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The Bell Telephone Company of Canada

KEITH OF THE BORDER
A TALE OF THE PLAINS
By RANDALL DARRISH
AUTHOR OF MY LADY OF THE SOUTH WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING ETC. ETC.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN MELVILLE
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CHAPTER XIV.
The Landlady of the Occidental.
Keith had crossed at this point so frequently with cattle that, once having his bearings, the blackness of the night made very little difference. Nevertheless, in fear lest her pony might stumble over some irregularity, he gave his own rein to Neb, and went forward on foot, grasping firmly the tired animal's bit. It was a long stretch of sand and water extending from bank to bank, but the water was shallow, the only danger being that of straying off from the more solid bottom into quicksand. With a towering cottonwood as guide, oddly misshapen and standing out gauntly against the slightly lighter sky, the plainsman led on unhesitatingly, until they began to climb the rather sharp uplift of the north bank. Here there was a plain trail, pounded into smoothness by the hoofs of cavalry horses ridden down to water, and at the summit they emerged within fifty yards of the stables.

The few lights visible, some stationary, with others dancing about like will-o'-the-wisps, revealed imperfectly the contour of various buildings, but Keith turned sharply to the right, anxious to slip past without being challenged by a sentry. Beyond the brow of the bluff other lights now became visible, flickering here and there, marking where a straggling town had sprung up under the protection of the post—a town garish enough in the daylight, composed mostly of shacks and tents, but now with its deficiencies mercifully concealed by the enveloping darkness. The trail, easily followed, led directly along its single street, but Keith circled the outskirts through a wilderness of tin-cans and heaps of other debris, until he halted his charges beside the black shadow of the only two-story edifice in the place. This was the Occidental, the hospitality of which he had frequently tested.

A light streamed from out the front windows, but uncertain who might be harbored within, Keith tapped gently at the back door. It was not opened immediately, and when it was finally shoved aside the merest crack, no glow of light revealed the darkened interior. The voice which spoke, however, was amply sufficient to identify its owner.
"Is that ye agin, Murphy, a playin' av yer dirty tricks?"
"No, Mrs. Murphy," he hastened to explain, "this is Keith—Jack Keith, of the 'Bar X'."



"Shure it's safe it is yer goin' ter be here."
"The Lord deliver us!" was the instant exclamation, the door opening wide. "They do be after tellin' me to-night av the trouble ye was in over at Carson, an' Oi t'ought maybe ye mought turn up this way. It was a nate trick ye played on the lokes av 'em, Jack, but this is a dom poor place fer ye ter hide in. Bedad, there's a half-dozen in the parly now talkin' about it, wid a couple av officers from the fort. Is the nager wid ye?"
"Yes, but we have no intention of hidin' here. I'd rather take my chance in the open. The fact is, Kate, we started off for the 'Bar X'."
"Av course, ye did; Oi was shure av it."
"But down on the Salt Fork we ran across a young girl whom Black Bart had inveigled down that way on a lie. We had a bit of a fight, and got her away from him. This is what brought us back here—to put the girl where she will be safe out of his clutches."
The door was wide open now, and Mrs. Murphy outside, her interest at fever heat.
"Ye had a foight wid Black Bart! Oh, ye devil! An' ye licked the dirty spalpan, an' got away wid his gyurl! Glory be! And would Oi take her? Well, Oi would. Niver doubt that, me bye. She may be the quane av Shaba, an' she may be a Digger Injun Squaw, but the lokes av him had better kape away from Kate Murphy. It's glad
Continued on page 7.

Whistler's Tart Comment.
Whistler one afternoon called on a young painter of his acquaintance who did the pretty little sort of things that are popular. In the course of the conversation that followed the young artist turned to a little head he was painting and, daintily balancing a square palette by one corner between two finger tips, took a fine sable brush and as daintily began to tickle a piece of bad drawing into a "sweet expression," saying:
"A pleasant art, ours, isn't it, Jimmy?"
"Yes," was Whistler's response, "but what are you doing, Frank?"
"Oh," said the young artist, "I am painting a replica of a little thing some one liked because, you know, I can always sell two or three of the same subject, if it's a taking one."
"Ah!" commented Whistler, "you must be a genius, Frank, and I, alas, am like the simple minded hen who, when asked to do so, protested that she could not lay the same egg twice!"

A Grave Discussion.
The late Joseph Jefferson and his sister, Mrs. Cornelia Jackson, famous as Tilly Slowboy in "The Cricket on the Hearth," were standing at a studio window on Beacon street, Boston, overlooking the Old Granary burying ground. They had been discussing the famous persons whose graves were spread below them, when, breaking a short interval of silence, Jefferson said in the most mournful of tones, "Connie, my dear, that is the best place for me, after all."
With a horrified expression on her face, as her brother always avoided greswome subjects, she asked, "What do you mean, Joe?"
With the twinkle in his eye that three generations of the world have known, the actor remarked blandly, "I said 'after all,' Connie."
In a flash his sister retorted, "No, Joe, dear, that's no place for you. There are too many deadheads there."
—Boston Post.

What Hichens Heard.
While still a student of music Robert Hichens wrote many short stories, verses and songs. In one year, he says, he earned over \$500 by writing scores and lyrics for music. One song, "A Kiss and Goodby," was sung by Mme. Patti in Albert hall, London.
"In the natural pride of my heart," Mr. Hichens said with reference to this occasion, "I took a seat in the stalls and waited in a fever of excitement to hear how it would go off. It was received with so much enthusiastic applause that I was lifted into a delicious heaven of delight, but was suddenly tumbled headlong by hearing two voices from the seats immediately behind me.
"What a lovely song that was,' one exclaimed rapturously.
"Yes,' the other grudgingly agreed, 'but what a awful rot the words of these songs always are.'"
—Exchange.

Cleaning an Ocean Liner.
Probably few people are aware that during the few hours a great ocean liner remains in dock she is cleaned thoroughly inside and out. The hull is repainted, the funnels scraped and cleaned and every piece of exposed metal polished. Meanwhile all carpets are taken up and beaten, the floors scrubbed and repainted and tables repolished, chairs regilded and stained, in every part of the ship. On the great boats there are more than 30,000 pieces of linen to be counted, sorted, prepared and laundered. Then there are 15,000 pieces of silverware, 25,000 pieces of glassware, some 60,000 dishes, plates, cups, saucers, etc. As soon as a piece shows signs of wear it is discarded and replaced, and all this work has to be done in a few hours.—Pearson's Weekly.

Vegetables and Character.
A Paris contemporary states that a well known doctor read a paper before a meeting of medical men on the influence of vegetables upon the character, the brain and the senses. According to the doctor, the potato develops an evenness of temper and calmness of thought. The carrot acts as a stimulant to the character and is recommended for biliousness and to peevish or jealous persons. Spinach develops ambitious dreams and energy. Sorrel, despite its acidity, induces sadness and provokes nightmare. All workers should eat white haricots.—London Globe.

A Thrifty Spouse.
A man whose illness threatened to develop into typhoid was taken to the hospital. Instead of growing worse he improved, and at the end of the fourth day, when his wife visited him, he asked to be taken home.
"But you have paid for a week," replied his thrifty spouse. "They won't refund the money. You had better stay 'our week out.'"
—New York Herald.

Proving His Own Medicine.
"That man Biffers was neatly punished the other day."
"How was that?"
"Why, when he gets mad he always kicks something, and when he got mad the other day he kicked the revolving door and nearly knocked his head off."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hard Lines.
"In financial trouble? What is it?"
"Oh, I promised to pay Brown \$10 today, and I've got it, and he knows I've got it, and he knows I know he knows I've got it!"
—Puck.

Health.
Health is so necessary to all the duties as well as pleasures of life that the crime of squandering it is equal to the folly.—Johnson.

TWENTY YEARS.
Makes a great difference in most women. They are troubled with "nerves"—they suffer from backache, headache, sleeplessness, a sensation of irritability or twitching, hot flashes, dizzy spells, or many other symptoms of female weakness. The local disorder and inflammation should be treated with Dr. Pierce's Lotion Tablets and the irregularity and weakness of the female system corrected and strengthened with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The strain upon the young woman or the woman of middle age—upon the nerve and blood forming structures—may be too great for her strength. This is the time to take this restorative tonic and strength-giving nerve and regulator. For over forty years sold by druggists and women's peculiar weaknesses and distressing ailments. The one remedy so perfect in composition and so good in curative effects as to warrant its makers in printing its every ingredient on its outside wrapper. The one remedy which absolutely contains neither alcohol nor injurious or habit-forming drugs.
Following letter selected at random from a large number of similar ones and cited merely to illustrate these remarks:
"In the winter of 1908, I became greatly run down and irregular," writes Mrs. HENRY SCOTT, of Swan Creek, Mich., Route 1, Box 48. "I slowly but surely grew worse, and, at last, resolved to apply to the doctors for help. The doctor said I had inflammation, enlargement and laceration. I was in bed eleven weeks and got no better. The doctor said I would have to have an operation, but to that I would not listen. My husband purchased two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When I started to take this remedy I could not walk across the floor, but after I had taken three bottles I could feel myself gaining, so I dropped the doctor and took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Only for it I think I would have been dead—I really believe it saved my life. I feel better now than in twenty years."

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AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

Very often we meet an old friend whose looks have changed so that we hardly know them. Some look better, and some look old and uncared for. We always feel badly to see a friend going down hill in appearance, for looks count for so much these days; and we enjoy seeing the person who keeps young. Being cared for is the secret of keeping young and Sagine is the secret of caring for the hair. Sagine cures dandruff, brings life and beauty into coarse dry and faded hair and makes the hair luxuriant and attractive. Sagine keeps men and women young looking and why should anyone allow themselves to become old appearing when they can get Sagine and a guarantee to find satisfactory results. Sagine is sold at the Central Drug Store, and if it don't do all that is claimed for it your money is refunded. Be sure to go to the Central Drug Store for Sagine, as other stores cannot supply you. Don't neglect your hair another day. Sagine is only 50c. a large bottle.

HELP THE BLIND.
Thomas Jefferson wrote that all men are endowed by their Creator with unalienable rights, including life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Henry George said in "Social Problems" that man is so constituted that it is utterly impossible for him to attain happiness save by seeking the happiness of others. There are more than two thousand persons in Ontario—men, women and children—approximately one out of every thousand of the general population—who, from causes ascertainable are deprived of the sense of sight. What chance would the blind have in the pursuit of happiness, if left in ignorance, idleness and dependence? Fortunately, some provision has been made to brighten the lives and improve the condition of these afflicted ones, though much remains to be done to bring Ontario into line with the more advanced states in America, and countries of Europe. For 40 years the Legislature of Ontario has maintained at Brantford a school for the education and instruction of the blind children and youths of the province, of both sexes without charge for board, tuition or books; and in that school hundreds have been taught to read and write, to sing and play on some musical instrument, and to do some useful work, the remuneration for which suffices or assists to provide an independent livelihood.
There are in every country many more blind adults than blind children, and the institution at Brantford provides to all applicants free appliances by which the adult blind can be taught at their homes to read with their fingers. Children can be much more easily, and more thoroughly taught in the school for the blind, therefore, the Principal makes his annual appeal to readers of The Chronicle to send him the names of any children in their vicinity who are blind, or whose sight is so defective that they cannot be effectively taught in the Public schools—together with the names and post office addresses of parents or guardians. It is only by the kindness of those who "seek the happiness of others" that communication can be established between the school and the children who should enjoy its advantages.
Mr. W. S. Gunsalus, a farmer living near Fleming, Pa., says he has used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in his family for fourteen years, and that he has found it to be an excellent remedy, and takes pleasure in recommending it. For sale by all dealers.

THE CHILDREN OF CHICAGO.
Chicago has an estimated population of 2,381,000, including over 882,000 minors. There are nearly 188,000 babies under four years of age, which would seem to indicate an absence of race suicide. Children whose parents are of foreign birth number over 600,000, and 50,000 of them were born abroad. The Germans lead among the foreigners, with the Poles second, and the list tapers down through 30 or 40 other nationalities to a slender total of 30 Japanese in the city schools.