

**PURIFIED HIS BLOOD**  
 Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills  
 Healed Mr. Wilson's Sores

When the sewers of the body—bowels, kidneys and skin ducts—get clogged up, the blood quickly becomes impure and frequently sores break out over the body. The way to heal them, as Mr. Richard Wilson, who lives near London, Ont., is to purify the blood. He writes:

"For some time I had been in a low, depressed condition. My appetite left me and I soon began to suffer from indigestion. Quite a number of small sores appeared all over my skin. I used various kinds of ointments, but without satisfactory results. What was wanted was a thorough cleansing of the blood, and I looked about in vain for some medicine that would accomplish this. At last Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills were brought to my notice, and they are one of the most wonderful medicines I have ever known. My blood was purified in a very short time, sores healed up, my indigestion vanished. They always have a place in my home and are looked upon as the family remedy." Pills cleanse the system thoroughly. Sold by all druggists at 25c a box.

# THE GUEST OF QUESNAY

By Booth Tarkington.

"The Guest of Quesnay" tells the story of a pure woman's love and sacrifice for a debased, mistle, pleasure loving man; it tells in captivating vein of picturesque Paris, too—of the cosmopolitan life of the famous capital. Its character sketches of continental society as well as peasantry are unmistakable in their picturing, and its romance, its mystery and its refreshing comedy give the same qualities to the novel that placed the author's "Monsieur Beaucaire" among the masterpieces of contemporary fiction.

**CHAPTER I.**

There are old Parisians who will tell you pompously that the boulevards, like the political cafes, have ceased to exist, but this means only that the boulevards no longer gossip of Louis Napoleon, the return of the Bourbons or of General Boulanger, for these highways are always too busily stirring with present movements not to be forgetful of their yesterdays. In the shade of the buildings and awnings the loungers, the lookers-on in Paris, the audience of the boulevard, sit at little tables, sipping coffee from long glasses, drinking absinth or bright colored syrups and gazing over the heads of throngs afoot at others borne along through the sunshine of the street in carriages, in cabs, in glittering automobiles or high on the tops of omnibuses.

From all the equipments the multitudes come to join in that procession—Americans tagged with race cards and intending hilarious disturbances, puzzled Americans worn with guidebook prodding, Chinese princes in silk, queer Antillean dandies of swarthy origin and fortune, ruddy English thinking of nothing, pallid English with upper teeth bared and eyes hungrily searching for signboards of tea rooms, over-Europeanized Japanese unpleasantly immaculate, burrheaded sheiks from the desert and red fezzed Semitic peddlers, Italian nobles in English tweeds, Sudanese negroes swaggering in frock coats, slim Spaniards, squat Turks, travelers, idlers, exiles, fugitives, sportsmen. All the tribes and kinds of men are tributary here to the Parisian stream, which on a fair day in spring already overflows the banks with its own much mingled waters—soberly clad bourgeois, bearded, amiable and in no fatal hurry; well kept men of the world swirling by in miraculous limousines, legless cripples dopping on hands and leather pads, thin whiskered students in velvet, wairus mustached veterans in broadcloths, keen faced old prelates, shabby young priests, cavalrymen in casque and cuirass, workmen turned horse and harnessed to carts, sidewalk jesters, itinerant vendors of questionable wares, shady loafers dressed to resemble gold showing America, motor cyclists in leather, hairy musicians, blue zondarnes, baggy red zouaves, purple faced, glazed hatted, scarlet waisted, cigarette smoking cabmen, calling one another "onions," "carnais" and names even more terrible. Women are prevalent over all the concourse—fair women, dark women, pretty women, guided women, naughty women, indifferent women, friendly women, merry women, the women in fine clothes, rich women in fine clothes, poor women in the clothes, worldly old women reclining befurred in electric landaulets, wordy old women bodisively trundling carts full of flowers, wonderful automobile women, quick glimpsed, in multiple veils of white and brown and sea green; women in rags and tags and women draped, coiled and befurred in the delirium of maddened poet-milliners and the hasbeens dreams of ladies' tailors.

So if you sit at the little tables often enough—that is, if you become an amateur boulevardier—you begin to recognize the transient stars of the boulevard, those to whom the boulevard allows a dubious and fugitive role of prominence and whom it greets with a slight nodder, the turning of heads, a murmur of comment and the incredulous boulevard smile, which seems to say: "You see—madame and monsieur passing there. Evidently they think we still believe in them."

This flutter heralded and followed the passing of a white touring car with the procession one afternoon just before the Grand Prix, though it needed no boulevard celebrity to make the man who lolled in the tonneau conspicuous. Simply for that, notoriety was superfluous; so was the remarkable size and power of his car; so was the elaborate touring costume of flannels and pinstripes he wore; so was even the unimpeachable presence of the dancer who sat beside him. His face would have done it without accessories.

My old friend George Ward and I had met for our special at the Terrace Hotel, and we were sitting at the same table when the automobile came shaking its way craftily through the traffic, turning in to pass a victoria on the wrong side. It was forced down to a snail's pace near the curb and not far from the table, where it paused, checked by a blockade at the next corner. I heard a blockade at the next corner. I heard a blockade at the next corner. I heard a blockade at the next corner.

# Why You Should Purchase Your Furs Here

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and Secure the Best Qualities at the Lowest Prices. We Invite Your Inspection Before Purchasing



**Isabella Sable Collar**  
 An elegant quality of fur, satin lined good large size. Extra special price, \$10.95 Muff to Match

**Sable Stole**  
 Very fine quality fur, 2 heads at the back two separate skins, long front. Our special price, \$13.95 Muff to Match

**\$12.00 Special Stole**  
 Heavy satin lining, two heads and 4 tails. This stole reaches to the waist line. Muff to Match

**Alaska Sable Stole**  
 This is positively natural sable, fur lined, regular size. Beautiful quality fur, \$15.00 Also muff to match.

**Marmot Collar**  
 Fur lined splendid quality of fur, good big size, 2 heads, 4 paws, \$11.50. Muff to match, \$5.00

**Black Persian Lamb Muffs and Neck Pieces**  
 We are exceptionally strong in this line Pillow shape Muffs, barrel stape Muffs Empire shape, etc. Best qualities.

**Muffs**  
 \$12.00, 13.50, 15.00, 16.00, 19.00, 20.00 22.50 and 35.00.

**Neck Pieces**  
 \$15.00, 16.50, 18.00, 22.50, 35.00

**Fur Collar Coats**  
 Ladies' English Broadcloth, shell coats quilted lining, western sable collar, 50 inches long, green, black and navy. Special value, \$24.00

**Heavy Kersey Cloth**  
 These coats come with western sable collar, quilted lining, well made, 52 inches long, \$26.00

**Beaver Cloth Coat**  
 Western sable collar. This is an extra good coat, quilted lining, well made, 52 inches long, for \$22.00

**Broadcloth Coat**  
 Heavy English Broadcloth She'l, Persian Lamb collar, quilted lining, fancy braid trimming. Regular \$26.00, \$20.00

**Ladies' Fur Lined Coats**  
 These come in brown, navy and black; rat lining, natural mink collar, 50 inch coat, \$60.00. Also western sable collar at \$60.00

**HORTICULTURISTS HOLD SESSION**  
 (From Tuesday's Post)

Last evening a meeting of gentlemen who have been actively identified with the local Horticultural Society, for the purpose of discussing the affairs of the organization. After some discussion it was decided by those present to use every possible means to keep the local society in existence and it is expected that at the annual meeting on Monday evening, Nov. 6th an aggressive set of officers will be selected to control the destinies of this estimable organization.

It is to be hoped that our citizens will evince a greater interest in this society, which is doing so much to foster floriculture in this town.

**NO DIVERSION AT POTTERY CORNERS**

The Board of Railway Commissioners has decided against diverting the roadway at Pottery Corners. Word to this effect has been received by Mr. Agnew, Township Clerk.

It will be remembered that a week or so ago Mr. Darcy Scott, a member of the Commission, together with Mr. T. L. Simmons, assistant engineer, visited Pottery Corner and inspected the roadway. It was suggested that a change be made in the roadway by cutting 100 ft. in on Mr. J. Robertson's farm, as it was felt this would lessen the danger which is said to exist at this point.

Mr. Scott and the engineer made a very careful inspection of the locality at the time, and the railway board had no time in sending in its decision.

**OBITUARY**  
 (From Monday's Post.)

**MICHAEL BIC.**

Yesterday morning the death occurred at the Ross Memorial Hospital of Michael Bic. The deceased is an Australian, and has been employed on the railroad construction work near Bethany. He is apparently about thirty years of age. The cause of his death was pleurisy and pneumonia.

The funeral will take place this afternoon at St. Mary's Church, where service will be held at 2.30 and proceed to the Roman Catholic cemetery for interment.

Mr. F. D. Moore left on the north train to-day.

**Canada's Double Track Line**

**Thanksgiving Day SINGLE FARE**

Between all stations in Canada, also to Niagara Falls and Buffalo, N.Y., Port Huron and Detroit, Mich.

Good Going October 27, 28, 29, 30  
 Return Limit November 1st, 1911

**Hunters' Return Tickets at SINGLE FARE.** Daily until Nov. 11

to Muskoka Lakes, Penetang, Lake of Rays, Midland, Magnetawan, River, Lakeshield, Madawaska to Perry Sound, Argyll to Cobocook, Lindsay to Hall's Bay, etc.

Points from Severn to North Bay, etc.

**OCT. 15th to NOV. 11th**

to Muskoka Lakes, Penetang, Lake of Rays, Midland, Magnetawan, River, Lakeshield, Madawaska to Perry Sound, Argyll to Cobocook, Lindsay to Hall's Bay, etc.

Points from Severn to North Bay, etc.

Full particulars from  
 W. R. WIDDESS, City Agent,  
 A. MacNABB, Depot Agent  
 at address A. E. DUFF, D. P. A., Toronto.

The face of the man in the tonneau detached him to the spectator's gaze and singled him out of the concourse with an effect almost ludicrous in its incongruity. The hair was dark, lustreous and thick, the forehead broad and finely modeled and certain other ruminous vestiges of youth and good looks remained, but whatever the features might once have shown of non- or worth or kindly semblance had disappeared beyond all tracing in a blurred distortion. The lids of one eye were discolored and swollen almost together. Other traces of a recent battering were not lacking, nor was cosmetic evidence of a heroic struggle on the part of some valet of infinite pains to efface them. The nose lost outline in the discolorations of the puffed cheeks; the chin, tufted with a small imperial, trembled beneath a sagging gray lip.

The figure was fat, but loose and sprawling, seemingly without the will to hold itself together. In truth, the man appeared to be almost in a semistupor, and, contrasted with this powdered Sileus, even the woman beside him gained something of human dignity. At least, she was thoroughly alive, bold, predatory and, in spite of the gross embroilment that threatened her, still savagely graceful. A purple veil dotted with gold floated about her hat, from which green dyed ostrich plumes cascaded down. Her hair was enameled dead white. Her hair was plastered in blue-black waves, parted low on the forehead. Her lips were splashed a startling carmine. The eyelids painted blue, and from between lashes gammed into little spikes of blacking she favored her companion with a glance of carelessly simulated tenderness—a look all too crudely suggesting the ghastly calculations of a cook wheedling a chicken nearer the kitchen door.

"Who is it?" I asked, staring at the man in the automobile and not turning toward Ward.

"That is Mariana—'la bella Mariana la Mursiana.'" George answered—"one of those women who come to Paris from the tropics to form themselves on the legend of the one great famous and infamous Spanish dancer who died a long while ago. Mariana did very well for a time. I've heard that the revolutionary societies intend striking her down."

What had beer scrapes for the boy became scandals for the man, and he gathered a more and more unsavory reputation until his like was not to be found outside a penitentiary. The crux of his career in his own country was reached during a midnight quarrel in Chicago, when he shot a negro gambler. Harman's wife left him, and the papers recorded her application for a divorce. She was George Ward's second cousin, the daughter of a Baltimore clergyman; a belle in a season and town of belles and a delightful headstrong creature from all accounts. She had made a runaway match of it with Harman three years before, their affair having been earnestly opposed by all her relatives, especially by poor George, who came over to Paris just after the wedding in a miserable frame of mind.

Harman next began a trip round the world with an orgy which continued from San Francisco to Bangkok, where, in the company of some congenial fellow travelers, he interfered in a native ceremonial with the result that one of his companions was drowned. In Rome he was rescued with difficulty from a street mob that unreasonably refused to accept intoxication as an excuse for his riding down a child on his way to the hunt. Later we had been hearing from Monte Carlo of his disastrous plunges at roulette.

I still take three home newspapers, trying to follow the people I knew and the things that happen, and the ubiquity of so worthless a creature as Larabee Harman in the columns I dredged for real news had long been a point of irritation to this present exile. Not only that. He had usurped space in the continental papers, and of late my favorite Parisian journal had served him to me with my morning coffee, only hinting his name, but offering him with that gracious satire characteristic of the Gallic journalist writing of anything American. And so well grotesque wreck of a man was well known to the boulevard—one of its sights. That was to be perceived by the flutter he caused, by the turning of heads in his direction and the low laughter of the people at the little tables. Three or four in the rear ranks had risen to their feet.

Some one behind us chuckled aloud. "They say Mariana beats him."

"Evidently!"

The dancer was aware of the flutter and touched Harman's attention to it with a call upon his arm and a laugh and a nod of her violent plummage.

At that he seemed to rouse himself some what. His head rolled heavily over upon his shoulder, the lids lifted a little from the red shot eyes, showing a strange pride when his gaze fell upon the many staring faces.

Ward pulled my sleeve.

"Come," he said, "let us go over to the Luxembourg gardens where the air is clearer."

Ward is a portrait painter, and in

**Baby's Own Tablets**  
 Used From Birth

Mrs. H. V. Ossinger, Tiverton, N. S., says: "We have used Baby's Own Tablets since our little boy was three years old, and know of nothing to equal them. He is now twelve, months old, and has always enjoyed perfect health. Baby takes the Tablet easily and we always keep them in the house." Mr. Ossinger's experience is that of thousands of other mothers.

An occasional dose of Tablets will keep the well child in excellent health, or if the baby is ill with any of the many ailments that afflict little ones, they will speedily restore him to health again and make him thrive on grow fat, rosy and strong. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

# WAKELYS

the matter of vogue there seem to be no nuances left for him to surmount. He has painted most of the very rich women of fashion who have come to Paris of late years, and he has become so prosperous, has such a polite celebrity and his opinions upon art are so conclusively quoted that the friendship of some of us who started with him has been dangerously strained.

His sister, Miss Elizabeth, looks after him now. She came with him when he returned to Paris after his disappearance in the unfortunate Harman affair, and she took charge of all his business as well as his social arrangements (she has been accused of a theory that the two things may be happily combined, making him lease a house in an expensively modish quarter near the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. Miss Elizabeth is an instinctively fashionable woman, practical, witty, and to her mind success should be not only respectable, but "smart."

It was George's habit to come often to see me. He always really liked the sort of society his sister had brought about him, but now and then there were intervals when it wore on him a little, I think. Sometimes he came for me in his automobile, and we would make a mid excursion to breakfast in the country, and that is what happened one morning about three weeks after the day when we had sought pure air in the Luxembourg gardens.

We drove out through the Bois and by Suresnes, striking into a roundabout road to Versailles beyond St. Cloud. It was June, a dustless and balmy noon, the air finely guided by a faint breeze, and a few things pleasant than the road on a fair day of the early summer, and no sweeter way to course it than in an open car.

"After all," said George, with a placid wave of the hand, "I sometimes wish that the landscape had called me. You outdoor men have all the health and pleasure of living in the open, and as for the work—oh, you fellows think you work, but you don't know what it means."

He indicated the white road running before us between open fields to a curve, where it descended to pass beneath an old stone culvert. Beyond stood a thick grove with a clear sky flickering among the branches. An old peasant woman was pushing a heavy cart round the curve, a scarlet handkerchief knotted about her head.

"You think it's easy?" I asked.

"Easy? Two hours ought to do it as well as it could be done—at least."

The peasant's cart, tossed into a clump of weeds, rested on its side. A pair of smashed goggles crunched beneath my foot as I sprang out of Ward's car, and a big brass lamp had fallen in the middle of the road, crumpled like waste paper. Beside it lay a gold ronne box.

(To be continued.)

**W. C. T. U. MAKING RAPID STRIDES**

Winchester, Ont., Oct. 18—One hundred and seventy-five delegates representing over seven thousand members throughout the province are in attendance at the 24th annual convention of the Ontario W.C.T.U., which opened in the Methodist Church here yesterday for four days session.

Mrs. E. A. Stephens, vice-president, is the officer in the chair in the much regrettable absence of the President Mrs. May R. Thorne, of London, whose statements of last winter, regarding purity conditions in the schools, aroused not only the women of Ontario but citizens and educationalists in general.

Regret is also expressed at the absence of a Toronto lady, Mrs. H. T. Irwin, from the sessions owing to a slight accident.

In every department W.C.T.U. work throughout the province, according to the reports, has met with greatest success. There is now a membership of 7,105, an increase of 1,033 in one year.

**Deceased Known Here**

Jas. Watson, a well-known horse dealer throughout the Midland district, died at his late home in Cobourg on Tuesday morning, aged seventy-seven years, death being due to dropsy. He leaves a grown-up family. The remains were taken to Bowmanville for interment.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC GOING AWAY THANKSGIVING?**

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 Between all stations at  
**SINGLE FARE**

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