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THE GUEST OF QUESNAY

By Booth Tarkington.

glist and the other a gray haired youth with a singular air—carrying about on their walks a text book for the instruction of boys of thirteen or fourteen? The next day that curiosity of mine was plucked in earnest. It rained and I did not leave the inn, but sat under the great archway and took notes in color of the shining road and bright drenched fields. My back was toward the courtyard, and about noon I became distracted from my work by a strong self-consciousness which came upon me without any visible or audible cause. Obeying an impulse, I swung round on my camp stool and looked up directly at the gallery window of the salon of the "grande suite." A man with a great white beard was standing at the window, half hidden by the curtain, watching me intently. He perceived that I saw him and dropped the curtain immediately.

The spy was Professor Keredec. The next day I painted in various parts of the forest, studying the early morning along the eastern fringe and moving deeper in as the day advanced. The path debouched abruptly on the glade and was so narrow that when I leaned back my elbows were in the bushes. I had the ambition to paint a picture here—to do the whole thing in the woods from day to day, instead of taking notes for the studio, but when I rose from my camp stool and stepped back into the path to get more distance for my canvas I saw what a mess I was making of it. At the same time my hand, falling into the capacious pocket of my jacket, encountered a package—my lunch, which I had forgotten to eat. Whereupon, becoming suddenly aware that I was very hungry, I began to eat Amedee's good sandwiches without moving from where I stood.

Absorbed, gazing with abysmal disgust at my canvas, I was eating absent-mindedly and with all the restraint and dignity of a Georgia dandy attacking a watermelon when a pleasant voice spoke in French from just behind me: "Pardou, monsieur. Permet me to pass, if you please."

I turned in confusion to behold a dark eyed lady, charmingly dressed in lilac and white, waiting for me to make way so that she could pass.

I have just said that I "turned in confusion." The truth is that I jumped like a kangaroo, but with infinitely less grace. And in my nervous haste to clear the way, meaning only to push the camp stool out of the path with my foot, I put too much valor into the push, and with horror saw the camp stool rise in the air and drop to the ground again nearly a third of the distance across the glade. Upon that

bles and clinging shreds of underbrush. The youthful sprightliness of his light figure and the naive activity of his approach gave me a very favorable first impression of him.

"Have you seen a lady in a white and lilac dress and with roses in her hat?" he demanded eagerly.

What surprised me was the instantaneous certainty with which I recognized the speaker from Amedee's description.

My sudden gentleman was strikingly good looking, his complexion so clear



"I have seen her only once before."

and boyishly healthy that, except for his gray hair, he might have passed for twenty-two or twenty-three, and even as it was I guessed his years short of thirty. But there are plenty of handsome young fellows with prematurely gray hair, and as Amedee said, though out of the world we were near it. It was the newcomer's "singular air" which established his identity. Amedee's vagueness had irked me, but the thing itself—the "singular air"—was not at all vague. Instantly perceptible, it was an investiture, marked, definite and intangible. My interrogator was "that other monsieur."

In response to his question I asked him another: "Were the roses real or artificial?"

"I don't know," he answered, with what I took to be a whimsical assumption of gravity. "It wouldn't matter, would it? Have you seen her?"

"Isn't your description," I said gravely, "thinking to suit my humor to his own, somewhat too general? A great many white hats trimmed with roses might come for a stroll in these woods."



I turned in confusion to behold a dark eyed lady.

I squeezed myself back into the bushes, my ears ringing and my cheeks burning.

There are women who will meet or pass a strange man in the woods or fields with as finished an air of being unaware of him particularly if he be a rather shabby painter no longer young, but this woman was not of that priggish kind. Her straightforward glance recognized my existence as a fellow being, and she further acknowledged it by a faint smile, which was of courtesy only, however, and admitted no reference to the fact that at the first sound of her voice I had leaped into the air, kicked a camp stool twenty feet and now stood blushing, so shamefully stuffed with sand which I dared not speak.

"Thank you," she said as she went by and made me a little bow so graceful that it almost consoled me for my caperings.

Then, discovering that I still held the horrid remains of a sausage sandwich in my hand, I threw it into the underbrush with unnecessary force, and recovering my camp stool, sat down to work. I did not immediately begin. At thought of the jig I had danced to it my face burned again.

Suddenly a snapping of twigs underfoot and a swishing of branches in the thicket warned me of a second intruder forcing a way toward the path through the underbrush, and very briskly, too, judging by the sounds.

He burst out into the glade a few paces from me, a tall man in white fannels, liberally decorated with brim

Priestley's



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Whether you want a dainty silk-and-wool fabric like "Ambrose"—a fine or large twill—or a coating serge like "Sandown" or "Concord"—be sure that you get the genuine "Priestley's" goods, rolled on the varnished board.

Upon this "that other monsieur" astonished me in good earnest. Searching my eyes eagerly with his clear, inquisitive gaze, he took a step toward me and said:

"You are sure you are telling the truth?"

The professor uttered an exclamation of horror, sprang forward and clutched his friend's arm again. "Malheureux!" he cried, and then to me: "Sir, you will give him pardon if you can. He has no meaning to be rude."

"Rude!" The young man's voice showed both astonishment and pain. "Was that rude? I didn't know. I didn't mean to be rude, God knows! Ah," he said sadly, "I do nothing but make mistakes. I hope you will forgive me."

"Ha, that is better!" shouted the great man. "We shall go home now and eat a good dinner. But first—his silver rimmed spectacles twinkled upon me, and he bent his Brooding-naglan back in a bow which, against my will, reminded me of the courtesies performed by Orloff's dancing bears—"first let me speak some word for myself. My dear sir"—he addressed himself to me with grave formality—"do not suppose I have no realization that other excuses should be made to you. Believe me, they shall be. It is now that I see it is fortunate for us that you are our fellow innsmen at Les Trois Pigeons."

CHAPTER IV.

NO doubt the most absurd thing I could have done after the departure of Professor Keredec and his singular friend would have been to settle myself before my canvas again with the intention of painting, and that is what I did. At least, I resumed my camp stool and went through some of the motions habitually connected with the act of painting.

In fine, I sat there brush paddling my failure like an automaton and saying over and over aloud: "What is wrong with him? What is wrong with him?"

I came out of my varicolored study with a start, caused by the discovery that I had absent-mindedly squeezed upon my palette the entire contents of an expensive tube of corval violet.

The turpentine rag at least proved effective. I scoured away the last tokens of my failure with it, wishing that life were like the canvas and that men had knowledge of the right celestial turpentine. After that I cleaned my brushes, packed and shouldered my kit and, with a final imprecation upon all sausage sandwiches, took up my way once more to Les Trois Pigeons.

Striding along at a good gait and chanting soporously, "On Linden when the sun was low," I left the rougher boscaiges of the forest behind me and emerged just at sunset upon an orderly fringe of woodland where the ground was neat and uncluttered and the trimmed trees stood at polite distances, bowing slightly to one another with small, well bred rustlings.

I stood upon Quesnay ground.

Before me stretched a short, broad avenue of turf, leading to the chateau gates. A slope was terraced with strips of tower gardens and intervals of sward, and against the green of a rising lawn I marked the figure of a woman pausing to bend over some governing bush. The lady upon the slope was Mme. d'Armand, the inspiration of Amedee's "Monsieur has much to live for!"

Once more this day I indorsed that was the man's opinion for, though I was too far distant to see clearly, I knew that roses trimmed Mme. d'Armand's white hat and that she had passed me no long time since in the forest.

I had come far out of my way, so I retraced my steps to the intersection of the paths and thence made for the inn by my accustomed route. Not far along the road from where I came into it stood an old, brown, deep thatched cottage, a branch of brushwood over the door prettily beckoning travelers to the knowledge that cider was here for the thirsty, and as I drew near I perceived that one availed himself of the invitation. A group stood about the open door, the lamplight from within disclosing the head of the house filling a cup for the wayfarer.

The latter was a most mundane and elaborate wayfarer indeed—a small young man very lightly made, like a jockey and point down in khaki, puttees, ponce cap, white and green stock, a knapsack on his back and a bamboo stick under his arm. He spoke, and a disturbance occurred in a

rough and ready, packed up direct of Parisian slang, while Pere Baudry contributed his share of the conversation in a slow patois. As both men spoke at the same time and neither understood two consecutive words the dialogue might prove unproductive of any highly important results this side of Microméas. Therefore, discovering that the very pedestrian gentleman was making some sort of inquiry concerning Les Trois Pigeons, I came to a halt and proffered aid.

"Are you looking for Mme. Brossard's?" I asked in English.

The traveler uttered an exclamation and faced about with a jump, bird-like for quickness.

"Say," he responded in a voice of unpleasant assuality, finally deciding upon speech, "you're Nummeric'n, ain't you?"

"Yes," I returned. "I thought I heard you inquiring for—"

"Well, my friend, you can sting me," he interrupted, with condescending sociability. "My style French does fr tam comes up in Paris ain't nigh. But down here I don't seem to be gud enough fr these sneep dogs. Anyway, they bark different. I'm lukkin' fer a hotel called Les Trois Pigeons."

I pointed to the lights of the inn flickering across the fields. "Yonder—beyond the second turn of the road."

"Oh, I ain't goin' there 'nigh! It's too dark 't see anything now," he remarked. "Dives and the choo-choo back 't little ole Trouville fr mine! I on'y wanted to take a luk at this pigeon house joint."

"Do you mind my inquiring," I said, "what you expected to see at Les Trois Pigeons?"

"Why," he exclaimed as if astonished at the question, "I'm a tourist, makin' a pedestrum trip 't all the reg'ler sights, and, inspired to eloquence, he added as an afterthought, "as it were."

"But if you will pardon me," I said, "where did you get the notion that Les Trois Pigeons is one of the regular sights?"

"Ain't it in all the history books?"

"No; I don't think that it is mentioned in any of the histories or even the guidebooks."

"Look a-bere," he said, taking a step nearer me, "in oldest, now, on your wold, didn't more'n half them Jeanne d'Arc tames and William the Conquer live at that hotel wunst?"

"No."

"Stung again!" He broke into a sudden loud cackle of laughter. "Why, a feller at Trouville tole me 'at this Pigeon place was all three rings when it come 't history. Yessir!"

I tarried no longer, but, bidding this good youth and the generations of Baudry good night, hastened on to my belated dinner.

"Amedee," I said when my cigar was lighted and the usual hour of consultation had arrived, "isn't that old lock on the chest where Mme. Brossard keeps her silver getting rather rusty?"

"Monsieur, we have no thieves here. We are out of the world."

"Yes, but Trouville is not so far away, and strange people go to Trouville—grand dukes, opera singers, jockeys, gamblers, tourists?"

"Truly," assented Amedee.

"It follows," I continued, "that many strange people may come from Trouville. In their excursions to the surrounding points of interest—"

"Eh, monsieur, but that is true," he interrupted. "There was a strange monsieur from Trouville here this very day."

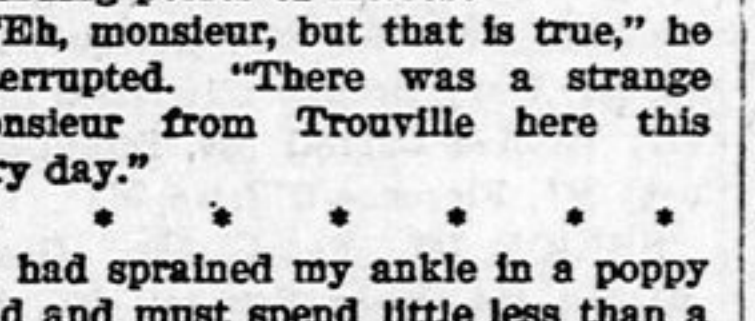
I had sprained my ankle in a poppy field and must spend little less than a week of idleness within the confines of Les Trois Pigeons, and, reclining among cushions in a wicker long chair looking out from my pavilion upon the drowsy garden on a hot noontide, I did not much care.

A heavy step crunched the gravel, and I heard my name pronounced in a deep inquiring rumble, the voice of Professor Keredec, no less. Nor was I greatly surprised, since our meeting in the forest had led me to expect some advances on his part toward friendliness or at least in the direction of a better acquaintance.

"Here I am," I called, "in the pavilion, if you wish to see me."

"Aha, I hear you become an invalid, my dear sir!" With that the professor's great bulk loomed in the doorway against the glare outside. "I have

(To be continued.)



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FELL FROM A HAY LOFT

Suffered Tortures With His Kidney Until He Tried Gin Pills

You might think that Mr. Baker needed a surgeon more than GIN PILLS. But there were no bones broken. His back was strained, which was harder cure because nothing seemed to do any good. It is the same with a sprain ankle and broken leg. You can set the fracture and it will be well in six weeks—but the sprain may take months to get well.

However, Mr. Baker found the quick way to get relief from the pain—he is his own words.



A BAD FALL

"I have been a great sufferer from kidney trouble from an injury to my back caused by falling from a hay loft about six years ago. I left my kidneys weak, so that every cold would settle in my kidneys and cause intense suffering. I was advised to try GIN PILLS. I found, to my surprise, after taking two boxes, that the pains were relieved and began to feel better. I am still taking GIN PILLS and feel sure I will be completely cured. I recommend GIN PILLS to all who suffer from any kidney trouble." C. BAKER

You see, the fall had strained his kidneys and they were affected by the slightest chill. GIN PILLS immediately strengthened the kidneys, soothed any irritation and thus enabled the kidneys to overcome the effects of the fall.

If you are having pain in the back—or trouble with kidneys or bladder through accident or overwork—do just as Mr. Baker did—take GIN PILLS. They will help you—sure you—or we will promptly refund your money. Buy six boxes at your dealer's. If, after taking them, you feel that Gin Pills have not helped you, return the empty boxes and get your money. We will take your word for it. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50. Sample box sent free if you write National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Dept. B Toronto.

NATIONAL LAZY LIVER PILLS regulate the bowels and cure Constipation, Biliousness and Indigestion. 25c a box.

MRS. T. E. CUNNINGHAM REMEMBERED BEFORE HER DEPARTURE FOR COBOU

The friends and neighbors of Mrs. T. E. Cunningham assembled at her home in South Ops last evening for the purpose of bidding her and her family farewell before her departure for Cobou where they intend spending the winter.

During the evening games and music were indulged in, after which a presentation took place accompanied by an address read by Miss Flo. Curtin.

Mrs. J. J. Whalen presented, on behalf of the company, Mrs. Cunningham with a beautiful quarter cut oak rocker and Miss Helen Fox, presented Evelyn with a camera, and Walter with a fountain pen.

The address was as follows:—

Dear Mrs. Cunningham:—It is with hearts filled with sorrow that we assemble here this evening to say farewell to you and your family, before you leave for your new home.

For the past twenty-six years, you have been with us and since that first day when you came amongst us you have proved a faithful and loving friend, a neighbor, kind, and true. Your many charitable and loving deeds in time of sickness, and sorrow. Your kindly words of sympathy and counsel will never be forgotten.

We are grateful to you for all these kindly deeds and loving words and for the hospitality of your home where, we were always sure of a warm welcome.

Your children also have endeared themselves to us and have grown up, the pride and joy of the neighborhood.

You have had your share of sorrow, Mrs. Cunningham, in the loss of your dear husband and loved son and daughter, but, in sorrow as in joy, you were always the same, strong and hopeful, bowing submissively to God's holy Will and firmly trusting in His Merciful Providence.

We wish you and your family all happiness and prosperity in your new home and ask you to accept this rocker and hand satchel as a reminder of the many friends you leave behind in Lindsay. We have also remembered your children and wish to present Evelyn with a camera, and Walter with a fountain pen.

Signed on behalf of your friends and neighbors.

JOHN WHALEN
JAMES FOX

Mrs. Cunningham, though very much affected, replied, thanking them on behalf of her children and herself for their kindness.

Band Organized At the Fall

Gazette: A well attended meeting was held on Friday evening for the purpose of organizing a band. The project has so far met with encouraging success, a substantial sum of money having already been subscribed with the merchants and others who hear from it. It is expected enough be raised to purchase a first class of instruments. At the meeting the following officers were elected: President, J. H. Brandon; Vice President, J. Aldous; Treas., R. Hamilton; Secretary, H. Little. Committee, J. H. Stanton, M. H. Callum, Dr. S. J. Sims, Messrs. J. Martin and H. Littleton were appointed a committee to present the subscription list to the merchants of town. This will be done as soon possible, as it is desired to start new band without delay.

Destructive Fire At Wilberforce

A report reached town to-day of a destructive fire at Wilberforce, Hamilton County Wednesday when a large boarding house, post office, private residence, general store, completely destroyed. The parlors are very meagre.

LATER.—The fire broke out on Tuesday at 1 p.m. in the premises Mr. Alex Riley, who keeps a general store and the post office. The cause of the fire is unknown. It started one of the rooms on the first floor, destroying everything upstairs. A few of the contents downstairs were saved. The loss will be about \$2 being insured in the Anglo-American

Navigation Co. In Trouble

Examiner:—The Peterboro and Lakeside Navigation Co., which has been operating the steamers, Otona, Geneva, Lintonia and other boats along the Trent Canal system, during the past season, has made an arrangement with Mr. W. Buller acting as a liquidator. It is understood that the company will be thoroughly reorganized and placed on a sound basis.

Peterboro Lady Awarded \$1,800

Peterboro Ont., Nov. 2.—At the assizes here this afternoon, Chief Justice Sir Wm. Mulock presiding, the jury returned a verdict giving the plaintiff \$1,800 damages in Darke v. the Canadian General Electric Company. The plaintiff is the widow of Hugh Darke, who was killed in June last while employed by the Company. She brought suit to recover \$10,000 under the Workmen's Compensation Act and the Ontario Factories Act. The defendant's notice of appeal was dismissed.

BALLASTING IS NEARLY COMPLETE

The work of ballasting on the Georgian Bay and Seaboard Railway has been finished in two weeks' time. There are a few other details to be attended to in connection with the line, but it will be ready for traffic next week when our citizens will see trains of the western grain passing through the town.