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For

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

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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 PEAK 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

ONTARIO

THE STROLLERS

By FREDERIC S. ISHAM.

Author of "Under the Rose"

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"The patrol village," he exclaimed in consternation. "I'd forgotten we were so close! And they're all gathered in the square too!"

He cast a quick glance at her. "You're all ready to call for help, he sneered, "but I'm not ready to part company yet."

Hastily drawing up one of the wooden shutters, he placed himself near the window, observing fiercely: "I don't propose you shall undo what's being done for you. Let me hear from you"—jerked his finger toward the square—"and I'll not answer for what I'll do." But in spite of his admonition he read such determination in her eyes he felt himself baffled.

"You intend to make trouble?" he cried, and putting his head suddenly through the window, he called to the driver, "Whip the horses through the market place!"

As the frightened animals sprang forward he blocked the window, placing one hand on her shoulder. He felt her escape from his grasp; but, not daring to leave his post, he leaned out of the window when they were opposite the square and shook his fist at the anti-renters, exclaiming:

"I'll arrest every mother's son of you! I'll evict you—all you for stealing rent!"

Drowned by the answering uproar, "The patrol's dog! Bullets for deputies!" the emissary of the land baron continued to threaten the throng with his fist until well out of earshot and, thanks to the level road, beyond their resentment. Not that they strove to follow him far, for they thought the jackal had taken leave of his senses. But there was no defiance left in him when they were beyond the village, and he fell back into his seat, his face now ash colored.

With fingers he could hardly control he opened a second bottle, dispensed

CHAPTER XIII

THE afternoon was waning. Against the golden western sky the old manor house loomed in solemn majesty, the fields and forests emphasizing its isolation in the darkening hour of sunset, as a coach, with jaded horses, passed through the avenue of trees and approached the broad portico. A great string of trailing vine had been torn from the walls by the wind and now waved mournfully to and fro with no hand to adjust it. In the rear was a huge timbered barn, the door of which was unfastened, swinging on its rusty hinges with a creaking and moaning sound.

As early as in the days when the privileged coachman had driven the elaborate equipage of the early patrons through the wrought iron gate this modern descendant entered the historic portals, not to meet, however, by servants in knee breeches at the front door, but by the solitary caretaker, who appeared on the portico in considerable disorder and evident state of excitement, accompanied by the shaggy dog Oloffe.

"The deputies shot two of the tenants today," he hurriedly exclaimed the guardian of the place, without noticing Mauville's companion. "The farmers fired upon them; they replied, and one of the tenants is dead."

"A good lesson for them, since they were the aggressors!" cried the heir as he sprang from the coach. "But you have startled the lady."

An exclamation from the vehicle in an unmistakably feminine voice caused the occupant for the first time, and the servant threw up his hands in consternation. Here was a master who drank all night, shot his tenants by proxy, visited strollers and now brought one of them to the steyn. That the strange lady was a player Oly-kocks immediately made up his mind, and he viewed her with mingled aversion and fear, as the early settlers regarded sorcerers and witches. She was very beautiful, he observed in that quick glance, but therefore the more dangerous. She appeared distressed, but he attributed her apparent grief to artfulness. He at once saw a new source of trouble in her presence, as though the threads were not already sufficiently entangled without the introduction of a woman—and she a public performer—into the complicated mesh!

"Fasten the iron shutters of the house," briefly commanded Mauville, breaking in upon the servant's painful reverie. "Then help this man change the horses and put in the grays."

Oly-kocks, with a final deprecatory glance at the coach expressive of his estimate of his master's light conduct and his apprehension of the outcome, disappeared to obey this order.

"May I assist you, Miss Carew?" said the land baron deferentially, offering his arm to the young girl, whose pale but observant face disclosed new danger and inquiry.

"But you said we would go right on?" she returned, drawing back with impelled dissent.

"When the horses are changed, if you will step out the carriage will be driven to the barn."

Reluctantly she obeyed, and as she did so the patron and the coachman exchanged pithy glances.

"Look sharp!" commanded the master sternly. "Oh, he won't run away," added Mauville quickly in answer to her look of surprise. "He knows I

"Curse you! Will you let go?" "Quick! Quick!" she called out, holding him more tightly.

A flood of billingsgate flowed from his lips. "Let go, or—"

But before he could in his blind passion strike her or otherwise vent his rage a revolver was clapped to his face through the window, and, with a look of surprise and terror, his valor oozing from him, he crouched back on the cushions. At the same time the carriage door was thrown open, and Edward Mauville, the patron, stood in the entrance!

Only an instant his eyes swept her, observing the flushed cheeks and disordered attire, reading her wonder at his unexpected appearance, and—to his satisfaction—her relief as well; only an instant, during which the warder stared at him open mouthed, and then his glance rested on the now thoroughly sober limb of the lady.

"Get out!" he said briefly and harshly.

"But," began the other with a sickly grin, intended to be ingratiating. "I don't understand—this unexpected manner—this forcible departure from—"

Coolly raising his weapon, the patron deliberately covered the hapless jailer, who unceremoniously scrambled out of the door. The land baron laughed, replaced his revolver and, turning to the young girl, removed his hat.

"It was fortunate, Miss Carew, I happened along," he said gravely. "With your permission I will get in. You can tell me what has happened as we drive along. The manor house, my temporary home, is not far from here. If I can be of any service command me."

The jackal saw the patron spring into the carriage, having fastened his horse behind, and drive off.

"What takes him so long?" she said finally, with impatience. "It is getting so late!"

"It is late," he answered. "Almost too late to go on! You are weary and worn. Why not rest here tonight?"

"Rest here?" she repeated, with a start of surprise.

"You are not fit to drive farther. Tomorrow we can return."

"Tomorrow?" she cried. "But—what do you mean?"

"That I must insist upon your sparing yourself," he said firmly, although a red spot flushed his cheek.

"No, no! We must leave at once!" she answered.

He smiled reassuringly. "Why will you not have confidence in me?" he asked. "You have not the strength to travel all night over a rough road after such a trying day. For your own sake, I beg you to give up the idea. Here you are perfectly safe and may rest undisturbed."

"Please call the horses at once!" An impatient expression furrowed his brow. He had relied on easily prevailing upon her through her gratitude, continuing in his disinterested role for yet some time, resuming the journey on the morrow, carrying her farther away under pretext of mistaking the road, until—Here his plans had faded into a vague perspective, dominated by unreasoning self confidence and egotism.

But her words threatened a rupture at the outset that would seriously alter the status of the adventure.

"It is a mistake to go on tonight," he said, with a dissenting gesture.

"However, if you are determined"—And Mauville stepped to the window. "Why, the carriage is not there!" he exclaimed, looking out.

"Not there!" she repeated incredulously. "You told them to change the horses. Why?"

"I don't understand," returned the land baron, with an effort to make his voice surprised and concerned. "He may—Hello, there! You—Oly-kocks!" he called out, interrupting his own explanation.

Not Oly-kocks, but the driver's face.

could find him and—finger his revolver—"will not disoblige me. Later we'll hear the rogue's story."

The man's averted countenance smothered a clandestine smile as he touched the horses with his whip and turned them toward the barn, leaving the patron and his companion alone on the broad portico. Sweeping from a distant grove of slender poplars and snowy birches a breeze bore down upon them, suddenly bleak and frosty, and she shivered in the nipping air.

"You are chilled!" he cried. "If you would but go into the house while we are waiting! Indeed, if you do not I shall wonder how I have offended you. It will be something to remember"—half lightly, half seriously—"that you have crossed my threshold."

He stood at the door with such an undissembled smile, his accents so regretful, that after a moment's hesitation Constance entered, followed by the patron. Sweeping aside the heavy draperies from the window, he permitted the golden shafts of the ebbing day to enter the hall, gleaming on the polished floors, the wainscoting and the furniture, faintly illuminating the faded pictures and weirdly revealing the turnings of the massive stairway. No wonder a half shudder of apprehension seized the young actress in spite of her self reliance and courage as she entered the solemn and mournful place, where past grandeur offered nothing save morbid memories and where the frailty of existence was significantly written! After that Indian summer day the sun was sinking, angry and fiery, as though presaging a speedy reform in the vagaries of the season and an immediate return to the legitimate surroundings of October.

Involuntarily the girl moved to the window, where the light rested on her brown tresses, and as Mauville watched that radiance, shifting and changing, her hair alight with mystic color, the passion that had prompted him to this end was stirred anew, dissipating any intrusive doubts. The veering and flickering sheen seemed but a web of entangling irradiation. A span of silence became an interminable period to her, with no sight of fresh horses or sign of preparation for the home journey.

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appeared from behind the barn door, and, gazing through the window, the young girl with a start suddenly realized that she had seen him not for the first time that day—but where, when? Through the growing perplexity of her thoughts she heard the voice of her companion.

"Why don't you hitch up the grays?" "There are no horses in the barn," came the answer.

"Strange! The caretaker did not tell me they had been taken away!" commented the other, hastily stepping from the window as the driver vanished once more into the barn. "I am sorry, but there seems no alternative but to wait, at least until I can send for others."

She continued to gaze toward the door through which the man had disappeared. She could place him now, although his livery had been discarded for shabby clothes. She recalled him distinctly in spite of this changed appearance.

"Why not make the best of it?" said Mauville softly, but with glance sparkling in spite of himself. "After all, are you not giving yourself needless apprehensions? You are at home here. Anything you wish shall be yours. Consider yourself mistress, me one of your servants!"

Almost imperceptibly his manner had changed. Instinctive misgivings which had assailed her in the coach with him now resolved themselves into assured fears. Something she could not explain had aroused her suspicions before they had reached the manor, but his words had glossed these inward qualms and a feeling of obligation suggested trust, not shrinking; but with his last words a full light illumined her faculties, an association of ideas revealed his intent and performance.

"It was you, then," she said slowly, studying him with steady, penetrating glance.

"You!" she repeated, with such contempt that he was momentarily disconcerted. "The man in the carriage—he was lured by you. The driver—his face is familiar. I remember now where I saw him—in the Shadengo valley. He is your coachman. Your rescue was planned to deceive me. It deceived even your man. He had not expected that. Your reassuring me was false; the plan to change horses a trick to get me here."

"If you would but listen!" "When"—her eyes ablaze—"will this farce end?"

Her words took him unawares. Not that he dreaded the betrayal of his actual purpose. On the contrary, his reckless temper, chafing under her unexpected obtuseness, now welcomed the opportunity of discarding the disinterested and chivalrous part he had assumed.

"When it ends in a honeymoon, ma belle Constance!" he said softly.

His sudden words, removing all doubts as to his purpose, awoke such repugnance in her that for a moment aversion was paramount to every other feeling. Again she looked without, but only the solitude of the fields and forests met her glance.

The remoteness of the situation gave the very boldness of his plan feasibility. Was he not his own magistrate in his own province? Why, then, had he thought, waste the golden moments? He had but one need now—a study of physical beauty against a criminal background.

"To think of such loveliness lost in the wilderness!" he said softly. "The gates of art should all open to you. Why should you play to rustic bumpkins when the world of fashion would gladly receive you? I am a poor prophet if you would not be a success in town. It is not always easy to get a hearing, to procure an audience, but means could be found. Soon your name would be on every one's lips. Your art is fresh. The jaded world likes freshness. The cynical town runs to artless art as an antidote to its own poison. Most of the players are wrinkled and worn. A young face will seem like a new grown white rose."

She did not answer. Unresponsive as a statue, she did not move. The sun shot beneath an obstructing branch and long, searching shafts found access to the room. Mauville moved forward impetuously until he stood on the verge of the sunlight on the sallowwood floor.

"May I not devote myself to this cause, Constance?" he continued. "You are naturally resentful toward me now. But can I not show you that I have your welfare at heart? If you were

ceded, leaving her white as a snowflake.

"Come," he urged. "May I not find for you those opportunities?"

He put out his eager hand as if to touch her. Then suddenly the figure in the window came to life and shrank back, with widely opened eyes fixed upon his face. His gaze could not withstand hers, man of the world though he was, and his free manner was replaced by something resembling momentary embarrassment. Conscious of this new and annoying feeling, his egotism rose in arms, as if protesting against the novel sensation, and his next words were correspondingly violent.

"Put off your stage manners!" he exclaimed. "You are here at my pleasure. It was no whim, my carrying you off. After you left I went to the manor, where I tried to forget you. But nights of revelry—why should I not confess it?—could not efface your memory." His voice unconsciously sank to unreserved candor. "Your presence filled these halls. I could no longer say, 'Why should I trouble myself about one who has no thought for me?'"

Breathing hard, he paused, gazing beyond her, as though renewing the memories of that period.

"Learning you were in the neighboring town," he continued, "I went there with no further purpose than to see you. On the journey perhaps I indulged in foolish fancies. How would you receive me? Would you be pleased, annoyed? So I tempted my fancy with air castles, like the most unsophisticated lover. But you had no word of welcome; scarcely listened to me and hurried away. I could not win you as I desired. The next best way was this."

He concluded with an impassioned gesture, his gaze eagerly seeking the first sign of lenity or favor on her part, but his confession seemed futile. Her eyes, suggestive of tender possibilities, expressed now but coldness and obtuseness. In a revision of feeling he forgot the distance separating the buskins from the fashionable world, the tragic scatterlings from the conventions of Vanity Fair. He forgot all save that she was to him now the one unparagoned entirety, overriding other memories.

"Will not a life of devotion atone for this day, Constance?" he cried. "Do you know how far reaching are these lands? All the afternoon you drove through them, and they extend as wide in the other direction. These—my name—are yours!"

A shade of color swept over her brow.

"Answer me," he urged.

"Drive back and I will answer you."

"Drive back and you will laugh at me," he retorted moodily. "You would make a woman's bargain with me."

"Is yours a man's with me?" she said contemptuously.

"What more can I do?" "Undo what you have done. Take me back!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

box and its meanings.

The word "box" has a great many different meanings. Here are some of its uses as a noun substantive: First, a case of any size or material, akin to pyx, from pyxis, the box tree; second, the driver's seat on a carriage, which often has a lid covering a receptacle for small parcels; third, a present, especially a gift at Christmas time; fourth, inclosed seats in a theater or in a court of justice; fifth, a box drain; sixth, a snug private house, as a shooting box; seventh, a cylindrical hollow iron in wheels, in which the axle runs; eighth, a trough for cutting miters in carpentry; ninth, the space between the backboard and sternpost of a boat; tenth, an awkward position—e. g., "in the wrong box"; eleventh, the box tree; twelfth, the box iron of a laundress. Box is used also as a verb (thirteenth), to fight with fists or gloves; fourteenth, to go over the points of the compass in order, describing its divisions; fifteenth, to strike with open hand upon the ear; sixteenth, to cause a vessel to turn on her keel, to box haul. Other uses also are consequent upon these.

"Sunday folks."

When Dr. John Cairns went from Scotland to Ireland for rest and travel in 1864 he was at once delighted by discovering from the guides who showed him about that most of the landed gentry were "Sunday folks."

"That's a fine castle," he would say, pointing to a big house set like a crown on some rocky hill.

"Yes, sorr," said his guide. "Tis Sir John O'Connor's," or, "Tis Sir Rory O'More's." He always added, "He's a Sundah man."

At last Dr. Cairns grew curious.

"What is a Sunday man?" he asked.

"Well, sorr, it do be a man that has so many writs out agin him for debt that he stays shut up tight in his house all the week and only comes out on Sundah, when the law protects him."

Dr. Cairns' opinion of the landed gentry underwent a change.

Hindoo Witchcraft.

All Hindoos believe in witchcraft, and in strange contrast to the old beliefs in witchery, they believe that young and pretty maidens are the chief actors in such uncanny nummery. If crops are blighted or if a general sickness prevails they write the names of all the young women of the vicinity on separate tree branches and then immerse the stems of the twigs for four hours and a half in a solution of holy water and aromatic herbs. If one or more of the twigs wither during the specified-time the young woman whose name or names are attached thereto is immediately put to death. Thus the influence of the witch is counteracted, the crops saved and health restored.

"Go in there," he said curtly.

as ambitious as you are attractive, what right you not do? Art is long; our days are short; youth flies like a summer day."

His glance sought hers questioningly, still no reply. Only a wave of blood surged over her neck and brow, while her eyes fell. Then the slow re-

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