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THE GUEST OF QUESNAY

By Booth Tarkington.

"To smoke with me, too, I hope," I said, not a little pleased.

"That I will do," he returned and came in slowly, walking with perceptible lameness. "The sympathy I offer is genuine. It is not only from the heart; it is from the latissimus dorsi," he continued, seating himself. "I have choosed this fine weather for rheumatism of the back."

He took from his pocket a worn leather case, which he opened, disclosing a small, browned clay bowl of



"It is wicked for the insides, but it is good for the soul."

the kind workmen use, and, fitting it with a red stem, he tilled it with a lark and sinister tobacco from a pouch. "Always my pipe for me," he said and applied a match, inhaling the smoke as other men maale the light smoke of cigarettes. "Ha, it is good! It is wicked for the insides, but it is good for the soul. When I am alone I am a chimney with no hebdomadary repose. I smoke forever. It is on account of my young friend I am temperate now."

"He has never smoked, your young friend?" I asked, glancing at my visitor rather curiously, I fear.

"Mr. Saffren bas no vices." Professor Keredec replaced his silver rimmed spectacles and turned them upon me with serene benevolence. "He is in good condition, all pure, like little children, and so if I smoke near him he chokes and has water at the eyes, though he does not complain. Just now I take a vacation. It is his hour for study, but I think he looks more out of the front window than at his book-yes, very much since the passing of that charming young lady some days ago."

"You say your young friend's name

"Oliver Saffren." The benevolen gaze continued to rest upon me, but shadow like a faint anxiety darkened the Homeric brow. Finally be said abruptly. "It is about him that I have come to talk to you."

"I shall be very giad." "Ha, my dear sir," he cried, "but you are a man of feeling! It was the way you have received my poor young gentleman's excuses when he was so rude which makes me wish to talk with you on such a subject. It is why I would not have you believe Mr. Saffren and me two very suspected individuals who bide here like two bad criminais."

"No, no!" I protested nastily. "The name of Professor Keredec"-"The name of no man," he thundered, interrupting, "can protect his reputation when he is caught peeping from a curtain! Ha, my dear sir, know what you think! You think: He is a nice, fine man, that old professor-ob, very nice, only be hides behind the curtains sometimes. Very fine man-oh, yes, only he is a spy

Eh? Ha, ba!" "Not at all," I laughed. "I thought you might fear that I was a spy." "Eh?" He became serious.

"I supposed you might be writing a book which you wished to keep from the public for a time and that possibly you might imagine that I was a re-

"So! And that is all," he returned, with evident renet. "No, my dear sir, I was the spy; it is the truth. I confess my shame. I wish very much to know what kind of a man you are. And so I have watched you."

"Why?" I asked. "The explanation is so simple; it was

"Because of-of Mr. Saffren?" I said slowly and with some trepidation.

"Precisely." The professor exhaled cloud of smoke. "Because I am sensitive for him and I am his guardian, but I am not his guardian by the

"I had not supposed that you were," I said, "because, though I do not understand his-his case, so to speak, I have not for a moment thought him in-

sane." "Ha. my dear sir, you are right!" ex- Vory small and as easy claimed Keredec. "He is as sane as anybody in the whole world! Ha, he is new much more sane, for his mind is not yet confused and becobwebbed with the useless things you and I put into ours. A few months more-ha, at the greatest a year from now-and he the greatest a year from now the same exceedingly powerful in regulating the will not be different any longer. He will not be different any longer. He will not be different any longer. He will be like the rest of us, only"—the will be like the rest of us, only"—the professor leaned forward, and his big professor leaned forward, and his big fist came down on the arm of his fist came down on the arm of his chair-"he shall be better than the rest

come to condoie with you, it you allow , of us! But if strange people were to see him now," he continued, "it would not do. There are so many who judge quickly. If they should see him now they might think he is not just right in his brain, and then, as it could happen so easily, those same people might meet him again after awhile. 'Ha,' they would say, 'there was a time when that young man was insane. knew him!" And so he might go through his life with those clouds over

"Ha! I wish you to know my young man," Keredec went on. "You will like him-no man of feeling could keep himself from liking him-and he is your fellow countryman. I hope you will be his friend. He should make friends, for he needs them. You will dine with us tonight?" he suggested. Acquiescing cheerfully, I added, "You will join me at the table on my veranda, won't you?"

Before answering he cast a sidelong glance at the arrangement of things outside the door. The screen of honeysuckle ran partly across the front of the little porch, about half of which it concealed from the garden and consequently from the road beyond the archway. I saw that he took note of this before he pointed to that corner of the veranda most closely screened by the vines and said:

"May the table be placed yonder?" "Certainly."

"Ha, that is good!" he exclaimed. Suddenly we heard the rapid hoof beats of a mettled horse. He crossed our vision and the open archway-a high stepping backney going well, driven by a lady in a light trap which was half full of wild flowers. I had not the least difficulty in recognizing her. At the same instant the startled pigeons fluttered up from the garden path, betaking themselves to flight, and "that other monsieur" came leaping across the courtyard and into the road.

that lady?" Amadee awoke with a frantic start and launched himself at the archway. "That lady, monsieur?" he gasped. gazing after the trap. "That is Mme.

"Look quickly." he called. "Who is

d'Armand." "Mme. d'Armand." Saffren repeated the name slowly. "Her name is Mme.

d'Armand?" "Yes, monsiour," said Amadee complacently. "It is an American lady who has married a French nobleman."

CHAPTER V. ankle had taken its wonted time to recover. I was on my feet again and into the

July came, and one afternoon I sat in the mouth of the path just where I had played the bounding harlequin for the benefit of the lovely visitor at Quesnay.

I heard the light snapping of a twig and a swish of branches from the direction in which I faced. Evidently some one was approaching the glade, though concealed from me for the moment by the winding of the path. Taking it for Saffren as a matter of course-for we had arranged to meet at that time and place-I raised my voice in what I intended for a merry del of greeting.

1 youeled loud, 1 youeled long, and my best performance was not unsuggestive of calamity in the poultry yard. And when my mouth was at its widest in the production of these shocking ulla hootings the person approaching came round a turn in the path and within full sight of me. To my horror it was Mme. d'Armand.

I grew so furiously red that it burned me. I was plainly a lunatic, whooping the lonely peace of the woods into

pandemonium. She kept straight on. Then suddenly, while I waited in sizzling shame, a clear voice rang out from a distance in an answering yodel to mine. There was a final call, clear and loud as a bugte, and she turned to the direction whence it came. Then Oliver Saffren came running lightly round the turn of the path. He stop-

ped short. Her hand pressed against her side.

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OURE BICK HEADACHE.



Her dark eyes stared widely straight

He lifted his bat and spoke to her, and I thought she made some quick reply in a low voice, though I could

She held that startled attitude a moment longer, then turned and crossed the glade so burriedly that it was almost as if she ran away from him. She did not seem to see me. Her dark eyes stared widely straight ahead, ber lips were parted, and she looked white and frightened.

I stepped out to meet him, indignant upon several counts, most of all upon

his own. "You spoke to that lady!" And my voice sounded unexpectedly harsh and sharp to my own ears, for I had meant

"I know-I know. It-it was wrong," he stammered. "I knew I shouldn'tand I couldn't help it." "You expect me to believe that?"

to speak quietly.

"It's the truth. I couldn't!" I laughed skeptically. "I don't understand. It was all beyond me," he

added buskily. "What was it you said to her?" "I spoke her name-'Mme. d'Ar-

"You said more than that!" "I asked her if she would let me see her again." "What else?"

"Nothing," he answered humbly. "And then she—then for a moment it seemed-for a moment she didn't seem to be able to speak"-

"I should think not!" I shouted and burst out at him with satirical laughter. He stood patiently enduring it, his lowered eyes following the aimless movements of his hands, which were twisting and untwisting his flexible

"But she did say something to you, didn't she?" I asked finally.

"She said, 'Not now!' That was all.' "I suppose that was all she had breath for! It was just the inconsequent and meaningless thing a fright-"ves bluow nemow bene

"Meaningless?" he repeated and looked up wonderingly. "Did you take it for an appointment?" I roared.

"No. no. no! She said only that and then"-

"Then she turned and ran away from "Yes," he said, swallowing painfully.

"That pleased you." I stormed, "to righten a woman in the woods." I set about packing my traps, grumbling various sarcasms, the last mutterings of a departed storm, for already I realized that I had taken out my own mortification upon him, and I

was stricken with remorse. "I wouldn't have frightened her for the world," he finally said, and his voice and his body shook with strange violence. "I wouldn't have frightened her to please the angels in

I stared at him helplessly, nor could find words to answer or control the passion that my imbecile scolding had

"You think I told a lie." he cried. "You think I lied when I said I could not belp speaking to her!" "No, no," I said earnestly. "I didn't

"Words!" He swept the feeble protest away, drowned in a whiriing vene mence. "And what does it matter? You can't understand. When you want to know what to do you look back into

your life and it tells you, and I look back-ah." He cried out, uttering half choked, incoherent syllable, " took back and it's all-blind! All these things you can do and can't do-all these infinite little things! You know, and Keredec knows, and Glouglou knows, and every mortal soul on earth knows, but I don't know! Your life has taught you, and you know, but I don't know. I haven't had my life. It's gone! All I have is words that Keredec has said to me. I would burn my hand from my arm and my arm from my body rather than trouble ber or frighten her, but I couldn't belp speaking to her any more than I can

help wanting to see her again." He paused, wiping from his brow a heavy dew, not of the heat, but like that on the forehead of a man in crucial pain. I made nervous haste to seize the opportunity and said gently, almost timidly:

"But if it should distress the lady?" "Yes-then I could keep away. But I must know that."

"I think you might know it by her running away-and by her look," 1 said mildly. "Didn't you?" "No!" And his eyes flashed an added

"Well, well," I said, "let's be on our "I don't believe she was distressed," be went on. There was something.

emphasis.

was Crippled, C. P. R. LAUNCHES could hardly walk and had to Crawl

down stairs at times on my hands and knees. My doctor told me I had an acute attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I was in the hospital for weeks, but was scarcely able to walk when I left it. I read about

Dr. Miles' Nervine

bought a bottle and began to get better from the start, and for the past six months I have had scarcely any pain and am able to walk as well as ever." J.H. SANDERS, P. O. box 5, Rockaway, N. J.

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but it wasn't trouble. We looked straight at each other. I saw her eyes plainly, and it was"-he paused and sighed, a sudden, brilliant smile upon his lips-"it was very-it was very

There was something so glad and different in his look that, like any other dried up old blunderer in my place, I felt an instant tendency to laugh. It was that beathenish possession, the old insanity of the risibles, which makes a man think it a humorous thing that his friend should be discovered in

"But if you were wrong," I said, "if it did trouble her, and if it happened that she has already had too much that was distressing in her life"-

"You know something about her!" he exclaimed. "You know"-"I do not," I interrupted in turn. "I have only a vague guess. I may be

altogether mistaken." "What is it that you guess?" he demanded abruptly. "Who made her

"I think it was her husband," I said,

with a lack of discretion for which I was instantly sorry, fearing with reason that I had added a final blunder to the long list of the afternoon-"that is," I added, "if my guess is right." "Is be alive?" he cried sharply. "I don't know!" I returned emphaticauthorities are anxious to get the ally. "Probably I am entirely mistaken

in thinking that I know anything of her whatever. I'd rather not say any more until I do know." "Very well," be said quickly. "Will

you tell me then?" "Yes-if you will let it go at that." "Thank you," he said and, with an impulse which was but too plainly one of gratitude, offered me his hand. I took it, and my soul was disquieted within me, for it was no purpose of mine to set inquiries on foot in re-

gard to the affairs of Mme. d'Armand. It was early dusk. From the courtyard of the inn came the sounds of laughter and chattering voices. He fore the entrance stood a couple of open touring cars, the chauffeurs en gaged in cooling the rear tires with buckets of water brought by a personage ordinarily known as Glouglou, whose look and manner as he performed this office for the leathern digni-

(To be continued.)

A NEW STEAMSHIP

Montreal, Que., Nov. 9 .- A cablegram received by Canadian Pacific Railway officials yesterday announces the launching of their new boat, the "Princess Sophia," at the yards of the Bowmalachlan & Co., of Paisley, Scotland. This boat, while not as big as the "Princess" steamships that have recently been built by the Canadian Pacific Railway, is of the best construction and is well fitted for the Pacific coast service of the Company, in which it will be entered. It is 245 feet long. 44 feet beam, and with 18 feet depth. It is equipped with coal or oil fuel. The new Princess will probably be ready for its long trip round Cape Horn to Vancouver in eight or ten weeks. The Canadian Pacific already have one steamer making this trip, the steamship "Princess Alice,' which was reported to have arrived at Montevideo a week or two ago. The Princess Alice is also a new steamship.

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WILL BE FINISHED EARLY IN DECEMBER

Since the ballast work commenced splendid progress was made while the weather was favorable, and who have been over the finished portion of the road state that it is a model roadbed.

The ballasting is being pushed with the utmost vigor between Lindsay and about twenty miles west, and the work will likely start on stretch through Lindsay next week. As an illustration of the importance

of this line, as well as the desire of the Company to have it completed as speedily as possible, it might be mentioned that one thousand men are employed on the work. When the line is formally taken over, no time will be lost in starting

with all possible speed. stations, tanks, etc., is losing no was constructed. time in rushing his portion of the work. The brick work on the hand- JOHN JACKSON IS some new station at Orillia will start next week, while work on the station at Bethany started a day or two ago. It will not take long to build these structures, which are all frame ones with the exception of Orillia. This is ed returning officer for West Victoria a Union station for the C.P.R. and for the Provincial Campaign. The

sheds in that town are being driven

of Concrete.

tank out of business.

or money-saving Concrete?

Ballasting operations on the Geor- The Georgian Bay & Seaboard Railgian Bay & Seaboard Railway have way is almost a dead level line. This been great'y hindered during the is necessary as the Company will be past few weeks owing to the unfavor- hauling heavy loads of grain over the able weather conditions prevailisg, road. There is a grade on the east and unless it clears up the line will side of the river between the bridge not be completed by the first of the across the river and the C.P.R. stamonth, as was expected by some of tion of 4 degrees, but the grade is encountered going to Victoria Harbor so that it would not be a hindrance to hauling heavy loads. One of the steepest grades on the line is a few miles west of town, the grade being one per cent, which is encountered by trains on the way to the seaboard which would necessitate a strong pull if an engine was heavi'y loaded.

The Bobcaygeon Independent says-Work at the Humphries gravel-bed is being vigorously puched, and the trains of gravel are being drawn away to the new C.P.R. line as fast as the steam shovel can load them. The bed is a level field about twelve feet above the lake level, and starting from the edge of a swamp, the field is being scooped off. Most of the Ecbcaygeon line was ballasted from this bed, and the section of the new line from Lindthe trains moving, because the C.P.R say to Peterboro is now being ballasted from this pit. The whereabouts of Western grain hauled to the seaboard this gravel bed was given to the engineer by Mr. J. T. Robinson. On Sat-The Post has been informed that, urday one of the gravel trains got off notwithstanding the bad weather the the rails south of Ancona, and smashline will be ready to hand over be- ed a number of the ties delaying the tween the 1st and 15th of December. regular noon train. Mány ties on the Contractor Martin, of Smith's road bed are being removed, although Falls, who has the contract for the it is only eight years since the road

RETURNING OFFICER

Mr. John Jackson has been appoint C.N.R. The piles for the new freight writs will b? issued on Nov. 17th.

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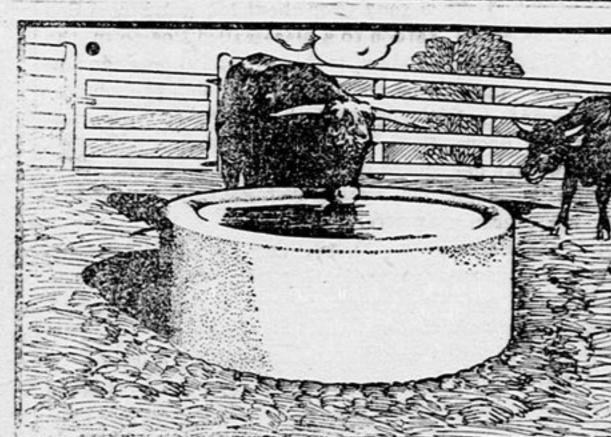
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