback by this savage and uncalled for display of anger.

"Well, I declare!" ejaculated Mrs. Harris, bridling up. "I've never been talked to so in all my life and—"

The doorbell rang, and she subsided, sinking back in her chair and fanning her red face vigorously.

Mrs. Brooks opened the door, and Jimmy stood revealed with his wise some smile, his face tanned brown by the sun of the tropics.

"Welcome home, little stranger!" exclaimed Emma heartily.

"Hello, Emma! How are you?" he said, taking her outstretched hand.

"Ladies, I salute you. The prodigal has returned from the distant land of chili con carne and fat ladies wearing mantillas to receive his overdoes of American grub."

"Look at him! He's as brown as an Indian!" laughed Beth, giving him a cordial handshake.

"Where's Captain Williams?" asked Mrs. Harris.

"All in due time, when I spin my yarn," drawled Jimmy.

He went over to Brooks and shook hands with him.

"Glad to see you, Joe," he said.

"Thank you, Jimmy. Same to you. You look immense."

"I'm better than that. Now, if you folks will sit down I'll tell you the story of my wonderful adventures, lying only when necessary to protect my unswerving reputation. How is that, Beth, 'unsullied reputation?' Pretty good, eh?"

"But Captain Williams and the story?" urged Emma.

"What I want to know," observed her mother, "is, Did the captain come with you?"

"So do I," said Brooks, with hardly concealed anxiety.

"Well, you know it took me two months to do all this, and you can't expect me to tell this story as if it was a journey in the subway."

"Jimmy, you're exasperating," remonstrated Emma.

"I was saying— Say, Emma, you look all right in that dress," he broke off, contemplating her with admiration. She stamped her foot imperiously.

"Never mind me. Talk!"

"And please say something," added Beth.

"Stung!" he laughed. "Thank you, Beth! Well, you know cap and I were going to make a trip at every port of call the Latin-American company has, but when we got to Guatemala we found out that a couple of those dons down there, being out of jobs, had concluded to pass the time away by pulling off one of their monthly revolutions and, among other things, were getting very gay with our property."

"You mean war?" demanded Beth, deeply interested.

"Not according to Hoyle. This game was just for conversation. Anyway, things looked a little bad, so we stayed there until one of the dons threatened to put us in jail and burn up our warehouses. We were delayed a couple of weeks, and one morning the army of forty-two generals and three privates saw the United States cruiser Brooklyn steam into port all painted up, with a lot of peevish bluejackets on board, looking for trouble. So they postponed their change of government indefinitely. We had been delayed so long by them fellows—"

"Jimmy," objected Beth. "Don't call them 'them fellows.'"

"No?"

"No. Say 'those fellows.'"

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"Well, Beth, I've known those greasers down there for fourteen years as 'them fellows,' and if I called them anything else I'm afraid I'd have to be introduced again."

"But Captain Williams?" insisted Mrs. Harris.

"Yes, where is he?" said Brooks.

"Well, we decided to come home."

Captain left on the steamer by the way of New Orleans, and a couple of days later I came direct to New York."

"Then he is here?" said Mrs. Harris in a tone of gratification.

"I suppose he is, unless he was shipwrecked on the way."

"But you haven't told us anything about the war," Beth reminded him.

"Was it exciting?"

"Well, as the only things that were shot off were several hundred mouths and as I'm a bad hand at repeating conversations I will have to leave the details to your imaginations."

"I consider that a most uninteresting story," pouted Beth, "and, besides, you're keeping us from the theater."

"All going?" queried Smith.

"No, just Beth and me," explained Mrs. Harris. "Emma and Joe have seen the play, and we've got the last two seats."

Emma accompanied her mother and sister to her bedroom to help them don their hats.

When the door had closed upon them Smith's attitude changed entirely. The smile vanished from his face, and he went over to Brooks and placed both hands on his shoulders.

"Joe, you're found out," he announced.

"How found out?" demanded Brooks, jumping up and facing him, very white.

"The money you've taken."

"If you say I've taken money, you're a liar!" retorted Brooks, with an attempt at fierce indignation. But the words came falteringly between his blue, parched lips.

"Joe, Joe," rebuked his friend sternly, "this ain't no time to four flush with me. I'm your friend, and you need one now, boy. Besides, there's Emma to think of."

"I don't know what you mean," he protested in a choking voice.

To be continued.

Mr. Jack Lynch, of South Ops, was taking a load of hay to the Pym House stables through the back lane on Thursday when the wagon upset leaving the whole load on the sidewalk. It seems that the pavement is a little raised at that entrance and the jar caused by the wheels striking the walk broke the rack and let the hay down causing the whole load to turn over.

**A Resolution  
of Condolence**

Following is a copy of the resolution of condolence read by Mr. J. H. McDougall, at the meeting of the Victoria County Teachers' Association Friday, in regard to the death of the late Inspector J. H. Knight:

"Resolved that we, the members of East and West Victoria Teachers' Association assembled here in convention desire to place on record our deep sense of loss sustained by the county in the death of the late J. H. Knight. For many years, Mr. Knight went in and out among us doing his work faithfully and cheerfully and by his earnestness and devotion to the cause of education, did much to stimulate and maintain interest in this noble work throughout the county. In this our first convention since his death, we miss his kindly presence and wish to express our high appreciation of his worth as teacher and inspector. His integrity and fidelity as a citizen and as public official will be long remembered by the teachers of this county."

The resolution was carried unanimously.

**LARGE SHIPMENT.**

Mr. W. B. Moore shipped a large car load of live stock, worth \$4800, from Fenelon Falls to Toronto Wednesday morning.

**KILLED SWEETHEART.**

Columbus, Ohio, Oct. 14.—A firing pistol battle between officers James, Creedon, Zetty, and George Douglas, a South Carolina negro, ended in the policeman getting their man after wounding him.

The fight occurred early this morning in the darkness. Douglas had shot up the home of Mrs. Bessie Redman, killing his sweetheart, Mamie Belle, 20 years old, and injuring Mrs. Redman and Simpson Gilloway.

Douglas was jealous because he was not invited to the dance which was being held.

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