

# GRAIN WANTED

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We are in the market for any quantity of good

Milling Oats

Feed Oats

Barley or Peas

Are prepared to pay the highest cash prices for it delivered at our elevator.

Drive your loads direct to our elevator as we do not keep a buyer on the street. Remember the place, MCGOWAN'S ELEVATOR, DURHAM.



Trade Mark Registered—Rob Roy Rolled Oats

# The McGOWAN MILLING Co.

## Beautiful Arm Rocking Chairs GIVEN AWAY

With every purchase of \$30.00 we will give away FREE a handsome Solid Oak Rocking Chair, finished in Mission style. These Rockers are the very newest design.

### New Williams Sewing Machines

We are sole agents for the New Williams Sewing Machine, and have the very latest models of this celebrated make, which we are selling at rock bottom prices.

### RUGS AND FLOOR OILCLOTHS

We are carrying a very large stock of Rugs and Floor Oilcloths, which we are selling at very close prices.

Come in and see our stock before buying, and we will save you money.

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Furniture and Upholstering

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Our goods are not bankrupt stock or broker's stock, but regular stock bought at right prices and sold at a bargain.

READY-MADE CLOTHING, TWEEDS FOR SUITINGS, FLANNEL GOODS AND BLANKETS, PRINTS, COTTONS, FLANNELETTES, ALL AT BARGAINS.

Call and get one pound of our 25c Tea and find it better than you can get any place else for the money. Groceries at bargain prices

**S. SCOTT**

Garrucha St. DURHAM

## ATTENTION

Colder weather is at hand and your stove needs new lining and your pipes replacing, or perhaps you need a new stove either a Range or Heater. Well, we have all the necessary supplies and the place is

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## HAZEL - LEMON CREAM

Knowing what it is made of, we are certain it would be hard to improve on. We hardly expected that a quarter package like Hazel-Lemon would win favor over other high priced lines, but it has. Believing it the best article and best value we have, we like to recommend it to you. Let us show it to you and tell you about it. HAZEL-LEMON, THAT'S THE NAME

## GUN'S DRUG STORE

IF YOU GET IT AT GUN'S IT'S GOOD

## THE Pillar of Light

By  
Louis  
Tracy

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### CHAPTER II. A CHRISTENING.

Brand was slow to answer. For one thing, he was exhausted. Refreshing as the long swim was after a night of lonely vigil, itself the culmination of two days of hard work, the fierce battle with the shark had shocked into active existence the reserve of latent energy which every healthy animal unconsciously hoards for life-and-death emergencies.

But there was another reason. He had scarce gained the comparative safety of the boat before he was, in the same instant, horrified and astounded to a degree hitherto beyond his experience. Not even the stiff pull of two hundred yards sufficed to restore his senses. So Jim's question fell on his ears with the meaningless sound of the steamer's siren.

"What is it, mate?" repeated his fellow-keeper, more insistently. "You ain't hurt anyways, are you?" "It is a baby," said Brand, in a curiously vacant way.

"A baby!" shrieked Jones, whose crudely developed nervous system was not proof against the jar of incredulity induced by this statement. Had Brand said "a tiger," he could not have exhibited greater concern. "Yes, a baby—and it is living. I heard it cry," murmured the other, sitting down rather suddenly.

Indeed, a faint wall, suggestive of a kitten, now came from beneath the tumbled canvas quite near to Jim. But the Royal Navy does not encourage neoplasms. The lighthouse keeper felt that a minor crisis had arrived. It must be dealt with promptly. The evil odor which still adhered to the boat told him that Brand had exchanged one inferno for another, when he clambered out of reach of the blindly vengeful shark.

He looked up at Jones. "Lower away," he said, promptly. "Swing the derrick until I grab the tackle, and then hoist me aboard."

This was done. Ungainly in his walk owing to his wounded limb, Jim, clinging to a rope, had the easy access of a squirrel.

"They'd keep me busy," he growled. "When all's said and done, it's their water, ain't they can't help it!" Unconscious that he had stated the primordial thesis, he left the forgers alone. Hauling the sail out of the water, he discovered that the stern-board was missing, broken off probably when the mast fell. His trained scrutiny soon solved a puzzle suggested by the state of the cordage. Under ordinary conditions the upper part of the mast would either have carried the sail clean away with it or be found acting as a sort of sea-anchor at a short distance from the boat.

But it had gone altogether, and the strands of the sail-ropes were bitten, not torn, asunder. The shark had striven to pull the boat under by tugging at the wreckage.

Having made the canvas ship-shape, Jim settled the next pressing question by seizing an empty tin and slinging the fore part. Then he passed a rope under the after thwart and reeved it through a ring-bolt in a rock placed there for mooring purposes in very calm weather like the present.

When the Trinity tender paid her monthly visit to the lighthouse she was moored to a buoy three cables' lengths away to the northwest. If there was the least suspicion of wind, the reef it was indeed a ticklish task landing or embarking stores and men.

Close-hauled, the boat would fill forward as the tide dropped. This was matterless. By the time all her movable contents—she appeared to have plenty of tinned meat and biscuits aboard, but no water—would be removed to the store-room.

The sailor was sorting the packages—wondering what queer story of the deep would be forthcoming, when the recent history of the rescued child was ascertained—when Brand hailed him.

"Look out there, Jim. I am lowering an ax."

The weapon was duly delivered. "What's the ax for, cap'n?" was the natural query.

"I want to chop out that shark's teeth. They'll serve as mementoes for the girl if she grows up, which is likely, judging by the way she is yelling at Jones."

"What's he a-doin' of?" came the sharp demand.

"Giving her a bath, and excellently well, too. He is evidently quite domesticated."

"If that means 'under Mrs. J.'s thumb,' you're right, cap'n. They tell me that when he's ashore—"

"Jim, the first time I met you you were wheeling and I will haul in."

They worked in silence a few minutes. Brand descended, and a few well-placed cuts relieved the man-eater of the serrated rows, used to such serious purpose in life that he had attained a length of nearly twelve feet. Set double in the lower jaw and single in the upper, they were of a size and shape ominously suggestive of the creature's voracity.

snow 'n' sure is the matter. S'pose you shove it into the basket an' let me hoist it up here? A warm bath an' a blanket is the next best thing to milk an' water."

"All right, skipper. Just hold on a bit. She's doin' fine."

"I dunno. But I guess it's a gal by the duds."

The baby, in the sheer joy of living again, uttered a gurgle cry, a compound of milk, happiness and pain.

"There! I told you!" shouted Jones angrily. "You think every kid is a infern' young savage like your own. You're overdoin' it, I say."

"Overdoin' what?" demanded the sailor. "You don't know who you're talkin' to. Why, when I was on the West Coast, I reared two week-old monkeys this way."

Soon these firm friends would have quarreled—so unbounded was their anxiety to rescue the fluttering existence of the tiny atom of humanity so miraculously snatched from the perils of the sea.

But Stephen Brand's dominant personality was rapidly recovering its normal state.

"Jim," he said, "Mr. Jones is right. He's skin is raw and her eyes sore with inflammation. The little fool she has already obtained will suffice for a few minutes. Send her up."

The "Mr. Jones" was a gentle reminder of authority. No further protest was raised, save by the infant when supplies were temporarily withheld, and Jones was too pleased that his opinion should be supported by Brand to give another thought to his subordinate's outburst.

"Now, back up to the rock," said Brand. "I will dress and rejoin you quickly. The boat must be thoroughly examined and swabbed out: Jones will signal for help. Meanwhile, you might moor her tightly. When the tide falls she will be left high and dry."

The sailor's momentary annoyance faded. There was much to be done, and no time should be wasted in disputes concerning baby culture.

"Sure you won't slip?" he asked, as Stephen caught hold of the ladder.

"No, no. It was not fatigue but sickness which overcame me. The brandy has settled that."

Up he went, as though returning from his customary morning dip.

"By jingo, he's a plucked 'un," murmured Jim, merrily. "He ought to be skipper of a battleship, instead of housemaid of a rock-light. Dash them sea-crows! I do hate 'em."

He seized an oar and lunged so hard and true at a cormorant which was investigating the shark's liver, that he knocked the bird a yard through the air. Discomfited, it retired, with a scream. Its companion darted to the vacant site and pecked industriously. The neighborhood of the rock was now alive with sea-gulls. In the water many varieties of finny shapes were darting to and fro in great excitement. Jim laughed.

"They'd keep me busy," he growled. "When all's said and done, it's their water, ain't they can't help it!"

Unconscious that he had stated the primordial thesis, he left the forgers alone. Hauling the sail out of the water, he discovered that the stern-board was missing, broken off probably when the mast fell. His trained scrutiny soon solved a puzzle suggested by the state of the cordage. Under ordinary conditions the upper part of the mast would either have carried the sail clean away with it or be found acting as a sort of sea-anchor at a short distance from the boat.

termed "some of the cap'n's jaw-breakers."

"Yes. It is the only dangerous species found so far north."

"His teeth are like so many nixed bayonets. Of course you would like to keep 'em, but he would look fine in the museum. Plenty of folk in Penzance, especially visitors, would pay a bob a head to see him."

Brand paused in his labor. "Listen, Jim," he said earnestly. "I want both you and Jones to oblige me by saying nothing about the shark. Please do not mention my connection with the affair in any way. The story will get into the newspapers as it is. The additional sensation of the fight would send reporters here by the score. I don't wish that to occur."

"Do you mean to say—"

"Mr. Jones will report the picking up of the boat, and the finding of the baby, together with the necessary burial of a man unknown—"

"What sort of a chap was he?" interrupted Jim.

"I don't know—a sailor—that is all I can tell you. He must have been dead several days."

"Then how in the world did that baby keep alive?"

"I have been thinking over that problem. I imagine that, in the first place, there was a survivor, who disappeared since the death of the other man on there—"

"The devil out there—"

"This person, whether man or woman, looked after the child until madness came, caused by drinking salt water. The next step is suicide. The little one, left living, fell into the sea, and adopted, by the mercy of Providence, a method of avoiding death from thirst which ought to be more widely appreciated than it is. She absorbed water through the pores of the skin, which rejected the salty elements and took in only those parts of the compound, needed by the blood. You follow me?"

"Quite. It's a slap-up idea."

"It is not new. It occurred to a ship's captain who was compelled to navigate his passengers and crew a thousand miles in open boats across the Indian Ocean, as the result of a fire at sea. Well, the child was well nourished, in all likelihood, before the accident happened which set her adrift on the Atlantic. She may have lost twenty or thirty pounds in weight but starvation is a slow affair, and her plumpness saved her life in that respect. Most certainly she would have died to-day, and even yet she is in great danger. Her pulse is very weak and care must be taken not to stimulate the action of the heart too rapidly."

When Brand spoke in this way, Jim Spence was far too busy to ask personal questions. Sometimes, in the early days of their acquaintance, he had sought to pin his friend with clumsy logic to some admission as to his past life. The only result he achieved was to seal the other man's lips for days so far as reminiscences were concerned.

Not only Jones and Spence, but Thompson, the third assistant, who was taking his month ashore, together with the supernumeraries who helped to preserve the rotation of two months rock duty and one ashore, soon realized that Brand—whom they liked and looked up to—had locked the record of his earlier years; and refused to open the diary for anyone.

Yet so helpful was he—so entertaining with his scraps of scientific knowledge and more ample general reading—that those whose turn on the rock was coincident with his relief recalled his reappearance with joy. During the preceding winter he actually entertained them with a free translation of the twenty-four books of the "Iliad," and great was the delight of Jim Spence when he was able to connect the exploits of some Greek or Trojan hero with the identity of one of her Majesty's ships.

In private they discussed him often, and a common agreement was made that his wish to remain incognito should be respected. Their nickname, "the cap'n," was a tacit admission of his higher social rank. They feared lest inquisitiveness should drive him from their midst, and one supernumerary, who heard from the cook of the Trinity tender that Brand was the nephew of a baronet, was roughly bidden to "close his rat-trap, or he might catch something he couldn't eat."

So Jim now contented himself by remarking dolefully that had his advice been taken "the bloomin' kid would be well on her way back to the Scilly Isles."

## WORLD'S DEBT TO CANADA

### A Wonderful Achievement

Discovery of "Fruit-a-tives" has meant health for all

Canada's fame does not rest solely on her furs and wheat fields. Her rise in the esteem of the world is not due to her Cobalt mines. It is the work of her great men that has made her great. A graduate of McGill University has won lasting renown for his original researches in the realms of Physics.

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It remained for a Canadian physician to discover a process whereby the medicinal action of fruit could be so increased as to make the intensified juices a wonderful cure.

"Fruit-a-tives" is this combination of fruit juices and tonics. Since its introduction to the public, "Fruit-a-tives" has met with a success accorded to no other medicine in the world. The reason is plain. "Fruit-a-tives" is the one remedy that is actually made of fruit, and is the only remedy that naturally cures Constipation, Bloating, Indigestion, Headaches, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Kidney and Skin Troubles. At all dealers at 50c, a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial size, 25c, or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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Trains arrive at Durham at 10.30 a.m., 1.30 p.m., and 8.55 p.m.

EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY  
G. T. Bell, J. D. McDonald, G. P. Agost, D. P. Agost, Montreal, Toronto.

J. Towner, Local Agent Durham.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY TIME TABLE

Trains will arrive and depart as follows, until further notice—

Read down	Read up	Time	Time
6.45	6.00	Warkenton	Ar. 7.15
6.58	6.13	Maple Hill	Ar. 7.28
7.10	6.25	Hanover	Ar. 7.41
7.24	6.39	Alton Park	Ar. 7.55
7.38	6.53	Durham	Ar. 8.09
7.52	7.07	McWilliam's	Ar. 8.23
8.06	7.21	Priseville	Ar. 8.37
8.20	7.35	Saugueen Jet.	Ar. 8.51

R. MACFARLANE, - Town Agent.

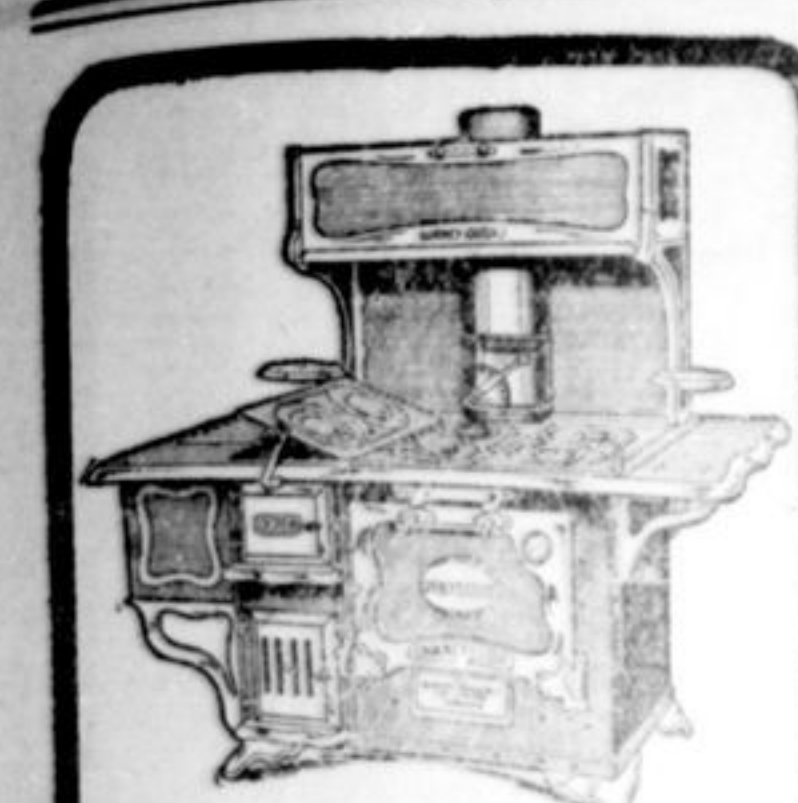
## DURHAM SCHOOL STAFF AND EQUIPMENT.

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MISS ALLAN, Principal, 1st Class Certificate, Subjects: Science, English, English Grammar, Book-keeping and Writing.  
MISS DONALD MCKERRACHER, B.A. Graduate of Queen's University. Subjects: Latin, French, Algebra, Arithmetic.  
MISS AMY EDGE, Graduate of the Faculty of Education. Subjects: Literature, Composition, Geography, History and Art.  
Intending students should enter at the beginning of the term if possible. Board can be obtained at reasonable rates. Durham is a healthy and active town, making it a most desirable place of residence.  
Fees, \$1.00 per month in advance.  
J. P. TELFORD, Chairman. G. RAMAGE, Secretary.

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Use a Gurney-Oxford range and save 20 per cent of your coal bill.

The "Chancellor" shown here is the finest steel range made by the well known Gurney-Oxford Company. There's no better to be had in the country. Makes more styles and sizes than any steel range on the market, with every latest device for economy and efficiency.

Material is the best you had, inside and out. With or without reservoir on either end. Guarantees tight door. Brass down draught. Drop door in warm weather. Divided oven flues to insure even baking. Higher top. Thermometer on oven door if desired. Made for coal or wood. Besides these special features—

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with long free trial of lowest possible cost. It costs less than 25 per cent of the cost of any other coal bin. It is made of the best material and is built to last. It is the only coal bin that is guaranteed to last for years. It is the only coal bin that is guaranteed to be tight. It is the only coal bin that is guaranteed to be efficient. It is the only coal bin that is guaranteed to be economical.

## A. S. HUNTER



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