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NAPANEE SELLS

Napanee, July 24.-The by-law authorizing the town to sell the municipal electric light plant to the Seymour Power Company was carried to-day 408 voting for and 46 against. The

town sells the plant to the Seymour [Company for about \$40,000 and gives the Company a thirty-year contract, and secures electric light at eight cents net a kilowatt hour for con-

OBITUARY

WILLIAM SHYNE.

The death occurred in Arlington, Washington, of Mr. William Shyne on July 14th. The deceased was born in Ops and was 42 years of age. He has been in Arlington for sixteen years. He was married in Lindsay about 8 vears ago, and leaves to mourn his loss his devoted wife and two childdren, a boy and a girl.

The late Mr. Shyne was well known, and his many friends will be sorry to hear of his demise, He was very devoted to his home and much loved by his sorrowing family.

Mrs. James Baldwin and daughter Helen have returned from visiting friends in Islay.

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WATCHES

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WEATHERBY CHESNEY

wide open as richer men may. I say that I saw nething."

Scarborough put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a milreis note. "Think again," he said quietly, 'Were your eyes quite shut?" "No. Senhor, not quite," said the

Azorean. "What did you see?"

"I saw that the fingers of the dead man's right hand were tightly closed. There was something in the hand. opened the fingers gently. It was only a flat stone with some scratches on it." "Have you got the stone?"

"Sim, Senhor. It is a thing of no value. I keep it to remind me of the tragic affair in which I assisted this morning. A poor bean-seller's life is in giving this invitation, because, uneventful, Senhor."

"I will buy it from you," said Scarborough. "Two milreis." The man put his hand into his

pocket. "Five," he said insinuatingly.

"Very well, five." The bean-seller prroduced the stone and gave it to Scarborough. It was, as he said, a small flat stone, about three inches square. It was covered with the white incrustation caused by the Caldeira water, and there were marks on it where something had been written in pencil. But half a day's rubbing in the pocket of a peasant's blouse had obliterated most of them, and those that were still legible owed their preservation to the fact that they were in the hollows of the stone's surface.

"What is it?" said Varney. "It was a message, but this fool has rubbed most of it out. Can you make

Varney examined the stone closely. 'ache . . . blue . . . N. drip" was all that remained of the writing.

"It isn't much." he said. may be the clue we want." "To the murderer?"

"No. to the diamonds, 'ache' looks uncommonly like the end of the word cache, and the rest tells where the cache is."

"Or d.d tell, before this idiot's blouse rubbed it out."

"Stay, though! There is another | front of the face." possibility," said Varney. "Mrs. Carrington's name is Rachel. Perhaps it is not a C that has gone, but an R and an L. This stone may have carried a dying man's last message to his wife. What next, Horace?"

"We'll go and see Davis."

CHAPTER IX.

The Hooded Woman "If you want my opinion," said Mr. Davis, when he had heard what Scarborough had to tell him, "there is a woman in it."

His daughter, who was standing behind him, exchanged a quiet glance with the two young men, and shrugged her shoulders slightly. She was a dainty little blonde, with big eyes which tried to look earnest, and managed to look dreamy.

"That's what you always say, father," she said. "Well, yes, Muriel," he admitted,

smiling. "I believe it is a somewhat frequent remark of mine. Generally true, too." Muriel frowned.

long one-in the seclusion of a lonely

pine-apple quinta, was an aggressive

disputant, and made up by the violence

of her views on the wrongs of her

sex for her total lack of practical

knowledge of her subject. Her daily

life from the time she was fourteen

had been almost conventual in its

her out. He opposed her, for the sake

of seeing her eyes lose their dreamy

look in a flash of temper, and her

color rise with indignation; and when

he had enticed her into saying some-

thing sufficiently cutting about th

chuckled and owned meekly that sh

proud of his fanatical little daughter.

was right. He was almost absurdly

Varney did not know that this ex-

ercise was part of the daily routine at

the pine-apple quinta, and was enjoyed

by both father and daughter; conse-

quently he was inclined to be angry at

is a woman at the bottom of most of

the good deeds that are done in the world, I am ready to agree with you."

meant there is a woman in every riece

will be-this side of the Golden River!

And I won't say that the same state

of things mayn't obtain on the other

dency of all discussion at the Casa

side, too!" he added, chuckling.

Ontario folly and brutality of men, he usuall

"I dont see why you should suppose that a woman had anything to do with it," she insisted.

'No? But you will find that, as usual, I shall turn out to be right." Mr. Davis backed this confident judgment with the ghost of a wink to Varney, and laughed. The discussion out-was this exactly a suitable time, which threatened was one which frequently arose in this household; for rebuke. Muriel, having spent the thinking years of her life-not, as yet, a very

lack of interest, and during the few minutes longer that the young men stayed, she said nothing more.

"I say," said Varney, when he and Scarborough had put a mile between them and the Casa Davis, "I like that

Scarborough laughed. "Do you?" he said.

shouldn't have told her that you were in five minutes that you've been circus man. "Why not?"

Because she is very earnest, very young, and very bigoted. Didn't you see how she froze?" "She did rather!"

"Quite so! She has notions about the whole duty of man, and I expect she thinks you've missed it by a good bit. Bet you five mil she's already told her father that you are are on no account to be asked to go and see

"That so?" said Varney. "Well, I "You'll be snubbed."

"Can't help it! But isn't there a the father?"

that wink. For Muriel Davis was very den. Was an Army crammer in London, doing pretty well. Lungs went wrong, so he came out here. Doing pretty well here, too. He's smart, and I should call him the best read Englishman in the island. Muriel's a nice girl, "And Muriel will agree with you, and | too, or will be when she lives down a think you are a very sensible fellow," few of her crochets. At present she said Mr. Davis, laughing. "But I is just a little bit of a prig."

"Then I'll convert her," said Varof mischief that is done, and always ney. she was to convert you," commented

that there is a woman in this case?" didn't tell them that Page was Carsaid Scarborough. He knew the ten- rington."

Davis, and experience told him that, if know soon enough. Meanwhile I've a "No. What was the use? They'll he was to get any useful information, notion that Elsa wouldn't care for the

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more than once, only to be steadily believe that Elsa's faith could have withstood unshaken the various shocks to which it had in these last two days been subjected; but apparently it had. He remembered, too, that she had said that there proofs, and that the murderer had not | gone." succeeded in destroying those. But what proofs could there be? He was the news, and saw the look of conster quite unable to guess at what she nation on the young men's faces. Then meant; but he could not but think that | with a sudden change of manner, h€ if she was, as he feared, pinning her collapsed, and said in a quavering mee. faith on documents that her father voice to Varney: told her contained his vindication. there could only be another bitter disappointment in store for her. "Are you going to tell her about the pencilled stone?" asked Varney.

"I don't think so." "Or about the hooded woman?" "I don't know. She didn't give me "No, not at present. What's your theory about the hooded woman?"

"Haven't got one," said Varney, "unless it's that Miss Davis is right, and that her father is making a great deal out of nothing. By the way, I got the impression that he wasn't fond of Carrington."

"What made you think so?" "Well, he didn't express any sort of grief at his death, and he seemed very ready to believe that he was running away from that woman. When a man fears a woman so much that he runs to bay in the valley of the Caldeira from her, the most usual theory is that | de Morte. The injured and the injurer the man has something to be ashamed of. It struck me that that was the theory that had occurred to Davis."

"Very likely," said Scarborough. believe he didn't like Carrington." "On general grounds? Or did he know anything?"

"I don't think so." Presently Scarborough returned again to the subject of the hooded woman, and Varney said sharply: "I see what you're driving at, of

course; but you're wrong. You think t was Mona. "I don't."

believe that it may have been. I tel you the idea is absurd, but you don't seem to be inclined to believe me." "I want to hear what she has to say." Scarborough returned steadily.

stand that it was all a piece of high- would have to trust to her compass. falutin' nonsense, which she has forgotten long ago. She's a rare good sort, and plucky; but you want to but how much? If I allow half a point

make her out a fool!" and this girl had been comrades for the surf." nearly two years, and he resented sus-

picion as an insult to her. "It was you who suggested." Scarborough reminded him, "that she refused to perform last night because she had business with Carrington."

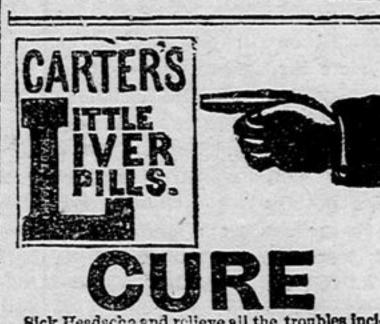
"Great Scott, yes! But things have appened since then that she can have "I don't suggest that it was."

"But you won't take it for granted that she had nothing to do with itcould have nothing to do with it, being the girl I know her to be." "No," said Scarborough.

Varney laughed, but there was vexation in the laugh. "Then," he said, "the only cure for

you is to meet the girl herself. If "Then you you're not a hopeless fool, you'll see sulting her. Hurry up, and let's get there as soon as possible." Twenty minutes later they dismount

ed at the door of the circus building.



dent to a bilions state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

equally valuable in Constinution, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all dis rders of the stomach, stimulate the

liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only

nately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valu-

ling to do without them. But after all sick head 's the bare of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while out into the road "Where's Miss Ryan?" asked Var-Val B. Montague turned a straw, by

dexterous movement of his tongue, from one corner of his mouth to the other, and held out his hand to Scarborough, saying: 'I haven't the least idea. Mr. Scarborough, sir, I am pleased to meet you again, but you will no doubt share my

regret that I do so under somewhat depressing circumstances. I had the honor to acquaint you yesterday with the fact that this show was going to the devil; I have the honor to inform you to-day that it has gone. Will you let me have the pleasure of standing you a whiskey and soda?" "What's the matter now?" asked

Varney. "The matter is, sir, that the lady you asked for just now has deserted. The name of Mona de la Mar will hence forth not appear on the playbills of Val B. Montague's American Circus Combination. In fact, I doubt whether that world-famous troupe will ever issue another playbill. Mr. Varney, include you in my invitation to drink whiskey and soda."

"Look here, Montague, stop talking nonsense, and tell us what you mean.' "I mean,' said Montague, "exactly what I say; but if you ask me what crushed down. It seemed difficult to that means, I can't tell you. It is a problem beyond my understanding My schooner, the Sea-Horse, sailed from the harbor of Ponta Delgada this morning, without my knowledge of permission. It has not returned, an. were I don't know where or why it has

Val B. Montague laughed as he gave

"What does it mean, Phil? Ruin to me, of course! But what else?" "Who was on board?" asked Var

"The four deck-hands, the nigger and the ring-master. I discharged him last night, so he had no right to b there. Except these six, and Mona de la Mar, nobody.' Scarborough and Varney exchanged

a look. "By Jove!" said Varney, and Scar borough gave a short laugh.

Neither of them felt much doub about the identity of the hooded wo man now. Margaret Ryan had not for gotten her vow of vengeance when she came to the islands of the Azores She had tracked down the man who had ruined her. She had brought him had met face to face. But what had happened then?"

The scene between them had been acted without witnesses. The curtain had gone down upon a tragedy. But had the woman caused it?

> CHAPTER X. A Message From the Dead

Patches of fog were creeping across the water, and as the evening drew down they thickened and grew wider The setting sun flashed on water mir "Well, anyway, you are prepared to rors of ever diminishing area. In an other hour it would be dark, but ever sooner than that the fog curtain would be unbroken, for minute by minute the

rents in it were closing. Elsa stood up in her boat, and mark-"Exactly! You suspect her. I prom- ed the exact direction of the rock for ised to introduce you, and I'll do it; which she was steering. Fortunately but I'm more than half sorry I prom- she had had the foresight to bring a ised, and I'm altogether sorry I ever compass. She had half a mile to go told you about that vow business. It's yet, and the breeze was dying. She that that's sticking in your throat all would steer by sight, so long as the the time, I know. You can't under- fog did not hide the rock, if it did she

"I wonder what the current is?" she mused. "It is setting dead inshirefor drift, that should take me near Varney spoke with some heat. He enough to let me steer by the sound of

The islet for which she was steering lay a little more than two miles from the shore, with deep water close up to its flanks. It was ring-shaped, like a Pacific atoll, but its formation was different. Not the slow, quiet growth of coral insects had made it, but a convulsion of nature. It was the summit had no hand in. Her business wasn't of a deep-water volcano, whose crater raised a brim, a hundred yards across, out of the sea. There was one place on the West, where for a few feet this brim had been broken down, leaving a gap by which a boat might enter; and the water inside made an almost

> circular lagoon. Local tradition said that it was bot-

It was a place where a ship might have ridden out in safety the heaviest hurricane that ever blew, if it had been possible for any ship to enter. But the opening in the circular wall was hardly more than ten feet across, and underneath there was a broad sill, which rose to within two fathoms of the surface. It was a dangerous entrance, even for a small boat, and when the wind blew from the west, impossible; but Elsa knew it well, and thought that

she could manage it, even alone. She was an expert and fearless boatwoman, but she was not accustomed to having to depend altogether upon herself in her expeditions. The boat was a present which her father had given her a little more than a year ago; but with the present, he had coupled a stipulation that she should never go out in it alone. The irregular coasts of San Miguel breed treacherous currents, and wind squalls are sudden; but even had the waters been as safe as the Solent, Elsa's boat was too big for one girl to manage.

This, therefore, was the first occasion on which she had been out in it alone; but to-day a companion was impossible. For she had work to do which no eye but her own must see. Did she still believe in her father's innocence? She was acting as though

she did; and, for the rest, she tried to force herself not to think. She had not kept her faith without a struggle. Misgivings had arisen in her mind, but she had strangled them remorselessly at their birth, and by an effort of will made herself believe that they had never been born. There was, however, one moment when the doubts had been too strong to be stifled thus; they had cried clamorously, and had refused to be choked; and for half-an-

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JAILOR ANDREW JACKSON HAS RESIGNED AFTER NEAR HALF A CENTURY'S SERVICE

Mr. Andrew Jackson, the venerable jailor of the local "Bastile," has re- LOOKING FORWORD signed his position, and has been succeeded by Mr. D. Balfour, of Ome-

Mr. Jackson is probably the oldest jailor in the Province, and he will spend the remainder of his (which his host of friends hope will be many), in private life.

Mr. Jackson came to Lindsay from Eldon township in 1863-one year after the jail was built, and was appointed by the late Sheriff McDougall to the position of turnkey, succeeding the late Mr. Thos. Nugent, father of Mr. Robert Nugent, of Lindsay. | or five years longer, thus constituting A short time afterward, owing to the resignation of the jailor, the late John McHugh, he was appointed his successor, and has filled the position ever since.

Mr. Jackson was recognized as a most capable official. He can count many interesting stories of incidents occuring during his tenure of this important office-more especially during the early history of the jail.

Mr. Vincent McCabe, of Peterboro,

our store.

Mr. Jack Gray, Pembroke, is spending a few days at his home here.

Ottawa, July 30 .- An interesting feature of the present election is that it is expected to create a new Canadian record for the tenure of one Government in office. The Government of Sir John A. Macdonald remained continuously in office for eighteen years, from 1878 to 1896. That of Sir Wilfrid Laurier has now been in office for fifteen years, and with the new Parliament to be elected on Sept. 21, will undoubtedly be installed for four

& new record. The Liberal party now under the leadership of Sir Wilfrid Laurier has grown in popular estimation, and the popularity of the Prime Minister was never stronger than it is to-day. The rank and file of the members manifest the fullest confidence that the present majority of the Government will be materially increased by the forthcoming elections.

Mr. A. J. Campbell went to Fenelon Falls to-day on business.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Rundle and maid, visited friends in Lindsay on Sunday. Toronto, passed through town to-day

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of allover embroidery and tucked back, short or long sleeves, high or Dutch neck, in all sizesbest value \$1 00. The summer girl will hail with delight all

the coquettish little accessories for neck and

waist decorations sho vn on our counters. She

Women's White Lawn Blouses, with front

wil be sure to find something suitable at

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CASH AND ONE PRICE

both father and daughter would have news to be bruited about more than oth ra do not. Limited JEWELRY, DIAMONDS hour she had tasted a misery more bit-Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and necessary. She still believes in her very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who "Yes," said Mr. Davis. ter even than that which had come father's innocence." "Father means that he has the same SILVERWARE when she first knew that her father "I wonder," said Varney after a short reason that he usually has," opined was dead. That moment was when pause, "whether she really does." Muriel. "You know how prejudiced he CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK, she listened to Scarborough's tale of Scarborough did not reply. In his CASTORIA the amhazzlement of Mountain Burnty own mind the same doubt had risen KENT ST | Scarborough made a slight move ('To be continued.)

***************** ************

A WALTHAM WATCH PROPERLY, CARED FOR WILL LAST A WE HAVE A LARGE

THESE WATCHES.

ITS LIGHT PLANT The Cableman

FOR HOUR DE HO ment of impatience, and Mr. Davis

noted it. He became grave at once. "You are quite right," he said, answering Scarborough's glance. "Muriel, our levity is rebuked, and I think we deserve it. I say that there is a woman in this case, because I saw He went on to explain that last night,

when Muriel came in to say that she had met Mr. Page, and that he seemed to have recovered from his gout, the news surprised him; for he had called at the Chinelas a few hours before, and had been told that the gout was very bad. He went out, therefore, to see the phenomenon for himself, and if possible to persuade Mr. Page to come back to supper. He did not succeed though he caught sight of Mr. Page in the distance, he could not get near to him. He shouted, and was heard, for

he got a wave of the hand in reply; but

that was all. "He hurried on," said the pine-grow er, "as though he thought I was chasing him. In a sense of course I was but what I mean is that I got the im pression that he had some strong reason for avoiding me, so I turned back. It was then that I met the wo-

Scarborough and Varney exchanged glances. The same thought had occurred to them both. Was the woman. after all, Mona de la Mar?" "What was she like?" asked Scar-

a chance to see." "What! Did she run away from you, too?" exclaimed Varney. 'Or bicycle?" said Scarborough.

borough.

"Neither. She walked-pretty fast, too! But it wasn't her speed that pre vented me from seeing what she was like. I met her face to face, as one "But it | might say, without being able to get a glimpse of a feature. She was dressed in capote and capello." "What are they?" asked Varney.

"The capello is a long blue cloak,

and the capote is a hood made of card-

board and whalebone, and covered

with cloth," explaned Scarborough. Some of them stick out a yard in "And the edges flap together, and hide everything, unless the wearer keeps them open with her hand," added Davis. "This wearer didn't. She even took particular care to keep them shut. I wondered at the time if she was troubled with excess of modesty; but in the light of our later knowledge

see, Muriel," ne added, turning to his daughter, "I had some reason besides prejudice for saying that there was a woman in it." Muriel shook her head. "I don't see the reason," she said obstinately, "but admit that you had more ground than

I'm pretty sure it wasn't that. So you

usual for your usual fancy." "More ground than usual! My usual fancy! Why, I saw her! Anyway I saw the capote and capello!" "And imagined all the rest. She was walking in the same direction as Mr

Page. What possible reason have you for supposing that she was pursuing Scarborough cut in quickly with remark. "That," he said, "is what we shall

have to inquire into. Ready, Phil?"

"Yes," said Varney. "By Jove! we shall have to hurry if I am to be in ime for the performance!" Muriel opened her eyes rather wide. You are going to the circus?" she askd. She did not object to circuses; she would have liked to go herself;

when-? Her eyes plainly snuggested "Oh," explained Varney, "I have to. m one of the performers, you know." "un!" said Muriel. Her tone this time suggested a sudden and entire

simplicity; she had had no opportunity of verifying by the observation of actualities the opinions which she held so strongly; therefore she was never troubled with doubts. If there was another side to the question, her favorite novels did not teach it, and no one had ever made her see it. To be pertried, except her father, and his efforts were chiefly aimed at drawing

chance that she might like to convert me?" said Varney with a grin. "What's "Grows pineapples for Covent Gar-

"I thought the programme was that Scarborough in some amusement. "Oh, we'll make it mutual! It will Have you any reason for thinking be a fair exchange. By the way, you