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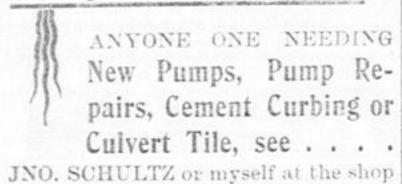
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#### W. H. BEAN

POPULAR TEACHER DEAD. Many former pupils of Mr. Henry De La Matter, B. A., will residence, 673 Euclid Avenue. The late Mr. De La Matter was in 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 son of the late Captain De La They were missives such as a wife Matter and Mary Vanderburg. Educated in the Public schools Wellington county, and at Toronto University, he was graduated in 1870, subsequently taking a course of instruction under the Hon. Hor- as the persons evidently understood ace Mann, of Antioch, Ohio.

in Fonthill High school, where he Twice the name Phyllis was mentionspent eight years. He was principal of Wiarton High school for five vears and of Owen Sound Collegiate Institute for 14 years. He was also for a considerable period classical master of Williamsville, N. be pleaded for. Certain references Y., Classical Institute.

G. MacKay, Dr. Forbes Godfrey, M. of Victoria University: Dr. McCullough of the Parliament Buildings:

and the late Judge Hatton. His widow and five daughters

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are made according to a formula in use nearly a century ago among the Indians, and learned from them by Dr. Morse. Though repeated attempts have been made, by physicians and chemists, it has been found impossible to improve the formula or the pills. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are a household remedy throughout the world for Constipation and all Kidney and Liver troubles. They act promptly and effectively, and

Cleanse the System



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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 victims' pockets been careully scarceed. Only the mules had been taken by the raiders, and they would be small looty for such a

The trail continually skirting the high bluff and bearing farther away from the river, turned sharply into .: 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 o the rocks, allowing 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 yield ed very little information, those tak en from the older man having no en velopes to show to whom they had learn with regret of his death at his 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 oth-The late Mr. De La Matter was er began occasionally "Dear Will." 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, each other so thoroughly that mere Mr. De La Matter began teaching allusion took the place of detail ed, and once a "Fred" was also referred to, but in neither instance clearly enough to reveal the relationship, although the latter appeared to caused the belief that these letters had A few of his pupils are Hon. A. been mailed from some small Missouri town, but no name was men-P. P.: Prof. Fletcher McLaughlin, tioned. They were invariably signed "Mary." The only other paper Keith discovered was a brief itinerary of the Santa Fe trail extending as far west survive. The funeral was held at as the Raton Mountains, giving the Owen Sound last Monday morning. usual camping spots and places whe e water was accessible. He slipped t e 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 mo-

tionless, 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

and he saddled up and was of trotting out of the narrow ravine and into the broad trail, which could be followed without difficulty under the dull gleam of the stars. Horse and rider were soon at their best, the animal swinging unurged into the long, easy lope of prairie travel, the fresh air fanning the man's face as he leaned forward. Once they halted to drink from a narrow stream, and then pushed on, hour after hour, through the deserted night. Keith had little fear of Indian raiders in that darkness, and every stride of his horse brought him closer to the settlements and further removed from danger. Yet eves and ears were alert to every shadow and sound. Once, it must have been after midnight, he drew his pony sharply back into a rock shadow at the noise of something approach ing from the east. The stage to Santa Fe rattled past, the four mules trotting swiftly, a squad of troopers riding hard behind. It was merely a lumping shadow sweeping swiftly past; he could perceive the dim outlines of driver and guard, the soldiers swaying in their saddles, board the pounding of hoofs, the creat and then the apparition into the black void. He had ed out-what was the use" " o a ple would never pause to have prairie outlaws, and their coard was sufficient to prevent attack. They ac-

mail through on time. The dust of their passing still in the air. Keith rode on, the noise dying away in his rear. As the hours passled, his horse wearied and had to be spurred into the swifter stride, but the man seemed tireless. The sun was an hour high when they climbed the long hill, and loped into Carson City. The cantonment was to the right, but Keith, having no report to make, rode directly ahead down the one long

street to a livery corral, leaving his

horse there, and sought the nearest

knowledged but one duty-to get the

restaurant. Exhausted by a night of high play and deep drinking, the border town was sleeping off its debauch, saloons and gambling dens silent, the streets almost deserted. To Keith, whose forbeen entirely after nightfall, the view of it now was almost a shock-the miserable shacks, the gaudy saloon fronts, the littered streets, the dingy, unpainted hotel, the dirty flap of canvas, the unoccupied road, the dull prairie sweeping away to the horizon, all composed a hideous picture beneath the sun glare. He could scarceby find a man to attend his horse, and at the restaurant a drowsy Chinaman had to be shaken awake, and frightened into serving him. He sat down to the miserable meal oppressed with | pockets." disgust-never before had his life out excuse.

He possessed the appetite of the open, of the normal man in perfect physical health, and he ate heartily. his eyes wandering out of the open window down the long, dismal street. A drunken man lay in front of the "Red Light" saloon sleeping undisturbed: two cur dogs were snarling at each other just beyond over a bone; a movers' wagon was slowly coming in across the open through a cloud of yellow dust. That was all within the radius of vision. For the first time in years the East called him-the old life of cleanliness and respectability. He swore to himself as he tossed the Chinaman pay for his breakfast, and strode out onto the steps. Two men were coming up the street together from the opposite direction-one lean, dark-skinned, with black goatee, the other heavily set with closely trimmed gray beard. Keith knew the latter, and waited, leaning against the door, one hand on his hip.

"Hullo, Bob," he said genially; "they must have routed you out pretty early today."

"They shore did, Jack," was the response. He came up the steps somewhat heavily, his companion stopping below. "The boys raise hell all night, an' then come ter me ter straighten it out in the mawnin'. When did ye git in?"

"An hour ago; had to wake the 'chink' up to get any chuck. Town looks dead."

"Tain't over lively at this time of day," permitting his blue eyes to wander up the silent street, but instantly bringing them back to Keith's face, "but I reckon it'll wake up later on."

He stood squarely on both feet, and one hand rested on the butt of a revolver. Keith noticed this, wondering vaguely.

"I reckon yer know, Jack, as how I ginerally git what I goes after," said the slow, drawling voice, "an' that I draw 'bout as quick as any o' the boys. They tell me yo're a gun-fighter, but it won't do ye no good ter make a play yere, fer one o' us is sure

to git yer-do yer sabe?" "Get me?" Keith's voice and face

expressed astonishment, but not a muscle of his body moved. "What do ride. A cold lunch, hastily eaten, for you mean, Bob are you fellows after 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 thar ain't goin' ter be no trouble," returned the marshal genially yet with no relaxation of at-' Keith knows me, an' exneces a fair deal. Still, maybe I betr o mich ver belt, Jack." semed to hesitate, d by the situation and to see some way of es-

on his lips smiled, and he unhooked the belt, handing it



"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 recken 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 thar wouldn't be no trouble. Yo're 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' thar ain't nothin' mer acquaintance with the place had | fer me ter do but take ye in. I ain't no jedge an' jury."

"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, and lootin' the

seemed so mean, useless, utterly with 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 goa tee, 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.

When your child has whooping Hospital. loose and expectoration easy by by the men who had charge edy as may be required. This rem- weapon in his pocket.

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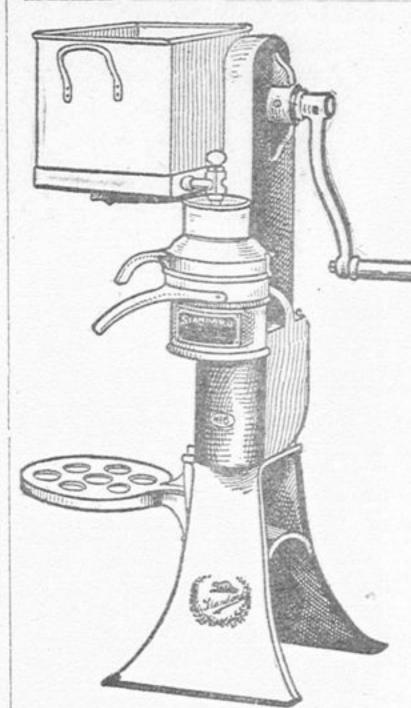
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ALONG SCIENTIFIC LINES

The long-considered project of utilizing the water power of of supplying the French metropolis with electric light and power, has now progressed to such "No, but you ought to have ordinary | degree that plans have been comsense, an' you've known me for three pleted for the dam and power

The pigment of the yolk of eggs, not hold that murderer?" lately isolated by two German chemists, proves to be a crystal- er. sir?" line compound related to xanthophyl. the yellow coloring matter of is one who kills." autumn leaves. To obtain carcely an eighth of an ounce of pure pigment, it was necessary to use kills another man." not less than 6000 eggs.

Then Keith understood, his heart minute particles. These all carry peace." definite charges of electricity, which made their discovery pos- executioner." sible. No microscope could detect them, but they became apparent under proper conditions because of house of another and kills him." the electrical charge.

The bureau of manufactures in The man looked at the philoso-Washington have received samples pher for a few seconds and then of cloth made in England by a rushed away, pondering over the process recently perfected, from last guess. 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 wool in its disposition to curl and twist, and easy to spin in its raw all night if you must; you will be state. It takes dye well, except sure to sleep all the better the

ON WAY TO ASYLUM.

to Toronto for confinement in the der idly as they please, only keep asylum, Kenneth MacKenzie, of the idea of rest in your mind as Midland, attempted suicide in the much as possible. There isn't lavatory of a Grand Trunk train more than one chance in a hundnear Davenport Station, last Fri- red that you won't fall off to day evening. He is now in the sleep within fifteen minutes .- July Western Hospital in a serious Woman's World. condition, but it is expected he

will recover. It appears that the man asked to go the lavatory when about four miles north of the Davenport station. He was accompnaied to things we do; they are not the the door by Dr. Johnson, and his things we wear: as we shall find two assistants, who waited outside. When the journey's through, and As the time went on, they tried to the roll-call's read up there. We're open the door, but found it locked, illustrating the latest styles with The train officials were notified at raiment that beats the band, but once and the door broken open, the beautiful things are the kindly

but MacKenzie was not there.

cough be careful to keep the cough The affair could not be explained of help and hope. The beautiful giving Chamberlain's Cough Rem- him, as all felt sure that he had no flash in the crowded street, will all

is safe and sure. For sale by all on occasions, MacKenzie was re- within reach to-day, but they are garded as normal.

GUESSED AT LAST.

The philosopher was sitting on a bench in the park, thinking River Rhone at a point about 280 about the whyness of the wheremiles from Paris, for the purpose fore when a man rushed by him, The fugitive was followed by another man, who yelled at the phil-

"Catch him! Lay hands on him!" But the philosopher did not

budge. "Are you deaf? Why did you "Murderer? What is a murder-

Oh, you mean a butcher, then?" "What an idiot! I mean one who

"What a question! A murderer

"I see. You mean a soldier," "S!upid! A murderer is one Radium emits three streams of who kills another man in time of

"Now I have it. You mean an "I never saw such stupidity! mean a man who comes to the

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

FOR SLEEPLESSNESS.

The grand remedy for sleeplesslike ness is to give up trying to sleep. It won't hurt you to stay awake 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 vourself as comfortable as possible.

Now, calmly and deliberately Eluding the vigilance of his make up your mind to wait for guards when he was being taken morning. Let your thoughts wan-

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

The beautiful things are the smiles that go with the helping There was a pool of blood on hand. We burden ourselves with the inside of the lavatory, the win- gleaming gems, that neighbors may dow was open, and on the sill stop and stare; but the beautiful there were marks of blood, which things are the diadems and stars indicated the place of exit. The that the righteous wear. There train was then close to Davenport are beautiful things in the poor Station, and as soon as it pulled man's cot, though empty the up at that place, Dr. Johnson, with hearth and cold, if love and service his assistants, got off, and started are in each thought that husband to walk back. MacKenzie had and wife may hold. There are been picked up in the meantime beautiful things in the lowest by the crew of a freight train, slum where wandering outcasts and he was rushed to the Western grope, when down to its depths they see you come, with message of things that we mortals buy and be junk when we come to die, and edy will also liquify the tough A later despatch states that march to the judgment seat. When mucus and make it easier to ex- the unfortunate man died in the everything's weighed on that fatepectorate. It has been used suc- hospital on Saturday morning. ful day, the lightest thing will be cessfully in many epidemics, and Outside of "spells" which he took gold. There are beautiful things not bought or sold .- Walt. Mason.