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W. H. BEAN

THE LITTLE BUNDLE.

Three dozen fell diseases came down and knocked me flat; and oh, the groans and wheezes that filtered through my hat! The doctors and the nurses were gathered by my bed, and I had dreams of hearses and cities of the dead. The doctors used to trundle dope to me day by day, and how I blessed the bundle that I had laid away! When I was convalescent, I ceased to fume and fret; my griefs were evanescent—for I was out of debt! I paid the blooming nurses, I paid the sawbones, too, the druggists got their purses—and still I had a few! You don't know what a blessing a roll of boodle is, till maladies distressing throughout your system whiz! I have no doubt that worry o'er debts that they must face sends sick folks in a hurry out to the old bones place. If, reader, you're unthrifty, then take this bunch of mine; a bank account is nifty; put roubles down in brine. For sickness and disaster for your teeth may spin; when coins go fast and faster and none are coming in, when you are in the age of sickness and expense you'll wish you had a package of dough in evidence!—Walt Mason

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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.

"Yes, I am going to call on Ralph, and take him with me to the Hall. I must find out whether Farley has arrived there; if not—the deuce take her!—he's at the Larches, and it will be as well, now I'm a bit crippled, to have the man with me when I pay the widow a nocturnal visit. She is back in Weyberne," he added, as he crunched the door. "But how on earth did she get Farley's address? Hare didn't know it."

"I can't imagine," she answered, looking at him dejectedly.

He knit his brows, intently studied the telegram in his hand for two seconds of time, then suddenly his face cleared; he turned, sprang upstairs, and knocked sharply at Rose Pignatelli's door.

"What about that letter, Rose, addressed to Mr. Farley?" he asked, when he had made her comprehend the drift of his question. "Did you post it or not? What did you do with it?"

"I met Denham, sir, and he offered to post it for me at East Weyberne, so I let him, because—"

"Thanks; that's all I want to know." He shut himself into his room, locking white and worried. Agnes did as she was bidden, dressed herself quickly, and returned in the nick of time to assist with the squire's coat-sleeve. She followed him downstairs into the keeping-room, and there watched him select and equip himself with the weapons he considered most likely to instil a suspicion of wholesome fear into the minds of a ruffian and presumably a maniac, and, at the same time, do the least amount of mischief, the least possible danger of life and property.

"May I go with you, Felix?" she asked very coaxingly and withal very earnestly.

"Most certainly not," he rejoined decidedly. "I don't know what I should be taking you into. I can't form any idea what to expect. All I know is that if I find him alive, or in such a condition as will admit of his being nursed back to health, I shall be able to—forgive you, Agnes."

"And if he is dead, what then?" she burst out, clinging to him in great distress. "Felix, Felix; how can you be so unkind? You delight in showing me that you have not a tithe of the affection and consideration for your sister that you have for Paul Farley, and he is not even a very old friend. You have only known him four months. You had not seen or heard of him six months ago; and yet you are wrapped up in him. Everything must go down before the infatuation; even natural affection. Everything in the world sinks into insignificance beside his safety; you—, Felix," she exclaimed, somewhat hysterically, "it's a pity Mr. Farley is not a woman, then you could marry him and have done with it all."

"Have done with all what?" he asked, wholly undisturbed by the outburst.

"All this nonsensical anxiety about Mr. Farley. You know you are far from well yourself, and Jack said if you took cold in that shoulder it might become permanently stiff. Yet you get out of a warm bed to walk to Weyberne Hall this bitter cold night, and I daresay you will go without half enough on."

"Would you like me to stay at home and let Farley take his chance?"

"No—, I don't want any harm to come to him; and equally as much I don't want you to risk—, Felix, if he is at the Hall you will leave him there, won't you?"

"If he is at Weyberne Hall I shall leave him there; if at the Larches I shall bring him back here with me. I have no time now to argue the point as to whether or no I make myself ridiculous respecting Farley's safety, or whether I have more regard for him than for you, not even if you were talking sense, which you are not. You don't seem to be at all clear as to what you really want or wish. You don't want him murdered, and you don't wish me to try to prevent it. You have all at once become absurdly and unwarrantably jealous of the boy, and behave as if you were averse to my bringing him back to the house for a few hours' shelter. The next thing I shall hear will be that you are beseeching yourself and conducting yourself in this contrary manner all your life. I don't understand you, Agnes. I don't understand why you should grudge me Farley's friendship and intellectual society. In a few months you will be married, and I think you ought to feel glad to know I shall have his companionship to fall back on. You might search the world over and not find a nicer, a more modest, and gentler chap than Farley, and I don't understand why you should have developed this sudden hysterical temporary dislike. I say temporary advisedly, because I feel sure it can only be a passing prejudice, which in all probability, when he sees it, Farley will lose no time in removing. Now, I can't give you a list of instructions to carry out in my absence, because I have such a vague idea as to what may be required; but you won't go far wrong in having the kitchen fire lighted and plenty of hot water ready in case of emergency. Help me with this ulster, Agnes, and see to the fire in my room; it's low. Make a respectable one. I shall not object to a good toasting when I return. Good-bye! Kiss me, and forget differences, and behave prettily to Farley if he comes."

She followed him down the hall; saw him turn in the direction of Ralph's cottage, and closed the door swiftly in the face of the bitter cold wind. She had never felt so nervous, so uncomfortable, so ill at ease in her life as she did now.

"Oh, dear," she whispered to herself; "I hope he is safe at Weyberne Hall."

Despite her secret misgivings, she lost no time in procuring Rose's services for the kindling of the midnight fires. She decided upon one in the parlor in case Paul should be unhurt and well enough to disappoint their hospitality by refusing to occupy the visitor's room. She knew Felix's rôle, and if Paul came wounded, bleeding, and ill, Felix would take possession of him in his usual kind protective, ubiquitous way, and leave her, Agnes, the right person to see after him, entirely out in the cold. If Paul escaped comparatively uninjured and fairly well—and she hoped and prayed he might—he was perfectly competent to take care of himself. He could pass a portion of the time in the parlor, and leave, as he originally intended, by the first morning train.

Still, the outlook was disquieting and terribly unconventional, though Felix was the last person in the world to wittingly harass them. If he knew; if he guessed her dilemma; his rigid sense of decency would receive a severe shock, and he would be a vast deal more distressed and nonplussed than they. Dear Felix! Dear, proper, straight-laced Felix! Dare she tell him? No, a thousand times, no. If worse grew into worst she would rather tell Jack. Felix would storm and rage; he would accuse her of aiding and abetting a fraud. He would declare her sympathies were enlisted on the side of what was licentious and low; that such puritan instincts unpandered to the worst forms of depravity and vice; to a state of loose, lax morality. She knew; oh, she divined, exactly, clearly and perfectly, what Felix would say!

Bending forward impetuously with the poker she gave the fire a vicious stir, then sat erect and stared at the brilliant flame.

"Oh, dear; are you safe? Don't, for heaven's sake, come here. If you dream of preserving your secret keep out of Felix's way."

She wandered aimlessly round the room, the night was well-nigh past. She lifted the blind of the French window and peeped into the moon-lit garden. She stood there, her nerves ajar, watching and waiting and listening—listening for what? Dear life; what was she listening for?

The night was dying, Rowena Wycherly would soon see its ghostly grey dawn, and he, her life's great love, had not yet come.

Not a glimmer of light shone from the windows of the Larches. The blinds were drawn the grey stone house nestling among the trees lay wrapped in slumberous stillness striped by inky shadows traced with the moon's pencil from behind the reflected larches. The lower half of the boudoir window was open, an inch of the fluttering blind was bent back, and a pair of hazel eyes gazed stealthily down the drive and held the approach to the gate. Rowena, insufficiently clad in a cream silk evening gown, had knelt in her tedious, cramped position for hours, unmindful of the stinging bite of the wind; watching for a sign from the emissary she had despatched upon a delicate, mysterious mission; a purpose that represented life or death to her—a gay, laughing, dancing life; a long, hot summer of maddest love; or the cold, frozen stillness of death's long winter.

At last! A shadow glanced over the intensified whiteness of the gate. It was the shade cast by the burly form of her ambassador; and he, the wary veteran of a host of rough, drunken campaigns, had sworn that he would not return to the Larches alone. She shrank back, laughing softly, crouching behind the wainscot, until the crimson camellia in her hair touched the dark wood. Heavy footfalls echoed from the frozen gravel, advancing nearer and nearer, in regular, monotonous precision, till they stopped suddenly beneath the boudoir window, and their welcome sound was replaced by a low, not unmusical, whistle. The smile died on her lips as she tore the blind aside, leaned out bare-necked, and looked into the upturned, brutal, drink-sodden face of the man below.

"Alone!" she gasped; "alone!"

"I met everyone on them trains," he said, in a subdued whisper, "since I sent the telegram, 'cept the larst; then I went into the Goose and Gridiron for a glass, an'—an' missed the beggar."

"You good-for-nothing, drunken knave!" she exclaimed, perking out her arms with a violent gesture, indicative of an ungovernable desire to strike could she reach him. "Not one shilling, one penny; not a farthing reward—"

"Hello, milady; not so fast. Stop! I've not finished. Listen. Comin' out o' the public house I see Pointer, an' I arsed who'd come along o' the mail, an' he says on'y one passenger—the young secretary chap from the Hall. I followed har der arter him, and I seed Miss Fleming a-lettin' of him in at the garden winder. I thought maybe yer might be weary o' waitin', so I came to tell yer he's there, an' I'm a-goin' back to watch the house."

"Perhaps he will stay there all night."

"Not he, no. The squire's abed."

Miss Agnes, she couldn't keep him over the night; 'twould get to the doctor's ears. He'll go to the Hall, else to the Popinjay, and then'll come me chance."

"Bring him to me, Denham; bring him unhurt, and I'll make the one hundred pounds two."

"Good, milady. I'll bring him if I hev to fitch him out o' the Manor."

"How long do you think you will be?"

"I dunno; depends on how long he stops there."

"If you are obliged to use force, don't strike too hard, Denham. If he has to be hurt I will do it myself."

"Very good, milady. You shall hev him with a whole hide, or me name's not Joshua Denham."

The man slouched across the garden into an adjoining field, and from thence over a couple of marshes into the squire's shrubbery, crawling round to the front hedge.

"Two hundred pound! My certy! A roarin' price for the likes o' him. With her darned beauty to entice a personable man, what can the wench want of that sickly, mesly-mouthed chap. I'm afeard virtue ain't her strong point."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Reaping the Whirlwind

The Larches had awakened from its period of darkness and sleepy repose. Lights shone through the drawing-room windows; a curious, sensuous shade diffused itself over the mellow tinge of the pictures; over the carpet, which seemed to glow with living flowers; over the artistic taste that wrought such artful splendor from the variety of decoration adorning the room.

On a couch, drawn close to the fireplace, almost touching the marble figure of a woman veiled in her own nude beauty, Paul Farley lay, his eyes closed, his face pale, a smear of blood across one temple. Rowena knelt by his side, bathing his forehead with Eau-de-Cologne. She was crooning to him in little abrupt melodious whispers, and alternately stroking his dark hair.

"I told you not to hurt him," she said, looking at Denham, who stood awaiting further orders. "I believe you have killed him!"

"No fear, milady; he ain't dead, nor near dead. He's a bit stunned. You see, ma'am, I were forced to give him a tap. I couldn't have carried a long chap like him a-kicking, struggling, and a-bawling; not comfortable like. You've the brandy, ma'am, and the salts; is there anything else I can get?"

"No; you can go. Take the key out of the door, and lock it after you."

Denham efficiently carried out his mistress's orders, and remained a few minutes in a soliloquous mood on the landing scratching his head.

"I'm blowed!" he muttered thoughtfully. And as no other inspiration was forthcoming, he repeated: "Well, there; I'm blowed!"

It took time, but at length Rowena won him from his lethargy, and he awoke, forst to the strange loveliness of his surroundings, and then to the chill of her presence—to the horror of the beautiful face bending over him. He struggled to a sitting posture, and stared at her, fear and abhorrence written on every line of his face. He was terrified, and showed it. Nevertheless Rowena met the look with a tender smile and calm melancholy grace.

"You are afraid of me, why?"

"Because you act like a mad woman. Why behave so extraordinarily? Why resort to assault and abduction? Why outrage common decency by employing force and violence to retain me here against my will?"

"Why? Because no other method would have availed."

"Rowena, have you no self-respect; no womanly instincts; no healthy, heavenly germs in your nature to begot self-abnegation, self-effacement? Is there nothing in creation, either in the heights above or in the depths below; nothing better, worthier, dearer than yourself?"

"Nothing," she said in a hoarse voice, pent with passion, throwing herself full length on the leopard skin. "I have no more generous instincts in my nature than you have in yours. You did not scruple to deceive me, and deceiving me, let Mr. Hare take the consequences of that deception. I tried to kill him, but I did not succeed; and I am glad, because I am at liberty to revenge myself on the real culprit. I meant to kill somebody, because the thirst for blood has been on me for some time past. I only wonder I have not killed the child. You see, Paul, homicidal mania is in our family, on my father's side. It was latent in me; might have remained so, had every desire in life not been frustrated. Never, in one instance during my whole existence, have I gained one single thing upon which I set my heart and mind. I save sown affection and reaped hate; I have sown kindness and reaped treachery. Then you ask whether I have no self-effacement. Have you no sense of the ludicrous?"

He stared at the beautiful creature grovelling and plucking the fur from the rug at his feet. He was frightened and bewildered. He had no manner of doubt but that the crisis in his life had come. He was up here alone at the Larches, miles from any other habitation. Not a creature, with the exception of the drink-sodden laborer on the other side of the door and a little idiot child to hear him even if he succeeded in breaking the windows and shouting. Had his sin been so great as to warrant a violent death at the hand of a maniac? Possibly; was he not holding the safety of three, perhaps four, lives in the hollow of his hand? Why had he persisted in the disguise which had wrought misery and catastrophe to the homes of those who had taken him on trust, and been kind to him?

If the horror were coming, he hoped it would come soon. There was little use in prolonging the agony, though Felix was alive, and naturally he now wished to live. And this was his punishment—no doubt well earned: Never to be able to tell them he was sorry. Sorry for the grief he had caused those dear friends. They would find out Agnes's, her distress would

Are You Blue and Worried?

Nervous? Some of the time really ill? Catch cold easily and frequently suffer from biliousness or headache? The reason is that your system does not rid itself of the poisons in the blood; just as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of cinders. The waste does not go exactly what the cinders do to the stove; make the fires burn low until enough cinders have accumulated and then prevent its burning at all. Your liver is sluggish—you are dull and heavy—sleep does not rest, nor is food appetizing. In this condition illness develops. Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery eradicates the poisons from the body—a glyceric alterative extract made from bloodroot, golden seal and mandrake root, stone and queen's root, without the use of alcohol. No matter how strong the constitution the stomach is apt to be "out of kilter" at times; in consequence the blood is disordered, for the stomach is the laboratory for the constant manufacture of blood.



MRS. BLAKE.

MRS. BENJ. BLAKE, of Port Dover, Ont., Box 36, writes: "I have been a great sufferer for years from throat trouble, catarrh, indigestion, female troubles, bloating, constipation and nervousness—at times I would be in bed, then able to be up again. For nineteen years I had this chronic inflammation all through me. For nineteen years I had this poison in my blood. After trying nearly everything I got worse. I read in The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Saxe's Catarrh Remedy. I have taken the Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Pellets, and have used five bottles of Dr. Saxe's Catarrh Remedy. I am now able to do my work and walk with pleasure. I feel like a new woman. I enjoy everything around me and thank God for letting me live long enough to find something that made me well again."

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tell, and a bitter resentment would cling to all that was left of him. He would become a painful memory to those he loved, especially to one for whom he would have laid down his life. He had never intended to see Felix again. He had been determined on that score. But to be in the world and know that Felix, too, was there. To hear of him. To think of him. To dream of him, would be a God-given boon; would, ah, Rowena's hands were creeping upwards, and he feared they were coming about his neck.

He sprang to his feet, unwisely acting under the influence of his intense dislike to her carressing touch.

"Get up, Rowena," he exclaimed sharply; "and sit on a chair."

She obeyed immediately, and, flushed with success, he added: "Now, open the door."

"Never," she whispered with a cunning laugh. "You are my prisoner, Paul. My stolen property. I am going to keep you here."

"You can't. Some one will surely come," he cried, goaded to desperation by the expression in her eyes. "I will break every window in the room if you don't open the door."

"Do it," she said, looking at him admiringly. "You are at liberty to wreck the contents of the room. You shall do anything you choose; anything that amuses you. If you consider the old china and bric-a-brac worthy of your strength I shall feel they were worth the mint of money they cost and of some practical use at last. Here," she screamed excitedly, diving beneath an ebony cabinet, and bringing out a pair of small revolvers, "I know a better game than that—let us shoot."

"No, no," he implored, almost tearfully, pushing her back. "Put them away."

She laughed mirthfully, with something of the old childish lilt in the laugh.

"I don't want to shoot," he said, trying to be calm and pressing her down into her chair; "I only want one thing. I want—dear Rowena, will you let me go?"

"There is nothing else I could deny you. I can't let you go. I should never see you again, and then I might as well be dead. Shall I be dead? Shall we both be dead? Yes, let's both be dead. You first, then I."

She sat smiling at him. He had his hand on her shoulder. He was trembling in every limb and terribly upset. He had not the slightest idea what he was saying, but he was talking to her in a persuasive, soothing tone, when she raised her hand and pointed the muzzle of the weapon close to his face. "Stand still; let me kill you; or sit down, if you like. I can aim straight."

It had come then, the crucial, the awful moment had come. He staggered back into his chair, panting, half swooning, wondering in a vague, silly

Continued on page 7.

It would surprise you to know of the great good that is being done by Chamberlain's Tablets, Darius Downey, of Newburg Junction, N.B., writes, "My wife has been using Chamberlain's Tablets and finds them very effectual, and doing her lots of good." If you have any trouble with your stomach or bowels give them a trial. For sale by all dealers.

Judge Mabey, of Toronto, was with an attack of appendicitis on Monday. He is Chairman of the Dominion Railway Board.

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