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W. H. BEAN

POPULAR TEACHER DEAD.

Many former pupils of Mr. Henry De La Matter, B. A., will learn with regret of his death at his residence, 673 Euclid Avenue. The late Mr. De La Matter was in his 75th year, and had spent a long life in the teaching profession. He was born in 1838, at Pelham, Ont., where his only surviving brother, Ira De La Matter, B.A., still lives.

The late Mr. De La Matter was the son of the late Captain De La Matter and Mary Vanderburg. Educated in the Public schools of Wellington county, and at Toronto University, he was graduated in 1870, subsequently taking a course of instruction under the Hon. Horace Mann, of Antioch, Ohio.

Mr. De La Matter began teaching in Fonthill High school, where he spent eight years. He was principal of Warton High school for five years and of Owen Sound Collegiate Institute for 14 years. He was also for a considerable period classical master of Williamsville, N. Y., Classical Institute.

A few of his pupils are Hon. A. G. MacKay, Dr. Forbes Godfrey, M. P.; Prof. Fletcher McLaughlin, of Victoria University; Dr. McCullough of the Parliament Buildings; and the late Judge Hatton.

His widow and five daughters survive. The funeral was held at Owen Sound last Monday morning.

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KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL DARRISH
AUTHOR OF 'MY LADY OF THE SOUTH', 'WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING', ETC.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN HELVILL.

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CHAPTER III

An Arrest

The Santa Fe trail was far too exposed to be safely traveled alone and in broad daylight, but Keith considered it better to put sufficient space between himself and those whom he felt confident were still watching his movements from across the river. How much they might already suspicion his discoveries he possessed no means of knowing, yet, conscious of their own guilt, they might easily feel safer if he were also put out of the way. He had no anticipation of open attack but must guard against treachery. As he rode, his eyes never left those far-away sand dunes, although he perceived no movement, no black dot even which he could conceive to be a possible enemy. Now that he possessed ample time for thought, the situation became more puzzling. This tragedy which he had accidentally stumbled upon must have had a cause other than blind chance. It was the culmination of a plot, with some reason behind more important than ordinary robbery. Apparently the wagons contained nothing of value, merely the clothing, provisions, and ordinary utensils of an emigrant party. Nor had the wagons' pockets been carefully searched. Only the mules had been taken by the raiders, and they would be small booty for such a crime.

The trail, continually shifting the high bluff and bearing farther away from the river, turned sharply into a narrow ravine. There was a considerable break in the rocky barrier here, leading back for perhaps a hundred yards, and the plainsman turned, his horse that way, dismounting when out of sight among the boulders. He could rest here until night with little danger of discovery. He lay down on the rocks, following his head on the saddle, but his brain was too active



A Bullet Chugged Into the Ground at His Feet.

to permit sleeping. Finally he drew the letters from out his pocket, and began examining them. They yielded very little information, those taken from the older man having no envelopes to show to whom they had been addressed. The single document found in the pocket of the other was a memorandum of account at the Pioneer Store at Topeka, charged to John Sibley, and marked paid. This then must have been the younger man's name, as the letters to the other began occasionally "Dear Will." They were missives such as a wife might write to a husband long absent, yet upon a mission of deep interest to both. Keith could not fully determine what this mission might be, as the persons evidently understood each other so thoroughly that mere allusion took the place of detail. Twice the name Phyllis was mentioned, and once a "Fred" was also referred to, but in neither instance clearly enough to reveal the relationship, although the latter appeared to be pleaded for. Certain references caused the belief that these letters had been mailed from some small Missouri town, but no name was mentioned. They were invariably signed "Mary." The only other paper Keith discovered was a brief itinerary of the Santa Fe trail extending as far west as the Raton Mountains, giving the usual camping spots and places where water was accessible. He slipped the papers back into his pocket with a distinct feeling of disappointment, and lay back staring up at the little strip of blue sky. The silence was profound, even his horse standing motionless, and finally he fell asleep.

The sun had disappeared, and even the gray of twilight was fading out of the sky, when Keith returned again to consciousness, aroused by his horse rolling on the soft turf. He awoke thoroughly refreshed, and eager to get away on his long night's ride. A cold lunch, hastily eaten, for a fire would have been dangerous,

"Sure thing; got the warrant here," and he tapped the breast of his shirt with his left hand.

The color mounted into the cheeks of the other, his lips grew set and white, and his gray eyes darkened.

"Let it all out, Marshal," he said sternly, "you've got me roped and tied. Now what's the charge?"

Neither man moved, but the one below swung about so as to face them, one hand thrust out of sight beneath the tail of his long coat.

"Make him throw up his hands, Bob," he said sharply.

"Oh, I reckon that ain't goin' ter be no trouble," returned the marshal gently yet with no relaxation of attention. "Keith knows me, an' expects a fair deal. Still, maybe I better see 'bout that yer belt, Jack."

Keith seemed to hesitate, and by the situation and the way in which his lips smiled, and he unhooked the belt, handing it over.



"Are You Goin' to Raise a Row, or Come Along Quietly?"

"Sure, I know you're square, Hicks," he said, coolly. "And now I've unlimbered, kindly inform me what this is all about."

"I reckon yer don't know."

"No more than an unborn babe. I have been here but an hour."

"That's it; if yer had been longer that wouldn't be no trouble. Yer wanted for killin' a couple o' men out at Cimmaron Crossin' early yesterday mornin'."

Keith stared at him too completely astounded for the instant to even speak. Then he gasped.

"For God's sake, Hicks, do you believe that?"

"I'm damned if I know," returned the marshal, doubtfully. "Don't seem like ye'd do it, but the evidence is straight 'nough, an' that ain't nothin' fer me ter do but take ye in. I ain't no judge an' jury."

"No, but you ought to have ordinary sense, an' you've known me for three years."

"Sure I have, Jack, but if yee've gone wrong, you won't be the first good man I've seen do it. Anyhow, the evidence is dead agin you, an' I'd arrest my own grand-dad if they give me a warrant agin him."

"What evidence is there?"

"Five men swear they saw ye haulin' the bodies about, an' lootin' the pockets."

Then Keith understood, his heart beating rapidly, his teeth clenched to keep back an outburst of passion. So that was their game, was it?—some act of his had awakened the cowardly suspicions of those watching him across the river. They were afraid that he knew them as white men. And they had found a way to safely muzzle him. They must have ridden hard over those sand dunes to have reached Carson City and sworn out this warrant. It was a good trick, likely enough to hang him, if the fellows only stuck to their story. All this flashed through his brain, yet somehow he could not clearly comprehend the full meaning, his mind confused and dazed by this sudden realization of danger. His eyes wandered from the steady gaze of the marshal, who had half drawn his gun fearing resistance, to the man at the bottom of the steps. Suddenly it dawned upon him where he had seen that dark-skinned face, with the black goatee, before—at the faro table of the "Red Light." He gripped his hands together, instantly connecting that sneering, sinister face with the plot.

"Who swore out that warrant?"

"I did, if you need to know," a sarcastic smile revealing a gleam of white teeth, "on the affidavit of others, friends of mine."

"Why are you?"

"I'm mostly called 'Black Bart.'"

That was it; he had the name now—"Black Bart." He straightened up so quickly, his eyes blazing, that the marshal jerked his gun clear.

"See here, Jack," shortly, "are yer goin' to raise a row, or come along quiet?"

As though the words had aroused him from a bad dream, Keith turned to front the stern, bearded face.

"There'll be no row, Bob," he said, quietly. "I'll go with you."

Continued next week.

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ALONG SCIENTIFIC LINES

The long-considered project of utilizing the water power of the River Rhone at a point about 250 miles from Paris for the purpose of supplying the French metropolis with electric light and power, has now progressed to such a degree that plans have been completed for the dam and power plant.

The pigment of the yolk of eggs, lately isolated by two German chemists, proves to be a crystalline compound related to xanthophyll, the yellow coloring matter of autumn leaves. To obtain carcey an eighth of an ounce of pure pigment, it was necessary to use not less than 6000 eggs.

Radium emits three streams of minute particles. These all carry definite charges of electricity, which made their discovery possible. No microscope could detect them, but they became apparent under proper conditions because of the electrical charge.

The bureau of manufactures in Washington have received samples of cloth made in England by a process recently perfected, from the fibre of Posidonia australis, a species of seaweed found in the southern seas. Experiments made at Manchester University show that the fibre, after treatment, is soft, pliable, strong, much like wool in its disposition to curl and twist, and easy to spin in its raw state. It takes dye well, except green.

GUESSED AT LAST.

The philosopher was sitting on a bench in the park, thinking about the wyness of the wherefore when a man rushed by him. The fugitive was followed by another man, who yelled at the philosopher:

"Catch him! Lay hands on him!"

But the philosopher did not budge.

"Are you deaf? Why did you not hold that murderer?"

"Murderer? What is a murderer, sir?"

"What a question! A murderer is one who kills."

"Oh, you mean a butcher, then?"

"What an idiot! I mean one who kills another man."

"I see. You mean a soldier."

"Stupid! A murderer is one who kills another man in time of peace."

"Now I have it. You mean an executioner."

"I never saw such stupidity! I mean a man who comes to the house of another and kills him."

"Oh, oh! I have it at last! A physician."

The man looked at the philosopher for a few seconds and then rushed away, pondering over the last guess.

FOR SLEEPLESSNESS.

The grand remedy for sleeplessness is to give up trying to sleep. It won't hurt you to stay awake all night if you must; you will be sure to sleep all the better the next night. At any rate, you can lie and rest. Get up if you feel like it, get a drink of water, rearrange your bedclothing. Make yourself as comfortable as possible. Now, calmly and deliberately make up your mind to wait for morning. Let your thoughts wander idly as they please, only keep the idea of rest in your mind as much as possible. There isn't more than one chance in a hundred that you won't fall off to sleep within fifteen minutes.—July Woman's World.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

The beautiful things are the things we do; they are not the things we wear; as we shall find when the journey's through, and the roll-call's read up there. We're illustrating the latest styles with raiment that beats the band, but the beautiful things are the kindly smiles that go with the helping hand. We burden ourselves with gleaming gems, that neighbors may stop and stare; but the beautiful things are the diadems and stars that the righteous wear. There are beautiful things in the poor man's cot, though empty the hearth and cold, if love and service are in each thought that husband and wife may hold. There are beautiful things in the lowest slum where wandering outcasts grope, when down to its depths they see you come, with message of help and hope. The beautiful things that we mortals buy and flash in the crowded street, will all be junk when we come to die, and march to the judgment seat. When everything's weighed on that fateful day, the lightest thing will be gold. There are beautiful things within reach to-day, but they are not bought or sold.—Walt. Mason.