

DURO

TRADE MARK REG.

Sheathing Paper

a high-grade paper, odorless, tasteless, free from tar, waterproof, exceptionally strong—will not tear. A durable and effective interlining for walls, floors and ceilings. Let us show you a sample.

Sole Canadian Manufacturers
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 " " 40 in. " "	1.00 " "
4 " " 48 in. " "	1.00 " "
4 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.

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



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.

CHAPTER XVI.

Introducing Doctor Fairbairn. Headed as they were, and having no other special objective point in view, it was only natural for the two fugitives to drift into Sheridan. This was at that time the human cesspool of the plains country, a seething, boiling maelstrom of all that was rough, evil, and brazen along the entire frontier. Customarily quiet enough during the hours of daylight, the town became a mad saturnalia with the approach of darkness, its ceaseless orgies being noisily continued until dawn. But at this period all track work on the Kansas Pacific being temporarily suspended by Indian outbreaks, the graders made both night and day alike hideous, and the single dirty street which composed Sheridan, lined with shacks, crowded with saloons, the dull dead prairie stretching away on every side to the horizon, was congested with humanity during every hour of the twenty-four.

It was a grim picture of depravity and desolation, the environment dull, gloomy, forbidding; all that was worthy the eye or thought being the pulsing human element. All about extended the barren plains, except where on one side a ravine cut through an overhanging ridge. From the seething street one could look up to the summit, and see there the graves of the many who had died deaths of violence, and been borne thither in "their boots." Amid all this surrounding desolation was Sheridan—the child of a few brief months of existence, and destined to perish almost as quickly—the center of the grim picture, a mere cluster of rude, unpainted houses, poorly erected shacks, grimy tents flapping in the never ceasing wind swirling across the treeless waste, the ugly red station, the rough cowpens filled with lowing cattle, the huge, ungalvanized stores, their false fronts decorated by amateur wielders of the paint brush, and the garish dens of vice tucked in everywhere. The pendulum of life never ceased swinging. Society was mixed; no man cared who his neighbor was, or dared to question. Of women worthy the name there were few, yet there were fitting female forms in plenty, the saloon lights revealing powdered cheeks and painted eyebrows. It was a strange, restless populace, the majority here to-day, disappearing tomorrow—cowboys, half-breeds, trackmen, graders, desperadoes, gamblers, saloon-keepers, merchants, generally Jewish, petty officials, and a riff-raff no one could account for, mere floating debris. The town was an eddy catching odd bits of driftwood such as only the frontier ever knew. Queer characters were everywhere, wrecks of dissipation, derelicts of the East, seeking nothing save oblivion.

Everything was primitive—passion and pleasure ruled. To spend easily made money noisily, brazenly, was the ideal. From dawn to dawn the search after joy continued. The bagnios and dance halls were ablaze; the bar-rooms crowded with hilarious or quarrelsome humanity, the gambling tables alive with excitement. Men swaggered along the streets looking for trouble, and generally finding it; cowboys rode into open saloon doors and drank in the saddle; troops of congenial spirits frenzied with liquor, spurred recklessly through the street firing into the air, or the crowd, as their whim led; bands played popular airs on balconies, and innumerable "barkers" added their honeyed invitations to the perpetual din. From end to end it was a saturnalia of vice, a babel of sound, a glimpse of the inferno. Money flowed like water; every man was his own law, and the gun the arbiter of destiny. The town marshal, and a few cool-headed deputies moved here and there amid the chaos, patient, tireless, undaunted, seeking merely to exercise some slight restraint. This was Sheridan.

Into the one long street just at dusk rode Keith and Neb, the third horse trailing behind. Already lights were beginning to gleam in the crowded saloons, and they were obliged to proceed slowly. Leaving the negro at the corral to find some purchaser for the animals, and such accommodations for himself as he could achieve, Keith shouldered his way on foot through the heterogeneous mass toward the only hotel, a long two-storied wooden structure, unpainted, fronting the glitter of the Pioneer Dance Hall opposite. A noisy band was splitting the air with discordant notes, a loud voiced "barker" yelling through the uproar, but Keith, accustomed to similar scenes and sounds elsewhere, strode through the open door of the hotel, and guided by the noisy, continuous clatter of dishes, easily found his way to the dining-room. It was crowded with men, a few women scattered here and there, most of the former in shirt-sleeves, all eating silently. A few smaller tables at the back of the room were distinguished from the others by white coverings in place of oil-cloth, evidently reserved for the more distinguished guests. Disdaining ceremony, the new comer wormed his way through, finally discovering a vacant

seat where his back would be to the wall, thus enabling him to survey the entire apartment.

It was not of great interest, save for its constant change and the primitive manner in which the majority attacked their food supply, which was piled helter-skelter upon the long tables, yet he ran his eyes searchingly over the numerous faces, seeking impartially for either friend or enemy. No countenance present, as revealed in the dim light of the few swinging lamps, appeared familiar, and satisfied that he remained unknown, Keith began devoting his attention to the dishes before him, mentally expressing his opinion as to their attractiveness. Changing finally to again lift his eyes, he met the gaze of a man sitting directly opposite, a man who somehow did not seem exactly in harmony with his surroundings. He was short and stockily built, with round rosy face, and a perfect shock of wiry hair brushed back from a broad forehead; his nose wide but stubby, and chin massive. Apparently he was between forty and fifty years of age, exceedingly well dressed, his gray eyes shrewd and full of a grim humor. Keith observed all this in a glance, becoming aware at the same time that his neighbor was apparently studying him also. The latter broke silence with a quick, jerky utterance, which seemed to peculiarly fit his persona appearance.

"Damn it all—know you, sir—sure I do—but for life of me can't tell where."

Keith stared across at him more searchingly, and replied, rather indifferently:

"Probably a mistake then, as I have no recollection of your face."

"Never made a mistake, six—never forget a face," the other snapped with some show of indignation, his hands now clasped on the table, one stubby forefinger pointed, as he leaned forward. "Don't tell me—I've seen you somewhere—no, not a word—don't even tell me your name—I'm going to think of it."

Keith smiled, not unwilling to humor the man's eccentricity, and returned to his meal, with only an occasional inquiring glance across the table. The other sat and stared at him, his heavy eyebrows wrinkled as he struggled to awaken memory. The younger man had begun on his pie when the face opposite suddenly cleared.

"Damn me, I've got it—hell, yes; hospital tent—Shenandoah—bullet imbedded under third rib—ordinary case—that's why I forgot—clear as mud now—get the name in a minute—Captain—Captain Keith—that's it—shake hands."

Puzzled at the unexpected recognition, yet realizing the friendliness of the man, Keith grasped the pudgy fingers extended with some cordiality.

"Don't remember me I s'pose—don't think you ever saw me—delirious when I came—hate to tell you what you was talking about—gave you hypodermic first thing—behaved well enough though when I dug out the lead—Mintie bullet, badly blunted hitting the rib—thought you might die with blood poison—couldn't stay to see—to damn much to do—evidently didn't though—remember me now?"

"No, only from what you say. You must have been at General Wattle's headquarters."

"That's it—charge of Stonewall's field hospital—just happened to ride into Wattle's camp that night—damn lucky for you I did—young snip there wanted to saw the bone—I stopped that—liked your face—imagined you might be worth saving—ain't so sure of it now, or you wouldn't be out in this God forsaken country, eating such grub—my name's Fairbairn—Joseph Wright Fairbairn, M. D.—contract surgeon for the railroad—working on the line"

Keith shook his head, feeling awakening interest in his peculiar companion.

"No; just drifted in here from down on the Arkansas," he explained briefly.

Continued on page 7.



Baffling Boston.
After ten days we were able to find our way around Boston, but not across it. If you start to walk out in Boston you always come back to the place from which you started unless you try to; then it is almost impossible.

The transportation is fine, after you have committed it to memory. The hospitality of Boston we shall always remember, but not its street car directions. A Boston street car acts like a broncho. You never know whether it is going through the air like a bird, under the ground like a mole or beneath the bay like a fish. The motorman seems to make up his mind as he goes along.

The Boston language is sibilant and stylish. The Boston people love the soft, boiled "r." Out west folks pronounce "r" a good deal like a dog chewing a bone. In Boston they deal as gently with it as they can, as if it were not to blame for being in the language, although it doesn't belong there.—Horseshoers' Journal.

The Old Oaken Bucket's Gone.
One day's excursion out of Boston is southward through the birthplace and ancestral home of the brilliant essayist Quincy to the boyhood haunts of Woodworth and the scenes which inspired his sweetest lyric. In Scituate, by the village of Greenbush, we find the well of "The Old Oaken Bucket" remaining at the site of the dwelling where the poet was born and reared. Most of the "loved scenes" of his childhood—the wide spreading pond, the venerable orchard, the flower decked meadow, the deep tangled wildwood—may still be seen, little changed since he knew them, but the rock of the cataract has been removed and the cascade itself somewhat altered by the widening of the highway; the "cot of his fathers" has given place to a modern farmhouse, and the "moss covered bucket that hung in the well" has been supplanted by a convenient but unpoetical pump.—Theodore E. Wells, "Literary Shrines."

A Poor Robin Almanac.
One of the scarcest and most amusing of the early English almanacs is entitled "Poor Robin, an Almanack of the Old and New Fashion" containing a twofold Kalender—viz, the Julian English or Old Account, and the Roundheads, Fanatics, paper-scul'd or Magoheaded New Account," etc. It is a pamphlet of sixteen pages and is dated London, 1630.

The dedication is to the world and in it Poor Robin says: "With Pipers, Ballad-singers and Fiddlers it is a merry World; with Prisoners, Sick-people and Money-less persons it is a sad World; with a Soldier it is a hard World; with a Divine a wicked World; with a Lawyer a contentious World; with a Courtier a slippery World; with most men a mad World, and with all men a bad World." Some of the earlier of these "Poor Robin Almanacks" have been attributed to Robert Herrick.

She Learned the Lesson.
A Baltimore lawyer had an office boy who was given to telling in other offices what happened in that of his chief. The lawyer found it necessary to discharge him, but, thinking to keep him from a similar fault in the future, he counseled the boy wisely on his departure.

"Willie, you must never hear anything that is said in the office," he said. "Do what you are told to do, but turn a deaf ear to conversation that does not include you."

A happy inspiration! He would see that the stenographer learned the same lesson in passing, so, turning to her, he said:

"Miss Brown, did you hear what I said to Willie?"

"No, sir," she returned promptly.—Lippincott's.

Long Sessions in the Commons.
A recent nineteen hours' sitting of the house of commons created a sensation. But it is almost a trifle compared with what happened in the spacious days before the closure was introduced. There was the Irish "night" of July 31 and Aug. 1, 1877, when the chaplain, arriving to read prayers at noon for the Wednesday sitting, found the Tuesday sitting still in progress. "Ah," said Erskine May to him, "we are past praying for." But the record was achieved by the forty-one hours' sitting of Jan. 31 to Feb. 2, 1881.

Uses of Time.
"I saved ten minutes a day at lunch for twenty years."
"What of it?"
"Oh, it was well that I saved all this time, for now I spend two hours daily in the anteroom of a dyspepsia specialist."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Striving Vainly to Please.
"I suppose those garden seeds I sent saved you quite a little money," said the affable statesman.
"No," replied Mr. Growcher; "I hadn't the heart to waste 'em, and the result is that I'm in debt for garden implements."—Washington Star.

Afraid.
"Yes, I proposed, but she said I'd have to ask her mother first."
"And did you?"
"No; I was afraid the mother might accept me."—Judge.

He Kept Quiet.
Householder—Here, drop that coat and clear out! Burglar—You be quiet or I'll wake your wife and give her this letter I found in your pocket.—New York Mail.


He who brings ridicule to bear against truth finds in his hand a blade without a hilt.—Lander.

NATURE'S LAWS.

Nature's laws are perfect if only we obey them, but disease follows disobedience. Go straight to Nature for the cure, to the forest; there are mysteries there, some of which we can fathom for you. Take the bark of the Wild-cherry tree, with mandrake root, Oregon grape root, stone root, queen's root, bloodroot and golden seal root, make a scientific, glyceric extract of them, with just the right proportions, and you have

DOCTOR PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

It took Dr. Pierce, with the assistance of two learned chemists and pharmacists, many months of hard work experimenting to perfect this vegetable alterative and tonic extract of the greatest efficiency.



Mr. C. W. PAWLEY, of Millville, Calif., writes: "I wish to tell you that I have used your 'Golden Medical Discovery' in my family for twenty years. We have had a doctor called in but once during that time. I have a family of ten children, all well and hearty, for which, to a great extent, we owe thanks to you and your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' which we use when sick."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules.

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 tippees, full length at 50c.

Call soon or you may not be able to be supplied.

S. SCOTT :: Garafraza St. DURHAM

Western Fair

September 6th to 14th, 1912

London's Great Exhibition

Liberal Prizes Instructive Exhibits
Speed Events each day
New Art Buildings filled with Magnificent Paintings.

ATTRACTIONS

Programme Twice Daily. Live Stock Parade Daily
of Cheltenham, England. One of the greatest Brass Bands in the 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

High Bridge.
High bridge, in New York, was completed in 1842 and at that time was considered one of the world's marvels of bridge building. It may be added that it still is looked upon by bridge builders as a model of its kind. This great stone bridge was built to bring water into the city from the Croton river valley after the great dam was thrown across it forty miles above Manhattan. The aqueduct, cut part way through solid rock and part way continued by tunnel, had to be brought across the Harlem, and the solution of this engineering problem was in High bridge.

His Rule In Danger.
The tough looking citizen who had been sentenced to six months' imprisonment at hard labor for beating up his wife appealed to the court with tears in his voice.
"Have a little pity, judge," he whimpered. "I speak to you as man to man. If you send me up for a thing like that I'll never be able to maintain discipline in my family again."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Way the Dutch Have.
The Dutch have a delightfully original way of collecting their taxes. If after the notice has been given the money is not sent the authorities place one or two hungry militiamen in the house, to be lodged and maintained at the expense of the defaulter until the amount of the tax is paid.

Two Views of It.
"What do you think of married life?" asked the henpecked man, addressing the youthful bridegroom.
"Bliss is no name for it," said the young husband enthusiastically.
"You are right," said the henpecked one gloomily. "Bliss is no name for it."

Conscience.
It is astonishing how soon the whole conscience begins to unravel if a single stitch drops. One little sin indulged in makes a hole you could put your head through.—Charles Burton.

A Strong Hint.
Hardtuppe—Say, old man, I believe I owe you an apology. Freeman—Well, I've heard it called a V, a fever, a flint plunks and five bones, but never an apology before!—Exchange.

An After Marriage Bell.
Our idea of a happy marriage is when a man and his wife go partners in keeping a boarding house and his part of the work is ringing the dinner bell.—Galveston News.

VICKERS
Mr. and Mrs. Harry McCasin, of Hutton Hill, visited Mr. and Mrs. D. Donnelly on Sunday last.
Mr. and Mrs. John Torrey, and daughter, Edith, of Durham, accompanied by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, of Southampton, spent over Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Reay, and other friends in this vicinity.
Mrs. Herb. Chittick, and children, of Lamash, spent a few days with her mother, Mrs. J. W. Vickers.
Master Lindsay Hunt spent a couple of weeks with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Lindsay, of Glenelg.
Mrs. Marshall, and Miss Janet, of Durham, were guests of her sister, Mrs. Harry Reay, a couple of days last week.
Mr. and Mrs. Alf. Bailey, of Allan Park, spent Sunday before last with Mrs. A. W. Hunt.
Mr. and Mrs. John Willis, of Dauphin, visited a day or so with her sister, Mrs. W. G. McCulloch, recently.
Miss Lizzie Coutts, of Toronto, is spending a couple of weeks with her parents here.
Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Brigham, of Allan Park, Sundayed with Mr. and Mrs. James Livingston.
Miss Lyla Swaze, and sister Evelyn, of Guelph, are guests of Miss A. Livingston at present.
The garden party held here on August 6th was a grand success. The weather being all that could be desired, a large crowd attended.
Born.—On August 2nd, to Mr. and Mrs. Grat. Wise, a daughter.
Died.—On August 4th, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grat. Wise.
The honor of being the first to thresh in this section this season goes to Mr. Walter Bailey, of near here, who threshed on Monday morning. Thos. Lawrence, of Hutton Hill, was a close second, he threshing Monday afternoon. Ed. Hopkins did both jobs.
The recent rains have done considerable damage to grain standing in shock in the field, causing it to sprout.

NEGRO BABIES HAPPIEST.
Negro babies, according to the child hygienic bureau of New York city health department, are much better humored than other babies. A large number of picninnies are being cared for this summer, in connection with the department's infant milk stations, and a report by the head of the bureau says: "The little negro babies seldom are fretty. They are the most philosophical baby patients we have. You rarely hear one cry, but the white babies cry a great deal, especially when they are being weighed."