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Capital Authorized...\$2,000,000
Paid Up..... 1,000,000
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Agencies in all principal points in Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, United States and England.

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A general banking business transacted. Drafts issued and collections made on all points. Deposits received and interest allowed at current rates.

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Interest allowed on Savings Bank deposits of \$1 and upwards. Prompt attention and every facility afforded customers living at a distance.

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Furniture...

That is sure to please can always be purchased here.

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Also a First Class Hearse
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BINDERS, Mowers, Rakes, Wilkinson Plows, Land Rollers, Diamond Smoothing Harrows, McGill Grinders, and Dowsell's Churns, Washers and Wringers, U. S. Cream Separators, and Cameron & Dunn Hay Forks

CUTTERS,
SLEIGHS, ROBES
and COATS.

Horses ALWAYS ON HAND FOR SALE.

Call and see the Ferguson SLOOP SLEIGH, Manufactured in Owen Sound, before buying.

JOHN CLARK

(McKinnon's old Stand)

DURHAM. — — ONTARIO

For

Machine Oil, Harness Oil, Axle Grease and Hool Ointment, go to

S. P. SAUNDERS
The Harnessmaker.

AT COST!

Up to the end of March we have decided to make our goods move, if selling at Cost will have the effect.

Some of the goods offered have just been opened, being a month on the road.

We have left of our winter Stock:—

A FEW OVERCOATS.
A FEW PEA JACKETS, HEAVY WEIGHT.
A FEW READY-MADE SUITS.
A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF TROUSERS.
A LOT OF UNDERWEAR. SOME JUST ARRIVED.
FLANNELLETTES AND PRINTS.

All these and some other lines will go at Cost.

S. SCOTT

DURHAM. — — ONTARIO.

THE STROLLERS

By FREDERIC S. ISHAM,
Author of "Under the Rose"

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"Mr. Mauville!" she exclaimed, drawing back at the suddenness of the encounter.

His restless eyes held hers, but his greeting was conventional.

"Did I not say the world was small, and that we might meet again?"

"Of course, we are always meeting people and parting from them," she replied unconcernedly.

He laughed. "With what delightful indifference you say that! You did not think to see me again?"

"I hadn't thought about it," she answered frankly, annoyed by his persistence.

"I am unfortunate," he said. Beneath his free gaze she changed color, as though the shadow of a rose had touched her face.

"You are well?" he continued.

"Yes."

"I need not have asked." His expression conveyed more, so much more she bit her lip impatiently. "How do you like the new part?"

"It is hard to tell yet," she answered evasively.

"You would do justice to any role, but I prefer you in a historical or romantic play, with the picturesque old costumes. I fear, however, I am detaining you."

He drew aside with such deference to permit her to pass that her conscience smote her and she was half-minded to turn and leave him more graciously, but this impulse was succeeded by another feeling, ill defined, the prevailing second thought. Had she looked she would have seen that her fluttering shawl touched his hand and he quickly raised it to his lips, releasing it immediately. As it was, she moved on, unaware of the gesture.

The orchestra, or, rather, string quartet, had ceased; Hans, a host in himself, a mountain of melody, bowed his acknowledgments; the footlights glared, the din of voices subsiding, and the curtain rose.

Remaining in the background, the land baron watched the young girl approach the entrance to the stage.

"How do you do, Mr. Mauville?" said a gay but hushed voice, interrupting his ruminations, and Susan, in a short skirt and bright stockings, greeted him.

"The better for seeing you, Mistress Susan."

"Pooh!" courtiering disdainfully. "I don't believe you! You came to see some one else. Well"—lightly—"she is already engaged."

"Really?" said the land baron.

"Yes. You understand? He followed her with his every glance," she added roughly. Susan was never averse to straining the truth a little when it served her purpose.

"I should infer he was following her with more than his eyes," retorted the master of the manor dryly.

Susan tapped the stage viciously with a little foot. "She's a lovely girl," she continued, drawing cabalistic figures with the provoking slipper.

"You are piqued," he said, watching her skeptically.

"Not at all," quickly, startled by his blunt accusation.

"Not a little jealous?" he persisted playfully.

"Jealous?" Then, with a frown, he flattered: "Well, she is given prominence in the plays and"—

"You would not be subordinated if she were not in the company? Apart from this, you are fond of her?"

The foot ceased its tracing and rested firmly on the floor.

"I hate her!" snapped Susan, angered by this baiting. No sooner had she spoken than she regretted her outburst.

"How you draw one out! I was only joking, though she does have the best parts and we take what we can get!"

"But she's a lovely girl!" concluded the land baron.

Susan's eyes flashed angrily.

"How clever of you! You twist and turn one's words about and give them a different meaning from what was intended. If I wanted to catch you up"—

"A truce!" she exclaimed. "Let us take each other seriously hereafter. Is it agreed?" She nodded. "Well, seriously, you can help me and help yourself."

"How?" doubtfully.

"Why not be allies?"

"What for?"

"Mutual service."

"Oh!" dubiously.

"A woman's yes!"

"No," with affirmative answer in her eyes.

He believed the latter.

"We will seal the compact then."

And he bent over and saluted Mistress Susan on the lips. She became as rosy as the flowers she carried and tapped him playfully with them.

"For shame! La! What must you think of me?"

"That you are an angel."

"How lovely! But I must go."

"May I see you after the play?"

"Yes."

"Do not fall me or the soldier will not transfer his affections to you!"

"If he dared!" And she shook her head defiantly as she tripped away.

"Little fool!" murmured Mauville, his lips curling scornfully. "The one is a pastime; the other"—he paused and caught his breath—"a passion!" But he kept his appointment with

Susan, escorting her to the hotel, where he bade her good night with a lingering pressure of the hand and ordered his equipage to the door.

"Haden't you better wait until morning?" asked the surprised landlord when the young patroness announced his intention of taking an immediate departure. "There are the barn burners, and traveling at night!"

"Have they turned footpads?" was the light reply. "Can't I drive through my own lands? Let me see one of their thieving faces!" And he made a significant gesture. "Not ride at night! These Jacobins shall not prevent me."

Barring the possible danger from the leaseholders, who were undoubtedly ripe for any mischief, the journey did not promise such discomfort as might have been expected, the coach being especially constructed for night traveling. On such occasions between the seats the space was filled by a large cushion adapted to the purpose, which in this way converted the interior of the vehicle into a sleeping room of limited dimensions. With pillows to neutralize the jarring, the land baron stretched himself indolently upon his couch and gazed through the window at the crystalline lights of the heavens, while thoughts of leaseholders and barn burners faded into thin air.

At dawn when he opened his eyes the morning star yet gleamed with a last pale luster. At the manor, which the patrol soon reached, the ever wakeful Oly-koeks was already engaged in chopping wood near the kitchen door. The growling of the hound at his feet called the caretaker's attention to the master's coming, and, driving the ax into an obstinate stick of hickory, he donned his coat, drawing near the vehicle, where he stood in stupid wonderment as the land baron alighted.

"Any callers, Oly-koeks?" carelessly asked the master.

"A committee of barn burners, mynheer, to ask you not to serve any more writs."

"And so give them time to fight me with the lawmakers! But, there, carry my portmanteau into the library and—as Oloffe's upper lip drew back—"teach your dog to know me."

And, unpacking the valise, Mauville took therefrom a handsome French writing case.

"You wily limb of the law," wrote the patroness, "be it known by these presents that art summoned to appear before me! I have work for you—not to serve any one with a writ, assign, bring an action or any of your rascally, pettifoggery tricks! Send me no demurrer, but your own intemperate self!"

Which epistle the patroness addressed to his legal satellite and dispatched by messenger.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" she exclaimed excitedly. "Where is Mr. Barnes?"

"What is the matter, Miss Duran?" suspecting very little was the matter, for Susan was nothing if not all of a twitter.

"Constance has been carried off!" "Carried off!" He regarded her as if he thought she had lost her senses.

"Yes, abducted!"

"Abducted! By whom?"

"I—I did not see his face!" she gasped. "And it is all my fault! I asked her to take a walk! Oh, what shall I do?" wringing her hands in anguish that was half real. "We kept on and on—it was so pleasant—until we had passed far beyond the outskirts of the village. At a turn in the road stood a coach, a cloak was thrown over my head by some one behind—I must have fainted—and when I recovered she was gone. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"When did it happen?" As she spoke the young man left the veranda. Grazing contentedly near the porch was his horse, and Saint-Prosper's hand now rested on the bridle.

"I can't tell how long I was unconscious," said the seemingly hysterical young woman, "but I hurried here as soon as I recovered myself."

"Where did it occur? Down the road you came?"

Saint-Prosper vaulted into the saddle. "Tell the manager to see a magistrate," he said.

"But you're not going to follow them alone?" began Susan. "Oh, dear, I feel quite faint again! If you would please help me into the"—

By way of answer the other touched his horse deeply with the spur, and the mettlesome animal reared and plunged; then, recoiled by the sharp voice of the rider, galloped wittily down the road. Susan observed the sudden departure with mingled emotions.

"How quixotic!" she thought discontentedly. "But he won't catch them," came the consoling afterthought as she turned to seek the manager.

Soon the soldier, whose spirited dash down the main thoroughfare had awakened some misgivings in the little town, was beyond the precincts of village scrutiny. The country road was hard, although marked by deep cuts from traffic during a rainy spell, and the horse's hoofs rang out with exhilarating rhythm. Regardless of all save the distance traversed, the rider yet forbore to press the pace, relaxing only when, after a considerable interval, he came to another road and drew rein at the fork. One way to the right ran gently through the valley, apparently terminating in the luxuriant

PROVERBS

"When the butter won't come put a penny in the churn," is an old time dairy proverb. It often seems to work though no one has ever told why.

When mothers are worried because the children do not gain strength and flesh we say give them Scott's Emulsion.

It is like the penny in the milk because it works and because there is something astonishing about it.

Scott's Emulsion is simply a milk of pure cod liver oil with some hypophosphites especially prepared for delicate stomachs.

Children take it naturally because they like the taste and the remedy takes just as naturally to the children because it is so perfectly adapted to their wants.

For all weak and pale and thin children Scott's Emulsion is the most satisfactory treatment.

We will send you the penny, i. e., a sample free.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ontario. 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

CHAPTER XI.

SEVERAL bleak days were followed by a little June weather in October. A somnolent influence rested everywhere. Above the undulation of land on the horizon were the clouds, like heavenly hills, reflecting their radiance on those earthly elevations. The celestial mountains and valleys gave wondrous perspective to the outlook, and around them lay an atmosphere unreal and idyllic.

On such a morning Susan stood at a turn in the road gazing after a departing vehicle with ill concealed satisfaction and yet with some dubiousness. Now that the plan suggested by Mauville had not miscarried, certain misgivings arose, for there is a conscience in the culmination wanting in the conception of an act. As the partial realization of the situation swept over her

she gave a gasp, and then, the vehicle having meanwhile vanished, a desperate spirit of bravado replaced her momentary apprehension. She even laughed nervously as she waved her handkerchief in the direction the coach had taken. "Bon voyage!"

But as the words fell from the smiling lips her eyes became thoughtful and her hand fell to her side. It occurred to Susan she would be obliged to divert suspicion from herself. The curling lips straightened. She turned abruptly and hastened toward the town. But her footsteps soon lagged and she paused thoughtfully.

"If I reach the hotel too soon," she murmured, "they may overtake him."

So she stopped at the wayside, attracted by the brilliant cardinal flowers, humming as she plucked them, but ever and anon glancing around guiltily. The absurd thought came to her that the bright autumn blossoms

liage, while the other, like a winding, murky stream, stretched out over a more level tract of land.

Which thoroughfare had the coach taken? Dismounting, the young man hastily examined the ground, but the earth was so dry and firm and the tracks of wheels so many it was impossible to distinguish the old marks from the new. Even signpost there was none. The roads diverged, and the soldier could but blindly surmise their destination, selecting after some hesitation the thoroughfare running into the gorgeous autumnal painted forest.

He had gone no inconsiderable distance when his doubts were abruptly confirmed. Reaching an opening, bright as the chapel of a darkened monastery, he discerned a farmer in a buckboard approaching from the opposite direction. The swift pace of the rider and the leisurely jog of the team soon brought them together.

"Did you pass a coach down the road?" asked the soldier.

"No-a," said the farmer deliberately as his fat horses instinctively stood stock still; "didn't pass nobody."

"Where does the other road at the fork go?"

"To the patron village. There's a reform orator there today and a barn burners' camp fire."

Without waiting to thank his informant, Saint-Prosper pulled his horse quickly around.

After impatiently riding an hour or more the horseman drew near the patron village, a cluster of houses amid the hills and meadows.

In the historic market place, as Saint-Prosper rode down the street, were assembled a number of leaseholders of both sexes and all ages listening to the flowing tongue of a rustic speaker. This forum of the people was shaded by a sextet of well grown elms. The platform of the local Demosthenes stood in a corner near the street.

On the outskirts of the gathering, near the road, stood a tall, beetling individual whom Saint-Prosper addressed, leaning in his horse near the wooden rail which answered for a fence.

"Dinna ye ken I'm listening?" impatiently retorted the other with a fierce frown.

The soldier's impatience and anger were ready to leap forth at a word. He wheeled fiercely upon the weedy Scot to demand peremptorily the information so uncivilly withheld, when a gust of wind blowing something light down the road caused his horse to shy suddenly and the rider to glance at what had frightened the animal. After a brief scrutiny he dismounted quickly and examined more attentively the object, a pamphlet with a red cover, upon which appeared the printed design of the conventional Greek masks of tragedy and comedy, and beneath the title, "The Honeymoon."

The bright binding, albeit soiled by the dusty road, and the fluttering of the leaves in the breeze had startled the horse and incidentally attracted the attention of his master. Across the somber mask of melancholy was traced in buoyant hand the name of the young actress.

The soldier, without a moment's hesitation, thrust the pamphlet inside his coat, flung himself on his horse and, turning from the market place, dashed down the road.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" she exclaimed excitedly. "Where is Mr. Barnes?"

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In her dazed condition she probably did not bear his words, or if she did set no meaning to them. Her glance, however, strayed to the narrow window and then wandered back to the well worn interior of the coach. Suddenly, as the startling realization of her position came to her, she uttered a loud cry, sprang toward the door and, with nervous fingers, strove to open it. The man placed a detaining hand on her shoulder and roughly thrust her toward the seat.