

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15TH, 1908.

HEAVY BOOTS.

Manufactured by C. B. Dayfoot & Co. of Georgetown, Ont., who make a specialty of shoes for lumbermen and river drivers.

W. Bryans FENELON FALLS

Constipation

... sweet apples, with some people, bring relief for Constipation. With others, however, they will have the same effect as any other fruit has a vegetable remedy to every ailment known to man. If physicians had found Nature's way to health, and this is the way to health with regard to Constipation.

Lax-ets

DRUGGIST, BOBCAYGEON

JOHN DENNIS

MANUFACTURER OF Improved Double Action PUMPS.

Really the only Force Pump on the market. Built for any depth of well repairs of all kinds on hand. Esti- mates on windmills and all pumping machines. I have no agents—save their commissions by dealing direct with me. Orders may be left at Creamery.

WELLS ST., NEXT CREAMERY

BUSINESS CARDS.

DR. WALTERS, DENTIST, Lindsay.

All Branches of Dentistry Carefully Performed. Charges Moderate. Embossed Metal Work at 10 cents and 25 cents per piece.

DR. S. J. SIMS, DENTIST, Fenelon Falls.

Graduate of Toronto University and Royal College of Dental Surgeons. All Branches of Dentistry Performed according to the Latest Improved Methods at Moderate Prices.

DR. SHARPE, DENTIST, Toronto.

will be at the Mansion House Wednesday and Thursday every alternate week.

Specialist in Plate, Crown and Bridge Work.

DR. R. A. WILSON, Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur. M. B., M. C. P. & S. Ontario. Office and Residence, Colborne St., Fenelon Falls.

R. M. MASON, Veterinary Surgeon. Honor Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College, 1881. Office Day Every Saturday. Office—Francis St., Fenelon Falls.

G. H. HOPKINS, K.C., Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public. Solicitor at Bank of Montreal. Money to loan on terms to suit borrower. 605 & 611 William St., South, Lindsay, Ont.

McDIARMID & WEEKS, Barristers, Solicitors, &c., Lindsay, Fenelon Falls and Woodville. Money to loan. Solicitors for County of Victoria. Village of Fenelon Falls. A representative of this firm will be in Fenelon Falls every Monday.

McLAUGHLIN, PEEL & FULTON, Barristers, Solicitors, &c., Lindsay. Lindsay offices over Dominion Bank. Bobcaygeon office in Geo. W. Taylor's rooms. Open every Monday 12.30 to 4.30 p.m. Money to lend on real estate at lowest current rates.

J. McLAUGHLIN, K.C. A. FULTON, B.A. J. A. PEEL.

RENE McDUGALL, A. T. C. M. Voice Culture and Piano. Graduate of Toronto Conservatory of Music, Gold Medalist of Ontario Ladies College. Voice and Piano pupils accepted. Studio at residence Colborne St. North FENELON FALLS.

CANADIAN ORDER CHOSEN FRIENDS. Fenelon Falls Council, No. 189A, meets in C.O.F. Hall Second Monday of each month.

A Fraternal and Benefit Society for ladies which gives insurance at actual rates. Also Sick, Funeral and Disability benefits at actual cost. Mrs. E. A. McARTHUR, R. C. A. H. TERRILL, C. S.

The Captain of the Janizaries

By JAMES M. LUDLOW

Copyright, 1886, by Dodd, Mead & Co. Copyright, 1890, by James M. Ludlow

it broke beneath them, scrambled back to the shore. One or two fainted in the shock of the cold plunge and were drawn in by the woinaks, but three pressed on, breaking the ice before them with their arms or with the whole weight of their bodies as they climbed upon its brittle edge. Soon they were beyond their depth; one dared to go no farther and, blue and bleeding, gave up the chase. The prize lay between Michael and his companion. This boy was larger and older than he and, finding that the ice would sustain his weight, stretched himself upon it and crawled forward until he grasped the flag. But the momentary pause as he detached it from the wooden block and put it between his teeth was sufficient to allow the crackling bridge to break beneath him, and he sunk out of sight. At the same instant Michael disappeared. Though several yards from his companion, he plunged beneath the ice and reappeared carrying the flag in his teeth and holding his comrade's head above the water until the woinaks could reach and rescue him both.

"Bravo!" shouted the attendants. The boys were hurried into the barracks and given a hot drink made from a decoction of strong mints, while the woinaks smeared their bodies with the same and rubbed them until the shock of their exposure was counteracted by the generous return of the natural heat. "I thought," said old Mustapha, "that we would have drowned some today. It is a cruel custom, but it is worth months of other practices to find out a lad's clear grit and power of endurance. But hist!" and he pointed to the entrance of the square from the seraglio court adjoining and assumed an attitude of the gravest dignity. In a moment more the two officers knelt and, resting their foreheads on the ground, remained in that position until a lad of some twelve years approached them and touched the head of each with his fist, bidding them rise. "I have come, good Selim, to see what new hounds you have for me," said the young Prince Mahomet.

"Ah! The prophet, your namesake, has sent you a fine one, as lithe as a greyhound and as strong as a mastiff,



Bidding them rise.

and, if I mistake not, already trained for the game, for he came from the Balkans, where foxes run wild when and where they will. "That is capital, I shall like him!" cried the prince, with delight. "I must see him."

"Not today, your highness, for the boys are under the leech's charge. They have been put to the water test and are all packed snugly in their beds." "The water test, Selim, and you called me not?" said the boy, looking furious in his rage. "You knew I wanted to see it, and you told me not for spite. You will pay for this one day, you fat villain! And I want the hunt now. I came for it, did not I, Yusef?" addressing a eunuch, an old man with ashen face and decrepit body, but gorgeously arrayed, who accompanied the prince as his constant attendant.

"We must wait, I suppose," said the man, with a supercilious tone and toss of his head. "Tomorrow we will have the hunt in better style than we could arrange it now were the boys able," said Selim, endeavoring to appease the young tyrant.

The prince and his escort moved away without deigning a reply. "It is best not to insist," said the eunuch. "A wise maxim I will give thee, my prince: Beware of demanding the impossible; check back even the desire of it. The rule of the janizary school is that the boys have rest after the water test, and the padishah would not allow even his own son to break it. I would train thee to self command, for the time may come when thou shalt command the empire. Your brother Aladdin is mortal. Wait until thou canst get the bit between thy teeth before attempting to run thine own gait."

The spectators at this point interferred. As they rose the eunuch grasped the little victor and, shaking him, cried, "I will cut the throat of the insolent cub."

adorned with every elegance that the art of landscape gardening could devise, but the greater part of the reserve was left in its natural state. Here and there were open fields incumbered with stunted underbrush and either broken with outcropping rocks or smooth with strips of meadow land now white and glistening under the snow.

This section of the park presented a fascinating appearance on the day of the fox hunt. Scores of lads from the janizary school were there, and old soldiers gathered here and there in groups.

Prince Mahomet rode a horse, small but compactly built, jet black, in strongest contrast with the white tunic and gayly embroidered jacket of the little prince. With merry sound the young tyrant chased the boys, who, carrying wands decorated with ribbons, ran ahead of him to clear the way.

"So it will be if he ever comes to the throne," said Selim to a comrade. "Mahomet II. would follow no one. There would be no use of viziers and generals, and he would even attempt to drive the janizaries like his sheep. It is well that Aladdin is the elder."

The woinaks brought in several crates with latticed sides containing the foxes, which one by one were to be let loose for the chase, the boys to act the part of hounds and drive the game from the thickets, in which they would naturally take refuge, out into the open space and within arrow range of the prince. Mahomet by constant practice had acquired great dexterity in managing his steed and almost unerring aim in using the bow from the horse's back.

A splendid red fox was thrust out of the crate. For a moment he remained crouching and trembling in his fright at the crowd, then darted suddenly for the underbrush. The boys, imitating the sharp cry or prolonged baying of a pack of hounds, scattered in different directions, some disappearing in the copse, others stationing themselves at the openings or runways where they thought the animal would appear. The bugle of the white eunuch, who was constantly near the prince, kept all informed of his position, so that reynard might be driven toward him. In a few moments the arrow of Mahomet laid him low.

A second fox was liberated, like many of the sultan's nobler creatures, only to fly to his speedy execution. The third animal was an old one, who persisted in taking the direction opposite to that in which the chasers would drive him. Again and again as the boys closed about him he dashed through the thickest of their legs, leaving them tumbled together in a heap. At one time he sprang through the opening at which Michael, studying the tricks of the quick witted brute, had stationed himself. Sudden as were his movements, the young mountaineer's were not less so, for, like a veritable hound, he threw himself bodily upon the prey. Passing his right hand beneath the entire length of the animal's body from the rear, he grasped his front leg and bent it back beneath him, at the same time using his whole weight to keep the animal's head close to the ground, so as to escape his fangs. He had taken more than one beast in a similar way from the holes in the old mountain pass. In the excitement of the sport he now forgot that he was merely to enable another to get the game without effort or danger.

Prince Mahomet rode to the spot toward which the fox had turned and in a sudden outburst of anger at this interference with his shot drove the arrow at the two as they were struggling on the ground. The whirling barb cut the arm of Michael before it entered the heart of the prey. The sharp cry of pain uttered by the lad recalled Mahomet from his insane rage. The rush- ing attendants showed deep pity for Michael, but no one ventured a remonstrance against this act of imperial cowardice and cruelty.

A moment's examination showed that the lad's wound was not serious, being only a cut through the flesh. But as the pallor of his fright died away from his face it was followed by a deep flush of anger. Tears of vexation filled his eyes. His glance of scorn was hardly swifter than his leap, for with a bound his arms were around the prince's body, while his weight dragged him from the saddle to the ground. Mahomet, rising, drew a jeweled dagger and made several hasty passes at his assailant, who, however, dextrously avoided them. The posting of the lads would have done justice to the fame of professional gladiators. The prince pressed upon his antagonist with incessant thrusts, which, by skillful retreating and parries with his bare arm, Michael avoided until, with a ringing blow upon Mahomet's wrist, he sent the weapon from his hand and closed with him, the prince falling to the ground beneath the greater strength of Michael.

The spectators at this point interferred. As they rose the eunuch grasped the little victor and, shaking him, cried, "I will cut the throat of the insolent cub."

"There stands his horse," he would say to himself, marking a line on the wall. "Now I leap, seize his dagger, strike him to the heart and before they know it he is dead."

"But the one hand of old Mustapha was upon the eunuch's throat, and his one eye flashed like a discharging culverin as he cried: "Had I another hand to do it with I would cut yours, you white faced imbecile! Don't you know that the boy belongs to the janizaries, and woe to him who is not a janizary that lays a hand on him!"

"It is better for us to retire," said the eunuch to Mahomet. "I shall sound the signal for the close of the games." Mahomet stood stubbornly for a while, then, turning to Michael, said in a tone which was strangely without a shade of anger or petulance in it: "Say, young glaur, you and I must have this out some day."

Michael could not help a half smiling recognition of the boyish challenge, and replied: "I have seen more foxes than you have and know some tricks I didn't show you today."

As they moved out of the park Yusef delivered a brief lecture to his princely pupil. "Hark thee, my master. I warn thee that thou have an eye always open and a hand always closed to the janizaries. They have grown from being the heel to think that they are the head of the state. They dictate to thy father, the padishah, and snub the very vizier. I would have killed both those old imbeciles but that it would not have been politic. I am glad, too, that thou didst not let thy dagger find the heart of the Balkan boy. That would not have been politic, for, Allah grant, thou mayest one day be padishah. Then this day would be remembered against us."

"But, Yusef, I did not spare the boy. I think he spared me, and if I ever get

can stop me plunge it into my own heart—sol Ah, when I am out of this place I will kill him! I will, and go down to hell with him!" And the little frame would swell and the eyes gleam with demoniacal light through the dusky chamber.

After a time Michael's fury died away. Another feeling took its place—the crushing sense of his impotence. His will seemed to be broken by the violence of its own spasm. He was stunned by his realization of weakness. He fell with his face to the cold stones of the floor, moaning at first, but soon passing into a waking stupor in which only consciousness remained.

The old mute brought in the meal on the third day, placed it beside him and retired. An hour later he returned and found the bread untested; the child in the same attitude, but not asleep. He touched him with his foot, but evoked no sign that his presence was recognized. He gazed for a few moments, then shook his head like an artisan who, upon inspecting some piece of work he has been making, is not satisfied with it.

He summoned Selim. The old soldier, finding that his entrance did not arouse the lad, crossed his legs upon the floor beside him and waited. The boy raised his head. His face was pale, his eyes sunken, their natural brilliance deepened, but as that of the flashing waters is deepened when it is frozen into the glistening icicle. Those three days of silence, with their successive dramas of mystery, terror, rage and depression, had wrought more changes in him than many years of merely external discipline would have done.

The close searching glance of Selim detected all this and also that the child was in a critical condition. The will was broken, but it was not certain that this had not been accomplished by the breaking of the entire spirit.

"Michael," he cried, "follow me!" The lad rose mechanically, showing no interest or attention beyond that required for bodily obedience. "Do you know that we have power to more severely punish you?"

"The words made no impression upon the child. "The bastinado? The cage?" The boy raised his face, but upon it was no evidence of fear; perhaps of scorn. He had suffered so much that threats had no power over him.

Selim was alarmed at such symptoms. His experience with such cases taught him that this lethargic spell must be broken at whatever cost. A peculiar instrument of torture was a frame set with needles pointing inward. Into this sometimes a culprit was placed and the frame screwed so close about the person that he could not move from a fixed position without forcing the needles into his flesh. This frame was put about the boy. He stared stupidly at the approaching points, but did not shrink. Selim pressed one of the needles quickly. Instantly the boy uttered a cry of pain. His face blanched with fright. The tears sprang to his eyes, and through them came an agonizing look of entreaty.

Selim's whole manner changed as suddenly. "Bravo, my little hero!" he cried, catching him to his arms. "You are of the metal of the invincibles, and henceforth only valiant deeds, bright honors and endless pleasures are to be yours. You shall lodge with me to-night."

Selim's apartment was off from the common barracks of the janizaries. It was luxuriously furnished in its way. Elegant rugs lay upon the marble floor. A divan with silken covering filled one end of the room. The walls were hung with a variety of richly wrought weapons and armor—short swords, long crescent shaped scimitars, spears of polished wood headed with glistening steel, helmets, breastplates, greaves. Badges and honorary decorations shone among costly robes which had accumulated since the days when he had been a page to the Sultan Amurath II.

Selim placed his little guest by his side upon the divan. Mustapha also appeared and, removing his shoes, made a profound and dignified salaam—quite in contrast with his usual rough and badgering manner when with Selim—then placed himself beside his comrade upon the cushions.

After the repast the two old men vied with each other in telling thrilling stories of adventure in battle and on secret service. The burden of every story was the praise of the janizary organization, which alone enabled them to attain such glories. The close brotherhood, which gave to each the help or all the 10,000, was commended by incidents illustrating it. They told of their age, or chief, who was more powerful than the grand vizier, for sultans made them latter by a word and unmade them with equal caprice, often with the stroke of the sword, but to touch a hair of the aga would be for the sultan to lose the favor of the entire band, whom he regarded as the main support of his throne, as their hands had won it for his fathers.

As Michael listened his cheeks flushed and chilled by turns with the excitement of his martial ambition. The dreams he used to have in his mountain home of being a soldier and coming back covered with badges of honor or to claim Morsinia as his bride seemed to be dissolving into the reality. Nor was his ardor damped when he learned from Selim that the first step toward all this was the total surrender of himself to the service of the brotherhood, in pledging and keeping obedience to its rules, as a part of the body, like the hand, must never be severed from the rest, but keep the contact perfect in every muscle and nerve in order to have the strength which only the health of the whole body can give to it. Selim remained to him how wrong it had been for him to seize the fox, no matter how excited he was or how much daring it showed to do so, since he had not been ordered to seize but only to

There stands his horse," he would say to himself, marking a line on the wall. "Now I leap, seize his dagger, strike him to the heart and before they know it he is dead."

"There stands his horse," he would say to himself, marking a line on the wall. "Now I leap, seize his dagger, strike him to the heart and before they know it he is dead."

"There stands his horse," he would say to himself, marking a line on the wall. "Now I leap, seize his dagger, strike him to the heart and before they know it he is dead."

"There stands his horse," he would say to himself, marking a line on the wall. "Now I leap, seize his dagger, strike him to the heart and before they know it he is dead."

"There stands his horse," he would say to himself, marking a line on the wall. "Now I leap, seize his dagger, strike him to the heart and before they know it he is dead."

The Free Press Do Job Printing.

FRIDAY BARGAIN DAY

Visit this store October 16th, view the display and take advantage of the Friday special bargains offered you. Every article is new and dependable and exactly as represented.

Dress Goods and Silks
Brown Green and Navy Cheviot and shadow striped dress goods, Priestley's make50c. yd.
Navy, Green and Brown Heronbone stripe, reg. 60c., special50c.
Chiffon stripe, in brown, green and navy, reg. \$1.25, special\$1.00
Black Voile, reg. \$1.00 special75c.
Black Voile, Priestley's, reg. \$1.25, special\$1.00
Black Mantle Silks Taffeta, 36 inch., reg. \$1.60, special\$1.33
Special prices on all our black and colored dress goods not mentioned in this list. Special designs in new dress-trimmings. Pink and white flannellette, heavyweight, special 10c., Grey and fancy shirting flannels 25c. 35c. and 50c.

Mantles, Skirts, and Blouses
Don't buy your mantle till you see our \$10 line in black and color. They are superb.
We have a tweed mantle, 15 only to sell at \$5 during Fair week.
Ladies' fur-lined coats \$50, \$60, and \$75.
3 specials in green, brown and black covers.
Magnificent showing of furs for fair week.
12 1/2 per cent. off all colarls, stoles and throw ties.
Ask to see our ladies' skirts at \$4.50 and \$6.50.
Carpets, rugs and house furnishings, 15 per cent. off for fair week.
10 per cent. off all children's white bear skin coats and bonnets.

Flannelettes and Wrapperettes
36 inch Flannelette, regular 13 1/2c., sale10c.
36 inch Wrapperette, regular 13 1/2c., sale10c.
Heavy Shirting Flannelettes, reg. 15c., sale12c.
30 inch. Grey Factory Flannel, reg. 35c., sale28c.

Table Linens
Unbleached, 62 inch, regular 35c., sale25c.
Unbleached, extra heavy, 70 in., 65c., sale30c.
3 specials in bleached Table Linen; 32c., 39c.47c.
Roller Towelling, reg. 11c. for 9c., 12 1/2c. for10c.

Apron Gingham and Tickings
40 inch Apron Gingham, reg. 12c., sale 9 1/2; reg 13 1/2c., sale11c.
34 inch Ticking, reg. 30c. for 25c., 28c. for22c.
Men's Cotton Underwear, reg. 50c., special40c.

Men's Soft Front Shirts
Regular 85c., sale 66c.; reg. 55c., sale45c.
Men's Sweaters, 50c., 75c. and \$1.00.
Men's Cardigans, \$1.00, \$1.50 and2.00
Men's Work Shirts, 45c., 50c. and75c.

E. E. W. McGAFFEY,
Next to Philip Morgan, Druggist.

Iron Beds, Springs ..and Mattresses..

Ostermoor and Marshall Sanitary Mattresses and others of best makes.

CHILDREN'S IRON COTS
We have many lines which will appeal to careful buyers.

M. E. TANGNEY
52 Kent-st., East, Lindsay.

Don't Allow Yourself to be Misled ...
by the windy talk and big promises of other dealers--you will find our values in
DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY
are unsurpassed, and buyers will find everything new and up-to-date. There is satisfaction in getting right goods at right prices and we invite a Call.

WM. CAMPBELL.
FENELON FALLS

When buying mention The Free Press.

Subscribe now for the Free Press.

The Free Press Do Job Printing.

(To be continued.)