

Go to E. A. ROWE'S for Oysters

Oyster Stews, Fried Oysters Lunches, Etc.

Also Christie Brown's PLUM PUDDING for sale for Christmas Dinner.

We have a large assortment of Candy and Bon Bons for the Christmas Trade.

CALL AND SEE US BEFORE BUYING ELSEWHERE

E. A. ROWE : Confectioner and Grocer

Spring! Spring!

OUR SPRING GOODS are now arriving and as we have selected our stock from some of the leading Canadian factories, we have no doubt the most up-to-date lines that money can buy.

We are the sole agents for the Relindo Shoe, formerly known as the J. D. King Shoe, which is the leading shoe for ladies' in style and quality, made on the stage last, short vamps, high heel, Good-year welt in

Gun Metal Calf,
Tan Calf,
Pat. Colt and Vici Kid
in blucher or buttoned styles.

We have also a new line for men, known as the "Monarch" Shoe, ranging in price from \$3.00 to \$5.00.

Misses', boys' and youths' fine and heavy shoes at lowest prices. Now is your time to buy cheap rubbers. We have a full stock on hand for spring. Don't fail to see our trunks, suit cases, and travelling bags. All we want is a call at the Big Shoe Store near the bridge.

TERMS—CASH or EGGS.

Come to the Big Shoe Store **THOS. McGRATH** Near the Bridge

THE SECRET of PAUL FARLEY

Continued from page 6.

What a great revenge on the man who has tricked her? I wouldn't be in your shoes, Hare, when she finds you out. Take my advice," he urged, "take my advice, like a sensible fellow, and give it up."

"For the sake of argument, Mr. Fleming, let us say I do give it up; I go back to London to-night and Mr. Farley returns to Weyberne, either by the mail to-night or to-morrow. The widow has the license, the ring, the man to execute her kidnapping instructions, and a closed carriage to post here, there, and anywhere. What do you suppose Mr. Farley's life would be worth if he did not consent to the marriage?"

A scarlet stain dyed the squire's face.

"And what do you think your life will be worth when Rowena Wycherly discovers the fraud?"

"As much as it is now. If she touches me the law will lay its heavy finger on her and irrevocably stop her career; whereas, under harmless reasonable conditions, she is at liberty to reject the devotion and amends of an honorable man and return to Weyberne and prosecute her pursuit of Mr. Farley."

"Unless the woman is demoted the whole story is a monstrous outrageous absurdity," Felix said. "I made a mistake, I perceive, an idiotic blunder, when I hit upon this scheme, but my original idea was to have a detective in Farley's place for a week or more as a decoy, in order to fathom what her designs and intentions really were. If she did not go to the lengths I credited her with, I anticipated the man eventually handing her over to the proper authorities, who would either punish her or inquire into the state of her mind."

"Excuse me, Mr. Fleming, but you said this morning you considered her to be perfectly sane."

"I know I did. Up to the present I have considered her a daring, unscrupulous, heartless woman, but upon my soul, Hare, recent revelations point to something more. I am much more alarmed for Farley's safety than I was ten minutes ago, and I should also be very sorry for you voluntarily out of sheer reckless fool-hardiness, to court the spite and fury of a baffled maniac."

"Fool! It's not so bad as that, Mr. Fleming. I'll grant you she is mad so far as Mr. Farley is concerned, but there the madness ends. A woman in love, a beautiful, high-spirited, bold, dashing woman, a true Eve, will use almost any means to gain her point, and think all is fair in love and war. Your anxiety regarding Mr. Farley has warped your better judgment, sir."

"You own she is mad on my friend, then how, in heaven's name, do you purpose turning this torrent of passion from him to yourself? Don't try to touch things that are too high for you, Hare."

He laughed, kicked the burning leg with his boot, and lit a cigar.

"I don't know how to turn the course of an undammed mill stream," he said, throwing away the match, and smiling after it; "but if I possess the sense, the strength, and the nerve, I don't see why I shouldn't try."

"Nor I, if you are bent on tempting Providence, and your life is of no value to you. I can't understand a man like you wishing to ally yourself with a woman of the Wycherly type. Nonsense is as hissome does; an angel shape may be tenanted by fiends, and certainly, in her case, a beautiful face covers a depraved, not a diseased mind. Now let us elect to be sensible, Hare. Go back to town like the good fellow you are, and send me down a practical man who will know how to grapple with the peculiar circumstances, and upon whose acumen I can rely to advise me. Rowena Wycherly must not be allowed to prosecute or drive Mr. Farley from Weyberne. If she is wicked she must be punished; if insane, she must be taken proper care of; and whatever means are employed to ensure Mr. Farley's peace and safety, it's essential they should be quiet, unobtrusive, and devoid of scandal."

Austin Hare crossed the hearthrug and laid his hand on the squire's shoulder.

"Mr. Fleming," he said, in the same even-tempered, equable tone he had used throughout the discussion, "I could deceive you easily; I could promise to be guided by you and return to town to-morrow; I could promise anything you might choose to put forward and still keep my appointment at Weyberne Church to-morrow; but my mode of procedure is more like that of a bold, bad, don't-care boy chasing a butterfly. I mean to have the beautiful, gauzy, downy thing, but I'll pursue it openly; I don't care which way you look, whether I am in your line of vision or not; whether I catch it ahead of you, or right down under your very nose. You tell me that this marvellously fashioned woman is wanton, shameless, and no doubt it's an unmitigated active fact; still, no one is wholly bad, sir; the devil himself is hardly so black as some would have him painted. Surely such a cascade of beauty must be sweet and pure at its source, though it has and may run through narrow, muddy channels. I have a fancy, Mr. Fleming, that with careful tenderness under a gracious Providence I shall delve down to the silver ripple of that pure source."

"Like most other things," Felix said, rising, "the market value must be measured by the gain it brings. Your fancy, Hare, may cost you dear."

"I shall not cavil at the cost if I can stir a fresh fount and sweeten it."

"Such an undertaking cannot but prove jejune and utterly barren of good results. Good-night, Hare, I am sorry to be obliged to oppose you, but I feel bound to do what lies in my power to stop this mockery to-morrow."

Hare's lips formed a long thin crimson line.

"Will it suit your tactics to treat me with the same openness I have shown you?"

"Certainly; I shall drive straight to

the vicarage on my way home and lay the facts of the grim episode before Mr. Hay, and leave him to deal with it as he thinks best."

"Suppose, despite your amiable efforts you don't succeed?" he asked, with a sneer.

"I shall have done my duty," Felix said, putting on his hat, "which is all that can be expected of a man."

"I should like to have parted friends," Austin Hare remarked, smiling.

Felix turned and held out his hand. "To a certain extent we are; I am acting your friend, although you don't think so. I still have hopes of you, Hare. Perhaps when you have slept over it you will think better of it."

"Perhaps," he returned, smiling, "who can tell?"

Felix left him smiling at the glowing end of his cigar and went silently out into the yard. Gathering the reins in one hand, he climbed to his high seat, throwing a half-crown to the hostler in response to his God-speed, and drove through the town and out into the country deep in thought.

The trend of events had knotted itself into such a sudden and unexpected twist that Felix felt incapable of dealing with the disentanglement of it single-handed. He blamed himself for not having used stronger and more potent arguments to dissuade Hare out of his mad chimerical project, and he blamed himself still more for his share in adding extra confusion to the general prevailing disorder and discomfort. He decided as he drove along to get his grim interview over with the Rev. Arthur Hay, then proceed to the Hall and explain Paul's enforced absence to Sir Thomas.

"It would have been better and simpler," he mused, "to have persuaded Farley to appeal to the nearest magistrate for protection, and take out a summons against Mrs. Wycherly for intimidation and threatened bodily harm, and demanded to have the woman bound over to keep the peace for at least six months." And yet—could he have influenced the lad to such a course with his over-weening sensitive fear of scandal, his nervous dread of investigation, and his obstinate conviction that calumny and ridicule entailed by publicity would go far to blight the budding promise of a remarkable career. "The deuce take the woman!" he ejaculated, as the steeple of Weyberne Church loomed a whitish grey in the moonlight. "I wish—hello, sweethearts!" he muttered softly, turning a keen eye on the figures of a man and woman standing on the further side of the trim hedge bordering the grounds to the Larches. "I wish—whoa, steady, you nervous hussy!" he exclaimed, as a plover rose up almost under the mare's nose and startled her.

"Get along, you silly jade," he said, grasping his whip, and then the white gate smashed to, and a small, ill-starred, fluttering form rushed across the road and scrambled through an opening in the opposite fence. The mare reared, curvetted, leapt forward, and dashed headlong down the road. The man and woman leaned over the hedge, stretched their necks in tense anticipation of disaster, watched the mare stumble, saw her struggle frantically for a foothold, and go down with a sickening thud, accompanied by a ghastly crash of wood and metal and the shiver of glass.

They stood awe-stricken, then Rose Pilgrim's voice came trembling and terrified through the deep death-like silence that followed—"Oh, heavens! Denham! the master!"

Continued next week.

DON'T BE BALD

Nearly Any One May Secure a Splendid Growth of Hair

We have a remedy that has aided to grow hair and prevent baldness in 93 out of 100 cases where used according to directions for a reasonable length of time. That may seem like a strong statement—it is, and we mean it to be, and no one should doubt it until they have put our claims to an actual test.

We are so certain Rexall "93" Hair Tonic will cure dandruff, prevent baldness, stimulate the scalp and hair roots, stop falling hair and grow new hair, that we personally give our positive guarantee to refund every penny paid us for it in every instance where it does not give entire satisfaction to the user.

Rexall "93" Hair Tonic is as pleasant to use as clear spring water. It is delightfully perfumed and does not grease or gum the hair. Two sizes, 50c. and \$1.00. With our guarantee back of it, you certainly take no risk. Sold only at our store—The Rexall Macfarlane & Co.

Evolutions of Custom.

"My son," said Mrs. McGudley, "before I married your father I made him promise that he would not smoke or play cards for money."

"Yes?"

"Times have changed. If you decide to propose to a woman I want you to exact a similar assurance."—Washington Star.

Made the Sale.

"Mr. Whilker, I have seen it stated that women's feet are becoming larger. How about that?"

"There may be some truth in it, but among all my customers I don't know a single one that it applies to, madam."—Chicago Tribune.

Knows No Pity.

"Is he very bitter against the man who ran away with his wife?"

"Almost too bitter. He insists upon getting a divorce so that she can marry him."—Houston Post.

LIFE ON A BOER FARM.

The House a Chamber of Horrors, the Housewife Hopelessly Dull.

An American woman traveling in South Africa was detained by floods and compelled to spend a month on a Boer farm. "The first night's monotony," she writes, "was broken by the roaring of the ostriches under our window. We thought it was a tame lion. "The farmer and his family lived chiefly on sour bread and sour skim-milk, and I was therefore hungry most of the time, and the ripe figs hanging in clusters were pretty alluring. After pushing back the skin of the fig and enjoying the soft fruit with its tropical taste, I had a refreshing night's sleep, only to awaken in the morning pretty well scared, for my tongue was so swollen and black that I could not talk."

"The Boer wife laughed and enjoyed my discomfort and explained that the skin of the fig had numerous fine thorns and I had not been careful to remove them when eating."

"When I told the farmer's wife that I liked buttermilk in quantity I noticed that I had a cupful or so given me, but she threw it by the painful to the pigs. They were of far more consequence to her than I, for they would stay longer with her and were her familiars. I was not."

"Then, again, when I was hungry for butter on my bread a white, clammy substance made from sheep's tail fat was handed to me, and I could not allow the farmer's wife to see me quiver. She sold her butter in the village close by at 75 cents a pound, more or less. Sour bread and green strawberries (plenty of them) were considered good enough."

"This Boer family was one of the wealthiest of their kind. There was not a ripple of fun or exuberant life in anything but the live stock. Conversation was a dead language—unknown."

"The women are mute beings, accepting their destiny with deep stillness. The wife gives up her strength to the limit, and dies after giving birth to a dozen or more children, to make way for wife No. 2, who gives another dozen children to her country. Her adobe house, with its dirt floor made of ant hill clay mixed with beef gall, is a chamber of horrors to an American traveler."

"The farmer depends upon his ten or eighteen children of all sizes to help him. A Kaffir as an employee is dependable as the winds that blow. Yet that Kaffir is the hired man in the mines and elsewhere in South Africa. A white man as a day laborer is a general failure. He cannot be worked in droves like the Kaffir from the interior, whose language, in clicks and vowel sounds, is hardly human."

"The Boer is not long lived. One seldom met an aged Boer of the old stock. Oom Paul Kruger, who was seventy-five years old when he died, was an exception. Hatred toward the uitlander and the lust for gold and power were what kept the fires of life burning at white heat within him."—Health Culture.

Oratory No Longer Soars.

"Oratory is a lost art," said a Cleveland man the other day. "I used to go down to the courts just to hear the loud speeches. Nothing doing in that line any more. The lawyers do not talk about flowers, rainbows and sunbeams today."

"There was a lawyer in Cleveland years ago—Bill Robinson was his name—whose addresses to a jury always attracted a crowd. I will forever remember one of his sentences. The man he was fighting in the suit had a reputation as something of a miser."

"Who is this man—who is he?" thundered Robinson. "You know and I know that he boils his potatoes in widows' tears."

"This phrase caught the jury, and Robinson won his case, but one does not hear any such 'oratory' as that nowadays."—Case and Comment.

The Real Trouble.

"Oh, doctor," sighed the patient, "I am so glad you have come. I feel dreadful, and I don't know what in the world is the matter with me. My husband says it is nothing but nervous indigestion, but his mother is positive I am going to have appendicitis, and my mother declares I have intermittent fever, and my sister says it looks to her like creeping paralysis, and Aunt Henrietta says I've got malaria. What do you think I've got, doctor?"

"Well," frowns the physician, "from these symptoms I should say offhand that you have too many relatives."—Chicago Post.

Dancing and Kissing.

The old time ballroom smacked of the kiss. Without it the dance was incomplete. It was claimed as a right. And given freely. The very idea of such an omission would have caused a strike, as these lines foretold. But some reply. What foote would dance if that when dance is donee He may not have at lady's lips That which in dance he wooon? —London Tatler.

Jolting His Lawyer.

Church—What was the name you called your lawyer?
Gotham—Necessity.
"But that's a funny name. Why do you call him Necessity?"
"Because he knows no law."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Matter of Fractions.

Biggs—My half brother is engaged to my wife's half sister. Diggs—When will they be made one?—Boston Transcript.

An evil speaker only wants an opportunity to become an evildoer.—Quintilla.

Mr. Land Hunter Look Here

H. H. MILLER

The Harrier Conveyancer OFFERS

325 ACRES close to Proton Station, brick dwelling, fine large out-buildings windmill &c.; hay, 2 tons to acre, only \$5,500. Knocks the sunshine off Alberta bargains.

533 ACRES near Proton Station and Saugeen Junction, fine brick residence splendid barn, splendid soil, good water orchard &c. Will sell less than \$25 an acre. A bargain surely.

A HARDWARE and Tinsmith Business, Grey County, post office in connection Less than \$10,000 will buy 40 acres of land store and dwelling, barn, other frame dwelling and \$4,000 stock.

GENERAL COUNTRY STORE five miles from Durham; very cheap.

Large number of cheap farm properties Money to Lend at Low Rates.

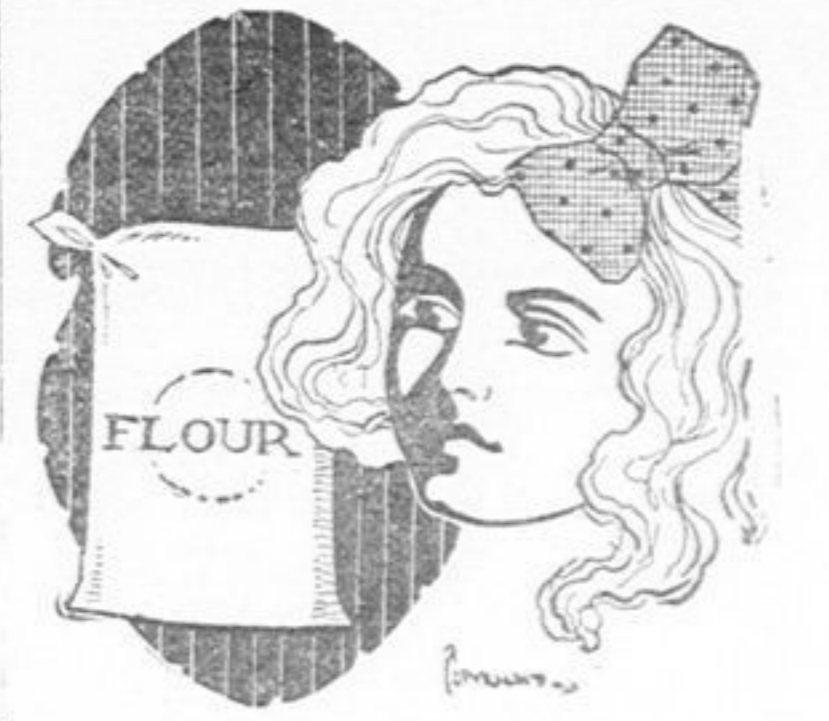
Land bought and sold. Debts collected. All kinds of writings drawn.

No man who does business with H. H. Miller is ever satisfied to go elsewhere Our methods seem to please.

"Always Prompt, Never Negligent,"

H. H. MILLER - Opposite The Reid House, Hanover.

THE People's Mills



A small or large bag of a fine grain white, nutritious flour, is sold as our brand. Have you ever tried it? Get your grocer to give you our kind next time and see the superior baking qualities it possesses. Better and more wholesome, because of a secret process that we put the wheat through. Don't forget.

ECLIPSE

A blend of 1/2 Manitoba and 1/2 Ontario wheat and is a strictly first class family flour.

SOVEREIGN

Our pure Manitoba flour, made from No. 1 Manitoba wheat cannot be beat for either bakers or domestic use

PASTRY FLOUR

Is made from selected winter wheat and is a superior article for making pastry, etc.

Special Reduction on Flour in 5 and 10 Bag Lots.

Goods delivered anywhere in town.

Chopping Done Every Day

All up-to-date flour and feed and grocers keep our flour for sale. Your grocer does not keep it come to the mill and we will use you right

Call us up by telephone No. 8. All kinds of Grain bought at Market Price

John McGowan

SETTLERS' TRAINS

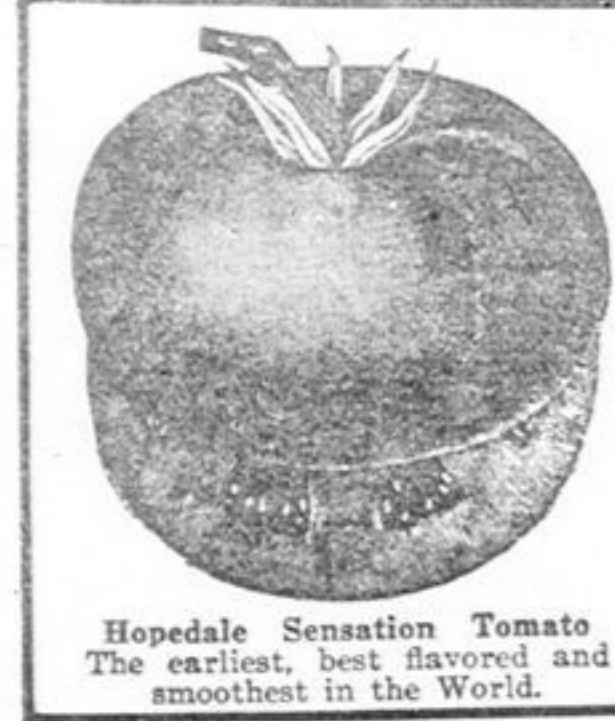
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The only through line LOW COLONIST RATES

For settlers travelling with livestock and stock Settlers and families without livestock should use Special Trains Will leave Toronto Each TUESDAY MARCH and APRIL 10.20 P.M. Regular Trains Leaving Toronto 10.20 P.M. Daily Through Colonist and Tourist Sleepers

Colonist Cars on all Trains No charge for berths Through Trains Toronto to Winnipeg and West Ask any C.P.R. Agent for copy of "Settlers' Guide."

Children are much more likely to contract the contagious diseases when they have colds. Whooping cough, diphtheria, scarlet fever and consumption are diseases that are often contracted when the child has a cold. That is why all medical authorities say beware of colds. For the quick cure of colds you will find nothing better than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It can always be depended upon, and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all dealers.



IT'S COMING

What's coming? Why Seedtime, then the Harvest but the Harvest depends very largely on the quality of the Seeds you sow. Our Catalogue for 1912 is bigger and better than ever. Tells you all about over 1,500 kinds of Field Roots, Grains, Vegetables, and Flower Seeds, Small Fruits, Flowering Shrubs, Plants, Implements, etc.

If you cut this out sending it to us with your name and Post Office Address our Catalogue will be sent you and a present with it. Do it to-day. ADDRESS, Darch & Hunter Seed Co., Limited, Dept. 32 London, Ont. 11

THOROBRED DURHAM BULL

"BROADHOOKS CHIEF" 2nd 82288-

Will be kept for service at Lot 30, Con. 4, N. D. R., Bentinck, during the season of 1912.

PEDIGREE OF "BROADHOOKS CHIEF"

Red, little white, calved May 1st, 1910, bred by Thos. Scarf & Sons, Rocky Saugeen, Ont., 2nd owner Wm Brown, Aberdeen, Ont.

DAM	SIRE
Fashion's Fancy 4th [90957]	Broadhooks Chief (Imp.) -50017-
Fashion's Fancy 3rd	Verschoyle (Imp) -36125-
Fashion's Fancy	Geo. Bruce -25507-
Fashion 7th	Premier Earl -1281-
Fashion of Maple Hall 2nd	Lancaster -752-
Fashion 2nd	K.C.B. 2nd -141-
Fashion Helen Mar	Duke of Airdrie -457-
Albina	Grand Duke -674-
Lute	King Cyrus -735-
FASHION (Imp) [177]	Nicholas -877- (8248)
Grizzle	Locomotive -149-
Young Fanny Old Fanny	Locomotive (4242)
	Young Don Juan (3610)
	Studley Grange (1453)
	Young Dimple (971)
	Layton (2190)

JOHN BURNS, Proprietor

BARBERS' PRICES

Commencing April 1st, Durham barbers will adopt the following price schedule;

Shave.....	10c.
Massage.....	15c.
Witch Hazel Steam.....	15c.
Hair Tonic.....	10c.
Singeing.....	15c.
Hair Cut.....	20c.
Children's Hair Cut.....	15c.
Shampoo.....	25c.
Olive Oil Shampoo.....	35c.
Razor Honed.....	25c.
Beard Trimmed.....	10c.
Neck Shave.....	5c.

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That's the place to go for all kinds of Wall Decorations, Wall Paper, Burlaps, Sanitas, Varnish Tiles for kitchen or Bathroom, Lincrusta, Decorators' Living Cloth, Etc.

Local Representative of the largest Manufacturers of Wall Paper in America.

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