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**W. H. BEAN**

## CROP COMPETITION

In the standing field crop competition for South Grey, the grain chosen for competition is oats. The points upon which judgment is based is shown in the following score card:

1. General appearance, considering:
  - A.—Stand of crop..... 5
  - B.—Type of plant, vigor and uniformity of growth..... 10
  - C.—Method of seeding, absence of lodging..... 5
2. Freedom from weeds..... 25
3. Freedom from smut, rust blight and insects..... 10
4. Freedom from other varieties and other kinds of grain..... 20
5. Yield and quality of grain, considering:
  - A.—Proportion of well-filled heads of plump grain of good quality..... 20
  - B.—Uniformity of maturity..... 5

Total..... 100

The following are the names of the competitors, with the varieties grown:

Dan Edge, Wm. Weir, Jos. Atkinson, Jas. Atkinson, W. J. Davis, "Siberian"; W. Ritchie, W. Scarf, "Abundance"; Thos. Ritchie, A. J. Greenwood, "Mammoth Cluster"; Thos. McGirr, Arch. Park, T. H. Binnie, W. L. Dixon, "Banner"; Wm. Smith & Sons, R. Barber, T. B. Tucker, "Canada Pride"; H. W. Hunt, W. A. Livingston, "Prince Royal"; A. -D. Edge, "Sheffield Standard"; J. W. Blyth, "New Sensation"; Wm. Paylor and R. T. Edwards, unknown.

The judge will be D. Smith, Smithdale, Nottawasaga.

# 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 MELVILL.

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CHAPTER IV.  
An Old Acquaintance.

The Carson City lock-up was an improvised affair, although a decidedly popular resort. It was originally a two-room cabin with gable to the street, the front apartment at one time a low groggery, the keeper sleeping in the rear room. Whether sudden death, or financial reverses, had been the cause, the community had in some manner become possessed of the property, and had at once dedicated it to the commonweal. For the purpose thus selected it was rather well adapted, being strongly built, easily guarded, and on the outskirts of the town. With iron grating over the windows, the back door heavily spiked, and the front secured by iron bars, any prisoner once locked within could probably be found when wanted. On the occasion of Keith's arrival, the portion abutting upon the street was occupied by a rather miscellaneous assembly—the drunk and disorderly elements conspicuous—who were awaiting their several calls to appear before a local justice and make answer for various misdeeds. Some were pacing the floor, others sat moodily on benches ranged against the wall, while a few were still peacefully slumbering upon the floor. It was a frowsy, disreputable crowd, evincing but mild curiosity at the arrival of a new prisoner. Keith had barely time to glance about, recognizing no familiarity of face amid the mass peering at him, as he was hustled briskly forward and thrust into the rear room, the heavy door closing behind him with the snap of a spring lock.

He was alone, with only the faintest murmur of voices coming to him through the thick partition. It was a room some twelve feet square, open to the roof, with bare walls, and containing no furniture except a rude bench. Still dazed by the suddenness of his arrest, he sank down upon the seat, leaned his head on his hands, and endeavored to think. It was difficult to get the facts marshalled into any order or to comprehend clearly the situation, yet little by little his brain grasped the main details, and he awoke to a full realization of his condition, of the forces he must war against. The actual murderers of those two men on the trail had had their suspicions aroused by his actions; they believed he guessed something of their foul deed, and had determined to clear themselves by charging the crime directly against him. It was a shrewd trick, and if they only stuck to their story, ought to succeed. He had no evidence, other than his own word, and the marshal had already taken from his pockets the papers belonging to the slain man. He had not found the locket hidden under his shirt, yet a more thorough search would doubtless reveal that also.

Even should the case come to trial, how would it be possible for him to establish innocence, and—would it ever come to trial? Keith knew the character of the frontier, and of Carson City. The inclination of its citizens in such cases was to act first, and reflect later. The law had but slender hold, being respected only when backed by the strong hand, and primitive instincts were always in the ascendency, requiring merely a leader to break forth in open violence. And in this case would there be any lack of leadership? Like a flash his mind reverted to "Black Bart." There was the man capable of inciting a mob. If, for some unknown reason, he had sufficient interest to swear out the warrant and assist in the arrest, he would have equal cause to serve those fellows behind him in other ways. Naturally, they would dread a trial, with its possibility of exposure, and eagerly grasp any opportunity for wiping the slate clean. Their real security from discovery undoubtedly lay in his



"Oh, De Good Lawd, Dat Am Massa Waite an' John Sibley."

death, and with the "Red Light" crowd behind them they would ex-

naturally drifted. I reckon I hised 'bout eberywhar yo' ebber heard ob, fo' dar want no use ob de goin' back to de East Sho'. Somebody said dat de West am de right place fo' a nigger, an' so I done headed west."

He dropped his face in his black hands, and was silent for some minutes, but Keith said nothing, and finally the thick voice continued:

"I tell you, Massa Jack, it was mighty lonely fo' Neb dem days. I didn't know whar any ob yo' all was, an' it wain't no fun fo' dis nigger bein' free dat away. I got out ter Independence, Missouri, an' was roustaboutin' on de ribber, when a couple ob men come along wated wanted a cook to trabel w'd 'em. I took de job, an' dat's whar fetched me here ter Carson City."

"But what caused your arrest?"

"A conjunction ob circumstances, Massa Jack; yes, sah, a conjunction ob circumstances. I got playin' pokah ober in dat 'Red Light,' an' I was doin' fine. I reckon I'd cleaned up mo'n a hundred dollars when I got sleepy, an' started fo' camp. I'd most got dar w'en a bunch ob low white trash jumped me. It made me mad, it did fo' a fact, an' I reckon I carved some ob 'em up befo' I got away. Ennyhow, de marshal come down, took me out ob de tent, an' fetched me here, an' I ben here ebber sence. I wain't goin' ter let no low down white trash git all dat money."

"What became of the men you were working for?"

"I reckon dey went on, sah. Dey had 'portent business, an' wouldn't likely wait 'round here jest ter help a nigger. Ain't ennybody ben here ter see me, nohow, an' I 'spects I se eradicated from dey mem'ry—I 'spects I is."

CHAPTER V.  
The One Way.

Keith said nothing for some moments, staring up at the light stealing in through the window grating, his mind once again active. The eyes of the black man had the patient look of a dog as they watched; evidently he had cast aside all responsibility, now that this other had come. Finally Keith spoke slowly:

"We are in much the same position, Neb, and the fate of one is liable to be the fate of both. This is my story—and briefly as possible, he ran over the circumstances which had brought him there, putting the situation clear enough for the negro's understanding, without wasting any time upon detail. Neb followed his recital with bulging eyes, and an occasional exclamation. At the end he burst forth:

"Yo' say dar was two ob dem white men murdered—one an' ol' man wid a gray beard, an' de odder 'bout thirty? Am dat it, Massa Jack, an' dey had fo' span ob mules, an' a runnin' hoss?"

"Yes."

"An' how far out was it?"

"About sixty miles."

"Oh, de good Lawd!" and the negro threw up his hands dramatically. "Dat sutt'nly am my outfit! Dat am Massa Waite an' John Sibley."

"You mean the same men with whom you came here from Independence?"

Neb nodded, overcome by the discovery.

"But what caused them to run such a risk?" Keith insisted. "Didn't they know the Indians were on the war path?"

"Sho'; I heard 'em talkin' 'bout dat, but Massa Waite was jest boun' fo' to git movin'. He didn't 'pear to be 'traid ob no Injuns; reck'ned dey'd nebber stop him, dat he knowed ebery chief on de plains. I reck'n dat he did, too."

"But what was he so anxious to get away for?"

"I dunno, Massa, I done heerd 'em talk some 'bout dey plans, an' 'bout some gal dey wanted ter fin', but I didn't git no right sense to it. De G'n'ral, he was a night still man."

"The General? Whom do you mean? Not Waite?"

"John Sibley done called him dat."

Then Keith remembered—just a dim, misty thread at first, changing slowly into a clear recollection. He was riding with dispatches from Longstreet to Stonewall Jackson, and had been shot through the side. The first of Jackson's troops he reached was a brigade of North Carolinians, commanded by General Waite—General Willis Waite. He had fallen from his horse at the outpost, was brought helpless to the General's tent, and another sent on with the papers. And Mrs. Waite had dressed and bandaged his wound. That was where he had seen that woman's face before, with its haunting familiarity. He drew the locket from beneath his shirt, and gazed at the countenance revealed, with new intelligence. There could be no doubt—it was the face of her who had cared for him so tenderly in that tent at Manassas before the fever came and he had lost consciousness. And that, then, was Willis Waite lying in that shallow grave near the Cimmaron Crossing, and for whose death he had been arrested. 'Twas a strange world, and a small one. What a miserable ending to a life like his—a division commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, a Lieutenant-Governor of his state. What strange combination of circumstances could ever have brought such a man to this place, and sent him forth across those Indian-scouted plains? Surely nothing ordinary. And why should those border desperadoes have followed, through sixty miles of desolation, to strike him down? It was not robbery, at least in the ordinary sense. What then? And how was "Black Bart" involved? Why should he be sufficiently interested to swear out a warrant, and then assist in his arrest? There must be something to all this not apparent upon the surface—some object, some purpose shrouded in mystery. No mere quarrel, no ordinary feud, no

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accident of meeting, no theory of commonplace robbery, would account for the deed, or for the desperate efforts now being made to conceal it.

Some way, these questions, thus surging upon him, became a call to live, to fight, to unravel their mystery. The memory of that sweet-faced woman who had bent above him when the fever began its mastery, appealed to him now with the opportunity of service. He might be able to clear this, bring to her the truth, save her from despair, and hand over to justice the murderers of her husband. It was up to him alone to accomplish this—one one else knew what he knew, suspected what he suspected. And there was but one way—through escape. To remain there in weak surrender to fate could have but one ending, and that swift and sudden. He had no doubt as to "Black Bart's" purpose, or of his ability to use the "Red Light" outfit as desired. The whole plan was clearly evident, and there would be no delay in execution—all they were waiting for was night, and a lax guard. He glanced about at the walls of the room, his eyes grown hard, his teeth clenched.

"Neb," he said shortly, "I guess that was your outfit all right, but they were not killed by Indians. They were run down by a gang from this town—the same fellows who have put you and me in here. I don't know what they were after—that's to be found out later,—but the fight you put up at the camp spoiled their game for once, and led to your arrest. They failed to get what was wanted in Carson, and so they trailed the party to the Cimmaron Crossing. Then I got on their track, and fearing the result, they've landed me also. Now they'll get rid of us both as best they can. These fellows won't want any trial—that would be liable to give the whole trick away—but they have got to put us where we won't talk. There is an easy way to do this, and that is by a lynching bee. Do you get my drift, Neb?"

The whites of the negro's eyes were very much in evidence, his hands gripping at the bench on which he sat.

"Fo' de Lawd, yes, Massa Jack, I sho' does. I corroborates de whole thing."

"Then you are willing to take a chance with me?"

"Whin!" Why, Massa Jack, I se overjoyed; I ain't gwine leave yer no mo'. I se sho' gwine ter be yo' nigger. What yo' gwine ter do?"

Keith ran his eyes over the walls, carefully noting every peculiarity.

"We'll remain here quietly just as long as it is daylight, Neb," he replied finally, "but we'll try every board and every log to discover some way out. Just the moment it grows dark enough to slip away without being seen we've got to hit the prairie. Once south of the Arkansas we're safe, but not until then. Have you made any effort to get out?"

The negro came over to him, and bent down.

"I was layin' on a board whar I'd worked loose at one end," he whispered hoarsely, "back ob de bench, but I couldn't jerk it out widout something ter pry it up wid."

## HOUSEHOLD HELPS

If mutton chops simmer in just a little water on the back of the stove before being broiled or fried, the flavor will be quite like lamb chops.

Fasten a wire hook to the handle of a grape basket. Hang over line when hanging out clothes and push along before you, thus saving much time.

To thicken gravies for pot roasts or stews, put a piece of brown bread in with the meat. When you go to make the gravy, rub it up for thickening.

If your cellar is damp, as it is apt to be in the early spring put a piece of unslaked lime in it. It absorbs the moisture and keeps the place sweet.

Scratches in polished wood, if not too deep, can be removed by rubbing gently with fine sandpaper, and then with a mixture of olive oil and vinegar.

To simmer is to boil slowly, if the liquor throws up bubbles above its surface it is boiling at a gallop, and will harden any meat that is cooking in it.

If it seems difficult to clean the seams or stitching on white gloves try rubbing with a soft brush dipped in the gasoline; this usually works like a charm.

Paint stains that are dry and old may be removed from cotton or woollen goods with chloroform. It is a good plan to first cover the spot with olive oil or butter.

One woman who has a reputation for her cooking always adds just a pinch of baking powder to the cracker—not bread crumbs, in which she rolls the oysters before frying.

One of the low stools, substantially made and costing about twenty-five cents is a great help in the kitchen or closet where there are high shelves just out of arm's reach.

Make two incisions on the top of all meat pies to allow the steam to escape. Pies treated in this manner will keep good for several days, and so avoid ptomaine poisoning.

To prevent potatoes becoming black when cooked, put them into cold water, and when brought to the boil squeeze lemon and juice in. They will then keep a good color and be of good flavor.

The zinc top to the kitchen table or the piece under the kitchen stove will always be bright if it is wiped off frequently with a cloth dampened with kerosene, and then rubbed dry with another soft cloth.

To remove grease or oil spots from clothing, mix a little fuller's earth into a paste, spread it over the affected part and allow same to dry thoroughly. In doing so it draws and absorbs the grease. Then take a stiff brush, which will quickly remove the dried earth, and the result will be pleasing and far more satisfactory than most other methods.

During the summer months mothers of young children should watch for any unnatural looseness of the bowels. When given prompt attention at this time, serious trouble may be avoided. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy can always be depended upon. For sale by all dealers.

Continued on page 7.