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who, so far as we know, was the fast

person to see him alive; and after-

wards I shall go with you to Ponda

to suspect her of marder, are you?"

"Then what do you want with her?

questions will be put, and that she'll

have to answer for her movements?"

fantastic vow business long ago.

she soon dropped it."

"You told her?"

father?"

"No."

"But I want to talk to her."

"Yes," said Varney . "And she's

"Probably," agreed Scarborough

"Oh, all right, I'll introduce you.

How is the daughter taking things?"

"Yes, but she didn't believe me'."

difference the knowledge that the

father was an unpunished criminal

question, perhaps, but luckily car-

asking about Elsa, not about him.

"Yes. She refuses to speak to me

or to let me help her. Shall we start

Your machine is in the shed."

no difference," he said.

did not even cccur.

less," was what he said.

they rode off together.

Carrington had met his death,

The Caldeira lay in a shallow de

Varney nodded. "That's natural,"

"Bravely," said Scarborough.

Mona de la Mar."

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A session or the County police court was held yesterday afternoon before County Magistrate F. D. ********** Moore, K. C., when Mr. Malon Johnon, wwn, sued Mr. Bert Woods, Ops. for \$21.00. Mr. Johnson claimed this erformed for Mr. Woods. Mr. John-

> work. The costs amount to \$3.71. Mr. Fulton appeared for plaintiff, while Mr. Weldon was counsel for de-

son will receive about \$17.00 for his

RETURNED FROM TRIP TO CONTINENT

fendent.

Mr. J. W. Mitchell, of L ford, and well known in Lindsay, arrived in town Friday, from Europe and gave the Post a friendly call. He was in England during the Coronation, and was fortunate in witnessing the cereent. During his so.ourn in Great Orit monies connected with this great evain, Mr. Mitchell visited Scotland and also crossed over to Ireland, being in Belfast July 12th, when over one hun dred thousand Orangemen participated in a monster demonstration.

Mr. Mitchell also crosssed the English channel into France and pisited points of interest including France. He was delighted with his trip.

BELLEVILLE, ONT. was at a tennis party at the Varney's

nually, half of whom are young ladies. Highest advantages in all departments. Buildings heated by steam and lighted by elec- you suspect her," said Scarborough. tricity. Will re-open Tuesday, September 11th, 1911. For Calen- pect there all." dar or room, address

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ROMANCE AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY

WEATHERBY CHESNEY

been correct, and that the gout was a lie. He believed moreover, that Richmond Carrington's whole life had been of a piece with that lie, and that for the last two years he had imposed upon his daughter as he had imposed upon the world before the world had found him out. The guilty man had

played upon her credulity, and tricked her of her love by deceit; and Scarborough, pitying him, hardly blamed him for so doing. But Varney's estimate of him was right, and Elsa's was wrong. She must know some time, and yet Scarborough shrank from the ne- quickly. cessity of undeceiving her. To destroy a daughter's trust in her father, when that father was dead, and beyond the power of sinning further-surely it

was a cruel thing to do! He did not know what to say to her; but he had to say something, and no time was given to him for considering what it should be. For she met him | that he was guilty," he said. at once with a question:

"Tell me what you know of Margaret Ryan. me," he said.

"That is what I want to hear." Scarborough thought for a moment. How could he tell her? To gain time, he asked her to tell him first what she

"Very little," she answered. "When I saw Mona de la Mar at the circus yesterday, I thought at once that knew the face, but I couldn't remember at first where I had seen it. Just before your friend, the Revolver King, came into the ring, I saw him standing in the gangway speaking to her, and she looked up into his face with a laugh, and a curious shake of the head. Then I remembered in a flash where I had seen that laugh, with its accompanying jerk of the head before. I three or four years ago, and I remem-Over 300 students enrolled an- bered that Phil Varney and Margaret Ryan had played together most of the afternoon. They are cousins, I think, That is all I know."

"There is nothing in all this to make "She is one of the Varney's, I sus-

"She is not," said Scarborough. "You are wrong in thinking that Phil and she are cousins. He told me that there is no relationship between them. His father and yours were her joint guardians; that is all." "Oh, what does it matter?" cried

Elsa. "She is in the circus, and my mother warned us of danger from the about her."

twice. Then he sat down beside Elsa. "She is an orphan," he said, "and made his money as a stockman, in the States, in the days before the West was fenced with wire, and opened out with railways. Her childhood had been spent in the saddle, and she often knew what it was to sleep under the stars. When her father had made what he considered was a big enuogh pile to leave to a girl, he came to England and brought Margaret with him. She was fourteen then, and the next three or four years she spent at school, | pursuit was in hiding in one of the getting the education for which there had been no time in her wild life out West, When she was nearly twenty. her father died, and for a year she grief in her voice. "Do you believe all travelled with an elderly governess, this?" whom your father and Mr. Varney engaged for her. At the end of that time she went to live with the Varneys for a month or two. The firm of Carrington and Varney failed when she was within three weeks of the time when. by her father's will, she would be of

age. On her twenty-first birthday she was to have been given the absolute and unfettered control of her fortune of twenty thousand pounds. Her father believed that, with the training she had had, she would be capable of controlling it wisely. But she was never

Scarborough paused, and Elsa, who had made no sign or movement whilst he was speaking, asked quickly:

"It had gone?" "Every pensy of it, I am told." "Poor girl! How she must have

loathed the Varneys! What did she "Made up her mind to earn her liv-

ing. There was one accomplishment in which she excelled, and she resolved to put it to account. She became a riding-mistress." "in London?"

"No, in Boston. A man who had known her father kept a big ridingschool there. He happened to be in England on a holiday, and he offered her a post in his school. She had a few pounds of her allowance left, and she made up the money for her passage and outfit by selling her trinkets. A month after she landed, Val B. Montague saw her ride, and asked her to join the iroupe he was getting up to our the Atlantic islands. She did so,"

"It was an extraordinary thing to "I fancy she is not a very ordinary girl. Besides, she had a reason. And Montague was not a stranger. She had known him out West as one of her father's stockmen, and she believed he was to be trasted.'

"Still," said Elsa, "it was a mad thing, unless her reason was a very strong one." "I believe it was."

A faint smile flickered over Elsa's face, and she asked with somethinglike a sneer: "Was it Phil Varney? So she did not hate him, though his father had

ruined her?" Scarborough shook his head gravely. "Phil did not know of the existence of the circus troupe till three months later, when he joined it at Rio. Her motive was not that." "Do you know what it was?"

Children Cry -- FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

He got up and paced the room again. After all, the thing had to be told, and his delay had not made it easier, or shown him any gentle way of saying a hard thing. But Elsa was not as other girls; she was brave, and would hear the truth without flinching. He owed it to her courage not to fence with the necessity longer. He would say straight out what had to be said.

"You know that there are people who do not hold the view you do about your father's innocence?" he said. "Why do you say that?" she asked

"Because what I am going to tell you is only plausible if it is read in the light of that fact." She looked at him coldly.

"What fact?" she asked. "That my father was guilty? Is that what you "That there are people who believe Delgada. I want to be introduced to

"Oh, I'know that!" she said, scorn fully. "Why, we have been living here for two years in San Miguel under the "I know only what Phil Varney told | false name of Fage, if not because there are fools who think my fathe was a sepundrel? We will take their

> existence for granted. Go on, please." "When the affairs of Carrington and terday. I want to know whether the Varney were investigated," Scarbor | private business which made her reough went on, "it was found that the fuse to perform last night was an partners, or whichever of them was interview with the man who had robthe guilty man, must have known for | bed her. Is she the sort of girl who a long time that the failure was inevi- will be sensible enough to see that table; and yet it was only within a period of six weeks before the crash came that the securities which represented Margaret Ryan's inheritance

> were turned into ready money." Scarborough stopped. He had expected that the thing would be hard to say; but now, with Elsa's eyes widening with a growing apprehen- romantically violent way. Of course sion, he found it almost impossible. "The money was taken to try to stave off the disaster?" she said.

"No. It had not been added to the firm's assets. No trace of it was found in the books. It was believed Again he stopped. He saw Elsa's

eyes fixed on him with horror looking out of their depths. "Go on," she said. "Tell me quick-

"It was believed that the partner who had fled had taken this money with him for his own use. He had taken the crphan's inheritance, not by its means he could save his firm you?" from ruin-but simply and solely for himself, to swell his crime-gained circus! Tell me what you learned plunder. It sounds incredible, but many believed it, and amongst them Scarborough paced the room once or the girl herself. I have told you that in some ways she is a strange girl, a girl from whom one would expect she was an heiress. Her father had strange things. She took a fantastic vow of vengeance, dedicated the next five years of her life-if the task should take so long-to tracking down and punishing the man who had ruined her. She became a riding-mistress because she knew no quicker way of earning the money she would need: she joined Val B. Montague, because with him she could begin her search at once, and earn money as she went. She had heard that the object of her

islands of the Atlantic." "Horace," cried Elsa, suddenly, and there was a note of heart-breaking

He forced Limself to answer. "I don't know what I believe. if it is true, it gives us what has been lacking hitherto-a motive for the mur-

der-if murder has been done." "It gives that, even though it is not true," said Elsa quickly. "She believed it, and she vowed revenge." Again Scarborough had to force him-

self to say: "I do not mean that. I don't think that Margaret Ryan is the murderess. But it is known that before he left London Mr. Carrington invested a large sum in diamonds. If he retained them in his possession, as it is prob able that he would, they would supply a motive. There are plenty of men in the world who will murder for less.

With a cry that was almost a soh Elsa rose and faced him. "You say that my father had those diamonds?" she asked-"diamonds which be had bought with that girl's money! You say that, Horace?"

"I say that that is the story I was

"Do you believe it?" He did not answer. She waited for nearly a minute, and the silence was broken only by their deep breathing. Then she laughed softly, and Scarborough thought that laugh was the most desolate sound he had ever heard. Then she stopped, and with an imperious gesture pointed to the door.

"Go!" she said. "Elsa!" "Go! I asked for your help, but will do without it. You believe ill o. my father, whom I loved more dearly

than anyone in the world -and th in a lower tone, she added: -"till you came, and I thought I had found one whom I could love more!' He went to take her in his arms, but

she shrank back from him. "Go!" she cried. "Go! I think I hate And then, in a passion of sobbing she threw herself into a chair, and

> CHAPTER VIII. A Scratched Stone

"Well?" asked Phil Varney, when Scarborough returned from the Chineas to the Cable Station. "Richmond Carrington is dead, said Searborough simply. "Murdered?"

"I don't know, but it looks like it." "The diamonds?" "Oh, I suppose so. Have you an houre to spare?" "Yes. If I am in the circus twenty minutes before the performance begins it will do. What do you want

thing. I am going first in the cirl.

me for?"

irregular patches of red lichen, rose for forty feet on either side; and scorings and watermarks on their flanks showed that there were times when the shallow stream was a rapid torrent. After about fifty yards this gully ended in the shallow cup of the crater. A ring of jagged teeth of basalt made a complete circle, a quarter of a mile in diameter, broken only at the place where the two young men had entered. Below this black rampart the slopes were clothed with a green mantle of heath and whortleberries; lower down there was a thick carpet of stag-horn

and left no path; so that it was necessary to jump from rock to rock in its

bed, or to splash boldly through it

Walls of grey pumice, splashed with

moss; and lower still, barrenness, bary earth and : tones, with a scurfy incrustation of white upon them. The Caldeira itself was hardly more than ten yards across it now, but the white desolation round it marked the limits to which its waters sometimes rose. The waters themselves were white. like milk, and they were in constant

curling, bubbling movement, like milk gently boiling. A cloud of steam rose from them in a dense column, expanding into a canopy, and twisted in everthinning wreaths out over the toothed edge of the crater.

"It reminds me of the picture of the genie in the Arabian Nights, rising in a cloud from the brazen jar." said Varney. "What's the smell?"

"Sulphuretted hydrogen," said Scarborough. "There generally is a little, "What for?" asked Varney quickly. though the amount varies. The va-"You are not going to be ass enough pors are mostly carbon dioxide, I believe; but after an earthquake any where in the island, the sulphur fumes are in sufficient quantity to be dan-"I want to know whether she saw or spoke to Richmond Carrington yes-

"Does that often happen?" "Yes, pretty often; but I haver heard of any earthquake lately.'

They were not the only visitors to the crater. A man was standing by the edge of the water, a blouse-clad Azorean peasant, with a wide hat on his head and a cigarette of maize-husk between his lips. A donkey quietly browzing on the herbage at the edge sensible enough to have forgotten that of the whitened circle was evidently his property. Presently the man bent was only a piece of girlish froth in the down and lifted a dripping, steaming beginning, nothing more than a burst sack from the water. of natural temper, expressed in a

"What's he doing?" Varney asked. sack is full of red lupin beans . They are a popular food here; you'll see

in Ponta Deigada." "And they cook them in the Cal deira!" said Varney. "Is it hot enough "Did she know the truth about her for that?"

"A few degrees below boiling point." Put your hand in and see." "No, thanks. I'll take your word for it. That's the cheapest kind of wholesale cooking I ever heard of."

he said. "Poor girl, this is a rough "Food needs to be cheap in a coun- left by train for Toronto. time for her! And for you too, old try where sixpense is a good day's man," he added quietly. "I think I wage," said Scarborough. "Fortuncan understand what you are feeling. ately, it is cheap. The lupin grows with the intention of paying it back, if What difference will this make to like a weed; steeping in the sea pickles the beans; and the Caldeira cooks Varney's question meant to ask what them. Our friend there probably comes here every day. It's his trade."

"Then he may have seen something would make in Scarborough's feelings of what happened ysterday," suggested towards the daughter. It was a natural | Varney. "Ask him. You speak Portuguese." The man had slung his sack acros

borough misunderstood it. It never even occurred to him that such a ques the donkey's back, and seated himsel tion would be put, so he answered it on the top of it. His seat was a hot readily. He thought that Varney was and wet one but he seemed to find comfortable. He relit his cigarette and "I hope that in the end it will make urged his beast towards the narrow entrance between the walls of pumice. Varney shot a puzzled look at him Scarborough approached him, and

the man, with the real politeness of "I don't quite see. Do you rean to the Islanders, jumped to the ground say that it does make a difference and took his hat off. "Bonas días, senhores," he said. Scarborough returned his greeting,

and asked whether he had heard anything of a dead man having been found there this morning. "Sim, senhor," was the answer. "It

Then he went on to describe the episode with voluble earnestness and Coimbra, the intellectual capital

conscious, and able to beg for water. And this is not an isolated case. But this Azorean peasant explained.

"I was alone at first, but I went to the Casa Davis, which is near here, and summoned the Senhor Davis. We carried the dead man to Senhor Davis's cart, which waited at the end of the gorge, and Sonhor Davis drove him to the house which is called As Chinelas. I did not go with him. I had done enough; for, Senhores, the Corregidor had not said that the body was to bo moved."

"He is claiming to be a hero because he dared to touch a corpse," said Scarborough; and to the man added; "Was that all?"

"Did you see anything which sug gested how the dead man met his little

Senhor suspect me?" "I don't suspect you," said Scarborough, rather impatiently. "I only want to know what you saw. You say you saw nothing?"

"I am a poer man, Senhor. A poor (To be continued.)

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INTERESTING COUNTY POLICE COURT CASE OUTCOME OF AUTO TRIP TO BUCKHORN

Bobcaygeon Independent : An inter- 1 sting case came before County Mag- case for the Americans in his usual istrate F. D. Moore on Tuesday when clever manner, and showed in his ad-Mr. W. C. Routley, of Toronto, had dress that his clients did not break two Americans summoned on a charge | the law in any manner, and he could or taking his automobile Rockland and running to Buckhorn ne day last week.

Mr. Routley, it appears, was in he states was his guest, was the one Coronto at the time, and left Frank Marsailles in charge of the car No 1249. Marsailles had been running around the village with some parties, and some Americans wanting to see Buckhorn, asked Marsailles would he "Cooking," said Scarborough. "That take them over to Buckhorn. He ag- car. The charge, Mr. O'Connor conreed to do so for \$8, which was paid. tended, was not proven. sacks of them in every provision shop The trip was made. On Saturday Mr. Routley raturned from Toronto, sawthe car in bad condition, and asked Frank how it was. He replied that he had made a run to Buckhorn with a how Mr. Weldon could hold the gentle party. Mr. Routley on Monday 'took men responsible, and dismissed the legal steps to sue the Americans for . damages. Monday morning Marsailles

> Hall, and Mr. Routley, assisted by his was without a license. Mr. O'Conpor lawyer, Mr. Weldon, of Lindsay, pro- was quite ready to meet the charge, readed to give evidence as to the con- but wished to know if Mr. Weldon's dition he found the car in, and Mr. W client was backing him in the proposthe rubber on the wheels was torn and ther was done, court was closed and a spring broken.

> > our store.

Mr. L. V. O'Bonnor conducted the from the not see what grounds Routley had for bringing the matter into court. Mr. Routley's chauffeur or the man to blame, but this man having left Bobcaygeon on hearing there was going to be trouble, Routley summoned these Americans, whom he knew -had money, instead of looking to his guest or the man he last in charge of the

Mr. Weldon was insistent that the Americans had taken the car and were

The Magistrate said he failed to see

Mr. Weldon then wished to take out an information regarding the Ameri-Tuesday court was held in the Town cans having dealt with a driver who Moore was a witness and stated od information. Finally nothing furthe Hall cooled off.

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covered her face with her hands.

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CAPTER MEDICINE OU. HEW YORK. "I want you to help me probe this

Varney understood now, and saw that he had made a mistake. It was the girl, not the man, to whom the new knowledge made a difference. He was glad that Scarborough had missed the point of his question, and he honored a wealth of dramatic gesture. The his friend for not understanding him. | finding of a dead man was an event in Varney had learned in a rough school lately, and he knew that in the world's eyes, his thought would be counted the

ability to make the most of his share in the occurrence. He entered into natural one; and he knew too, how to the explanations not only of what he respect a man to whom that thought | had done in this alarming crisis, but also, minutely and comprehensively, "You mean to help her, none the of what he had thought. He explained that his first impulse had been to carry the news to the Corregidor at "Oh, yes," said Scarborough, and Ribeira Grande; for few Portuguese will touch a dead man, or help a dving man, until officialdom has given the The road to the pine-grower's house passed within a few hundred vards of the Caldeira de Morte, and they turned word, for fear lest, if foul play has been done, they may be summoned as aside to see the place where Richard accomplices. The peasantry have a firm belief that the last hand which touches a dying man, is by the law of pression in the hillside, formed by an the land presumed to be the hand extinct crater, and they had to leave which gave him death; and it is a betheir bicycles to get to it. There was lief which in one well authenticated a narrow fissure in the lip of the crater. through which the warm. shallow instance left a man who had been in ocream irom the Carceira made its jured on the railway, a few miles from way to the lower levels. The path and the stream occupied the whole of this Portugal, to lie unaided through the fissure, but somtimes the stream took heat of a long summer's day. He was

But no one dared to give him any, for the Corregidor had been summoned, and nothing could be done till he came, and took pride in explaining, that he had risen superior to this fear. "I helped to carry him," he said

"You helped? Then you were no

"What is he saying " asked Varne.

"What does the Senhor mean?" death?" "I, Senor? No! Why should the

A gleam came into the man's eye, He hesitated a moment, and then he

said cunningly; man cannot afford to keen his eyes so

Bick Headache and relieve all the troubles incl-dent to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizzinesa, Nausca, Drowsiness, Distress after enting, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing