an? You are, I presume e not," said the first man I since we are two and go no further. We must r to the authorities, who searching the city for

the house of some good

nust, eh !" I cried, thrust-

nto my breast.
I had a weapon, and not himself changed his tac-

nothing to do with detain-

ough to get out of their ielding to her entreaties, d us to the gate, and proeir way.

ot immediately follow the indicated, fearing that, in mise they made they might crossing a market place we to one of the gates of the rty of soldiers stood about rty of soldiers stood about to a distant commotion and that it was all about. Not soften, we made a detour, ong in the shadow of the toof the houses. In this way the wicket and slipped when gived Scarcely vessely

nper eived. Scarcely were the gate, when the voice of rang out in challenge. A litary were approaching in

time. sergeant, turn out! It is turn out!" cried one of the diers.

na clump of bushes by the til the rounds had passed, as, we afterwards learned, a nen hot in pursuit of us, achment had been sent to of the city to prevent our
But we were too alert for
y had actually shut us out,
no wish to be shut in again,
ays remember that the way re came out was called Hone

r the next man we meet be e we must compel him to take e of safety," I declared.

long we descried a youth ard us. In his hand he swung and, doubtless to beguile the of the way, he was whistling

nglish," muttered Ramon. ton ever whistled that air," I "He is a French Canadian." was that of a French ballad, e because I had first heard it Jacquette at St. Denis. stened now, the words of the ame to me involuntarily, as ng them.

t l'vent frivolant, c'est l'vent! st l'vent frivolant, rier' chez nous ya-t-un-étang— st l'vent frivolant! les yeux lui sort'nt diamants. st l'vent qui vole, qui frivole."

he young fellow got opposite alled to him. For an instant d. Then he crossed to where nd held up his light boldly to keeping himself in shadow. ess, as I peered at him, I utter-duntarily cry, while he, on his oiled limply, and the lentern e ground. For the face that th at me from the disguise of that me from the disguise of d down cap and the turned up student of Laval College, was I Jacquette. od, Nial, is it you or your she faltered, almost fainting

ement, joy, and fear. "Ramon, id! God be thanked, you are

here, and at this hour?

v is safe anywhere and at any y dear love replied with a her voice. "Oh, Nial, did you ould stay calmly at home while Ramon were struggling for lib-d life? Droulet, Monsieur -the other friend who volunhelp you-and I watched at inted spot until long after the named. But you did not come concluded you had been unass the guards. In vain I enthem to wait a little longer, id you would not make the tonight, and they took me back on St. Germain's. She is now Quebec, and I am staying with uis Droulet is her nephewald not be content, so I slipped to the kitchen, called Pascal, dozing over the fire waiting for ers I might give him and, with

a protector, I stole away again, a protector, I stole away again, praying that in some way I e able to help you. Pascal is ind; we thought it less notic-travel thus, and I whistled to know all was well." brave darling !" I cried.

demoiselle, I shall never forget bught of me," exclaimed Ramon ssionate earnestness. I, Dr. Nelson's old servant, who

had accompanied Jacquette in wanderings, now came up. He a stout club and at sight of us a stout club and at sight of an attention of the path of his lady.

al, do you not see? These are onds of whom we have come in Let us make haste now to be St. Germain's," directed

e St. Germain's," directed tte, alert and resourceful once "But you are hurt, Nial. Lean y shoulder." ad, I took her arm and hobbled a

ps, but it was evident that if I not proceed faster there was nope for me, or for Ramon if he ed in his refusal to leave me. But ieur must get upon my back and arry him," declare d Pascal.

ghed at this and, of course, not hear of it. With his help mon's I managed to do better ly, and Jacquette led the way

ast we paused before a house in burb of St. Roch. A light was g in an upper room facing the Picking up a pebble, Pascal it at the window from which the

the lamp shone. It was opened usly, and a woman's voice asked w tone, "Who is there?" is I, madame," said-the old servil have brought the gentlemen to madame's nephew offered hospi-

madame's nephew offered hospi-

We heard an exclamation of surprise, we heard an excharation of surprise, a hurried call to some one in the house, and, after the delay of a few minutes, a quick tread upon the stairs. In another second the house door was thrown wide

hundred thousand welcomes, cried out young Droulet, as he drew Rycerski into the hall, and, anon, see

Rycerski into the hart, and, and, seeing my plight, turned to assist me.

Searcely had we crossed the doorstone when Jacquette disappeared. In her flight she must have encountered Madame St. Germain, for I heard the Madame St. Germain, for I heard the same voice that had spoken from the window exclaim in horrified dismay at the escapade of mademoiselle, and add a few words of chiding. Then the voice spoke again in a relenting tone, and I knew my darling had won in the hasty

Presently, Madame St. Germain appeared herself, to greet us, which she did most heartily. I observed that she had grown much older since the days at St. Denis. After the destruction of her house, she had been glad to leave the When Jacquette came back, the place. When Jacquette came back, the demoiselle was most demurely gowned in some dark-colored stuff.

in some dark-colored stuff.

"Sweetheart, I have not yet thanked you for the help you have given us tonight," I said. "But for you we would scarce have found this refuge." Folding her in my arms, I kissed her again and again. For the nonce I even forgot

Jacquette now turned to him and pressed his hands warmly, looking up into his face in a manner that would have made me madly jealous were he not my best-loved comrade, and had she not already shown me that I possessed

"Ah, my dear friend," she said to him, "daily have I thought of you, schemed to set you at liberty, and schemed to set you at liberty, and prayed for you, even as I have for Nial. Had you not escaped with him my happi

Had you not escaped with him my happiness would not have been complete."

For once Ramon's self possession for sook him. He could find no words to speak to her, but stood gazing into her eyes. At last, however, but still mute-

eyes. At last, however, but still mute-ly, he raised her hands to his lips.
"Ah, ha, my dears, this is no time for love-making," cried Madame St. Ger-main, bustling in with a tray. Her mis-understanding of the situation caused him to turn away abruptly; Jacquette blushed in confusion, and I could not

but laugh.
"Sir, I beg of you, do not give any more time to us," I said to Droulet, "but go at once, I entreat you, to the palace garden, where you will find our two men, who are hiding there. Take then ten place of safety."

them to a place of safety."
"I will go with Monsieur Droulet,"
said Ramon, who now, for some inexplicsaid Ramon, who now, for some mexplicable reason, seemed eager to get away.

"If you wish to go with me as far as Antoine Beaufait's, sir, well and good,' answered Droulet, "you will be perhaps safer there than here."

"It is not of that I am thinking," said we compared that I am thinking," said

my comrade, "but perhaps I may be of

one justice to the sandwiches made by our kind hostess, Ramon and Droulet set out. When they were gone, Madame St. Germain insisted upon putting a compress of linen on my injured foot and bandaring. ting a compress of linen on my injured foot and bandaging it. Jacquette hovered near, the while, rendering any assistance in her power.

The ladies wished me to go to rest in

The ladlesswished me to go of the sar of this, they sat with me in the parlor, Jacquette in a chair beside me, and listened with breathless interest while I related to them the details of our escape. When it was nearly daylight, Droulet came back but without my com-

"Captain Rycerski was rash enough "Captain Rycerski was rash enough to want to go straight to the garden in search of the others," he said. "But I vowed I would not seek them at all, un-less he agreed to remain at Beaufait's. less he agreed to remain at Beaufait's. Going into the town alone, I searched for them in vain. Nor sould I bring the captain back here. Indeed, Major Adair, much as we should like to keep you with us, I fear, for your own safety, we must send you on. My gig is ready. I will drive you out to a farmhouse farther off in the country, and there you may lie concealed for a day or two." you may lie concealed for a day or two."
"Why, Major Adair is disabled; he
must rest," protested Madame St. Ger-

Jacquette said nothing but looked at me with affrighted eyes.
"Madame if he remains here he is like
to rest in the citadel before many

ours," said Droulet, laconically. " Let us go at once," I urged, starting up.

"Yes, go, Nial," begged Jacquette.
"Hasten on with all possible speed. My heart will not be at peace until I hear that you have crossed the border."

I put my arms around her, kissed her passionately again and, having made my adieus to Madame St. Germain and thanked her for her kindness, went walking with difficulty, out into the night

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE FOLLY OF ANNE. BY ELLEN FARLEY.

As Anne March turned to seat her-

As Anne March turned to seat herself on the top step of the tightly shuttered house, she first saw the key, its bright, round top winking up at her like a friendly eye. Her misery-sodden mind regarded it indifferently. It belonged, probably, to the door behind her. But the house seemed deserted—closed for the summer. Then some one coming in or going out had dropped it—she would ring the bell and return it to the caretaker. the caretaker.

She pushed the button lightly at first, then vigorously, but no one appeared. The caretaker was away, she reflected,

or perhaps there was none. Anne paused, dancing the key in her hand; then a mad idea flashed into her head.

"A key in time is worth nine," she

with a quick glance round, she fitted it into the tiny hole, and the boarded door swung out; a massive inner door of mahogany and silver opened readily. She ctood, breathing heavenly, in the gloom of a wide hall filled with bulky, shrouded shapes. Only a moment she shrouded shapes. Only a moment she hesitated; then reckless daring super-

# Cowan's

was not Cowan's.

Cake Icings If you had trouble with prepared Cake Icing, "t

Even a child can ice a cake perfectly, in three minutes, with Cowan's Icing. Eight delicious flavors. Sold everywhere.

The Cowan Co. Limited. Toronto.

eded vague terror, and noiselessly she went up to the floor above. The first door she tried gave way at her touch, and she entered, closing it carefully and slipping the bolt. Making her way through the semigloom to a broad divan in the corner, she huddled herself up on it, her hands hugging her knees, listening fearfully.

"Well, what of it?" she addressed an invisible accuser. "I'm neither foolish nor afraid. My intentions are honest and honorable—unconnected with the family silver. I need shelter—I'm depriving no one—and I stay, come what may, when or how, I care not."

Her head dropped back wearily: she settled herself more comfortably, and her hat slipped to the floor. An unutterable weariness of despair was upon her. She sighed again, pondered drearily, and so drifted into a deep, delicious sleep.

Velvet, inky blackness shut her in when at last she opened her eves. listened, after a prolonged stretching, for the racuous peal of the alarm clock that would summon her to the steaming griddle-cakes in the dinning room-and then with a start she remembered the vast distance that lay between her and Taylorsville, with its neat cottages, the toy schoolhouse, and her pig-tailed

She rose, her arms thrust out gro ingly, and advanced a few steps. Her fingers came in contact with something hard, big, rounding—the back of a chair. Another step—a little table tilted back a bit, then settled down with a jarring noise that seemed to reverberate in an endless void of darkness; then her fingers, fluttering over its surface, touched

" Matches!"

With a suppressed gurgle of delight, she lit a they candle on the desk and surveyed the room more carefully. Before the wardrobe, where a Japanese kimono dangled lonesomely, Anne hesitated.

"I believe I'd rather be hanged for a sheep than a lamb," she decided, and, unhooking her waist, she slipped into

Blowing out the candle, but clutching the matches, she slipped through the door, and at last she reached the kitchen, lighted her candle, and placed it on the plain, scrubbed table. At the coating of dust her fingertips imprinted, her heart leaped joyfully.

"I don't believe there is a caretaker,"

she whispered.

Marooned on the empty shelves in the cupboard, a tin labelled "Sardines," a tall bottle of pickles and a glass jar of

tall bottle of pickles and a glass lar of asparagus greeted her.

"Poor lonesome things — they're positively begging me to eat 'em."

In searching for a can-opener, she discovered a package of wheat biscuits, and climbed the stairs boldly, gleefully, begging here prizes.

hugging her prizes.
"I don't care — it's wrong and selfish and wicked to shut up a big house-good

Directly opposite a shaft of light fell through a partly opened door; at her

## WANTED 50,000

GENTLEMEN TO READ THIS No matter what part of the dominion you live in, we undertake to supply

you with a smart, comfortable Suit, fitting you perfectly, or otherwise to refund your money in full. The process is simple, merely fill in a post card and address same to us as below, asking for our latest assortment of materials. Together with patterns, we send you fashionplates and complete instructions for accurate self-measurement, tape measure, all sent free and carriage We dispatch your orde within seven days, and if you do not approve, return the goods, and we will refund the money

SUITS AND OVERCOATS to measure from \$5.14 to \$20. URZON BROS

The World's Measure Tailors, (Dept. 58), 60/62 CITY ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND.

Addresses for Patterns Addresses for Patterns:
To Toronto and East Canada:
CURZON EROS., co MIGET
DIRECTORIES, LTD., (Dept. 58
7476 Caurch Stroot, TORONTO,
ONTARIO.
For Winnipeg and the West:

CURZON BROS., 6'0 RENDERSON BROS. (Dept. 58 279 Garry Street, WINNIPEG. Please mention this paper.



M:Clary's Range

Pandora owner never wastes time hunting for a "steel." She just walks over to the emery rod attachment to Pandora, gives knife six or eight passes over the high-grade emery, which puts on the keenest kind of an edge.

This combined emery rod and towel drier is a patented attachment you cannot secure on any other range. Just one of the many improvements that go to make Pandora the handlest range you can buy. 14

"I believe you," he said gravely.

arnish references from your old town."

"Oh, yes, yes." He took an envelope from his pocket

dness and laughter in their depths.

s increditable strangeness.

Good night," he said.

do thank you !"

door behind him.

exclamation a man straightened up from a suit-case, a silver-backed brush in his II = 51654 81F 8%

"What the deuce—" He cheched himself, gazing at the girlish figure be-hind the pink glow of the candle open-mouthed.

Her fear-dilated eyes roved over the open drawers of the chiffonier, the dresser, and returned to his face, the significance of the confusion dawning slowly upon her. "O-oh! there are two of us, aren't

there?" she cried. She wavered slightly, and her laugh gurgled with hysterical shrillness. "You had better sit down," said the

"I hard had better sit down."

Staring at the polished nails of the long, slim hand that pushed it forward. Anne dropped into the big leather chair. "I hardly, hoped to find any one at home," he explained politely.

"I—I" she choked. A wave of deflance swallowed her fear. "I am not at home."

"No ?" He looked puzzled. "I found a key on the door-step and came in," she said. "And then I was

came in, sane said. And then I was hungry."

He looked at the tins still clutched tightly in her arms. Taking them from her, he opened one and offered her a sardine - and - biscuit sandwich. In the big chair, with her braids over her shoulder, and her wide, questioning eyes, she looked like a child.

"Excuse me," said the burglar, disappearing for a moment and returning

luxuriously in her big chair, dropped the magazine she was reading to gaze dreamily into the red heart of the gratedreamily into the red heart of the grate-fire. Through the sweeping rose bro-cade curtains was the glimmering vista of a white, whirling snow-storm, but she was seeing the long length of a deserted

"Excuse me," said the burglar, disappearing for a moment and returning with a huge bottle.

"Apollinaris," he explained. "I ran across it in here," nodding vaguely.

He found a glass and filled it for her.

"Have some asparagus?" he asked, tearing the top off the glass jar.

In silence she dipped in with her fingers and sighed contentedly, over the fat, succulent stems.

day that had developed since!

"Oh, I must go," she gasped, starting to rise.

day that had developed since!

"Anne—thou fool!" she murmured.

Her slender fingers flipped the pages of the starting than the star to rise.

The man put out a protesting hand.

The man put out a protesting hand.

"I am leaving in a moment," he said.

"Rather unfortunate our dates conflicted, h? But I resign the field to you."

"You don't believe me, do you? Why should you, though?" she added bitterly. "I suppose the world owes you a living, too—and won't pay. And you decided to take it? Oh—I understand. We just have to live—being good is a watter of convenience, somehow. You

matter of convenience, somehow. You don't split hairs when you're starving, do you? That's how I came here. But all I've taken is shelter — yet." She held up one slender hand. "It's like yours," she explained — "rather useless for real labor."

She felt that she was table.

but the attentive eyes of the burglar eemed to urge her on, to invite her confidence.

"Do you think I'd 'make good' in your — profession? I was penniless, homeless, and—incredibly reckless—but honest, until now. But do you know I think I'd like to relieve the corrupt rich of their tainted money. I'm sure I could teach my conscience to be no trouble at

all in time."

She paused, breathless.

"Any woman can," he agreed. "But"
—he smiled pleasantly—"despite appearances, I also am really an honest man—not even a kleptomaniac," he explained. "I live here—even when the family are at home. It is my cousin's house, and I returned to-night from a month at Narragansett. I meant to go to a hotel and then remembered some things I wanted here. Then you found me. I am sorry I disturbed you," some things I wanted here. Then you found me. I am sorry I disturbed you," he ended gravely. "Is there anything I can do for you before I go?"

"Oh, what an abandoned creature I

"On, what an abandoned creature I must seem!" Her face was flaming now.
"And I was rejoicing, glorying! I think you've startled me awake. I came in a mad impulse; I'm sane now—and I'm going. Where ?"

The word struck her chilingly, like a The word struck her chilingly, like a point of ice in her heart. She looked at him, her mouth trembling.

"That does not matter. Where do all the desperate, helpless creatures go? Oh, your monster of a town will swallow me quickly enough! If you know how confiden ly I came—a: Iloaded with precious ma:uscripts! Later I burned them to heat my canned soup, as long as I could buy canned soup."

"Ah! I wonder—now, if you were a stenographer — or a chauffeur— or a lady's maid—but you write! Dear me! Oh, I say how would you like to be a secretary?"

"Secretary—oh—but you do not know a line of the could be a secretary."

"Secretary—oh—but you do not know e! How could you trust me?" rushed

Educational.

### mery rod canada Business College, CHATHAM, ONTARIO Meeting With Greater Success THAN EVER

YOU GET READY



WE FIND THE POSITION

90 Bookkeepers, Stenographers and Commercial Teachers Placed between July 1st and Aug. 16th.

\$800 to \$1400 per annum with experienced students.

It PAYS to get your training in a College where they place you when ready.

Our Magnificent Catalogue C tells about the work at Chatham.

Our Handsome Catalogue Hells about HOME COURSES, in Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Penmanship, Arithmetic and Pen Lettering.

he Dominion.

offers \$1550 in cash and other prizes for Penmanship Contests, which can be competed
the and which are open to PUBLIC SCHOOL PUPILS, TEACHERS and INSPECTORS,
Abmerica. A list of these prizes sent free. Send for one,

Write for what you want, addressing, D. McLachlan & Co., Chatham, Ont.

had offered her, the image of the other man had faded and she had forgotten. Yet, at opera and reception, she some-times awoke to find herself looking for a sadly humorous mouth, for the black, questioning eyes that she would know among a million faces—

Besides, you're just the person Shales slooking for—you'll be a gift of Providence to him!" " Anne, my love !" "Yes, Gordon-in my sitting room," "It's impossible—a miracle," she murshe directed sweetly.

Through the arched door beyon nured.
"But don't tell him about this weird deventure," he added. Despite his wonderful brain and marvelous work, shales is—conventional. You might say pale, stooped, partly bald man with mild, blue eyes and glasses came, carefully balancing a mass of photographs in one

ou heard of the job through a friend of liss Gilkin —his last secretary, who seently married. I dare say you can "I've been running through my desk, and I thought you might like to see the man your husband used to be—and the children," he smiled, tumbling the pictures on the little table at her elbow. Absently Anne scanned a weazened and wrote an address rapidly on the back, which he tore off and handed to her. baby in a voluminous christen

back, which he tore off and handed to her.

"You are very kind," she whispered.
Joy at the wonder of this kindly Providence was mingled with a vague fear at its increditable strangeness.

baby in a voluminous christening-root, a high-browed, serious child of four in kilts, and then—her eyes gleamed, but she dropped her long lashes as she held the photo out toward Shales. " But this isn't you," she said.

"Good night."

She stood rooted to the floor, staring, overwhelmed. Then with a little rush she stopped him in the doorway, thrusting out her hands timidly.

"Good night—and please believe—oh, I do thank you!"

But this isn't you, she said.

"Hardly—even with my hair I was never an Adonis, I fear. He's a good looking chap, eh? And clever—ah! That, my dear, is the picture of a gentlemanly and burglarious valet, who departed with an excellent collection of my studs, enfi-buttons, and searf-pins a my studs, cuff-buttons, and scarf-pins a year or so ago. I found this some time after, and meant to turn it over to the police. Perhaps I'd better now—eh?" His dark eyes held hers for a moment, "Good night, little girl, and good luck," he returned, and slammed the

"By all means," she said smoothly. She had turned back to the Shaies of younger days. "Gordon, what a dear you were—and are!"—The Cavalier. Mrs. Gordon Shales stretched herself

> In order to gain our love, our God stooped to take upon Himself our poor weak human nature, and thus made us participators in His own divine nature, that He might be one of us. We are His brethren—why should we be afraid to approach Him?



DO YOUR OWN BALING

THE hay press of real value to the farmer is the press that enables him to do his own hay baling.

There is unquestionably a great advantage in owning your own

hay press. You have ample time to bale your hay during the late fall and early

winter months, and
The money you will save by doing your own baling rather than having
It done by the contract baler will pay better wages for you and your
horses than you can make any other way.

I. H. C. PRESSES FOR

INDIVIDUAL FARMERS

I. H. C. hay presses are well adapted to the use of individual farmers. They are run by horse power, the kind of power you always have on the farm.

They do not require a large force to operate them. Usually there are men enough on the farm without hiring extra help.

They are not such expensive machines but that each farmer can afford to have a press of his own, so he may bale his hay or straw whenever he is ready.

ever he is ready.

1. H. C. presses are made almost entirely of steel and iron, very strong and durable. They have the great advantage over many other presses in being made on the pull-power principle, by which the plunger is pulled, not pushed.

not pushed.

The presses are made in two sizes. The one-horse, made with a 14 by 18-inch bale chamber can be operated by two men and a boy. It will bale 6 to 8 tons a day.

The two-horse press bales 8 to 15 tons a day. It has bale chambers 14 by 18, 16 by 18 and 17 by 22 inches. This press is well adapted to doing not only your own work, but also neighborhood and contract baling, if you have the time.

Both presses are convenient to operate, easy on the horses (no extra pull when pressure is greatest), and are full circle type, avoiding unnecessary stopping, starting and turning of other presses. The stepover is only 4 inches high.

Call on the International local agent for catalogue and information, or write nearest branch house.

CANADIAN BRANCHES: Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Hamilton, London, Montreal, Ottawa, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Winnipeg.
INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

ST. JEROME'S

Residential School for Boys and Young Men

COURSES — Business, High School, Science and Arts. New buildings, equipped with latest hygienic requirements. Private rooms, fine new Gymnasium, Swimming Pool, Shower Baths, Running Track, Audi

Professors made post-graduate courses in Europe. Board and tuition \$160 per annum. Address: Rev. A. L. Zinger, C. R., Ph.D.

#### Assumption College SANDWICH, ONTARIO

Catholic Boarding School for Young Men and Boys

> Conducted by the Basilian Fathers. DEPARTMENTS

I.—College.
II.—High School.
III.—Commercial School.
IV.—Preparatory School.

ortieth year begins September 7th, 1909.

den's enrolled by our chain last year. It pays to attend a link of this great chain, for "IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH." 00 The demand for our graduates is THREE TIMES the supply. Other schools engage our

other sensors engage our graduates as teachers. A special course for teachers.

Graduates of two years ago are now earning \$2,000 per annum. Three courses—Commercial, Stenography, and Telegraphy.

Fall Term Opens Aug. 30 Write for particulars.

PETERBORO BUSINESS COLLEGE GEO. SPOTTON, PRIN. NEDERBORNS

CENTRAL A Business College. STRATFORD, ONT.

ELLIOTT & MCLACHLAN

Enter Now

**Business & Shorthand** 

Resident and Mail Courses

J. W. Westervelt, J. W. Westervelt, Jr., C.A., Principal, Vice-Principal,