

# FRECKLES

This thought greatly occupied Michael Strogoff. He said to himself, vaguely at first, that without neglecting anything of what was due to his important mission it would perhaps be possible for him to be of some use to this brave girl, and this idea pleased him. Knowing how serious were the dangers which he, an energetic and vigorous man, would have personally to encounter through a country of which, however, the roads were familiar, he could not conceal from himself how infinitely greater they would prove to a young, unprotected girl. As she was going to Irkutsk, she would be obliged to follow the same road as himself; she would have to pass through the bands of invaders, as he was about to attempt doing himself. If, moreover, and according to all probability, she had at her disposal only the resources necessary for a journey taken under ordinary circumstances, how could she manage to accomplish it under conditions which late events would render not only perilous, but expensive?

"Well," said he, "if she takes the route to Perm it is nearly impossible but that I shall fall in with her. Then I will watch over her without her suspecting it, and as she appears to be as anxious as myself to reach Irkutsk she will not mind my doing so."

But one thought leads to another. Michael Strogoff had till now reasoned on the supposition of doing a kind action, of rendering a service, but now another idea flashed into his brain, and the question presented itself under quite a new aspect.

"The fact is," said he to himself, "that I have much more need of her than she can have of me. Her presence will be useful in drawing off suspicion from me. A man traveling alone across the steppes may be easily guessed to be a courier or the czar. If, on the contrary, this young girl accompanies me, I shall appear in the eyes of all the Nicholas Korpanoff of my podorojia. Therefore, she must accompany me. Therefore I must find her again at any cost. It is not probable that since yesterday evening she has been able to get a carriage and leave Nijni Novgorod. I must look for her. And may God guide me!"

Michael left the great square of Nijni Novgorod, where the tumult produced by the carrying out of the prescribed measures had now reached its height. Recriminations from the banished strangers, shouts from the agents and Cossacks who were using them so brutally, all together made an indescribable uproar. The girl for whom he searched could not be there. It was now 9 o'clock in the morning. The steambot did not start till 12. Michael Strogoff had therefore nearly three hours to employ in searching for her whom he wished to make his traveling companion.

He crossed the Volga again and hunted through the quarters on the other side, where the crowd was much less considerable. He visited every road, both in the high and low towns. He entered the caucuses, the natural refuge for all who weep, for all who suffer. Nowhere did he meet with the young Livonian.

"And yet," he repeated, "she could not have left Nijni Novgorod yet. We'll have another look."

Michael wandered about thus for two hours. He went on without stopping, feeling no fatigue, but obeying the potent instinct which allowed him no room for thought. All was in vain. It then occurred to him that perhaps the girl had not heard of the order, though this was improbable enough, for such a thunderclap could not have burst without being heard by all. Evidently interested in knowing the smallest news from Siberia, how could she be ignorant of the measures taken by the government—measures which concerned her so directly? But if she was ignorant of it she would come in an hour to the quay, and there some mercenary agent would brutally refuse her a passage. At any cost he must see her beforehand and do what he could to enable her to avoid such a repulse.

But all his endeavors were in vain, and he at length almost despaired of finding her again.

It was now 11 o'clock, and Michael, though under any other circumstances it would have been useless, thought of presenting his podorojia at the office of the head of police. The proclamation evidently did not concern him, since the emergency had been foreseen for him, but he wished to make sure that nothing would hinder his departure from the town.

Michael then returned to the other side of the Volga, to the quarter in which was the office of the head of police.

Every one was in a hurry, for the means of transport would be much sought after among this crowd of banished people, and those who did not set about it soon ran a great risk of not being able to leave the town in the prescribed time, which would expose them to some brutal treatment from the governor's agents.

Owing to the strength of his elbows, Michael Strogoff was able to cross the court. But to get into the office and up to the clerk's little window was a much more difficult business. However, a word into an inspector's ear and a few judiciously given rubles were powerful enough to gain him a passage. The man, after taking him into the waiting room, went to call the proper clerk.

Michael Strogoff would not be long in making everything right with the police and being free in his movements. While waiting he looked about him, and what did he see? There, fallen rather than seated on a bench, was a girl, a prey to silent despair, although her face could scarcely be seen, the middle alone being visible against the

wall. Michael Strogoff could not be mistaken. He instantly recognized the young Livonian.

Not knowing the governor's orders, she had come to the police office to get her pass signed. They had refused to sign it. No doubt she was authorized to go to Irkutsk, but the order was peremptory; it annulled all previous authorizations, and the routes to Siberia were closed to her. Michael, delighted at having found her again, approached the girl.

She looked up for a moment, and her face brightened on recognizing her traveling companion. She instinctively rose, and, like a drowning man who clutches at a spar, she was about to ask his help. At that moment the agent touched Michael on the shoulder. "The head of police will see you," he said.

"Good!" returned Michael, and without saying a word to her for whom he had been searching all day, without reassuring her by even a gesture which might compromise either her or himself, he followed the man through the crowd.

The young Livonian, seeing the only being to whom she could look for help disappear, fell back again on her bench.

Three minutes had not passed before Michael Strogoff reappeared, accompanied by the agent. In his hand he held his podorojia, which threw open the roads to Siberia for him. He again approached the young Livonian, and, holding out his hand, "Sister," said he.

She understood. She rose as if some sudden inspiration prevented her from hesitating a moment.

"Sister," repeated Michael Strogoff, "we are authorized to continue our journey to Irkutsk. Will you come?"

"I will follow you, brother," replied the girl, putting her hand into that of Michael Strogoff, and together they left the police station.

Michael Strogoff and the young Livonian had taken passage on board the Caucasus. Their embarkation was made without any difficulty. As is known, the podorojia, drawn up in the name of Nicholas Korpanoff, authorized this merchant to be accompanied on his journey to Siberia. They appeared, therefore, to be a brother and sister traveling under the protection of the imperial police. Both, seated together at the stern, gazed at the receding town so disturbed by the governor's order. Michael had as yet said nothing to the girl. He had not even questioned her. He waited until she should speak to him whenever that was necessary. She had been anxious to leave that town, in which but for the providential intervention of this unexpected protector she would have remained imprisoned. She said nothing, but her looks spoke her thanks.

The Caucasus had been steaming on for about two hours when the young Livonian, addressing herself to Michael Strogoff, said:

"Are you going to Irkutsk, brother?"

"Yes, sister," answered the young man. "We are both going the same way. Consequently wherever I go you shall go."

"Tomorrow, brother, you shall know why I left the shores of the Baltic to go beyond the Ural mountains."

"I ask you nothing, sister."

"You shall know all," replied the girl, with a faint smile. "A sister should hide nothing from her brother. But I cannot today. Fatigue and sorrow have broken my heart."

"In your cabin and rest in your cabin?" asked Michael.

"Yes—yes, and tomorrow—"

"Come, then!"

He hesitated to finish his sentence as if he had wished to end it by the name of his companion, of which he was still ignorant.

"Nadia," said she, holding out her hand.

"Come, Nadia," answered Michael, "and make what use you like of your brother Nicholas Korpanoff." And he led the girl to the cabin engaged for Michael Strogoff.

Michael returned on deck, and, eager for any news which might bear on his journey, he mingled in the groups of passengers, though without taking any part in the conversation. Should he by any chance be questioned and obliged to reply he would announce

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Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these Little Pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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## WOMAN SICK FOR YEARS

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Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact. Every suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Between 11 and 2, the moon being new, it was almost dark. Nearly all the passengers were then asleep on the deck, and the silence was disturbed only by the noise of the paddles striking the water at regular intervals. Anxiety kept Michael Strogoff awake. He walked up and down, but always in the stern of the steamer. Once, however, he happened to pass the engine room. He then found himself in the part reserved for second and third class passengers.

He stopped. Voices appeared to come from a group of passengers enveloped in cloaks and wraps, so that it was impossible to recognize them in the dark. But it sometimes happened that when the steamers' chimneys sent forth a plume of ruddy flames among the volumes of smoke the sparks seemed to fall among the group as though thousands of spangles had been suddenly illuminated. Michael was about to step up the ladder when a few words reached his ear, distinctly uttered in that strange tongue which he had heard during the night at the fair.

Instinctively he stopped to listen. Protected by the shadow of the forecastle, he could not be discovered himself. As to seeing the passengers who were talking, that was impossible. He was obliged to confine himself to listening.

The first words exchanged were of no importance—to him at least—but they allowed him to recognize the voices of the man and woman whom he had heard at Nijni Novgorod. This, of course, made him redouble his attention. It was, indeed, not at all impossible that the gypsies, a scrap of whose conversation he had overheard, now banished with all their fellows, should be on board the Caucasus.

And it was well for him that he listened, for he distinctly heard this question and answer made in the Tartar idiom:

"It is said that a courier has set out from Moscow for Irkutsk."

"It is so said, Sangarre, but either this courier will arrive too late, or he will not arrive at all."

Michael Strogoff started involuntarily at this reply which concerned him so directly. He tried to see if the man and woman who had just spoken were really those whom he suspected, but the shadow was too deep, and he could not succeed.

In a few moments Michael Strogoff had regained the stern of the vessel without having been perceived, and, taking a seat by himself, he buried his face in his hands. It might have been supposed that he was asleep.

It was not asleep, however, and did not even think of sleeping. He was reflecting on this, not without a lively apprehension: "Who is it knows of my departure and who can have any interest in knowing it?"

(To be continued.)

**OBITUARY**

CALVEN ASLING

The death took place at the House of Refuge today of Calven Asling, aged 87 years.

The deceased was a former resident of Uxbridge, and came to the institution about 6 years ago. His remains will be taken to Uxbridge for burial.

## GRAIN CROP WILL STARTLE WORLD

Toronto Globe: Mr. A. J. N. Terrill, editor and manager of the Medicine Hat Daily News, a former Toronto newspaper man, is spending a week or two in the city, after an absence of a number of years. Mr. Terrill, who is an officer of both the Alberta and British Columbia and the Western Canada Press Associations, has within the last couple of weeks, attended the annual conventions of these organizations which were held respectively at Nelson B. C., and in the Twin Cities. He states that the prevailing opinion amongst the western journalists is that the Prairie Provinces will this year produce a grain crop which will startle the world—providing no untoward circumstance occurs within the next couple of weeks to mar the present prospects. The winter rye and the barley have been harvested to a large extent and ten days of warm weather will carry the wheat past the danger point.

Speaking of the prospects of Medicine Hat, Mr. Terrill claims that in the very near future his city will take precedence in importance over any point between Winnipeg and the Coast. He supports this statement by drawing attention to the facilities which Medicine Hat offers to industrial enterprises, viz. power which he says is the cheapest in Canada, an abundant supply of good water and competitive railway rates. The fact that the Ogilvies have under construction a half million dollar mill with a capacity of six thousand barrels of flour per day, that another big milling company will install an even larger plant, and that the Canada Cement Company will expend a million dollars in the erection of works at the Natural Gas City are indications, Mr. Terrill points out, of what may be expected in the way of development at Medicine Hat.

## UP WILL GO PRICE OF BOOTS

Toronto, Aug. 8.—That the yellow peril automobiles, styles and higher wages have combined to jump the price of footwear, is the statement of local shoe and leather men following the announcement that after September first the price of leather will be notched up 57 per cent. Fall shoes will cost the consumer just fifty cents per pair more than he paid for his springtime "kicks," because:

**THE ORIENTAL DEMAND**

The Chinese and Japanese are adopting western footwear. If every Oriental wore shoes, all the white people would have to walk in their bare feet. The styles have changed. Ten years ago the goat supplied the material for 60 per cent of all shoes manufactured. Now the goat supplies only 17 per cent. Ten years ago, "Dongola" was the real class in footwear. Now nearly everybody wants calf, which is the ideal material.

Hides are only a by-product anyway. If the calves were killed for their hides, the supply of beef is decreased.

Mr. Joseph Daoust, of Daoust, LaLonde & Co., who is both a tanner, and a shoe manufacturer, of Montreal, says that the tanners had been forced to make the raise. Not a tanner in the province of Quebec had made his expenses in the past four or five years.

Labor which was to be had at \$6 or \$7 a week ten years ago now costs \$13 or \$14 a week. All materials have gone up in price 100 per cent, while the price of leather has advanced only 50 per cent.

**ONTARIO FIRMS**

The tanners of Quebec and representatives of some of the tanning firms in Ontario, members of the tanners branch of the C.M.A. meeting in the Montreal Board of Trade building, decided on the increase. A similar raise has already gone into effect into the United States, France and other countries.

The world's leather market is now so well organized and in each country it so well in touch with the others that the man who walks will have to pay more money no matter where his footwear is made.

**CROP CONDITIONS IN HALIBURTON**

Kinmount, August 8.—Hay is about two-thirds a crop owing to the wet, cold June. The same applies to the heavier hay. The last two weeks have been cool and showery. Corn has made slow growth. Oats are headed out well. They will be a heavy crop on high land. Roots of all kinds promise a large crop. Potatoes are looking well, but bugs are bad. The showery weather has kept the pastures green. Cows are milking well.

**Canadian Pacific Railway**

**UPPER LAKES NAVIGATION**

Steamers leave Port McNicol Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 4 p. m. for SAUL ST. MARIE, PORT ARTHUR and FORT WILLIAM

The Steamer Manitoba, sailing from Port McNicol Wednesdays will call at Owen Sound leaving that point to 30 p. m.

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## VISITORS AT PLEASANT PT.

(Special to The Post)

We are sorry to hear that Mr. Geo. Kennedy of here is on the sick list, having developed an attack of typhoid.

Miss Annie Hutton, of Lindsay, spent a few days with her sister Mrs. Thos. Flynn, of here, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvert Carey, of London, called on friends here lately. It is learned that they have purchased a lot from Mr. Robt. Brien upon which they intend to erect a summer house.

Miss Emily Workman of Lindsay, was the guest of Mrs. Geo. McGahey for a few days last week.

Berry picking is in full swing these days but the pickers are almost as numerous as the berries.

Miss Nellie Grey of town has been visiting friends at Lakeview Farm lately.

Mr. Thos. Flynn, of here took in the excursion to St. Anne's, Quebec, last week.

A very distressing accident took place here on Monday, when Mr. Fred Graham, jr., met with very severe injuries through a runaway. While hitching up his team to drive to town the animals became frightened, and made a headlong run towards the road. Mr. Graham, who was the only occupant in the carriage, was thrown from the vehicle with such force that he had both his ankles broken terribly. Aid was procured by phone, and Dr. White made a speedy response, covering the nine miles in about twenty minutes. At first it was thought that both feet would have to be amputated, but it is learned that they saved one. Mr. Graham is in the hospital at present.

Miss Lizzie G. Brien spent a couple of days with friends at Cameron Pt. recently.

A few attended the lawn social at Mr. W. Anderson's of Cameron on Tuesday night. They report an excellent time.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Kent of Midland are camping at Riverview at present.

Miss Eva Greer, of here spent Sunday with friends in town.

Mr. Samuel Carey and his mother of South Emily, spent a few days in this locality lately.

## JUNIOR MATRICULATION EXAMINATION RESULTS

The list given below contains the names of the candidates who were successful in whole or in part on the pass junior matriculation examination from Victoria county. Normal entrance candidates who were also candidates for matriculation have been considered in the results.

Group A—F. N. Brown, W. Bryan, R. Martin, G. V. Nugent, H. S. Weldon.

Group B—V. Gillogly, S. H. Glendinning.

Group C—A. W. Allan, H. A. Broky, enshire, L. Bruce, E. G. Cinnamon, M. Finnie, L. Jordan, F. B. Mann, A. Ransom, W. Stoddart, M. M. Sutcliffe, T. L. White.

Group D—L. Ferguson, W. G. Hardy, I. Jordan, R. I. Moore, S. L. McLean, E. Murtha, V. A. Strickland.

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Illustrated Calendar, address—**PRINCIPAL DYER, M.A., D.D.**

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