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OAKWOOD, ONT.

Mr. Jos. Hill, Kent street, left this morning for Toronto to spend a couple of weeks with his daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Begley, and Masters Aloysius and Ward, spent Easter in Peterboro.

Miss Anna McLaughlin, of Toronto is the guest of Miss Isabel Ryley, Wellington street.

Miss Nellie Cote, of Guelph, is spending the holidays with her parents on Kent st north.

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The GOOSE GIRL

By HAROLD MacGRATH

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"If they try that, demand to see his excellency Count von Herbeck and say that you came from No. 40 Krumerweg."

"And if I cannot get in?"

"You will have no trouble. Be sure, though, to give the note to no one but her highness."

Gretchen decked her beautiful head with a little white cap, which she wore only on Sundays and at the opera, and braided and beribboned her hair. Who was this old woman who thought nothing of writing a letter to her serene highness? And who were her nocturnal visitors? she pondered.

Being of a discerning mind, she idled about the Platz till after 9, for it had been told to her that the great sleep rather late in the morning. What should she say to her serene highness? What kind of courtesy should she make? At least she would wear no humble, servile air, for Gretchen was a bit of a Socialist. Did not Herr Goldberg, whom the police detested—did he not say that all men were equal? And surely this sweeping statement included women. With a confidence born of right and innocence she proceeded toward the east or side gates of the palace. The sentry smiled at her.

"I have a letter for her serene highness," she said.

"Leave it."

"I am under orders to give it to her highness herself."

"You cannot enter the gardens without a permit."

Gretchen remembered. "Will you send some one to his excellency the chancellor and tell him I have come from No. 40 Krumerweg?"

"Krumerweg! The very name ought to close any gate. But, girl, are you speaking truthfully?"

Gretchen exhibited the note. He scratched his chin, perplexed.

"Run along. If they ask me I'll say that I didn't see you." The sentry resumed his beat.

Gretchen stepped inside the gates, and the real beauty of the gardens



"IN YOUR PRESENCE, HIGHNESS?"

was revealed to her for the first time—strange flowers she had never seen before. It was all a fairyland. There were marble urns with hanging vines and marble statues.

A hand grasped her rudely by the arm.

"What are you doing here?" thundered the head gardener. "Be off with you!"

"How dare you touch me like that?" she cried angrily.

Something in her glance cooled even the warm blooded Hermann.

"But you live in Dreiberg and ought to know."

"You could have told me without bruising my arm," defiantly.

"Hermann!"

Gretchen and the head gardener whirled. Through a hedge which divided the formal gardens from the tennis and archery grounds came a young woman in riding habit.

"What is the trouble, Hermann?" she inquired.

"Your highness, this young woman here saw the impudence to walk into the gardens."

"Has she stolen any flowers?"

"Why, no, your highness, but it is not customary."

"We, you and I, Hermann," said her highness, with a smile that won Gretchen on the spot, "will overlook this first offense. Perhaps this young lady had some errand and lost her way."

"Yes, your highness," replied Gretchen eagerly.

"Ah! You may go, Hermann." Hermann bowed, gathered up his pruning knives and scissors, which he had let fall, and stalked down the path.

"Whom were you seeking?" her highness asked, rather startled by the undeniable beauty of this peasant.

"I was seeking your serene highness. I live at No. 40 the Krumerweg." "Krumerweg?" Her highness reach-

ed for the note and read it, and as she read tears gathered in her eyes. "Follow me," she said. She led Gretchen to a marble bench and sat down.

"What is your name?"

"Gretchen, highness."

"Well, Gretchen, sit down."

"In your presence, highness?"

aghast.

"Don't bother about my presence on a morning like this. Sit down."

This was a command, and Gretchen obeyed with alacrity. The two sat mutely. They were strangely alike. Their eyes nearly matched, their hair, even the shape of their faces. They were similarly molded, too, only one was slender and graceful after the manner of fashion, while the other was stouter and graceful directly from the hands of nature. The marked difference lay, of course, in their hands. The princess had never toiled with her fingers except on the piano. Gretchen had plucked geese and dug vegetables with hers. They were rough, but toil had not robbed them of their natural grace.

"How was she?" her highness asked.

"About the same, highness."

"Have you wondered why she should write to me?"

"Highness. It was natural that I should," was Gretchen's frank admission.

"She took me in when nobody knew who I was, clothed and fed me and taught me music so that some day I should not be helpless when the battle of life began. Ah," impulsively, "had I my way she would be housed in the palace, not in the lonely Krumerweg. But my father does not know that she is in Dreiberg, and we dare not tell him, for he still believes that she had something to do with my abduction." Then she stopped. She was strangely making this peasant her confidant. What a whim!

Gretchen did not move. She saw that her highness was dreaming, and she herself had dreams.

"Do you like music?"

"Highness, I am always singing."

"La, la, la!" sang the princess capriciously.

"La, la, la!" sang Gretchen, smiling. Her voice was not purer or sweeter; it was merely stronger, having been accustomed to the open air.

"Brava!" cried the princess. "Who taught you to sing?"

"Nobody, highness."

"What do you do?"

"I am a goose girl. In the fall and winter I work at odd times in the Black Eagle."

"Tell me all about yourself."

This was easy for Gretchen; there was so little.

"Neither mother nor father. Our lives are something alike. A handsome girl like you must have a sweetheart."

Gretchen blushed. "Yes, highness. I am to be married soon. He is a vintner. I would not trade him for your king, highness," with a spice of boldness.

Her highness did not take offense. Rather she liked this frankness. It was a taste of the old days when she herself could have chosen a vintner and married him with none to say her nay. She surrendered to impulse.

"Gretchen, I do not think I shall marry the king of Jugendheit."

Gretchen grew red with pride.

"You love some one else, highness?"

Her highness did not blush.

"You must not ask questions like that, Gretchen."

This was not understandable to Gretchen, but a locket the princess wore pleased her eye. Her highness, observing her interest, slipped the trin-

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ALL DRUGGISTS 11-15

ket from her neck and laid it in Gretchen's hand.

"Open it," she said. "It is a picture of my mother, whom I do not recollect having ever seen. I will open it for you." Click!

Gretchen sighed deeply. To have had a mother so fair and pretty! She hadn't an idea how her own mother had looked. Indeed, being sensible and not given much to conjuring, she had rarely bothered her head about it. Still, as she gazed at this portrait the sense of her isolation and loneliness drew down upon her, and she in her turn sought the flowers and saw them not. After awhile she closed the locket and returned it.

"So you love music?" picking up the safer thread.

"Ah, yes, highness."

"I will give you an opera ticket for the season. How can I reward you for bringing this message? Don't have any false pride. Ask for something."

"Well, then, highness, give me an order on the grand duke's head vintner for a place."

"For the man who is to become your husband?"

"Yes, highness."

"You shall have it tomorrow. Now, come with me. I am going to take you to Herr Ernst. He is the director of the opera. He rehearses in the court theater this morning."

Gretchen followed the princess. As her highness entered the Bijou theater the herr direktor stopped the music. In the little gallery which served as the royal box sat several ladies and gentlemen of the court, the grand duke being among them.

"I have brought you a prima donna, Herr Direktor," pointing to Gretchen. Herr Direktor showed his teeth.

"What shall she sing in, your highness? We are rehearsing 'The Bohemian Girl,'" he jested.

The chorus and singers on the little stage exchanged smiles.

"I want your first violin," said her highness.

"Anton!"

A youth stood up in the orchestral pit.

"Now, your highness," said the herr direktor.

"Try her voice."

And the herr direktor saw that she was not smiling. He bade the violinist to draw his bow over a single note.

"Imitate it, Gretchen," commanded her highness, "and don't be afraid."

Gretchen lifted her voice. It was sweeter and mellower than the violin.

"Again!" the herr direktor cried.

Without apparent effort Gretchen passed from one note to another, now high, now low, or strong or soft; a trill, a run. The violinist of his own accord began the jewel song from "Faust." Gretchen did not know the words, but she carried the melody without mishap. And then "I Dreamt I Dwelt In Marble Halls." This song she knew word for word, and, ah, she sang it with strange and haunting tenderness. One by one the musicians dropped their instruments to their knees. All realized that a great voice was being tried before them. The herr direktor struck his music stand sharply.

"Your highness has played a fine jest this day. Where does madame your guest sing—in Berlin or Vienna?"

"In neither," answered her highness. "She lives in Dreiberg, and till this morning I never saw her before."

The herr direktor stared blankly from her highness to Gretchen and back to her highness again. Then he grasped it. Here was one of those moments when the gods make gifts to mortals.

"You have a great voice, fraulein. I shall teach you. I shall make you a great singer."

But Gretchen never became a prima donna. There was something different on the knees of the gods.

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CHAPTER VII. AFFAIRS OF STATE.

THE grand duke stamped back and forth with a rumble as of distant thunder. They would play with him, eh? Well, they had loosed the lion this time. He had sent his valet to summon her highness and Herbeck.

"And tell them to put everything else aside."

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"And tell them to put everything else aside."

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

He kneaded the note in his hand powerfully. It was anonymous, but it spoke clearly, like truth. The sender remained undiscoverable.

Had he not opposed it for months? Now now, having surrendered against his better judgment, this gratuitous affront was offered him. It was damnable. He smote the offending note. War! Nothing less. He was prepared for it. Twenty thousand troops were now in the valley, and there were 20,000 reserves.

Herbeck came calmly in.

"Why the devil couldn't you have left well enough alone? Read this!" The duke flung the note down on his desk.

Herbeck picked it up and worked out the creases.

"Well?" The query tingled with rage.

The answer on the chancellor's lips was not uttered. Hildegarde came in. He embraced her and kissed her brow.

"Read," said the duke to her.

She slipped from her father's arms and looked with pity at the chancellor.

"What do you think of this, Hildegarde?"

"Why, father, I think it is the very best thing in the world," dryly.

"An insult like this?" The duke grew rigid. "You accept it calmly in this fashion?"

"Shall I weep and tear my hair over a boy I have never seen? No, thank you. I was about to make known to you this very evening that I had reconsidered the offer. I shall never marry his majesty."

Herbeck explained the situation.

"Your highness, the regent is really not to blame, for his majesty had given him free rein in the matter, and his royal highness, working as I have been for the best interests of the two countries, never dreamed that the king would rebel. The king has been generous enough to leave the publicity in our hands—that is to say, he agrees to accept the humiliation of being rejected by her serene highness."

(To be continued.)

OBITUARY

MARY JANE SANDERSON

The death occurred Sunday of Mary Jane Sanderson, wife of the late Edward Sanderson, at the age of 75 years. Her husband predeceased her by four years. The deceased lady was born in Ulster, Ireland. She was married in Ireland, and several members of the family were born in Ireland. She came to Canada with her husband and family in 1868 and settled in Darlington township, Durham county. The family residence has been in Emily, con. 14, lot 6, for the past thirty years.

She leaves to mourn her loss six sons and two daughters: Robert, Francis, Edward and Irwin, of Ops; Albert of Lindsay; Samuel G. of Emily; Mrs. Robt. White, of Emily and Mrs. John Brien, of Fenelon.

The deceased lady had a large circle of friends, who sincerely regret her death. She was beloved by all who knew her, and had a kindly disposition. The sympathy of the community is extended to the bereaved family.

The funeral will leave the residence of her son, Samuel G. Sanderson, lot 6, con. 14, Emily, on Tuesday afternoon and proceed to Dunsford cemetery for interment. Rev. W. G. Smith of Bobcaygeon will conduct the funeral ceremony.

MRS. TEOG. SMART.

The death occurred in Toronto on Sunday of Mrs. Thos. Smart. The late Mrs. Swart has one sister and two brothers living in Lindsay: Mrs. Frank Palen, and Messrs. Andrew and James Cain. There is also one brother, John Cain, in Niles, Mich.

NEILL RAY

The death took place at Parry Sound on Thursday of Mr. Neill Ray brother of Mr. Duncan Ray, town clerk. He practiced law in that town for twenty years and was held in the highest esteem by the citizens.

The late Mr. Ray has a son an Anglican minister in New Westminster, and a daughter a nurse at Ottawa.

UNION OF THE PROTESTANT CHURCHES

Toronto, April 6.—"It would be the greatest possible mistake for anyone to regard the resolution of Presbyterian Committee on Church Union as a backward step or standing still, or even as anything less than a strong and grateful holding of the substantial advance made and an hopeful and confident attitude to what must assuredly follow."

Miss Lucy McGeough is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. T. O'Connell, Peterboro.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

This statement by Rev. Dr. R. P. Mackay, moderator of Presbyterian General Assembly, was in reply to a question as to the real meaning of the resolution the Church Union Committee published on Thursday. He pointed out that while the resolution stated that the opposition solution stated that the opposition was too strong to recommend immediate union, it declared that the Presbyterian vote was sufficiently strong to encourage the churches that organization cannot be long delayed.

"Dr. Miles' Nervine Raised Me From the Grave"—Mrs. Taylor

This is a strong statement to make, but it is exactly what Mrs. Thomas Taylor, of Blum, Texas, said in expressing her opinion of this remedy.

"Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine raised me from the grave and I have much confidence in it. I can never say enough for your grand medicines. If anyone had offered me \$100.00 for the second bottle of Nervine that I used I would have said 'no indeed.'"

MRS. THOMAS TAYLOR, Blum, Tex.

Nervous exhaustion is a common occurrence of modern life. The wear and tear on the nervous system is greater now than at any time since the world began. For sleeplessness, poor appetite and that "run down" feeling, nothing is so good as

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Ask any druggist. If the first bottle fails to benefit, your money is returned.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Toronto, Can.

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When a Man Marries

WHEN a man marries he quickly discovers his need of innumerable things he had never thought of before.

And the butcher, the baker and the cabinet maker have a new home to supply.

The new husband and wife must buy things to which they had previously given little thought.

A thousand marriages mean a thousand new homes.

Right here is a fact overlooked by many merchants.

They say, "How could it pay us to keep on repeating the story of our goods or service?"

If they could reach every possible customer with one advertisement—and if people didn't forget—there might be no object in "keeping everlastingly at it."

But because every possible customer does not read every advertisement, you must repeat.

And because these thousands of new homes are every day coming into existence, continuous advertising brings increased results.

Advertising is the key that opens the door of these new homes to your goods.

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Advice regarding your advertising problems is available through any good advertising agency or the Secretary of the Canadian Press Association, Room 503, Lumsden Building, Toronto. Enquiry involves no obligation on your part—so write if interested.