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KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL PADDISH
AUTHOR OF 'MY LADY OF THE SOUTH'
WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING, ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN MELVILL

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CHAPTER XXV.

A Reappearance of the General.

Keith did not inform Hope of her brother's death until the following morning, but had the body properly prepared for burial, and devoted the remainder of the night to searching for General Waite, and, incidentally, for both Hawley and Scott. Don Hickey and Fairbairn assisted in the effort to learn the whereabouts of the dead boy's father, but without the slightest result, nor did Keith's investigations reveal the gambler at any of his accustomed resorts, while Scott had apparently made a complete getaway. These disappearances merely served to convince him as to the truth of his first suspicions; Scott might have departed for good, but Hawley would certainly reappear just as soon as assured his name had not been mentioned in connection with the tragedy.

Neb's store did the part-man creditly confide his belief in the guilt of these two and when other duties called him elsewhere, he left the negro scouring the town for any possible reappearance of either.

Hawley, from lack of sleep, heavy-headed with his message, fully determined to what advice he should give. Keith returned to the hotel and requested an interview with Hope. Although still comparatively early, the announcement of evil had awakened the girl, and in a very few moments she was prepared to receive her visitor. A questioning glance into his face was sufficient to assure her of unpleasant news, but with one quick breath, she grasped his arm as though his very presence afforded her strength.

"How tired you look! Something has occurred to keep you out all night—and I know you have brought me bad news. Don't be afraid to tell me; I can bear anything better than suspense. Is it about father?"

"No, Hope," and he took her hand, and led her to a chair. Bending slowly he gave her the whole story of the night, and she scarcely interrupted with a question, sitting there dry-eyed, with only an occasional sob shaking her slender form. As he ended, she looked up into his face, and now he could see a mist of unshed tears in her eyes.

"What shall I do, Captain Keith? I am all alone with this, except for you."

"I have considered that, Hope," he answered, gravely, "and it seems to me your present duty is more to the living than the dead. You should remain here until we learn something definite regarding your father, and discover the truth of this conspiracy formed against him. If Fred could know the trouble his chance words have caused, he would wish you to do this. With him gone, we are going to find the unravelling harder than ever. It is my judgment, Hope, your brother should be buried here."

She shuddered, her hands pressed to her eyes.

"Oh, on that horrible 'Boots Hill'?"

"Only temporarily, little girl, his voice full of deepest sympathy. "In a few weeks, perhaps, it could be removed East."

She was silent for what seemed to him a long while; then she looked up into his face, clinging to his arm.

"Yes," she said, "that will be best."

That same afternoon, the sun low in the west, they placed the dead boy in his shallow grave on "Boots Hill." It was a strange funeral in a strange environment—all about the barren, deserted plains; far away to the east and west, the darker line marking the railroad grade, and just below, nestled close in against the foot of the hill, the squalid town of tents and shacks. There were not many to stand beside the open grave, for few in Sheridan knew the lad, and funerals were not uncommon—some crooked, half-drunk and maudlin, awed somewhat by the presence of the marshal, Doctor Fairbairn, Keith and Hope. That was all excepting the post chaplain from Fort Hays, who, inspired by a glimpse of the girl's unveiled face, spoke simple words of comfort. It was all over with quickly, and with the red sun still lingering on the horizon, the little party slowly wended their way back, down the steep trail into the one long street of Sheridan.

At the hotel Neb was waiting, the whites of his eyes shining with excitement, his patomime indicating important news. As soon as he could leave Hope, Keith hurried down to interview his dusky satellite, who appeared about to burst with restrained information. As soon as uncoiled that individual began to flow volubly:

"I sho' done seed 'em, Massa Jack; I done seed 'em both."

"Both? Both who?"

"Massa Waite, sah, an' dat black debble dat we was huntin' for." It was a moan' surprisin' circumstance, sah—a moan' surprisin' circumstance."

"Well, go on; where did you see them? Do you mean they were together?"

The negro took a long breath, evidently overcome by the importance of his message, and unable to conjure up words wholly satisfactory to his ideas.

"It sho' am de strangest 'ing, Massa Jack, ebber I prognosticated, I was jest comin' round de corner ob Sheeny Joe's shebang, back dar by de Blacksmith shop, when—de Lawd save me!—yere come ol' Massa Waite, a ridin' long on a cream colod' pinto just as much albe as ebber he was."

Yes, sah; he's whiskers was blowin' round, an' I coul' eben yeah him cussin' de boss, when he done shy at a man what got up sudden like from a cart-wheel he was settin' on. I done took one look at dat secon' fellar, and seed it was dat black debble from down Carson way. Den I ducked into de blacksmith shop out'er sight. I sho' didn't want Mister Hawley to git no chance at dis nigger—I sho' didn't."

"Did they speak to one another?" Keith asked, anxiously. "Did you hear what was said?"

"Sho' dey talked, Massa Jack. I sorter reckon dey was dar for dat special purpose. Suttinly, sah, dey went right at talkin' like dey had som'ing on dey minds. Ol' Massa Waite was a sittin' straight up on de boss, an' dat black debble was a standin' dar in front ob him. Ol' Massa Waite he was mad from de first jump off, an' I could heah most ebber'ing he said, but Mr. Hawley he grin de same way he do when he deal fero, an' speaks kinder low. De ol' man he swear fine at him, he call him ebber'ing—a damn liar, a damn scoundrel—but Mr. Hawley he jest grin, and say ober de same ting."

"What was that, Neb?"

"Som'ing 'bout a gal, Massa Jack—an' a law suit—an' how de ol' man better settle up widout no fightin'. I jest didn't git de whole ob it, he talked so low like."

"What did Waite say?"

"Well, mostly he jest cussed. He sho' told dat black debble 'bout what he thought ob him, but he didn't nember call him Hawley—no, sah, not once; he done call him Bartlett, or somethin' or odder like dat. But he suttinly read dat man's pedigree from way back to de time of de flood, I reckon. An' he done swore he'd fight for whatever it was, papers or no papers. Den Hawley, he got plumb tired ob de ol' man swearin' at him, an' he grabbed a pater out ob he's pocket, an' says, 'Damn you; look at dat! What kind ob a fight can you make against dat face?' De ol' man stared at it a while, sorter chokin' up; den he say sorter like: 'It's Hope; wher did you ebber get dat?' and de black debble he laughed, an' shoved de pater back into he's pocket. 'Hope, heil!' he say, 'It's Raylin, an' I'll put ter before any jary you're mind to get—oh, I've got you nalled, Waite, dis time.'

"Was that all?"

"De ol' ginal he didn't seem ter know what ter say; he done set dar lookin' ob ober de prairie like he was clear flumegated. He sho' did look like dat black debble hed hit him mighty hard. Den he says slow like, turnin' his hoes 'round: 'Bartlett, yo' am puttin' up a good bluff, but, by Gawd, I'm goin' ter call yo'. Yo' don't get a cent ob dat money 'less yo' put up de proof. I'll meet yo' whar yo' say, but ef I can git hol' ob some papers dat's missin' I'll take dat grin off yo' face.' De odder one laughed, an' de ol' ginal started fo' ter ride away, den he pull up he's hoss, an' look back. 'Yo' sorter herd wid dat kind ob cattle, Bartlett,' he say, sharp like, 'maybe yo' know a gambler round yere called Hawley?' De black debble nember eben lose he's grin. 'Do yo' mean Black Bart Hawley?' 'Dat's de man, wher is he?' 'Dealin' fero-fo' Mike Kenna in Topeka a week ago—friend ob yours?' 'Dat's none ob yo' damned business,' snorted de ol' ginal, givin' his boss de spur. Sho', Massa Jack, he nember knowed he was talkin' ter dat same Hawley, an' dat black debble jest laughed as he rode off."

"When was all this, Neb?"

"'Bout de time yo' all went up on de hill, I reckon. I done come right yere, and waited."

Keith walked across the room, selected a cigar, and came back, his mind busy with the problem. Hawley had in some manner, then, got into communication with Waite, and was threatening him. But Waite evidently knew the man under another name—his given name—and the gambler had sent him off on a false trail. The lost papers apparently contained the solution to all this mystery. Waite believed Hawley possessed them, but did not suspect that Bartlett and Hawley were the same person. What would he most naturally do now? Seek Hawley in Topeka probably; seize the first opportunity of getting there. Keith turned impatiently to the clerk.

"Any train running east?"

"Well, they generally start one out every day," with a glance toward the clock, "long 'bout this time. Maybe it's gone, and maybe it hasn't."

It was already nearly dark outside as the two men hastened toward the depot. They arrived there barely in time to see the red lights on the last



"Som'ing 'Bout a Gal, Massa Jack—an' a Law Suit."

Are the Fly and Mosquito Dangerous?

The fly, with spongy feet, collects the invisible germs of disease, spreads them over our food and poisons us with typhoid and cholera. The mosquito with its bite injects into our veins malaria and yellow fever. The bacteria of consumption, or grip, are everywhere present for us to breathe into our lungs. The blood which flows through our veins and arteries is our protection. It should contain healthy red and white blood corpuscles—capable of warding off these disease germs. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a blood medicine and stimulant made entirely without alcohol, a pure glyceric extract of bloodroot, golden seal, Oregon grape root, quassa's root, mandrake and stone root, which has enjoyed a good reputation for over forty years. The remarkable influence of this extract is like Nature's influence—the blood is bathed in the tonic which gives life to the blood—the vital fires of the body burn brighter and their increased activity consumes the tissue rubbish which has accumulated during the winter.

"About forty years ago while in Newark, New Jersey, I had chills and fever," writes Mrs. Elizabeth Macraire, of Madison, N. J., "and I went to Kansas City and in the spring of 1871 the chills and fever returned. Doctors and everything I tried failed to do me good. Finally I saw Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery advertised. I took one bottle of it and the chills vanished. In about a year afterward I felt them coming back so I got another bottle and have never had any symptoms of fever or ague since. That is all of twenty years ago, for I had the chills about twelve years before I started to take 'Golden Medical Discovery.'"

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W. H. BEAN

A NOTE OF WARNING

There has been issued, by direction of the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa, a conspicuous poster calling the attention of potato growers to the importance of examining their crop to ascertain whether or not it is affected with "potato canker." The hanger shows in natural colors a potato plant, the whole yield of which is affected by the disease. It shows the appearance of individual tubers in which the canker has started to work. Growers who discover suspicious symptoms of the disease in their crop are requested to send affected specimens to the Dominion Botanist, Experimental Farm, Ottawa. The poster is issued as Farmers' Circular No. 3, of the division of botany, and is being distributed by the publications department of the department of agriculture.

STORM AT ST. MARYS.

A severe electrical storm passed over this district on Thursday afternoon and evening last week, accompanied by a heavy down-pour of rain. The barn of Robt. Rea, corner of the London road and the eighth concession of Blanshard, was struck by lightning and five horses struck down, reviving from the shock later. The barn was covered with a metal roof, to which is attributed its escape.

The implicit confidence that many people have in Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is founded on their experience in the use of that remedy and their knowledge of the many remarkable cures of colic, diarrhoea and dysentery that it has effected. For sale by all dealers.

and manly, his gray eyes filled with humor, Miss Macraire recognized again that he was not of the common herd, and the innate coquetry of her nature obtained mastery. What harm could it do for her to chat with him for half an hour? It was better than eating a lonely meal, and, besides, she might learn something of value to report to Hawley. Her own eyes brightened, the slight frown disappearing.

"You are certainly an illustration of your theory," she said pleasantly. "I shall have to say yes, but, really, I did not suppose you would enjoy being ranked among that class."

He drew out a chair, and sat down facing her, leaning slightly forward upon the intervening table.

"Nor would I, only I recognize you do not comprehend. The source of your information is a bit polluted, Miss Macraire. There are those whose good opinion I do not seek, and you should not form your decisions on the unsupported testimony of a personal enemy."

"Oh, indeed," rather resenting the words, and already regretful of her compliances, "surely I have no reason to think my information is polluted, at least, has proved himself a friend."

"I wish I could feel as fully master of that as you do," he returned coolly. "I would then have every occasion to make further travel away from me. Do you realize that my interest is very largely upon your account?"

"Oh, no," laughing, "I couldn't believe that. I—I have heard it whispered it might be because of the other girl."

"The other girl!" in complete surprise at this swift return.

"Yes, sir," conscious of having attained the upper hand. "Miss Hope Waite."

"Some more of Mr. Hawley's fancies," he retorted, perplexed that so much should be suspected. "Have you seen her?"

"Why, of course. I am a woman, Mr. Keith, with all the natural curiosity of my sex. In this case I had special reason to be interested. One does not meet her counterpart every day."

"The resemblance between you is certainly most striking."

"Sufficiently so," she said slowly, her eyes on his face, "to abundantly confirm in my mind the truth of all that has been told me."

The waiter approached with the order, and the two remained in silence until he had deposited his load upon the table, and departed. She was

DR. ALLAN CAMERON IS DEAD AT OWEN SOUND.

In the death of Dr. Allan Cameron, on Friday evening last, says a despatch from Owen Sound, the town lost one of its oldest and most highly respected residents. Dr. Cameron, who was aged 83 years, came to Owen Sound in 1854, when the town was the merest backwoods hamlet. Since that time he has been one of the foremost citizens, and was venerated and esteemed by everyone. For the past year he had been in failing health, but had kept up his large practice until within the last few months, when his failing health practically confined him to his home. Dr. Cameron was connected with several fraternal societies, more particularly with the Masons, in which he had attained to advanced degrees, and in which he was provincial registrar for some time. He is survived by Mrs. Cameron, four sons and two daughters.

BRAKEMAN'S FATAL SLIP IN THROWING A SWITCH.

Owen Sound, Sept. 8.—Robt. McEwen, brakeman, an old employee of the Grand Trunk, was almost instantly killed at the Grand Trunk yards yesterday at noon, when he was thrown beneath a moving car and had a leg severed. The train crew were making a running switch and McEwen ran down to throw over the lever of the switch. As he threw his weight against the bar his hand slipped, and he reeled over toward the track, and being thrown against the oncoming car was hurled to the track lengthwise. The heavy express car passed over one leg, and crushed part of the body terribly. Life was extinct in a few minutes. McEwen was aged about fifty-five years, and had been railroading for thirty years, principally with the Grand Trunk. His home was in Stratford, where his widow and two sons and two daughters, all grown up, survive him.

TO MOVE POPE'S BODY.

Rome, Sept. 8.—The Pope has determined that the body of Pope Leo XIII, which is still provisionally buried in St. Peter's, shall be removed within a year to a tomb in Lateran Basilica, where the principal functions for the forthcoming Constantine celebration are to be held. Hence secret negotiations have been made by the Pope's major domo with the Italian police for the necessary arrangements for the removal of the body, which will be private, and possibly unexpectedly in the early morning.