

SMILES



GABBY GERTIE... The man who can hold up several cars with one hand probably got his early training lifting schooners.



Did he employ legal measures in building up his fortune? "Oh, yes—regular pints, quarts and gallons."



Father: Daughter, why are you wearing your skirts so disgracefully short? "Father! Why, daddy, this skirt isn't a bit short. It just looks that way on account of my terribly long legs."



She: The sunsets here are beautiful. He: Sure are! The sun rises and sets in you, dear.

PUBLIC AUCTION AT HAZELBROOK ON THURSDAY, AUGUST 15th

The following stock and implements to be sold. Three milk cows (grade Holsteins) four calves, one horse and some poultry. One mowing machine, rake, driving wagon, express wagon, cart, two wood sleighs, one driving sleigh, A quantity of hay. Terms—Six per cent discount for cash. Approved joint notes to run 12 months. L. MacEACHERN, JACK MacDONALD, Auctioneer, 137-9-12-14th.

NOTICE

The Parker House is ready to accommodate permanent and transient boarders. The table is equal to none in the city. This house has been less than a year in business but has had a wonderful patronage. We expect all table boarders of last year and as many more new ones. Anyone visiting the city will find an up-to-date accommodation at the Parker House. M. J. McKINNON, Proprietor, 1901-9-24-mw:td.

EYES TESTED AND GLASSES FITTED. E. W. TAYLOR, J. S. TAYLOR, Oculists, 123 Richmond Street.

The Green Shadow

THE VANISHING CANDLE

The period of waiting, with Caesar's eyes glinting menacingly in the darkness, grew to be a torture. Whenever she moved, a light patter of paws reminded her of the brute's vigilance. She had tried, friendly overtures at first, but the dog had spurned them with growls and nips at her heels, and in the end she gave up the attempt to win him over.

Now, her nerves demanding action of some sort, she groped along the wall, Caesar pursuing her with muffled snarls and an occasional tug at her skirt. She thought there must be a door somewhere on this side, but her fumbling hand found only an unbroken expanse of wall.

Suddenly she stopped. She pressed her ear against the surface. Caesar emitted a low growl and pressed closer to her. Her heart gave a little bound. She strained her nerves to catch the faint sound which told her the search was drawing close. Little by little they grew more audible. There were movements on the stairs outside. She could hear voices. People were passing down the hall.

Her heart beat tumultuously with hope and anxiety. Would they find her? As if her tension had been communicated to Caesar he stopped his intermittent growls and pressed still closer. She stood in an agony of suspense. Her hopes began to totter. The foot-steps and voices were moving away.

A shout trembled on her lips, but in an instant, before she could make an audible sound, the beast was upon her, his paws clawing at her breast and jaws worrying at her throat. The shout died in a feeble groan of horror.

Her hopes ebbed quickly with the dwindling footfalls. She could hear no sound now. The silence told her with stinging emphasis that the chance of rescue was gone. No one would find her now. She tried bravely, but it was hard to shake off a sense of chill despondency, and Caesar's nearness kept her in a constant state of dread.

As she stood leaning dejectedly against the wall a sharp quiver ran through her. She stared into the darkness toward the opposite wall. She stood rigid, scarcely breathing. A startled movement on Caesar's part told her that he also had heard something. The slight sound was followed by an interval of nerve-tearing stillness. Hot and cold pulsations shot through her body. Then a little jar came, a squeak like that of an unrolled hinge, and then there appeared to be a pause, a period of uneasy waiting. A whisper floated out of the stillness:

"Caesar!" A rasping breath on the silence, and then Caesar appeared to be all attention. Again a muffled voice trilled through the darkness.

"Good boy, Caesar! Come here!" A scraping of paws, a short, low, friendly bark signified that the dog recognized the voice.

"Come here, old fellow!" She listened in acute bewilderment. A fresh hope had sprung up within her when she first heard the furtive sound at the other side of the room. Now, as she heard Caesar bounding lightly toward the speaker, the hope began to waver. The voice continued to address the dog in an undertone, and Caesar responded with a series of low, friendly growls. Consequently the newcomer must be either a member of the household or a frequent visitor. Otherwise Caesar would not have responded so readily. In either case, she feared the person at the other side of the room had not come with friendly intentions.

Again she started sharply. She heard her name spoken in a hushed voice. Astonishment and a conflict of hope and dread filled her anew. If the newcomer were a member of the household or a friend of Dr. Moffett, why did he approach her with such stealth, as if he did not wish his actions to be known to the others in the house?

"Where are you?" came his whisper out of the darkness.

"Here," she whispered back, acting on an instant's decision. She could not make her predicament worse by heeding the voice of the unknown and there was a possibility, despite Caesar's quick response to his call, that he had come as a friend.

She heard cautious footsteps

"Careful," the guide whispered. A small creaking sound came, and they squeezed through a narrow opening. Now the man left her side and walked ahead of her. They appeared to be in a hall so narrow that she could feel the wall at either side. Caesar was following behind her. Somehow she felt the dog was not entirely at ease, but the impression was quickly dispelled by other things. She was in a state of trembling uncertainty, hopes clashing with fears.

Suddenly the man stopped and gripped her arm. The touch telegraphed a sense of danger to her brain. A quiver of uneasy premonition ran through her. Her guide was holding his breath. His clutch on her arm tightened.

Then, as she stood trembling with a tension that seemed to have communicated itself even to the dog, a commotion broke sharply on the stillness. The sounds of running feet

came from the front and from behind. A mutter of chagrin fell from her guide's lips. Caesar growled loudly.

"Sh!" a voice whispered as the contact made her start and slip a little. "Not a sound! This way." She was being led forward. She heard a low whine and a patter of paws.

"It's all right, Caesar, old fellow." The man at her side whispered. They were moving quickly, silently across the floor. In the opposite direction from the point where she reeled from the point where she thought she had entered the room. A queer sensation hammered at her brain. That voice? It had spoken only in whispers, yet there was something familiar about it. But it couldn't be. Not here—

"To Be Continued Tomorrow"



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of the National Museum is true. Mr. Wollven says in a letter that Mack-film's friends have told him how sparrows of Cape Breton Island wishing to get to Newfoundland and underpowered for the trip themselves perch on the backs of migrating geese and make the crossing over Cabot Strait as "blind baggage." One of his friends claims to have seen as many as ten sparrows alight from such a stolen trip.

SANTA CRUZ, Calif., Aug. 9.—Amandus J. Paulsen, crippled Oakland lawyer, attempted to commit suicide today and cured himself of paralysis of the legs, fingers and hands.

Paulsen has been under treatment several years for injuries received when struck by a hit-and-run driver while he was on his way to open new legal offices.

He attempted to end his life today by cutting his throat with a butcher knife, lying in a bath tub full of water, and turning on the gas.

Police rushed him to a hospital where he regained consciousness to find that he again had control of his legs, hands and fingers, that had been almost useless for five years.

It is believed the shock of the suicide attempt helped him regain the use of his limbs. Doctors say he will recover from his wound and the doses of gas and water.

TRAIN SHOOT THROUGH WALLS OF FIRE. THE PAS, Aug. 9.—Passengers on

a Hudson Bay Railway train, headed for The Pas, from the North, were given a real thrill on Tuesday, when the engineer opened the throttle of his engine and made a three mile dash through a wall of fire, 50 feet high, on both sides of the track in the neighbourhood of Mile 180.

The train stopped near the forest blaze while an inspection was made by train officials. It was decided that the dash could be made safely. All windows in the coaches were closed, and the train set in motion.

For three miles the flames shot high in the air and it was almost impossible to see for smoke.

The bush at Mile 180 is very thick, but the timber is not large, and forestry officials state they hoped to have the blaze under control by tonight.

There has been considerable rain in the north this month and the fire situation is not considered serious.

MODERN SPORTS TAKE ROME. "Lo sport" is being developed in Rome and the capital city of Italy is boasting that almost every variety of sport will be indulged in here this winter. Side by side with the ruins of classic times and the traditions of 2,000 years of history, modern pastimes are being enjoyed. A golf course on the New Appian way has 18 good holes, and nine more are being laid out. Fox hunters are reporting good bags in the Roman campagna, and horse races are being held near the city. Dog racing has just been introduced, and to judge from the enthusiastic reception it received, has

to any purchasers. He retired, 10 years ago, at the age of 68.

APPLY FOR PENSIONS. (Special to the Guardian) TORONTO, Aug. 9.—Nearly 900 residents of Toronto have made application for pensions under the old age pension act at the temporary offices set up by the Board in the corridor outside the Dept. of Health, on Wednesday. About 283 grey-haired men and women filed past the desk, and either had their application forms filled out on the spot or took them home to be filled out at their leisure.

Joseph P. Dixon, who styled himself an "odontographist" because he did all his writing by means of a pen or pencil held in his mouth, died recently at Aberdeen, Scotland. Deprived of the use of his arms from birth, he learned after much perseverance, to write with his mouth. Dixon travelled as a tea merchant in all parts of Scotland, and used his handicap in advertising his business, by offering a specimen of his odontography

HARD COAL. The Schooner "Jean F. Anderson" is now discharging a cargo of American Lockswanna D. & H. Anthracite in egg, stove and chestnut sizes. This is the time to put in your requirements while prices are lowest.

WELSH HARD COAL. We are now booking orders for Aberpym, big vein Welsh Anthracite for later delivery. This Coal is of the highest grade and will be well screened. Book your orders now.

FARM FOR SALE. AT BONSHAW. Eighty acres of land with new buildings on main road. Well watered. Contains a growth of hard and soft wood. Half a mile from wharf, near churches and schools. Apply GEDDIE McLEOD, Bonshaw. 7130-9-8-10-12:12

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