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WALKERTON PAPER SOLD.

St. Marys, Oct. 2.—Lorne A Eedy B.A., who has been associated with his father, John W. Eedy, for a number of years in the publishing of The St. Marys Journal, has purchased The Walkerton Telescope, taking immediate possession. Mr. Eedy has been identified with every movement having for its object the moral progress of the town, is superintendent of the Methodist Sunday school and has many warm friends here, whose best wishes will accompany himself and family to their new home in Walkerton.

Dennis Mullin, an Owen Sound man, was badly injured by falling down stairs.



NOVEMBER JOE
The Detective of the Woods
by Hesketh Prichard.

Copyright, 1913, by Hesketh Prichard

Once again he rapidly went over the ground near the river, then returned to the spot where Atterson had slept following a slightly different track to that by which we had come. Then taking the hatchet from his belt, he split a dead log or two for a fire and hung up the kettle once more. I guessed from this that he had seen at least some daylight in a matter that was still obscure and inexplicable to me.

"I wonder if Atterson has confessed to Hobson yet," I said, meaning to draw Joe.

"He may confess about the robbery but he can't tell any one where the bank property is, because he's been robbed in his turn."

"Robbed!" I exclaimed.

Joe nodded.

"And the robber?"

"'Bout five foot six, light weight very handsome, has black hair, is, I think, under twenty-five years old and lives in Lendeville or near it."

"Joe, you've nothing to go on." I cried. "Are you sure of this? How can you know?"

"I'll tell you when I've got those bank bills back."

CHAPTER XI.
Phedre Pointarre.

IT was still early afternoon when we arrived in Lendeville, a few scattered farms and a single general store. Outside one of the farmhouses Joe paused.

"I know the chap that lives in here," he said. "He's a pretty mean kind of a man, Mr. Quaritch. I may find a way to make him talk, though if he thought I wanted information he'd not part with it."

"Say, McAndrew," began Joe, "what's your price for hiring two strong horses and a good buckboard to take us and our outfit on from here to the Burnt Lands by Sandy pond?"

"Twenty dollars."

"Huh!" said Joe, "we don't want to buy the old horses!"

The Scotchman's shaven lips and were a chin beard and whiskers opened. "It would na' pay to do it for less."

"Then there's others as will."

"And what might their names be?" inquired McAndrew ironically.

"Them as took up Bank Clerk Atterson when he was here six weeks back."

"Weel, you're wrang!" cried McAndrew, "for Bank Clerk Atterson juist walked in with young Simon Pointarre and lived with the family at their new mill. So the price is twenty or I'll nae heariness a horse for ye."

"Then I'll have to go on to Simor Pointarre. I've heard him well spoken of."

"Have ye now? That's queer, for he—"

"Maybe, then, it was his brother," said Joe quickly.

"Which?"

"The other one that was with Anderson at Red river."

"There was nae one, only the old man, Simon and the two girls."

"Well, anyway, I'll ask the Pointarre's price before I close with you."

"I'll make a reduce to \$17 if ye agree here and now."

November said something further of Atterson's high regard for Simon Pointarre, which goaded old McAndrew to fury.

"And I suppose it was love of Simon that made him employ that family," he snarled. "Oh, yes, that's comic, 'Twas Simon and no that grinning lassie they call Phedre! Atterson? Tush! I tell ye, if ever a man made a fool of himself—"

But here, despite McAndrew's protests, Joe left the farm.

At the store which was next visited we learned the position of the Pointarre standing and the fact that old Pointarre, the daughters, Phedre and Claire, and one son, Simon, were at home.

The door was opened by a girl of about twenty years of age. Her bright brown eyes and hair made her very good looking. Joe gave her a quick glance.

"I came to see your sister," said he.

"Simon," called the girl, "here's a man to see Phedre."

"What's your business?" growled a man's voice from the inner room.

"Why sent you?"

"Can't tell that, but I guess Miss Pointarre will know when I give her the message."

"Well, I suppose you'd best see her. She's down bringing in the cows

you'll find her below there in the meadow."

Joe thanked him and we set off. A twig broke under my foot, and the girl swung round at the noise.

"What do you want?" she asked.

She was tall and really gloriously handsome.

"I've come from Atterson. I've just seen him," said November.

"There are many people who see him every day. What of that?"

"Huh! Don't they read the newspaper in Lendeville? There's something about him going round. I came thinking you'd sure want to hear," said November.

The color rose in Phedre's beautiful face.

"They're saying," went on Joe, "that he robbed the bank where he is employed of \$100,000, and instead of trying to get away on the train or by one of the steamers he made for the woods."

Phedre turned away as if bored.

"What interest have I in this? It ennuies me to listen."

"Wait!" replied November. "With the police I went and soon struck Atterson's trail on the old colonial post road and in time come up with Atterson himself high Red river. The police takes Atterson prisoner, but they found nothing. Though they searched him and all round about the camp they found nothing."

"He had hidden it, I suppose."

"So the police thought. And I thought the same till"—November's gaze never left her face—"till I see his eyes. The pupils were like pin points in his head." He paused and added:

"I got the bottle of whisky that was in his pack. It'll go in as evidence."

"Of what?" she cried impatiently.

"That Atterson was drugged and the bank property stole from him. You see," continued Joe, "this robbery wasn't altogether Atterson's own idea."

"Ah!"

"No, I guess he had the first notion of it when he was on his vacation six weeks back. He was in love with a wonderful handsome girl. Blue eyes she had and black hair, and her teeth was as good as yours. She pretended to be in love with him, but all along she was in love with—well, I can't say who she was in love with—herself likely. Anyway, I expect she used all her influence to make Atterson rob the bank and then light out for the woods with the stuff. He does all she wants. On his way to the woods she meets him with a pack of food and necessities. In that pack was a bottle of drugged whisky. She asks him where he's going to camp that night, he suspects nothing and tells her, and off she goes in a canoe up Red river till she comes to opposite where he's lying drugged. She lands and robs him, but she don't want him to know who done that, so she plays an old game to conceal her tracks. She's a rare active young woman, so she carries out her plan, gets back to her canoe and home to Lendeville. Need I tell any more about her?"

During Joe's story Phedre's color had slowly died away.

"You are very clever!" she said bitterly. "But why should you tell me all this?"

"Because I'm going to advise you to hand over the \$100,000 you took from Atterson. I'm in this case for the bank."

"If?" she exclaimed violently. "Do you dare to say that I had anything whatever to do with this robbery, that I have the \$100,000? Bah! I know nothing about it. How should I?"

Joe shrugged his shoulders. "Then I beg your pardon, Miss Pointarre, and I say good bye. I must go and make my report to the police and let them act their own way." He turned, but before he had gone more than a step or two she called to him.

"There is one point you have missed for all your cleverness," she said.

"Suppose what you have said is true, may it not be that the girl who robbed Atterson took the money just to return it to the bank?"

"Don't seem to be that way, for she has just denied all knowledge of the property and denied she had it before two witnesses. Besides, when Atterson comes to know that he's been made a catspaw of he'll be able to turn king's evidence. No, miss, your only chance is to hand over the stuff—here and now."

"To you?" she scoffed. "And who are you? What right have you?"

"I'm in this case for the bank. Old McAndrew knows me well and can tell you my name."

"People mostly call me November Joe."

She threw back her head—every attitude, every movement of hers was wonderful.

"Now, supposing that the money could be found, what would you do?"

"I'd go to the bank and tell them I'd make shift to get every cent back safe for them if they'd agree not to prosecute anybody."

"So you are man enough not to wish to see me in trouble?"

November looked at her. "I was sure not thinking of you at all," he said simply, "but of Bank Clerk Atterson, who's lost the girl he robbed for and ruined himself for. I'd hate to see that chap overpunished with a dose of jail too. But the bank people only wants their money, and I guess if they get that they'll be apt to think the less about the robbery the better. So if you take my advice—why, now's the time to see old McAndrew. You see, Miss Pointarre, I've got the cinch on you."

She stood still for awhile. "I'll see old man McAndrew," she cried suddenly. "I'll lead. It's near enough this way."

Joe turned after her, and I followed. Without arousing McAndrew's suspicions, Joe satisfied the girl as to his identity.

Before dark she met us again. "There!" she said, thrusting a packet into Joe's hand. "But look out for yourself! Atterson isn't the only man who'd break the law for love of me. Think of that at night in the lonely bush!"

I saw her sharp white teeth grind together as the words came from between them.

"My!" ejaculated November, looking after her receding figure. "she's a bad loser, ain't she, Mr. Quaritch?"

We went back into Quebec and Joe made over to the bank the amount of their loss as soon as Harris, the manager, agreed (rather against his will that no questions should be asked nor action taken).

The same evening I, not being under the same embargo regarding questions, inquired from Joe how in the world the fair Phedre covered her tracks from the canoe to where Atterson was lying.

"That was simple for an active girl. She walked ashore along the paddle, and after her return to the canoe threw water upon the mark it made in the mud. Didn't you notice how faint it was?"

"But when she got on shore—how did she hide her trail then?"

"It's not a new trick. She took a couple of short logs with her in the canoe. First she'd put one down and step onto it, then she'd put the other one farther up and step onto that. Next she'd lift the one behind, and so on. Why did she do that? Well, I reckon she thought the trick good enough to blind Atterson. If he'd found a woman's tracks after being robbed he'd have suspected."

"But you said before we left Atterson's camp that whoever robbed him was middle height, a light weight and had black hair."

"Well, hadn't she? Light weight because the logs wasn't much drove into the ground, not tall since the marks of them was so close together."

"But the black hair?"

Joe laughed. "That was the surest thing of the lot and put me wise to it and Phedre at the start. Twisted up in the buckle of the pack she gave Atterson I found several strands of splendid black hair. She must 'a' caught her hair in the buckles while carrying it."

"But, Joe, you also said at Red river that the person who robbed Atterson was not more than twenty-five years old?"

"Well, the hair proved it was a woman, and what but being in love with her face would make a slap up bank clerk like Atterson have any truck with a settler's girl? And them kind are early ripe and go off their looks at twenty-five. I guess, Mr. Quaritch, her age was a pretty safe shot."

CHAPTER XII.
The Looted Island.

IT was a clear night, bright with stars. Joe and I were sitting by our campfire near one of the flocks of western Alaska, where we had gone on a hunting expedition after the great moose of the west.

I was talking when suddenly Joe touched me.

"Shsh!" he whispered. "There's some feller moving down by the creek."

We waited, and I was soon aware of a figure advancing through the night.

Then a voice said, "Fine night, mates," and a sinewy, long armed fellow with a bushy red beard stepped into the circle of light.

"The cold makes you keep your hands in your pockets, don't it?" said Joe gently. "It does me."

I then noticed that both men were covering each other with revolvers through their pockets. The stranger slowly drew out his hand.

"I'm John Stafford."

"This here is Mr. Quaritch of Quebec. I'm his guide. We're come after big game."

"I guess you're speaking truth. It's up to me to apologize. I'm free to own I was doubtful about you. You'll understand that when I tell you what's happened. Perhaps you've noticed an island about eight miles off the coast, lying nor' nor-west?"

"Sort of loaf shaped island? Yes."

"That's where I come from—Eel Island. I have a fox farm there. I returned to it yesterday after a run down to Valdez. When I went away a fortnight ago I left my man in charge of some of the finest black foxes be-

Continued on page 7.

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GLENELG COUNCIL.

The council met September 11, pursuant to adjournment, all the members present, the reeve in the chair. Minutes of last meeting read and confirmed. Communications read as follows:

H. J. Armstrong, notifying council of Traverston bridge being finished; S. J. Parker, re arrears of taxes; James McAvoy, defective road; Wm. Aiken, re statute labor; R. O. Whitby claim for damages to automobile, and the Reeve's answer thereto; Thomas Turnbull, report on his ward appropriation; Sylvester Martin, claim for sheep killed by dogs, and several claims for gravel taken for roads.

Pearce-Turnbull—That H. J. Armstrong be paid balance of contract price on Traverston bridge, \$240.37.—Carried.

McInnis—Turnbull—That Treasurer be paid \$3.95 for postage and supplies.—Carried.

Pearce—Young—That S. Martin be paid \$134 for sheep killed by dogs, and that Sam. Wright be paid \$1 for inspecting.—Carried.

McInnis—Young—That J. Quinlan be paid \$11.30 for graveling 17 2-3 rods lot 5, con. 8, and that John McNally be paid \$1.40 for ditching, and Malcolm Wilson \$4 for repairing bridge.—C.

Young—McInnis—That Treasurer be instructed to insure township buildings and contents in the Grey and Bruce Fire Insurance Co. for the sum of \$11.—Carried.

Young—Pearce—That By-law No

556, striking rates, be now read a third time, signed, sealed and engrossed on by-law book.—Car.

Turnbull—McInnis—That the Reeve be paid \$1 for trip to Durham and that the Reeve and Mr. Pearce be paid \$2 each for trip to Holland town line to examine a defective road, and that Mr. Pearce be paid \$2 for conveying Andrew Kelly to the House of Refuge.—C.

Neil McCannel and Geo. Binnie were appointed collectors in Wards 1 and 2, respectively, in places of Thos. McGirr and A. B. McLellan, resigned.

Turnbull—McInnis—That the Clerk be paid \$25 on salary.—C.

Turnbull—McInnis—That grave accounts be paid as follows: Mrs. Aljoe, \$1, Jas. LeJingham \$1.10, W. Tibbutt \$2.25, J. McFadden \$1, W. Jack \$1.00, W. Renton \$1.35, J. Grey \$2.40. Total \$11.50.—Car.

McInnis—Pearce—That the report of commissioner for ward 1, showing an expenditure of ward appropriation amounting to \$44.75 be adopted, and that orders issue for the same.

The council adjourned to October 16 at 10 a.m.

It is officially announced that the conference between Reginald McKenna, the British chancellor of the exchequer, and Pierre L. Bark the Russian minister of finance, have resulted in an arrangement for a joint course of action between the two allied governments.