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vor of the Thunderer," replied the star-

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shower confirmed the credulity of the

her bright glances upon us," said he,

dove! Do you hear it?"

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By JAMES M. LUDLOW

of paper from his bosom and marked | venient hero." down something for every mark he had made upon the trees. And when he was out of sight I took the range of his marks, and, by St. Theckla, they pointed straight to a path which led down the mountain to the ford in the great river that is opposite the old turkeycock's konak."

man," suggested Amesa. "Not I, sire. I know his head as well as a bull knows a red rag, and his duck legs and his walk like an am-

bling horse." "It is he," submitted Amesa. "But how know you that the girl was there in the hamlet?"

"Did I not see her, my noble Amesa? And could I not know her from the look of her father? If I could forget him living, I have never passed a night without seeing his face as it was dead, when we dragged him to the burning beams of the old house that stood on this"-

"Silence!" cried Amesa in a sudden burst of rage. "How dare you allude to my uncle's death without my bid-

There was a pause for a few moments, during which Amesa stamped heavily upon the stone pavement of the court as he walked like one endeavoring to shake off from his person some noisome thing that troubled him. The man resumed: "Besides, the children of the village

said she was a stray kid there and not of kin to anybody. And while I was there the same stump headed fellow who marked the direction came to the hamlet."

"Be ready to accompany me tomorrow, Drakul. You can say that we are

CHAPTER XVI.

HE lake of Scutari lay like an immense lapis lazuli within its setting of mountains, which on the east were golden with the rays of the declining sun and on the west enameled in emerald with the dense shadows their summits dropped upon them. Had there been watchers on the fortress of Obod, which lay on the cliff just above where the Tsernoyevitcha enters the lake, they would have espied a light shallop gliding along the eastern bank. This contained the voivode Amesa and his attendant. Just at nightfall they reached the cavern, whose hidden recesses begot a hundred legends which the weird shadows of the cave clothed in forms as fantastic as their own. Amesa and his companion were courageous, but discretion led them to wind the strooka about their heads and seek without a couch of pine needles between the enormous roots of the trees which had dropped them.

The dawn had just silvered the east, and the coming sun transformed the cold blue tints of Scutari into amber when they entered the river. The great stream wound through the broad lowlands of Tsetinie, girdled with rocky hills. Emerging from a tortuous channel, through which the river twisted itself like a vast shining serpent, they came to a cluster of houses that nestled in a gorge. These houses were made of stone and so covered with vines as to be hardly distinguishable from the dense shrubbery that clambered over the rocks about them.

Amesa was warmly greeted by the stargeshina who occupied the konak, or principal house. The older people remembered the visitor as the comely lad who before the return of George Castriot was almost the only male representative of that noble family left in the land. The voivode was honored with every evidence that the villagers felt themselves complimented by the visit of their guest whatever business or caprice might have brought him

A simple repast was provided, in which the courtesy of the service on the part of the stargeshina more than compensated any poverty in the display of viands. At the meal the glories of Castriot and Ivan Beg-or Ivo, as the peasants called him-were duly re-

"But why," said the old man, rising to his feet with the enthusiasm of the sentiment-"why should the country sing the praises of George Castriot, who for thirty years was willing to be a Turk and fight for an alien faith? Your shoulders, noble Amesa-Prince could as well have borne the burden shepherding of the clouds. As the pro-Amesa my loyal heart would call youcould strike as good a blow as his for between the houses the Dodola was planted, the left hand raised as a shield of the people's defense. Your arm Albania. Your blood is that of the Cas- welcomed by the matrons of the 'am- and the right grasping a yataghan triots and untainted by Moslem touch. let, who stood each in her own door- which had been concealed upon his Your estates since you have become way, with hair gathered beneath a cap person. Amesa, though the aggressor, heir to the lands of De Streeses make of coins, teeth enameled in black, fin- was thrown upon the defensive and you our richest and most influential

rather with an ambition to which he head of the leaf clad Dodola a cup of antagonist's movement before his hand was no stranger. But the flash was water, repeating the last line of the began to execute it. smothered at once by the half closed chorus, "Good St. Elias, so send the eyelids, and he responded:

"I ought not to hear such words, my good friend. My Uncle George is the hero of the hour. The people need a and designing to be overheard by the hero in whom they believe, and the very mystery of his life for the thirty nature, "If Elias can refuse the prayer years among, the Turks and the ro- of so much womanly beauty. I swear, the man, half in menace and yet ap-

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"But, sire, my noble-my Prince Amesa-do you not daily hear such words as I speak? The thought is as common as the Pater Noster and echoes from Scutari to Ochrida. It was but a week since a young Albanian passed through this border country whispering everywhere that the land "But you may have mistaken the was ready to cry Amesa's name rather than the reformed renegade, George Castriot's; that Scanderbeg, the Lord Alexander, the strutting title the Turks gave him, was an offense to the free hearts of the people."

"Ah! And what sort of a man for look was this Albanian?" asked Amesa in surprise.

"A sturdy youth of, say, twenty summers, with hair like a turban which had been worn by a dozen slaughtered Turks, so blood red is it."

Amesa gave a puzzled look toward little distance, but whose ears seemed to prick up like those of a horse at this description.

in the village this very night. Our neighbor next lodged him. I will ask him if he will return," said the stargeshina, leaving the konak for a little. "It is he. It's Constantine," said Drakul, coming nearer to Amesa. "The wily young devil is ready to betray your Uncle George. That will make the matter easier."

"The way is clear, then," replied Amesa. "I am glad that the raid was



"Your arm could strike as good a blow as his."

not successful. It might have led to further blood. With this fellow in league with us, it is straight work and honorable."

would probably be in again that very

night and added: "I would you could see him, for, though he is fair spoken, there is some mystery in his going day after day among these mountains, like a hound who is looking for a lost scer-"

"Perhaps he is attracted here by some of the fair maidens of the hamlets," suggested Amesa.

"It may be, for our neighbor here has harbored a bit of stray womanhood which might tempt a monk to lodge there rather than in his cell," said the old man.

their attention to a merry company which was coming down the mountain. tion. Long grasses and stalks of grain not, destroy him.

peasants of Albania to be that saint to "You are known, man!" whom Providence has committed the The maidens sung a verse of their gain time for the grip of his weapon. These words made the eyes of Ame- hymn at each cottage, and at the re- The two men stood glaring into each

> As the Dodola paused before the kofair girl who took the part of thirsting dare to lay a rough hand on me?" said

looking at the sky. "Who is that wild dove who acts the mance of his return make him a con-Dodola?" inquired Amesa.

peasants.

"The one I told you of, who has come into our neighbor's cot," replied the old man. "But only the sharp eyes of the crows saw where she came from. Did she not speak our tongue and know our ways as well as any of us I should say she was one of the gypsies who were driven out of the morning land by Timour. Yet it may be that her own story is true. She says she had two lovers in her village, and these two were brothers in God, who had taken the vow before heaven and St. John to help and never to hinder each other in whatever adventure of love or brigandage at cost of limb or life. But as the hot blood of neither of these lovers could endure to see this nymph in the arms of the other it was deter-

mined that she should be slain by the hand of both rather than that the sacred brotherhood should be broken. Drakul, who was eating his meal at a By her own father's hearth the two daggers were struck together at her heart, but the strong arms of the slayers collided, and both blows "It is likely that he may be again glanced. She escaped and fled and came hither."

"And you believe this story?" asked Amesa, with a look of incredulity mingled with triumph, as of one who knew more than the narrator.

"I believe her story, noble Amesa, because because no one has told me any other. But"- He shook his head. "Does not the young stranger you spoke of know something of her, that he prowls about this neighborhood?"

asked the guest. "It may be. I had not thought it, but it may well be. Hist!"

The Dodola passed by, returning to her own cottage. As she did so her bright black eyes glanced coquettishly at the stranger from beneath her disarranged chaplet of flowers and disheveled hair. She soon returned, having assumed her garments as a peasant maid, but with evident effort to make this simple attire set off the great natural beauty of face and form, of which she was fully conscious. Her forehead was too low, but Pygmalion could not have chiseled a brow and temples upon which glossy black ringlets clustered more bewitchingly. Her eyes flashed too cold a firelight to give one the impression of great amiability in their possessor. But the long lashes which drooped before them partially veiled their stare so as to give the illusion of coyness if not of maidenly mod-

The girl's face flushed with the consciousness of being gazed at approvingly by the courtly stranger. But the pretty toss of her head showed that the blush was due as much to the conceit of her beauty as to bashfulness. As she talked with the other maidens she glanced furtively toward the door of the konak, where Amesa sat. The The stargeshina reported the man young voivode foresaw that it would not be difficult to entice the girl herself to be the chief agent in any plan

he might have for her abduction. He needed, however, to make more certain of her identity with the object of his search. He could discern no trace of Mara de Streeses in her face, much less in her manner. Since Drakul had suggested it, he imagined a resemblance to De Streeses himself, whose bearing was haughty and his

temperament fierv. The evening brought the young man of whom the stargeshina had spoken. His resemblance to the description A shout from above them attracted given him of Constantine left no doubt in Amesa's mind of his being the mysterious custodian of the heiress to his It was the procession of the Dodola. estates. The young Servian he sup-Drought threatened to destroy the posed would at once recognize him as scanty grain growing in the narrow Amesa, for as a prominent officer in valleys and the vines on the terraces | the army his face would be well known cut out of the steep hills. According to all who had been in Castriot's to an ancient custom, a young maiden camps, even if the gossip of the vilhad been taken by her companions lagers did not at once inform him of into the woods, stripped of her usual his presence. It were best, then, garments and reclothed in the leaves | thought Amesa, to boldly confront him, and flowers of the endangered vegeta- win him if possible to his service; if

were matted in many roids about ner The young stranger was at once on person and served as a base for artistic frolicsome terms with the village girls decoration with every variety of floral and lads, and Amesa thought he observed that through it all the fellow The Dodola thus appeared as the im- kept a sharp if not a suspicious eye personation of floral nature athirst for upon him. Lest he should escape, the the vivifying rains. Her attendants, voivode invited him to walk beyond who led her in a leash of roses, chanted | the houses of the village. When out of a hymn, the refrain of which was a sight and hearing he suddenly turned prayer to Elijah, who, since he brought upon the young man and, laying a the rain at Carmel, is supposed by the hand upon his shoulder, exclaimed:

Upon the instant the stranger was cession wound down the terraced paths ant into a gladiator, with feet firmly gers tipped brownish red with henna. was compelled to retreat in order to

C.O.F. Ha'l Second Monday sa flash not with any novel pleasure, frain the housewife poured upon the other's eyes as there each to read he of each monday sa flash not with any novel pleasure, frain the housewife poured upon the other's eyes as there each to read he "I did not know that a Servian peas-

ant was so trained," said Amesa, still retreating before the advance of his opnak Amesa said, quite enthusiastically ponent, who gave him no opportunity to assume the offensive. "For whom do you take me that you

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by Jezébei, that I shall hereafter be | parently willing to discover if his assailant were right in his surmise.

lieve with the Turks that the austere "Arnaud's man and I need not be enold prophet has become bewitched with emies," said Amesa, seeing no chance the houris in paradise and so does not of relieving himself from the advancare to look into the faces of earthly tage the other had gained in the sword play. "I can reward you better than "You may still keep your Christian faith, for the Dodola has won the fa-

which Amesa might have detected the meaning of had his mind been less occupied with thoughts about his per-The distant murmur of a coming sonal safety from the yataghan, whose point was seeking his throat according to the most approved rules of single

"Yes, soon the Holy Virgin will turn | combat. "And what if I am Arnaud's man?" As he said this the yataghan made a thorough reconnoissance of all the vulnerable parts of Amesa's body, from the fifth rib upward, followed by Amesa's dagger in ward. "You do not deny it?" said the Al-

banian between breaths. "I deny nothing. Nor need I confess anything, since you say I am known."

"Shall we be friends?" asked Amesa, cautiously lowering his arm. "You made war and can withdraw its declaration or take the conse

quences," was the reply. The two men put up their weapons. "So good a soldier as you are should

not be here guarding a girl," said Ame-"Guarding a girl?" said the man in amazement, but recollecting himself

added, "And why not guard a girl?" "Come," rep!ied Amesa, "you and I oun serve each other. You can do that tor me which no other man can, and I can give to you more gold than any

other Albanian can." "And when you are king of Albania, Prince Amesa, you can reward me with high appointment," said the stranger, with a slight sneer, which, however, Amesa did not notice, at the moment thinking of what the stargeshina had said of the man's interest in the movement against his uncle's leader-

"You have but to ask your reward when that event comes," he replied. "I will swear to serve Amesa against Scanderbeg to the death," said the man, offering his hand.

"You know the girl's true story?" asked Amesa. "Of course," was the cautious reply. "But of that I may not speak a word. I can leave his service whose man you say I am, but I cannot betray any-

thing he may have told me. As you know the girl's story, it is needless to tempt me to divulge it," added he, with shrewd noncommittal of himself to any information that the other might recognize as erroneous. "You speak nobly for a Servian,"

said the voivode. "How do you know I am a Servian?"

asked the stranger. "Partly from your accent. You have not got our pure Albanian tongue, though it is now six years you have

been talking it. And then Arnaud-Colonel Kabilovitsch-came back as a Servian. Is it not so?" asked Amesa, noticing the surprised look which the mention of Kabilovitsch's name brought to the man's face. For awhile the stranger was lost in

thought, but with an effort throwing off a sort of reverie he said:

"Pardon my silence. I have been thinking of your proposal. May I follow you to the village after a little? would think over how best I can meet your proposition, my Prince Ame-

"I will await you at the konak. But first let us swear friendship," said the

"Heartily!" was the response. "With

Amesa as against Scanderbeg." "You will induce the girl to go with me to my castle. She will fare better there than here, playing Dodda to these ignorant peasants."

"It is agreed." As Amesa disappeared the man sat down upon a huge root of a tree which. for lack of earth had twined itself over the rock. He buried his face in his

hands. "Strange, strange, is all this! Kabilovitsch? The girl? Not my little playmate on the Balkans, sweet faced Morsinia. The Dodola here is not she. If Uncle Kabilovitsch is Colonel Kabilovitsch or this Arnaud he speaks of, then this treacherous Amesa is on the wrong track. Can it be that Constantine-dear little Constantine-is in Albania and that I am mistaken for him? No, this is impossible. But still I must be wary and not do that which would harm a golden hair of Morsinia's head if she be living, or Constantine's, or Uncle Kabilovitsch's. There's some mystery here. Only one thing is certain, Amesa mistakes this pretty impudent Dodola girl for somebody else. To get her off with him may serve that somebody else, for he is a villain, that much

An hour later the Dodola, whose name was Elissa, passed Amesa and blushed deeply.

The family at whose house the girl was living made no objection to Amesa's request that she should be transferred to the protection of the voivode.

CHAPTER XVII. O you know the mind of Gauton, who commands at the citadel in Sfetigrade?" asked Amesa of his new confederate as they parted.

"I have talked with him," replied the man. "He is very cautious." "Discover his opinion on the matter of my advancement," said Amesa.

"Send him some gift," suggested the man. "I will take it to him. He is very fond of dogs, and I learn that he has just lost a valuable mastiff. Could you replace it from your kennels at the

"No, but I have a greyhound of straight breed since his ancestors came out of the ark. Tomorrow night meet me at the castle. Should I not have arrived this will give you admission.

(To be continued.)

is at the half way post, Fifteen Days are gone, Fifteen Days A smile passed over the man's face, remain, for each day we have planned new features. New bargain surprises with which to fittingly celebrate this sale. During the past two weeks we have achieved a trade triumph unprecedented-simply through giving values unparalleled in our history. Of this week's bargains less than a tenth are told of here.

Underwear

Ladies' Cotton Lace Trimmed Chemises ,reg. 50c., 75c, \$1.00 for 25c. Ladies' Wool Vests ,reg. 60c., sal

Ladies' Vests and Drawers, in white, reg. 30c., sale, 22c.

Hosiery

Ladies' Llama Cashmere Hose, reg 38c., for 25c. Heavy Ribbedl Wool Hose, reg. 30c. 6 1-2c.

sale 20c. Ladies' Tan Ribbed Hose, reg. 35c., sale 20c. sale 25c.

Gloves

Pewny's Imported Clasp Gloves, with heavy out seams and spear back, and one large clasp, colors, reg. \$1.10, sale 88c.

Black and Colored Ki dGloves, reg. 9 1-2c.

Sale of Ladies' Cloth Coats

\$12.00 Coats for \$9.60, in Ladies' black, brown, green, navy. \$1.00 Black Sateen Skirts, sale 75c. 60c. Tartan Plads, 4 colorings, 43c. Ladies' Wash Collars, 5c., 10c., 15c. 25 Table Napkins for 15c.

9c. White and Colored Shetland \$49.00. Floss, 7 1-2c. Startling Sale of Dress Goods

Striped Tweeds, for costumes, 48 in., reg. 60c., sale 40c. 20 per cent. off all silks. \$1.00 Venetian Dress Goods, for 75c.

\$1.25 Black Voile, 95c., \$1.00, 75c.

Men's Underwear

Heavy Ribbed Wool Underwear, reg. \$1.10, sale 89c.; reg. 85c. ,sale 69c. Odd lines of Men's Underwear Shirts, only, reg. 45c. to 75c., sale 35c. Boys' Sweaters, reg. 55c. and 60c.,

Towelling

Roller Towelling, cotton, reg. 7 1-2c., sale 5 1-2c.

Linen, with border, reg. 8 1-2c., sale Feather Ticking, 2 patterns, reg. 25c.

Linen Towels, reg. 12 1-2c., sale 2 for 15c.

Laces.

3 specials in Val. Laces, 3c., 5c. 7c. Heavy Dark Flanelette, suitable for shirts or quilt linings, reg. 13c., sale

36 inch. Wrapperette, sale 9 1-2c.

25c. Cashmere Sox, merino toes, 2

8c. Art Muslins for 5c. 10c. Prints for 8c.; 13 1-2c for 11 1-2c. Zephyrs and Berlins Wools 7c.

The Busy Store for Furs. Ladies, Austrian Broadcloth, Rat-

25c. yard ends of White Lawn for 10c lined Sable Trimmed, reg. \$63.00, sale Ladies' Ermine Scarf, \$2.50 for \$1.95

> Grey and White Squirrel Scarf, \$5.50 for \$4.39. Brown German Mink Scarf, \$5.00,

> sale \$4.00 Brown Coney Muff, \$2.50, sale \$1.95. White Silk Waists, reg. \$3.50 sale \$2.50.

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