

SPOTTON

Stands for all that is modern in Business Training. A Chain of Seven Colleges in leading towns and cities. Two thousand students in our Colleges and Home Study last year. We train from ten to twenty students for every one trained by most schools. There's a reason. It is freely admitted that our graduates get best positions, and the demand for them is "seven" times the supply. Exclusive right for Ontario of the famous Bliss Book-keeping System. You may study at home, or partly at home and finish at the College. A Business Education pays a dividend every day of your life.

Winter Term From Jan. 2, 1912
Call or write for particulars
Spotton Business College
WALKERTON, ONT.
SYDNEY INCH, PRINCIPAL.

Pumps, Curbing, Tile

ANYONE ONE NEEDING New Pumps, Pump Repairs, Cement Curbing or Culvert Tile, see . . . JNO. SCHULTZ or myself at the shop
George Whitmore

Every Woman
is interested and should know about the wonderful **MARVEL Whirling Spray**
The new Vaginal Spray. Best Most convenient. It cleanses instantly. Ask your druggist for it.
If she cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sent. It gives full particulars and directions available to ladies.
WINDSOR SUPPLY CO.,
Windsor, Ont. General Agents for Canada.

BIG 4

Wishing All Our Customers a Happy and Prosperous New Year

W. H. BEAN

NO OTHER LINIMENT

Could Do What Morriscy's Did says Blacksmith.

BELLE COTE, C. D., Dec. 10, 1910.
"I was laid up for several days with a severe pain in the bone of my right arm, and was unable to perform my work. I procured a bottle of Father Morriscy's Liniment and after 5 applications was able to return to work and shoe 12 horses in one day. I cheerfully recommend it to all who suffer from sore muscles, stiff joints, backache, muscular rheumatism, etc., etc., because I know you will get relief and am sure you can find no other Liniment as good as Father Morriscy's."

Kenneth T. Phillips.
The above prescription is not a "Cure-All" or so-called patent medicine. Dr. Morriscy prescribed it for 44 years, and it cured thousands after other doctors failed.
Price, 25c. per bottle at your dealers, or Father Morriscy Medicine Co., Limited, Montreal.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARK DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.
Anyone sending a sketch and description will quickly ascertain our opinion free of charge as to whether or not a patent can be secured. Communications should be confidential. HARRISON PATENT SERVICE CO. 311 Broadway, New York City.
Scientific American
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms for Canada, \$1.00 a year, postage prepaid. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 65 F. St. Washington, D. C.

THE SECRET OF PAUL FARLEY

— BY — (AUTHOR OF "A CHILD OF MANY PRAYERS," ETC.).
— JOHN MARCH —
Supplied Exclusively in Canada by The British & Colonial Press Service, Limited.

CHAPTER VII. A Contrite Heart

The Hargrave family had dined at an earlier hour in order to enable Sir Thomas to discuss his favorite meal in peace, and afterwards to drive leisurely away to the agricultural meeting at East Weyburne.

Paul Farley, a light coat over his evening dress, his cap in his hand, ready to sally forth and keep his appointment at the Manor House, stood by the library window endeavoring to decipher a letter in the falling light. He was so engrossed with his difficult task that he neither heard nor saw the opening and shutting of the library door.

A soft rustle, a faint scent of Parma violets, a weird feeling that he was not alone in the room, at length compelled him to raise his head and his eyes fell upon Judith standing on the opposite rug, in a long trailing gown of turquoise blue silk. Something cold, like an icy hand, gripped his heart as he beheld the swift subtle change in this young rosebud of a girl. She was very white, but composed, and appeared older, with all the piquancy and rich coloring gone from her pretty face. The violet eyes, the shade of a purple iris, were re-rimmed, bloodshot, and swollen.

"Will you give me back my letter, Mr. Farley?" she asked, advancing and blushing deeply under his gaze.

"It is destroyed, Miss Hargrave. No man would keep a letter like that."

"I came to ask your pardon," she said. "I am sorry, I, oh, Mr. Farley, no other moment in my life can hold so much shame as this."

She covered her face with her trembling hands, and stood crushed and shrinking. He went to her and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Miss Hargrave," he said, in his low slow voice, "it hurts me beyond expression to see you so humiliated. Whatever shame or blame you feel called upon to bear, remember that I too share it. Your letter came to me in something the nature of a shock, and laboring under its influence I answered it. I ask your pardon, Miss Hargrave, and your forgiveness."

"You are very generous," she said, "but—"

"Just look at me, Miss Judith," he said, trying gently to draw away the hands from the tear-stained face: "I can't have you afraid to meet my eyes. I want you to trust me, and let me give you a helping hand through this dark passage in your life. Once again in the sunlight we can drop hands, and go our separate ways. What did you say?" he asked, bending his ear to her quivering lips, "there will never be any more sunlight? Oh, Miss Judith! When the sun is even now peering over the shadow's shoulder, you won't be able to see it today or to-morrow, perhaps, with those misty eyes, but the future is warm and beautiful, flooded with golden sunlight. I think," he resumed after a brief, unbroken pause, "I think you have magnified this trouble out of all proportion. We must get it into proper perspective, and look at it, if we can, with an impressive hand on her arm, 'you must trouble him.'"

"I will not do that, I cannot," she said, somewhat defiantly.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because by this time he may have become, like you, utterly indifferent."

"I venture to think the comparison is not synonymous," he replied stiffly, "one is the substance, the other the shadow. I never loved you, I never should; but he did, and does. His heart is under your beaded shoe; you can mar his prospects and ruin his young life. Let us forget the inevitable, and think only of Pellam."

Her color deepened, but she did not speak.

"It seems to me," he continued, "it has always struck me in my thoughtful moments, that some sort of opportunity is given to our poor mortals to receive a hint and manifold mistakes. I think Miss Judith, that probably your life's opportunity has come. I would recognize and use it were I you."

He spoke with the energy of a man who believed implicitly in what he said, and she was touched by the sincerity of his every tone and gesture, and the earnest appeal in his great dark eyes.

"You think that, however much it goes against the grain, I ought to go to Anthony and tell him I am willing to be engaged to him?"

"I am quite certain you ought. It's the only road by which you will ever travel to happiness."

She laid her arm on the chimney-piece, and let her forehead rest on it, she whispered:

"Life is not always pleasant with its thousand pressing claims and duties; we cannot have the crown without the cross; we cannot expect to enter even Paradise without a shudder. Don't dwell on the cold breathless plunge, but rather the tranquil floating on the sun-kissed waves."

"I won't," she said, looking up at him through unshed, pent-up tears. "I'll do as you wish. I'll tell Anthony that I shall be—thankful for his love."

He caught her hands and kissed them.

"Thank you," he said, a glad light in his eyes, "you have lifted a burden from my heart. All along I have felt more or less responsible for the happiness of you both, and at times the weight has been only what I could just manage to carry."

"I am sorry, dreadfully sorry. I'm a selfish, selfish girl, and you've been so kind, so patient and generous."

"Not at all," he said, stepping over the shiny folds of her gown to open the door.

"Do you think Anthony will refuse me?" she asked, suddenly turning back.

"'Tis possible," he answered gravely looking askant at her, and then, breaking into a soft laugh, he shook his forefinger at her and whispered: "Oh, woman, thy name is vanity!"

CHAPTER VIII. A Tragedy

The Manor parlor was a low, studded room paneled with dark wood, having a large, high chimney-piece artistically set round with Dutch tiles. The carpet, originally of rich texture and coloring, was now so worn that the once brilliant pattern had faded to an almost indistinguishable hue.

In one corner stood an old harpichord, a treasured relic, belonging to bygone years to Squire Fleming's grandmother when a girl in her teens. Sometimes in the Squire's solitary evenings his fancy had planted a slim figure on the spindle-legged stool, and out of the goom would grow a bunch of powdered ringlets, a low-necked short-waisted frock, with twinkling feet in sandaled shoes, and as often as not sweet, quaint, melancholy music, thrilled and vibrated along the low ceiling passage ways. The dusk was looming upward in the corners of the room, casting a dark, grey shade over the oil paintings of dead and gone Flemings. The tall furniture and the old spinet had already lost the distinctness of their outline; they were slowly vanishing ghost-like into oblivion. Felix Fleming was sitting by the open glass doors leaning forward in an upholstered wicker chair with one foot in the room and the other on the stone steps leading to the garden, watching the twilight deepen and the shadows gather about the fruit trees.

"What a good world we live in!" he exclaimed, taking his briar pipe from between his lips and combing his moustache with its amber mouth-piece; "what a good and beautiful world! I never watched the coming of a more glorious evening! Look at the icy-blue starlight through the pear trees, Mr. Farley, and that flush of crimson yonder from the west!"

Paul leaned forward, his elbows on his knees, a cigarette held daintily between a finger and thumb, and let his dark eyes feast upon the handsome face opposite to him, pale and etherealized by the last rays of lingering daylight—a strong face full of wise thought, of innate love for all things pure and of good report.

"I never felt so near happiness as I do at this moment," he continued, plucking one of the pale blush roses clustering about the window and giving it to Agnes, who stood behind his chair with one hand on his broad shoulder. "Here's something smaller and suitable for a button-hole," he added, tossing a half-open bud across to his friend.

For all after-time the faint delicate perfume of a pale pink autumn rose brought to Paul Farley's mind a sudden vivid picture of the quaint dusty parlor of Agnes in her white dress and coronet of bronze gold hair, and the handsome manly figure of Felix smoking peacefully in the twilight.

"This dewy freshness, this juvenescence in the atmosphere, seems to moisten my heart," he said with a quiet laugh. "I had almost forgotten how youthful I am still."

"You are young," Paul said, emitting thin blue rings of smoke which circled and curled above his head: "the first flush of youth has passed into early prime, the most perfect portion of a man's life."

"Our first youth is no value," he answered; "we are not conscious of it until it is gone."

"I believe that," Paul said. "I believe a later period, what one might term our second youth, is happier, deeper and richer by far."

"I suspect a second youth, a real aftermath, only comes with some great heart-joy such as a late autumn love, or—perhaps to crown some other grand festival in one's life."

"Yes, and the gods will envy a woman crowned by such an aftermath."

"Heaven and all its angels bless the woman who thinks the same," Felix said, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "Agnes' child," he added suddenly, "don't you think it's time we had a light?"

She touched the bell-pull, and Rose Pilgrim entered with a lamp and set it on a massive black walnut table in the centre of the room. Involuntarily Paul's great searching eyes went across to her. He felt a certain interest in the girl on account of her association with the Larches and little Guy Wycherly. She was not, he discovered, particularly young looking, but comely enough in a fair red-and-white plump way. Their eyes met and Rose blushed a deep red, which suffused her whole face from brow to chin, then slowly receding left her exceedingly pale.

"Rose is all confusion at being brought unexpectedly face to face with her sweetheart's handiwork," Felix laughed in answer to his puzzled questioning look when the door had closed behind the woman.

"I don't quite understand," he said.

"Why, Denham is courting Rose Pilgrim, and Rose is a friend of Mrs. Radler at the Popinjay."

"Mon Dieu!" he said in consternation. "You don't mean that a nice-looking, respectable person like Rose will deliberately, of her own free will, be here to that drunken black guard?"

"I don't know," Felix said, "and very pleased and thankful she'll be. A man and a cottage is the goal of these country girls' aspirations. A young woman in a poor cottage with a husband—"

down with diphtheria, and a violent brute of a husband spending most of his earnings in drink, would deem herself lucky to have eluded a few years of solid, respectable service. Such is the calibre of the bucolic mind!"

"Don't you think," Paul asked, looking at the glowing end of his cigarette, "that the reason women more especially those of the vast middle-class, are compelled to look on marriage as a means of livelihood, a sort of life insurance, because of the cheap stamp placed upon their work? Men never are, never can be fair judges of a woman's capabilities; they smile or sneer, each according to his individual cheerful or sullen temperament, while the world at large, absorbed in its stereotyped cut-and-dried definition of things, never dreams of taking them or their doings seriously."

"A man," Felix said smiling, "can rarely disassociate the magnetism of sex and the personal charm of the worker from the quality of work done. There have been and are I will own, a few exceptional women who have competed for some sort of success or fame in the world's arena and come away with a laurel wreath. Still, Farley, taking the race, I honestly believe the woman to be man's inferior, both mentally and physically. She is the weaker vessel, an after thought, designed for a helpmate, not a bread-winner; she was formed for the domesticity, not the publicity of life; she was constitutionally created to be in subjection to man, and therefore her modesty, her deportment, and her color of mind should match the divine intention."

"But look at the thousands of women, sir, who are, whom adverse circumstances have compelled to be, bread-winners."

"God help them! Yes, there are millions, but, Farley, I am not saying a woman cannot or should not work. Both Adam and Eve toiled, but he delved and she span. She did not filch the spade. We have it on good authority that she worked, and was useful in her day and generation, but within the limits the Creator set when he moulded her."

"Have you ever met a really clever up-to-date University woman?" Paul asked.

"No, I have not," he returned with a laugh, "and I very much doubt whether I want to."

"Why?" he asked; "would you be jealous of the virility of that little grey mass of matter commonly called the brain?"

Felix Fleming threw himself back in his chair, crossed his legs, and broke into a loud, hearty laugh. "I'm jealous of a woman—jealous of her hard-earned store of knowledge? Not I. With these two hands I could crush the little skull that held the lore of all the ages. A woman is welcome to all the learning she can pack her head with, provided she does not oust out her womanliness to make way for it."

"I should think a University woman could be a womanly woman," Agnes said, hovering like a moth near the lamp in her white dress.

"No doubt you are right, sister mine," he said, holding his tobacco pouch between his knees and carefully filling his pipe, "I am simply an old-fashioned fellow, with old-fashioned ideas respecting women and their ways."

"I know exactly the kind of woman to suit Felix," Agnes said, taking a low seat between them. "To begin with she would have a well-educated, well-endowed healthy mind, small piquant features, a clear wholesome bloom with just a sprinkling of freckles—because she would be fond of being about in the open air with her husband—a little, light, elastic creature as graceful as a bird. Besides, of course, she would be domesticated, she would be just as accomplished in the drawing-room as practical in the kitchen, and whether in society or knitting, or scouring pots and pans, Mrs. Prim would wear a black silk apron, a white gown, neat linen collar and cuffs, and glide the homeliest duties with an atmosphere of loveliness and joy. I think in all probability she would thrum on the harpsichord, walk a minuet, and work antique tapestry stitches on a sampler—slightly modernized replica of Lucretia spinning in the midst of her maidens, if you remember, Mr. Farley?"

"Remember the croakings of frogs in Egypt," Felix said sententiously.

"I expect that is an excellent sketch of the future Mrs. Fleming," Paul said, smiling at her through his glittering glasses. "Do you think she would make a nice docile wife?"

"Yes, I think she would, but, oh, my gracious, what a paragon of a sister-in-law! Felix is a good sort, but I can't believe even he is virtuous enough to live up to her."

"Nothing ever charms me more than when I meet my superior, as he remarked, calmly puffing away at his pipe, 'one who makes me sincerely feel he is my superior.'"

"I don't think you will be likely to meet that man often," Paul remarked.

"Oh, come, Farley," he returned with a broad smile, "I can't digest flattery absolutely free of adulteration. I don't value a compliment, wrap it up as poetically and delicately as you may. I am plain, honest yeoman, and if I tried to flounder about in that artificial tomfoolery, I should soon be beyond my depth."

"Pardon me," he said, with a winning smile, "I spoke out the thought in my mind; it was no expedient, and has certainly a fulsome flavor coming from almost a stranger."

"Now, I'll compliment you both, Agnes said, shifting her ottoman nearer to Paul and treating him to a quizzing smile from her half-closed eye "a great, good, wise and handsome man stands the first of all create things!"

"That's a crib, Miss Fleming, and ought to pinch you," he said, throwing away the end of his cigarette.

"Nothing of the kind you horrid wilsaere," she pouted, taking the rose from her bosom and hitting him with it. He took it from her after a sidish and put it in his button hole with the half-open bud. Felix looked from one to the other with an indulgent smile. He was glad and content; he saw the easy bantering bonhomie of young people had rapidly established

"ANYTHING that is produced in Canada from Canadian materials, by the application of Canadian brain and labor, will always have first call with me. And it's only good business on my part that it should."

SOMETHING GOOD FOR CHRISTMAS

200 Pounds of Tea Given Away Free

For every Four Dollars and Fifty Cents spent in our store between now and Christmas we give One Pound of our Best Tea Free of Charge. As we always carry the best line of goods and sell as cheap as the cheapest this is an excellent plan for every householder to lay in a supply of tea absolutely free of cost for the new year.

Best Quality of Christmas Fruits and Groceries Always in Stock

S. SCOTT

Garafraxa St. DURHAM

Give us a Trial and be Convinced

Matthews & Latimer

For Flour
Feed Seed
Fresh Groceries
New Fruit and Nuts
Choice Confectionery
Pure Spices and Vinegars
No. 1 Family and Pure Manitoba Flours
Fine Salt. Farmers Produce Wanted

between themselves. It figured well for the long cosy winter evenings—the parlor ruddy with a cheerful fire, the light glimmering and dancing on the dark oak panelling, and the interesting, artistic figure of Paul Farley very much in the foreground.

"Tell me, Miss Fleming, are you going to the ball at the Larches?" asked Paul, holding out the rose.

"Yes, I am, Mr. Farley, and I shall expect you to sit out all the waltzes with me."

"Rather a large order, when nowadays every other dance on the programme is a waltz. Are you going, Mr. Fleming?" he asked.

"I am going to take Agnes," he said, "I think this affair will be a shade out of the ordinary dull routine. You see, there's precious little dissipation in the country, and I don't want the child to get hippled. I shall run up to town next week and get her a domino. What do you say, Farley, to a jaunt with me? How will the 'Cecil' suit you, a first-class réchéré dinner, a theatre, and home next day?"

"Admirably!" he said, pushing his chair back into the shadow of the curtain, "that is if I could get away for a night, which I am sure is next to impossible."

"Pooh, nonsense."

"Now, Mr. Fleming, if you will purchase me a mask when buying for yourself I shall be much obliged."

"I will, with pleasure," he said cordially, "but, on my soul, I don't see why you should not come with me. There's no necessity to launch out too extravagantly; we could—"

"I can quite understand why Mr. Farley demurs," Agnes interposed; "he has been such a short time at the Hall; it would seem like taking advantage of Sir Thomas's good nature to ask leave of absence so soon."

"I would much prefer not to ask permission unless some very important and unavoidable business called me away," he said, with intense earnestness.

"Very well, Farley, don't bother," he said. "I'll run up for a few hours and take Agnes," a shade of disappointment on his brow.

"So you mean to face the music," he inquired after a pause, "and put in an appearance at the Widow Wycherly's?"

"I promised—"

The sharp report of a gun rang out on the still night air. Felix sprang to his feet, ran down the steps on to the grass, and stood searching the horizon with his keen grey eyes.

"What is it?" Paul asked, joining him.

"Someone after the pheasants in the plantation yonder. I think I'll slip down there, and find out who the rascal is. Are you in the mind for a chase?"

"Yes," he said, "I'm in very good trim just now."

"I suppose you are a crack shot?" "Great Scott! I've never had a gun in my hand."

"I'll give you a day's shooting later. I don't think it will take much tuition to ensure your getting a rabbit. Agnes," he called, "fetch a couple of caps and the lead bludgeon from the keeping-room, and then run in, that thin dress is no protection when a heavy dew is falling."

Paul stopped and turned up his trousers at the ankle.

"You think that thing sufficient de—"

Continued on page 7.

FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING

Rugs, Oilcloths
Window Shades
Lace Curtains

and all Household Furnishings
New Stock just arrived and will be sold at the lowest living profit.

Undertaking receives special attention

EDWARD KRESS

CANADIAN PACIFIC

To WINNIPEG AND VANCOUVER

Daily Transcontinental Service via the All Canadian Route. Standard and Tourist Sleepers.

To CHICAGO
Three trains daily. Excellent service. Making connections at Detroit for FLORIDA and at Chicago for CALIFORNIA and Pacific Coast Points

For reservation and information apply—
R. MACFARLANE, - Durham

WATER! WATER!

If you are in need of a supply it will pay you to consult the

LOUISE WELL DRILLERS
Also Agents for the Baker Ball Bearing Direct Stroke and Back Geared Pumping Windmills, Pumps and Supplies.

Write and have us call on you. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Your Patronage Solicited.
PRATT BROS.,
LOUISE P. O.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State of Ohio and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
(SEAL) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free. Sold by all Druggists. F. J. C. FENY & CO., Toledo, O. Take Hall's Family Pill for constipation.

If your children are subject to attacks of croup, watch for the first symptom, hoarseness. Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as soon as the child becomes hoarse and the attack may be warded off. For sale by all dealers.