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### PEOPLE WHO

#### HELP THEMSELVES.

David Livingstone said, on graduating at Glasgow, "I never had a dollar that I did not earn. He used to carry his Latin book to his room and study. Yet he was buried in Westminster Abbey, and on the site of his hut in the heart of Africa's jungles is now a large town, with electric lights and railway.

Frances Willard and her brother Oliver started a paper at fourteen. They used to talk to each other about what they would do when they were grown up. Frances often went hungry and walked long distances because she had no money to buy bread or pay car fare; but she came to occupy a foremost place among women.

Lucy Stone, the great champion of higher education for women, made up her mind when a tiny bit of a girl, that she would go to college. She picked berries and nuts and sold them to buy books; she lived on fifty cents a week, and at last she did graduate from Oberlin College.

Mary A. Livermore taught school for little money to fit herself for life's work

Lincoln studied by the light of pine-knots

Emerson sawed wood to help himself through Harvard College

Rev Charles M. Sheldon worked as a waiter in a summer hotel to get money to complete his education—Junior Endeavor World.

# THE SECRET OF PAUL FARLEY

— BY — (AUTHOR OF "A CHILD OF MANY PRAYERS," ETC.)  
JOHN MARCH

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The beating of her jewelled hands gradually became more feeble, the face lost its marvellous beauty, the passionate heaving of the full white bosom grew less, and watching against his will the awful agony, the revolting torture, he fainted.

How long he remained unconscious he was unable to conjecture; but slowly regaining his senses he awoke to a strange, weird stillness. The fire had burned hollow, the boy's screaming had ceased; nevertheless, he still clung tenaciously to the stiff upright figure of a woman whose crown of corn-colored hair coiled and waved above a dead, black, distorted face.

He closed his eyes; he felt sick, ill, almost dying; his teeth chattered, and he shook with the chill of the fast-cooling room, with the cold atmosphere that was forming, circling round the rigid corpse.

"Oh, heavens; was he to be locked in there to stare forever at that hideous sight?"

Hark! There were voices outside; someone had wondered at the prolonged silence; someone was coming to see if all were right, as it should be. The key grated in the lock, the handle was wrung round by a powerful hand, the door flung open, and three men trooped in. Felix was foremost. He looked at the frightful shape of death with the boy kneeling on its stiffening lap, uttered an exclamation of amazed horror, and hastened across the room to Paul.

"Are you hurt?" he asked briefly. He said something in response; he did not know what. He was ill, weak, wounded, utterly broken down and cowed. Seeing through a blurred mist the face of his deliverer he just raised his arms feebly and clung to Felix's neck.

"Oh, Felix; dear Felix," he said, tearfully; "get me out of this room." "I will; don't give way yet, there's a good fellow. The boy strangled her."

"She was going to shoot me—the boy has a hating for me—she came from—somewhere and—did that."

"Ralph!" the squire said, without turning, "give Mr. Farley your arm and walk back with him to the Manor, then take the cab and go for Dr. Hunter."

"As to you, Denham," he added, when the door closed, "you sneaking fool; you abominable brute and kidnapper; separate those two!" The severance was appalling. Guy's lust of hate, the reaping of the dislike, the unkindness, the neglect, heaped upon him; sown broadcast across his poor life, and culminating in one un-governable desire for vengeance, apparently was not even yet satiated, and he absolutely refused to give up his ghastly prey.

"Guy," Felix called, his back turned on Denham's repulsive task; "Guy, come here!" It was a kind voice, and he knew it notwithstanding the two years since he had heard it. Though it came from the dim past the voice had dwelt with him; he remembered it as something kind, pleasant, and very good. Denham felt the grasp relax, and took advantage of the loosened fingers.

"It's almost right, sir," the man exclaimed; "give him another call an' yer have done the business." "Guy, little man; I want you." The boy slid from the set limbs and ran to him. Felix seized him and hurried from the room, followed close at his heels by Denham, who evinced no morbid desire to linger behind.

"Lock the door, Denham, and take charge of the child for a day or two. I will put the proper machinery in motion for this matter as soon as it's daylight, and I will stay downstairs until the doctor comes. You need not hurry to frighten the servants, Joshua."

"I'll let 'em find it out, sir; that Leonie is a jabbering, prating fool. She'll shake the house down; she'll—there's blood on your collar, sir, an' on your shirt front."

"Blood!" he exclaimed; "I've not been near blood, and there is none on the boy. How the deuce did it get there?"

"I dunno; but it's there, an'—"

"Heavens!" Farley put his arm round his neck. Was it from him? Had she shot him? Was he hurt after all?

"Catch hold of this boy, Denham," he said, impatiently; "I won't stay. Tell Dr. Hunter to hurry up and come straight on to the Manor—I expect Mr. Farley is hurt. By the way, how did that boy get into the room?"

"I dunno. Leastways he were on the stairs in his shirt when I carried Mr. Farley in. 'Spect he folloed and hid, sir."

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

Mrs. Grundy Frowns

The crass inconsistency of woman! Felix had pushed open the parlor door, and from his cogn of vantage beheld Paul lying back supported by cushions, with Agnes perched familiarly on the arm of his chair.

He was sipping coffee, she holding the saucer and he the cup. A plate of the daintiest of ham sandwiches stood untouched on a stool, unnoticed, forgotten, in the interesting absorption, so engrossed were they one with the other. Agnes's head all but touched his, while she apparently laid down the law in a subdued voice and in a possessive manner, which appeared to possess the power of eliciting his entire attention. The exposition had

also the gratifying advantage of promoting profound silence on the part of her auditor, causing him to listen to her with a melancholy apology for a smile and a pained contraction of the eyebrows.

Felix marvelled at the quantity and wondered at the quality of that softened unbroken flow. Awhile back she was distinctly averse to his entering the house, and now she had rushed to the opposite extreme. She was objectionably close to him, patting his hand, salving her conscience without doubt, at any rate treating him much in the same way, with the same freedom, she might adopt towards himself.

It was curious; women were phenomenally incomprehensible, and it was simply a waste of time and energy to try to penetrate or fathom their motives. They had none; they were swayed by impulse, influenced by circumstances, and generally allowed their hearts to take precedence of their heads. It was high time to disturb the colloquy, if only to assure himself to what extent Paul were hurt, to take him under his own wing and insist upon absolute quiet after a night of such excitement and horror. Accordingly, he cleared his throat, shut the door, marched across the parlor, and swept Agnes unceremoniously off her perch.

"There are plenty of chairs in the room, Agnes, my dear," he remarked in a tone that had a disagreeable amount of starch in it, and then, laying a hand on Paul's shoulder, he added anxiously, "where's the mischief, dear boy?"

Paul brought a hand swathed in linen rag from beneath his coat, and looked at it dubiously.

"Miss Agnes has been good enough to bandage it for me."

"Is it a bad wound?"

"It's just a bad scratch. It—"

"Is that statement absolutely veracious?" Felix asked, looking over his shoulder at Agnes. "This young man's criticism is apt to be extremely inadquate where he himself is concerned."

It was true, as both she and Paul knew. The wound was a severe and exceedingly painful one. The shot had ploughed the thickest part of the thumb, lacerated, and torn an inch of flesh from the bone. The dressing had horrified and sickened Agnes, but by hook or by crook its serious character must be hidden from Felix, otherwise Paul would never be permitted to leave by the first train. They had been apportioned ample time in which to chaff out their ground, and they meant to adhere to it, to walk in its narrow course, hedging and bristling as it was with a host of harassing difficulties.

"That is hardly correct," she said, her eyes fastened on Paul's; "it's rather more than a scratch; perhaps just verging on a slight wound."

"Well, it is best left till Hunter comes, and then he can have a look at it and do it up properly. In the meantime—"

"He will have to come quickly then."

Paul interrupted, looking at his watch; "I mean to catch the first train up, and he devoutly prayed for that happy consummation to his plans."

"Do you, indeed?" Felix asked, with an indulgent smile. "Well, then, disabuse your mind of the idea at once, because you won't do anything so absurd. What have you had to eat?"

"Oh, lots—something—it was a—why, a sandwich—I am sure I had one of those sandwiches."

"I should imagine you feel as if you had come away from a Lord Mayor's banquet," Felix remarked dryly, "on a meal off a sandwich the size of my thumbnail! Agnes, tell Rose to hustle Mrs. Pilgrim, and say we shall want a hot breakfast fit to sit down to in a couple of hours' time. What have you in the house?"

"There's that steak, Felix, and the pheasant you shot."

"We will have them both, and some tomato sauce, and tell the old lady the quicker we get it the better pleased we shall be. And Paul," he said, twisting around, "in the meantime, you come upstairs with me and lie down."

Agnes had started on her errand to the kitchen, but came back to the parlor door, and came to a dead stop at the parlor door.

"Thank you," he said, nervously; "you are both very kind, but I cannot accept your hospitality. I have made up my mind. I mean to go back by the 6.35 train."

"Nonsense, man! With Mrs. Wycherly's decease the necessity for your return is removed."

"I have practically left the Hall; at least I am to stay in town until Sir Thomas decides to recall me."

"Well, in the interval let me entertain you. Sir Thomas can send his communications here as well and better than to the 'Pendennis.' Come, there's no reason in the world why you shouldn't stay a couple of days. At any rate, I won't hear of your going away by the early train. You

Lame back is usually caused by rheumatism of the muscles of the back, for which you will find nothing better than Chamberlain's Liniment. For sale by all dealers.

"She need not," Agnes persisted. "But there are the noises in the house, the smell of the cooking, and—"

"Suppose Dr. Hunter sees me first, and then if he prescribes such profound undisturbed repose, why—"

"Have you any objection to come upstairs to my room with me?"

"I?" he asked, with elaborate astonishment; "dear me, no. What is there to object to?"

"Well, come along then, and don't let's have any more tomfoolery."

Paul stood irresolute, staring at the comical look of helplessness on Agnes's face. He could have smiled had the situation been less serious and acute. Felix's genuine concern, his affectionate interest, his simple faith in him, his unsuspectingness, his utter unconsciousness that he was over the boundary fence treading on forbidden ground, was so ludicrous, so hysterically funny, that he was just about to laugh or to cry, he was not sure which, when, of all the acceptable diversions he would have welcomed, the door bell rang.

"There's Jack!" Agnes exclaimed, jubilantly, and Paul dropped heavily into his chair.

Dr. Hunter entered with his busy, brisk professional air, but the cheerfulness, the heartiness had departed, and was replaced by an unusual gravity. He discussed the awful tragedy, made himself acquainted with all its gruesome details, and then turning to Paul said, "Now, let's see what's the matter with you."

Slowly, with infinite reluctance, Paul untwined the bandages and disclosed his wound. Felix, peering over Jack Hunter's shoulder, seemed more shocked at the sight than at Mrs. Wycherly's tragic end.

"Oh, I say! A scratch! I could shake you two for a couple of fools!"

"There's no bullet here," Hunter said, ignoring Felix; "it ploughed along here, look, and went out there. It will be found, no doubt, embedded in the wall or somewhere in the drawing-room at the Larches. You must be careful over that wound, Farley; this frosty weather. It's painful enough now; but inflammation, erysipelas, in the wrinkling thing will make you sit up—or, rather, I should say, lie down. It's bled a good deal."

"Yes," Felix remarked; "look at my collar!"

They all looked and were duly amazed.

"How did it get there?" Paul asked. "You daubed it there when you put your arms round my neck."

"You are so blunt, Felix, that you make me squirm," he said, flushing and laughing nervously. "How many more yards are you going to wind on there, doctor? I am in rather a hurry to go."

"Go where?" he asked surprised. "Back to town; I'm going by this 6.35 train."

"That is impossible," he said gravely. "I must veto that; you are not in a fit state."

"Hello, Paul Farley, Esquire! What did I tell you?"

"I don't care what anybody tells me, I am going back by that train."

"I say you are not, Farley; and as a medical man I expect to be obeyed."

Paul laid his head back on the cushions, and Agnes thought by the quiver of his lips he was going to cry. She was frightened, nervous, and fearfully excited. She gripped the doctor's shoulder and when he turned she made all sorts of wonderful signs and unedifying grimaces, which he translated and gathered she did not wish the young man to stay. He thought she was inconsiderate and inconsistent, and his expressive eyes told her so and also that she would not gain her point.

"I have been trying to persuade Farley to lie down for an hour; and when he is rested and has had a substantial breakfast it will be time enough then to decide which train he will go by."

"Quite. Here, Felix, you are the right person to see after him; just take him in hand and don't let him do anything foolish. Is there a fire upstairs anywhere?—why, Farley, your pulse is—"

"I don't care a hang about my pulse; all I want is to get back. I have never fussed about myself, and I don't intend. I'll put my hand in a sling; it will do very well. I shall be all right."

"My dear lad, you won't be all right; you'll be in bed, and that is where you ought to be now."

"I can't go to bed, I have too much to do. Look here, doctor, it's of the utmost importance that I get back to London by this first train. I have a reason, an all-sufficient reason, for returning, and I must insist. I am determined to go."

"Tell it to me," Hunter said calmly; "let me judge whether it is of more importance than your health, perhaps your life."

"I can't tell. It's—it's—"

"Is there a woman in the case?"

"Yes," he said, catching at anything, "there's a woman in it, and I must go back."

"I'll send her a wire for you. No woman is worth risking your life for. What's the address?"

"Good heavens! I don't know; I mean I can't remember—I can't tell you. I say, doctor, I must go!"

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is an end of it; and send a wire to say so—nothing more simple. "I don't wish to keep Mr. Farley here, as he is so dead set against staying," Felix interposed stiffly, and the formal "Mr." struck a chill to Paul's heart.

"He is not against stopping here; it's this foolery in town. Now, my dear lad, at your age and with your experience, and in this excited state, I darestay this affair appears to you the acme of importance, essential to your existence, worth risking life or limb to accomplish. But it's nothing of the kind, I assure you. I have been young myself, and I know exactly how you feel; you would sacrifice everything to this ardent desire. But the world is plegmatic, it does not live at this high pressure, nobody requires impossibilities or expects miracles in these sluggish calculating days of materialism; no one will thank you or appreciate this enormous expenditure of carbon. It's a dead loss, and will take weeks to replace. Give me that address and go to bed. I won't give you up with a pulse like that. Here, Felix, he will stay now if you ask him prettily. Put him to bed; take care of him. You'll do it better than any woman I know."

"Now," she whispered; "look now." He clasped his fingers on it, looked at her flushed face, her greatly dilated eyes, and paused in his eloquent disquisition on the loss of vital power from nerve centres and other interesting evils flesh is said to be heir to, and looked round for a convenient spot to peruse the private missive. Felix was bending over Paul, his handsome face greatly distressed; he might keep in that posture a few seconds of time, and with that thought uppermost, the doctor stepped to the table and held the paper close to the lamp. Agnes, watching his face in the light, her heart throbbing, a strange coldness pervading her limbs, saw some of its floridness fade, and a doubtful, an incredulous expression creep into his eyes. He crumpled the paper, gazed earnestly and questioningly across at her, and in the frightened suppressed excitement of her whole demeanor he read a truthful confirmation of the

They both stood looking down at the long figure extended in the easy chair while they argued with the refractory invalid in their honeyest, and most seductive style, but an angel from heaven, a clarion-toned seraph would have made little impression upon Paul. Agnes, unnoticed, forgotten in the buzz of contention, was standing at a further end of the room wringing on a piece of paper in a clear round hand. She blotted it and tore the portion containing the three bold lines from the sheet of notepaper, and joined the doctor's trio, pressing close to the doctor's side. She gave his arm an alarming pinch, and surreptitiously pushed the paper into his hand.

"Now," she whispered; "look now." He clasped his fingers on it, looked at her flushed face, her greatly dilated eyes, and paused in his eloquent disquisition on the loss of vital power from nerve centres and other interesting evils flesh is said to be heir to, and looked round for a convenient spot to peruse the private missive. Felix was bending over Paul, his handsome face greatly distressed; he might keep in that posture a few seconds of time, and with that thought uppermost, the doctor stepped to the table and held the paper close to the lamp. Agnes, watching his face in the light, her heart throbbing, a strange coldness pervading her limbs, saw some of its floridness fade, and a doubtful, an incredulous expression creep into his eyes. He crumpled the paper, gazed earnestly and questioningly across at her, and in the frightened suppressed excitement of her whole demeanor he read a truthful confirmation of the

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