

**RU-BER-OID**  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED.  
**ROOFING**  
will not warp, rot, crack, blister, crumble or rust. Strongly fire-resisting. Ru-ber-oid roofs laid 21 years ago are still sound and weather tight. If you want a roof to last, investigate Ru-ber-oid. 3 Permanent Colors—Red, Brown, Green—and natural Slate. 75  
Sole Canadian Mfrs. THE STANDARD PAINT CO. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

Wm. Black, Durham.

**HOME STUDY**  
Thousands of ambitious young people are being instructed in their homes by our Home Study Dept. You may finish at College if you desire. Pay whenever you wish. Thirty Years' Experience. Largest trainers in Canada. Enter any day. Positions guaranteed. If you wish to save board and learn while you earn, write for particulars.  
NO VACATION  
Walkerton Business College  
GEO. SPOTTON, President

**Pumps, Curbing, Tile**  
ANYONE ONE NEEDING New Pumps, Pump Repairs, Cement Curbing or Culvert Tile, see JNO. SCHULTZ or myself at the shop  
**George Whitmore**

— THE —  
**BIG 4**  
HE SELLS CHEAP  
**LACE CURTAINS**  
WE HAVE THEM  
2 yds. long, 27 in. wide, 25c. pair  
2 1/2 " " 30 in. " 50c. "  
3 " " 37 in. " 75c. "  
3 1/2 " " 60 in. " 1.00. "  
3 3/4 " " 58 in. " 1.00. "  
3 1/2 " " 54 in. " 1.50. "  
**W. H. BEAN**

**Alma Ladies College**  
ST. THOMAS, ONT.  
Unsurpassed for residential education. The "Ideal College-Home" in which to secure a training for your life's work. Thorough courses in Music, Painting, Oratory, High School, Business College and Domestic Science. Large campus, inspiring environment. Resident nurse insures health of students. Rates moderate. Every girl needs an ALMA training. Handsome prospectus sent on application to Principal. 42

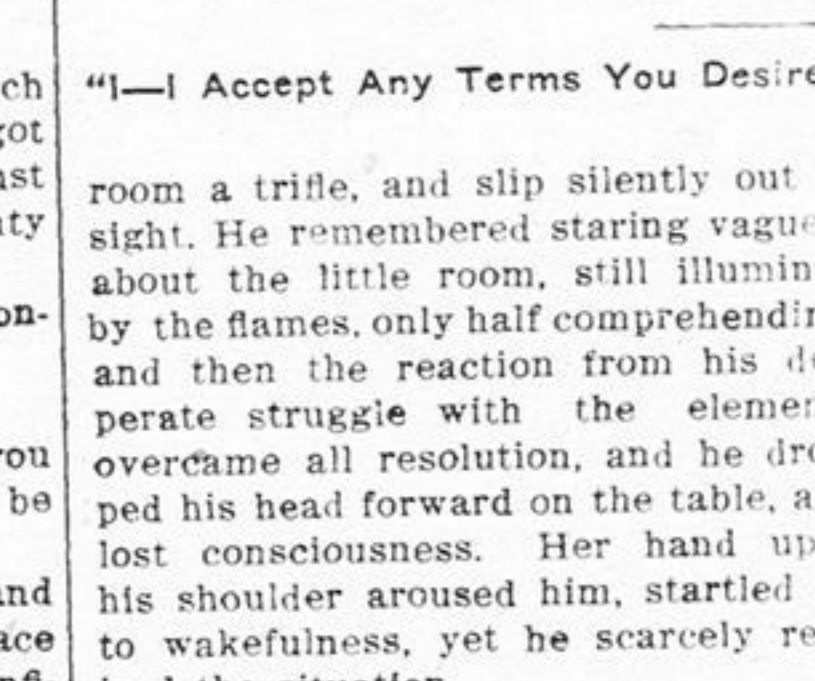
**New Telephone Directory**  
The Bell Telephone Company of Canada is soon to print a new issue of its Official Telephone Directory for the District of Central Ontario including  
**DURHAM**  
Parties who contemplate becoming Subscribers, or those who wish changes in their present entry should place their orders with the Local Manager at once to insure insertion in this issue.  
**Connecting Companies**  
Should also report additions and changes in their list of subscribers, either to the Local Manager, or direct to the Special Agent's Department, Montreal.  
**The Bell Telephone Company of Canada**  
By the Sexton  
(From the Vancouver Province.)  
Stars have stolen the tongue of a parish church in France, as unaware of it until it was

**KEITH OF THE BORDER**  
A TALE OF THE PLAINS  
By RANDALL PARRISH  
AUTHOR OF MY LADY OF THE SOUTH  
WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING ETC.  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN MELVILL.  
Copyright, A. C. McClurg & Co., 1910.

**CHAPTER VIII.**  
**The Wilderness Cabin.**  
The light was considerably farther away than they had at first supposed, and as they advanced steadily toward it, the nature of the ground rapidly changed, becoming irregular, and littered with low growing shrubs. In the darkness they stumbled over outcroppings of rock, and after a fall or two, were compelled to move forward with extreme caution. But the mysterious yellow glow continually beckoned, and with new hope animating the hearts of both men, they staggered on, nerving themselves to the effort, and following closely along the bank of the stream.  
At last they arrived where they could perceive dimly something of the nature of this unexpected desert oasis. The light shone forth, piercing the night, through the uncurtained window of a log cabin, which would otherwise have been completely concealed from view by a group of low growing cottonwoods. This was all the black, enshrouding night revealed, and even this was merely made apparent by the yellow illumination of the window. The cabin stood upon an island, a strip of sand, partially covered by water, separating it from the north shore on which they stood. There was no sign of life about the hut, other than the burning lamp, but that alone was sufficient evidence of occupancy. In spite of hunger, and urgent need, Keith hesitated, uncertain as to what they might be called upon to face. Who could be living in this out-of-the-way spot, in the heart of this inhospitable desert? It would be no cattle out-post surely, for there was no surrounding grazing land, while surely no professional hunter would choose such a barren spot for headquarters. Either a hermit, anxious to escape all intercourse with humanity, or some outlaw hiding from arrest, would be likely to select so isolated a place in which to live. To them it would be ideal. Away from all trails, where not even widely roving cattlemen would penetrate, in midst of a desert avoided by Indians because of lack of game—a mar might hide here year after year without danger of discovery. Yet such a one would not be likely to welcome their coming, and they were without arms. But Keith was not a man to hesitate long because of possible danger, and he stepped down into the shallow water.  
"Come on, Neb," he commanded, "and we'll find out who lives here."  
The window faced the west, and he came up the low bank to where the door fronted the north in intense darkness. Under the shadow of the cottonwoods he could see nothing, groping his way, with hands extended. His foot struck a flat stone, and he plunged forward, striking the uncurtained door so heavily as to swing it open, and fell partially forward into the room. As he struggled to his knees, Neb's black face peering past him into the lighted interior, he seemed to perceive in one swift, comprehensive glance, every revealed detail. A lamp burned on a rudely constructed set of drawers near the window, and a wood fire blazed redly in a stone fireplace opposite, the yellow and red lights blending in a peculiar glow of color. Under this radiance were revealed the rough log walls plastered with yellow clay, and hung about with the skins of wild animals, a roughly made table, bare except for a book lying upon it, and a few ordinary appearing boxes, evidently utilized as seats, together with a barrel set up so as to make a comfortable chair. In the back wall was a door, partially open, apparently leading into a second room. That was all, except the woman.  
Keith must have perceived all these in that first hurried glance, for they were ever after closely associated together in his mind, yet at the moment he possessed no clear thought of anything except her. She stood directly behind the table, where she must have sprung hastily at the first sound of their approach, clutching at the rude mantle above the fireplace, and staring toward him, her face white, her breath coming in sobs. At first he thought the vision a dream, a delirium born from his long struggle; he could not conceive the possibility of such a presence in this lonely place, and staggering to his feet, gazed wildly, dumbly at the slender, gray clad figure, the almost girlish face under the shadowing dark hair, expecting the marvellous vision to vanish. Surely this could not be real! A woman, and such a woman as this here, and alone, of all places! He staggered from weakness, almost terror, and grasped the table to hold himself erect. The rising wind came swirling in through the open door, causing the fire to send forth spirals of smoke, and he turned, dragging the dazed negro within, and snapping the latch behind him. When he glanced around again he fully believed the vision confronting him would have vanished. But no! there she yet remained, those wide-open, frightened brown eyes, with long lashes half hiding their depths, looking di-

rectly into his own; only now she had slightly changed her posture, leaning toward him across the table. Like a flash he comprehended that this was reality—flesh and blood—and, with the swift instinct of a gentleman, his numbed, nerveless fingers jerked off his hat, and he bowed bareheaded before her.  
"Pardon me," he said, finding his voice with difficulty. "I fell over the step, but—but I didn't expect to find a woman here."  
He heard her quick breathing, marked a slight change in the expression of the dark eyes, and caught the glitter of the frelight on a revolver in her lowered hand.  
"What did you expect to find?"  
"I hardly knew," he explained lamely; "we stumbled on this hut by accident. I didn't know there was a cabin in all this valley."  
"Then you are not here for any purpose? to meet with any one?"  
"No; we were lost, and had gone into camp up above, when we discovered your light."  
"Where do you come from?"  
Keith hesitated just an instant, yet falsehood was never easy for him, and he saw no occasion for any deceit now.  
"Carson City."  
"What brought you here?"  
"We started for the 'Bar X' ranch down below, on the Canadian; got caught in a sand-storm, and then just drifted. I do not know within twenty miles of where we are."  
She drew a deep breath of uncurled relief.  
"Are you alone?"  
"The negro and I—yes; and you haven't the slightest reason to be afraid of us—we're square."  
She looked at him searchingly, and something in Keith's clean-cut face seemed to bring reassurance, confidence in the man.  
"I am not afraid," she answered, coming toward him around the short table. "Only it is so lonely here, and you startled me, bursting in without warning. But you look all right, and I am going to believe your story."  
"What is your name?"  
"Keith—Jack Keith."  
"A cowman?"  
"A little of everything, I reckon," a touch of returning bitterness in the tone. "A plainsman, who has punched cattle, but my last job was government scout."  
"You look as though you might be more than that," she said slowly.  
The man flushed, his lips pressing tightly together.  
"Well, I—I may have been," he confessed unwillingly. "I started out all right, but somehow I reckon I just went adrift. It's a habit in this country."  
Apparently these first words of comment had left her lips unthinking, for she made no attempt to reply; merely stood there directly facing him, her clear eyes gazing frankly into his own. He seemed to actually see her now for the first time, fairly—a simple, slender figure, simply dressed, with wonderfully expressive brown eyes, a perfect wealth of dark hair, a clear complexion with slight olive tinge to it, a strong, intelligent face, not strictly beautiful, yet strangely attractive, the forehead low and broad, the nose straight, the lips full and inclined to smile. Suddenly a vague remembrance brought recognition.  
"Why, I know you now."  
"Indeed!" the single word a note of undisguised surprise.  
"Yes; I thought you looked oddly familiar all the time, but couldn't for the life of me connect up. You're Christie MacLaire."  
"Am I?" her eyes filled with curiosity.  
"Of course you are. You needn't be afraid of me if you want it kept secret, but I know you just the same. Saw you at the 'Gaiety' in Independence, maybe two months ago. I went three times, mostly on your account. You've got a great act, and you can sing too."  
She stood in silence, still looking fixedly at him, her bosom rising and falling, her lips parted as if to speak. Apparently she did not know what to do, how to act, and was thinking swiftly.  
"Mr. Keith," she said, at last in decision, "I am going to ask you to blot that all out—to forget that you even suspect me of being Christie MacLaire, of the 'Gaiety.'"  
"Why, certainly; but would you explain?"  
"There is little enough to explain. It is sufficient that I am here alone with you. Whether I wish to or not, I am compelled to trust myself to your protection. You may call me Christie MacLaire, or anything else you please; you may even think me unworthy respect, but you possess the face of a gentleman, and as such I am going to trust you—I must trust you. Will you accept my confidence on these terms?"  
Keith did not smile, nor move. Weak from hunger and fatigue, he leaned wearily against the wall. Nevertheless that simple, womanly ap-

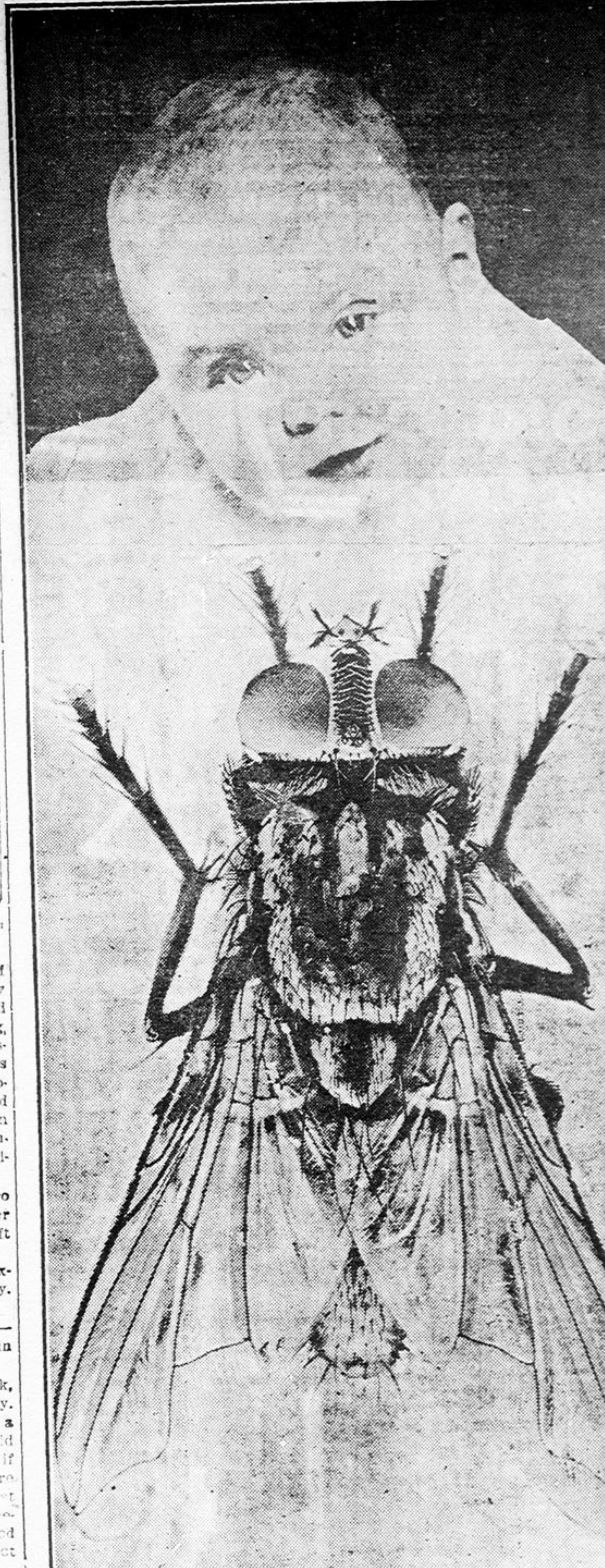
peal awoke all that was strong at a sacrificing within him, although his words were so unexpected that, for the moment he failed to realize their full purport. Finally he straightened up.  
"I—I accept any terms you desire," he gasped weakly. "If—if you will only give me return."  
"One return?—what?"  
"Food; we have eaten nothing for sixty hours."  
Her face, which had been so white, flushed to the hair, her dark eyes softening.  
"Why, of course; sit down. I ought to have known from your face. There is plenty here—eatings it is—only you must wait a minute."  
**CHAPTER IX.**  
**The Girl of the Cabin.**  
He saw Neb drop down before the blazing fireplace, and curl up like a tired dog, and observed her take the lamp, open the door into the clear



room a trifle, and slip silently out of sight. He remembered staring vaguely about the little room, still illumined by the flames, only half comprehending, and then the reaction from his desperate struggle with the elements overcame all resolution, and he dropped his head forward on the table, and lost consciousness. Her hand upon his shoulder aroused him, startled into wakefulness, yet he scarcely realized the situation.  
"I have placed food for the negro beside him," she said quietly, and for the first time Keith detected the soft blur in her speech.  
"You are from the South!" he exclaimed, as though it was a discovery.  
"Yes—and you?"  
"My boyhood began in Virginia—the negro was an old-time slave in our family."  
She glanced across at the black, now sitting up and eating voraciously.  
"I thought he had once been a slave; one can easily tell that. I did not ask him to sit here because, if you do not object, we will eat here together. I have also been almost as long without food. It was so lonely here, and—and I hardly understood my situation—and I simply could not force myself to eat."  
He distinguished her words clearly enough, although she spoke low, as if she preferred what was said between them should not reach the ears of the negro, yet somehow, for the moment, they made no adequate impression on him. Like a famished wolf he began on the coarse fare, and for ten minutes hardly lifted his head. Then his eyes chanced to meet hers across the narrow table, and instantly the gentleman awoke to life.  
"I have been a perfect brute," he acknowledged frankly, "with no thought except for myself. Hunger was my master, and I ask your forgiveness, Miss MacLaire."  
Her eyes smiled.  
"I am so very glad to have any one here—any one—in whom I feel even a little confidence—that nothing else greatly matters. Can you both eat, and listen?"  
Keith nodded, his eyes full of interest, searching her face.  
"Whoever I may be, Mr. Keith, and really that seems only of small importance, I came to Fort Karned seeking some trace of my only brother, whom we last heard from there, where he had fallen into evil companionship. On the stage trip I was fortunate enough to form an acquaintance with a man who told me he knew where I could meet Fred, but that the boy was hiding because of some trouble he had lately gotten into, and that I should have to proceed very carefully so as not to lead the officers to discover his whereabouts. This gentleman was engaged in some business at Carson City, but he employed a man to bring me to this place, and promised to get Fred, and meet me here the following day. There must have been some failure in the plans, for I have been here entirely alone now for three days. It has been very lonesome, and—and I've been a little frightened. Perhaps I ought not to have come, and I am not certain what kind of a place this is. I was so afraid when you came, but I am not afraid now."  
"You have no need to be," he said soberly, impressed by the innocent candor of the girl, and feeling thankful that he was present to aid her. "I could not wrong one of the South."  
"My father always told me I could trust a Southern gentleman under any circumstances. Mr. Hawley was from my own State, and knew many of our old friends. That was why I felt such unusual confidence in him, although he was but a traveling acquaintance."  
"Mr. Hawley?"  
"The gentleman whom I met on the

fly photo copyright by National Geographic society.  
**Summer complaint, which causes the death of many young children every season, is nearly always the result of germs in food. THESE ARE OFTEN CARRIED TO FOODS BY FLIES. KILL THE FLIES!**

**Kill the Fly and Save the Baby**



fly photo copyright by National Geographic society.  
**Summer complaint, which causes the death of many young children every season, is nearly always the result of germs in food. THESE ARE OFTEN CARRIED TO FOODS BY FLIES. KILL THE FLIES!**

**Wool Wanted** ANY QUANTITY  
For which we will pay the highest price in CASH OR GOODS.  
Blankets, Tweeds, Woollen Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Prints, Flannellettes, Crockery and Groceries always in stock.  
See our List Thread Gloves, full length at 25c.  
Silk Gloves, double tips, full length at 50c.  
Call soon or you may not be able to be supplied.  
**S. SCOTT** :: Garafraxa St. DURHAM

**Western Fair**  
September 6th to 14th, 1912  
**London's Great Exhibition**  
Instructive Exhibits  
Liberal Prizes Speed Events each day  
New Art Buildings filled with Magnificent Paintings.  
**ATTRACTIONS**  
Programme Twice Daily. Live Stock Parade Daily  
BESSES O' THE BARN BAND One of the greatest Brass Bands in the of Cheltenham, England.  
World, and several others.  
AERIAL ACTS, COMEDY ACTS, TRAMBOLINE and ACROBATIC ACTS, SEABERT'S EQUESTRIENNE ACT, and others.  
The Midway better than ever.  
Fireworks each evening.  
**SINGLE FARE RATES over all railroads from Kingston to Detroit**  
Special Excursion Days, Sept. 10th, 12th, 13th.  
Prize Lists and all information from  
**W. J. REID, President** **A. M. HUNT, Secretary**