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W. H. BEAN

Site of a Once Great Lake. The United States geological survey has traced the early geological history of the region that includes the present Great Salt lake. In the pleistocene epoch western Utah contained a vast lake called by geologists Lake Bonneville. It was 346 miles long, 145 miles wide and over 1,000 feet deep. It covered an area of nearly 20,000 square miles-a tract twice as large as the land surface of the state of Maryland. The surface of the lake was about 5,200 feet above the present sea level, or about 1,000 feet above the level of Great Salt lake. If the lake existed at present Deseret would be covered by 600 feet of water, Nephl, Oak City, Holden, Fillmore and Kanosh would be at or near the shore, and Joy and Utah Mine

Her Milking Stool.

would be situated on islands.

He-Then, if you are willing, we will be married at once, but we will not live in the close, crowded city. will purchase a little farm, and we will live on it and be as happy as turtledoves.

She-And I shall be a farmer's wife? "Yes, my darling."

"And what do you think, John? You won't have to buy a milking stool for me, for I've got one already." "You have?"

"Oh, yes, the prettiest you ever saw -decorated with handsome plush and charry colored ribbons."

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CHAPTER I.

The Plainsman. The man was riding just below the summit of the ridge, occasionally uplifting his head so as to gaze across the crest, shading his eyes with one hand, to thus better concentrate his vision. Both horse and rider plainly exhibited signs of weariness, but every movement of the latter showed ceaseless vigilance, his glance roaming the barren ridges, a brown Winchester lying cocked across the saddle pommel, his left hand taut on the rein. Yet the horse he bestrode scarcely required restraint, advancing glowly, with head hanging low, and only occasionally breaking into a brief trot under the impetus of the

The rider was a man approaching thirty, somewhat slender and long of limb, but possessing broad, squared shoulders above a deep chest, sitting the saddle easily in plainsman fashion, yet with an erectness of carriage which suggested military training. The face under the wide brim of the weather-worn slouch hat was cleanshaven, browned by sun and wind, and strongly marked, the chin slightly prominent, the mouth firm, the gray eyes full of character and daring. His dress was that of rough service, plain leather "chaps," showing marks of hard usage, a gray woolen shirt turned low at the neck, with a kerchief knotted loosely about the sinewy bronzed throat. At one hip dangled the holster of a "forty-five," on the other hung a canvas-covered canteen. His was figure and face to be noted anywhere, a man from whom you would expect both thought and action, and one who seemed to exactly fit Into his wild environment.

Where he rode was the very western extreme of the prairie country, billowed like the sea, and from off the crest of its higher ridges, the wide level sweep of the plains was visible, extending like a vast brown ocean to the foothills of the far-away mountains. Yet the actual commencement of that drear, barren expanse was fully ten miles distant, while all about where he rode the conformation was irregular, comprising narrow valleys and swelling mounds, with here and there a sharp ravine, riven from the rock and invisible until one drew up startled at its very brink. The general trend of depression was undoubtedly southward leading toward the valley of the Arkansas, yet irregular ridges occasionally cut across, adding to the confusion. The entire surrounding landscape presented the same aspect, with no special object upon which the eye could rest for guidance-no tree, no upheaval of rock, no peculiarity of summit, no snake-like trail-all about extended senior at William and Mary's College, the same dull, dead monotony of brown, sun-baked hills, with slightly greener depressions lying between, interspersed by patches of sand or the white gleam of alkali. It was a dreary, deserted land, parched under the hot summer sun, brightened by no vegetation, excepting sparse bunches of buffalo grass or an occasional stunted sage bush, and disclosing nowhere the slightest sign of human habitation

The rising sun reddened the crest of the hills, and the rider, halting his willing horse, sat motionless, gazing steadily into the southwest. Apparently he perceived nothing there unusual, for he slowly turned his body about in the saddle, sweeping his eyes, inch by inch, along the line of the horizon, until the entire circuit had been completed. Then his compressed lips smiled slightly, his hand unconsciously patting the horse's

"I reckon we're still alone, old girl," he said quietly, a bit of Southern drawl in the voice. "We'll try for the trail, and take it easy." He swung stiffly out of the saddle

and with reins dangling over his shoulder, began the slower advance on foot, the exhausted horse trailing behind. His was not a situation in which one could feel certain of safety, for any ridge might conceal the wary foemen he sought to avoid, yet he proceeded now with renewed confidence. It was the summer of 1868, and the of army life made such a task implace the very heart of the Indian country, with every separate tribe panging between the Yellowstone and the Brazos, either restless or openly on the war-path. Rumors of atrocities were being retold the length and breadth of the border, and every report drifting in to either fort or settlement only added to the alarm. For once at least the Plains Indians had discovered a common cause, tribal differences had been adjusted in war against the white invaders, and Riowas, Comanches, Arapahoes, Cheyennes and Sioux had become welded tegether in savage brotherhood. To oppose them were the scattered and unorganized settlers lining the more eastern streams, guarded by small detachments of regular troops posted here and there amid that broad wilderness, scarcely within touch of each

sther. Everywhere beyond these liues of

patrol wandered roaming war parties, attacking travelers on the trails, raiding exposed settlements, and occasionally venturing to try open battle with the small squads of armed men. In this stress of sudden emergencyevery available soldier on active duty -civilians had been pressed into service, and hastily despatched to warn exposed settlers, guide wagon trains, or carry despatches between outposts. And thus our rider, Jack Keith, who knew every foot of the plains lying between the Republican and the Canadian rivers, was one of these thus suddenly requisitioned, merely because he chanced to be discovered unemployed by the harassed commander of a cantonment just without the environs of Carson City. Twenty minutes later he was riding swiftly into northwest, bearing important news to General Sheridan, commander of the Department, who happened at that moment to be at Fort Cairnes. To Keith this had been merely another page in a career of adventure; for him to take his life in his hands had long ago become an old story. He had quietly performed the special duty allotted him, watched a squadron of troopers trot forth down the valley of the Republican, received the hasty thanks of the peppery little general, and then, having nothing better to do, traded his horse in at the government corral for a fresh mount and started back again for Carson City. For the greater portion of two nights and a day he had been in the saddle. but he was accustomed to this, for he had driven more than one bunch of longhorns up the Texas trail; and as he had slept three hours at Cairnes, and as his nerves were like steel, the thought of danger gave him slight concern. He was thoroughly tired, and it rested him to get out of the saddle, while the freshness of the morning air was a tonic, the very breath of which made him forgetful of fatigue.

After all, this was indeed the very sort of experience which appealed to him, and always had-this life of peril in the open, under the stars and the sky. He had constantly experienced it for so long now, eight years. as to make it seem merely natural. While he ploughed steadily forward through the shifting sand of the coulee, his thought drifted idly back over those years, and sometimes he smiled and occasionally frowned, as various incidents returned to memory. It had been a rough life, yet one not unusual to those of his generation. Born of excellent family in tidewater Virginia, his father a successful planter, his mother had died while he was still in early boyhood, and he had grown up cut off from all womanly influence. He had barely attained his majority, a when the Civil War came; and one month after Virginia cast in her lot with the South, he became a sergeant in a cavalry regiment commanded by his father. He had enjoyed that life and won his spurs, yet it had cost There was much not over-pleasant to remember, and those strenuous years of almost ceaseless fighting, of long night marches, of swift, merciless raiding, of lonely scouting within the enemy's lines, of severe wounds. hardship and suffering, had left their marks on both body and soul. His father had fallen on the field at Antie tam, and left him utterly alone in the world, but he had fought on grimly to the end, until the last flag of the Confederacy had been furled. By that time, upon the collar of his tattered gray jacket appeared the tarnished insignia of a captain. The quick tears dimmed his eyes even now as he recalled anew that final parting following Appomattox, the battle-worn faces of his men, and his own painful journey homeward, defeated, wounded and penniless. It was no home when he got there, only a heap of ashes and a few weed-grown acres. No familiar face greeted him; not even a slave was left.

He had honestly endeavored to re main there, to face the future and work it out alone; he persuaded himself to feel that this was his paramount duty to the state, to the memory of the dead. But those very years possible; the dull, dead monotony of routine, the loneliness, the slowness of results, became intolerable. As it came to thousands of his comrades, the call of the West came to him, and at last he yielded, and drifted toward the frontier. The life there fascinated him, drawing him deeper and deeper into its swirling vortex. He became freighter, mail carrier, hunter, government scout, cowboy, foreman Once he had drifted into the mountains, and took a chance in the mines, but the wide plains called him back once more to their desert loneliness. What an utter waste it all seemed, now that he looked back upon it. Eight years of fighting, hardship and rough living, and what had they brought him? The reputation of a hard rider, a daring player at cards a quick shot, a scorner of danger, and a bad man to fool with-that was t

whole of a record hardly won. -

man's eyes hardened, his lips set firmly, as this truth came crushing home. A pretty life story surely, one to be proud of, and with probably no better ending than an Indian bullet, or the flash of a revolver in some barroom

The narrow valley along which he was traveling suddenly changed its direction, compelling him to climb the rise of the ridge. Slightly below the summit he halted. In front extended the wide expanse of the Arkansas valley, a scene of splendor under the golden rays of the sun, with vivid contrast of colors, the gray of rocks, the yellow of sand, the brown of distant hills, the green of vegetation, and the silver sheen of the stream half hidden behind the fringe of cottonwoods lining its banks. This was a sight Keith had often looked upon but always with appreciation, and for the moment his eyes swept across from bluff to bluff without thought except for its wild beauty. Then he perceived something which instantly startled him into attention-yonder. close beside the river, just beyond that ragged bunch of cottonwoods. slender spirals of blue smoke were visible. That would hardly be a camp of freighters at this hour of the day. and besides, the Santa Fe trail along here ran close in against the bluff, coming down to the river at the ford a fire in so exposed a spot, and no small company would take the chances of the trail. But surely that wagon top a little to the right of the smoke, yet all was so far away he could not be certain. He stared in that direction a long while, shading his eyes with both hands, unable to decide. There were three or four moving black dots higher up the river, but so far away he could not distinguish whether men, or animals. Only as outlined against the yellow sand dunes could be tell they were advancing all: westward toward the ford.

determined to solve the mystery and unwilling to remain hidden there undown into the valley. It was a rughalf hour of toil won them the lower prairie, the winding path preventing Summer Waists and Shirts. the slightest view of what might be meanwhile transpiring below. Once safely out in the valley the river could no longer be seen, while barely a hundred yards away, winding along like a great serpent, ran the deeply rutted trail to Santa Fe. In neither direction appeared any sign of human life. As near as he could determine from those distant cottonwoods outlined against the sky, for the smoke spirals were too thin by then to be observed, the spot sought must be considerably to the right of where he had emerged. With this idea in mind he advanced cautiously, his every sense alert, searching anxiously for fresh signs of passage or evidence of a wagon train having deserted the beaten track, and turned south. The traff itself, dustless and packed hard, revealed nothing, but some five hundred yards beyond the ravine he discovered what he sought-here two wagons had turned sharply to the left, their wheels cutting deeply enough into the prairie sod to show them heavily laden. With the experience of the border he was able to determine that these wagons were drawn by mules two span of each, their small hoofs clearly defined on the turf, and that they were being driven rapidly, on a sharp trot as they turned, and then, a hundred feet further, at a slashing gallop. Just outside their trail ap-



Slender Spirals of Blue Smoke Were Visible.

peared the marks of a galloping horse. A few rods farther along Keith came to a confused blur of pony tracks sweeping in from the east, and the whole story of the chase was revealed as though he had witnessed it with his own eyes. They must have been crazy, or else impelled by some grave necessity, to venture along this trail in so small a party. And they were traveling west-west! Keith drew a deep breath, and swore to himself "Of all the blame fools!"

He perceived the picture in all its grewsome details -- the two drawn wagons moving slowly along the trail in the early morning; the band of hostile Indians suddenly swooping out from some obscure hiding place in the bluffs; the discovery of their presence; the desperate effort at escape; the swerving from the en trail in vain hope of reaching

elver and finding protection un-... the frightened , lashed into g

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two miles further west. No party of Is our last day of business in this town. There is only left 10 days more to clear our stock, which it consists of large assortment of Men's and Boys' Suits, Ladies' dressappeared to be the flap of a canvas es, Dress Goods, Dry Goods, and Gents' Furnishings. Also an assortment of Boots and Shoes for Men, Women and Children, to be sold at cost, and below cost. We are prepared to give to our customers the best bargains they ever got before in order to clear the stock as much as possible. No doubt every person will make money buying from us in the next ten days. We will mention a few articles with prices as space prevents to mention them

Decidedly puzzled by all this, yet Reg. 8c Linen Towelling a yd for ...05 Men's Overalls worth \$1, \$1.25 for .. 79 slant of the ridge, until he attained a 12c Flannell, a yard for.... 09 Men's Suits reg. \$8. for..........4.50 15c Shirting, " ged gash, nearly impassable, but a Big reductions in all lines of Dress Regular \$16. Suits for9.98

.. " ..09 Men's Odd Pants, worth \$1.50 for ... 98 Big reductions in Men's top shirts and

Big Quantity of Wool Wanted.

Farmers Produce taken, also Cash for Wool.

LEVINE

frenzy by the man on horseback; the pounding of the ponies' hoofs, punctuated by the exultant yells of the pursuers. Again he swore: "Of all the blame fools!"

CHAPTER II

The Scene of Tragedy.

Whatever might be the nature of the tragedy it would be over with long buffer is 39 feet, its weight 37,000 before this, and those moving black | pounds, and its carrying capacity spots away yonder to the west, that 80,000 pounds. The length of he had discerned from the bluff, were these locomotives from pilot to undoubtedly the departing raiders. There was nothing left for Keith to do except determine the fate of the unfortunates, and give their bodies decent burial. That any had escaped, 000 horsepower and can haul on or yet lived, was altogether unlikely, the level at least 75 cars, or on an unless, perchance, women had been in average of 50 cars over the whole the party, in which case they would have been borne away prisoners.

Confident that no hostiles would be left behind to observe his movements. Keith pressed steadily forward, leadfully half a mile before coming upon any evidence of a fight-here the pursuers had apparently come up with the wagons, and circled out upon either side. From their ponies' tracks there must have been a dozen in the band. Perhaps a hundred yards further along lay two dead ponies. Keith examined them closely-both had been ridden with saddles, the marks of the cinches plainly visible. Evidently one of the wagon mules had also dropped in the traces here, and had been dragged along by his mates. Just beyond came a sudden depression in the prairie down which the wagons had plunged so heavily as to break one of the axles; the wheel lay a few yards away, and, somewhat to the right, there lay the wreck of the wagon itself, two dead mules still in the traces, the vehicle stripped of contents and charred by fire. A hundred feet further along was the other wagon, its tongue broken, the canvas top ripped open, while between the two were scattered odds and ends of wearing apparel and provisions, with a pile of boxes smoking grimly. The remaining mules were gone, and no Keith dropped his reins over his troying his breeding place. horse's head, and, with Winchester cocked and ready, advanced cautiously.

Death from violence had long since an instant as his eyes perceived the est report on the fly. figure of a man lying motionless across the broken wagon tongue. The grizzled hair and beard were streaked with blood, the face almost unrecognizable, while the hands yet grasped a bent and shattered rifle. Evidently especially milk. the man had died fighting, beaten down by overwhelming numbers after expending his last shot. Then those fiends had scalped and left him where

BUYS NINETY-TWO MILES OF NEW BOX CARS.

An expenditure of \$19,000,000 has been authorized by the Board of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for the purchase of 12,500 additional freight cars and 300 more locomotives, and orders have been placed for the necessary additional equipment. The freight cars will cost \$14,000,000 and the locomotives \$5,000,000. The length of a freight car from buffer to buffer of the tender is about 69 feet and its weight, in working order. 175 tons. Each tender carries 5,000 gallons of water and 13 tons of coal. Each locomotive is of 15,system. String these cars in one long line and they would reach a distance of 92 miles-from Montreal

more than half-way to Quebec. The 12,500 freight cars would make up 250 trains, and would have ing his horse. He had thus traversed a carrying capacity of 40 tons on the average, a total capacity of half a million tons. The motive power of the 300 new locomotives aggregates 450,000 horsepower.

PREDICT THAT SCOTT HAS REACHED SOUTH POLE.

Two members. Cheetham and Clissold, of Commander Scott's Antarctic expedition, arrived at Plymouth, England. on Wednesday night of last week.

The men said they were confident their leader had reached the South Pole and added that but for the early formation of ice, Scott would have reached home this year. They were greatly disappointed to learn that Amundsen had first reached the pole, but point out that fine weather and a good route were great speed factors in the Norseman's success.

KILL THE FLY, OR IT WILL KILL THE BABY, IS VERDICT. From The Toronto News.

"Kill the fly before it kills your baby" is the latest warning of Dr. C. J. O. Hastings, Medical Health Officer, who is now laying plans for a vigorous and far-reaching "swat the fly" campaign this summer. The main argument is that semblance of life remained anywhere. the fly may be eliminated by des-

"The increase in typhoid in the late summer months and the early fall is attributable, to a large extent, to the house fly. This is also true of the various diarrhoeal become almost a commonplace occur- diseases of infants and children in rence to Keith, yet now he shrank for the summer months," says the lat-

The M. H. O.'s list of "dont's" is as follows: Don't allow flies in your house. Don't allow any breeding places

for flies. Don't allow them near the food, Don't buy food or confectionery

that has been exposed to flies. Don't eat where flies have access. Flies in the home indicate careless housekeeping.

Continued on page 7.