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Legal firms have ever been remarkable for the conjunction of names in strange juxtaposition. Officials at Osgoode Hall declare with a strange face that two students in the same year at the law school would have gone into partnership together had it not been for the accident of their names. One was named Robb and the other Steele. The names together would have been too suggestive. A. J. Russel Snow, K.C., of Toronto, is credited with a scheme to form a legal firm, the name of which would read like a weather bulletin. "I was saying the other day," he declared, "that I should go into partnership with W. E. Raney and James Hales, and then we could get brother Frost to go in with us. Raney, Snow, Hales and Frost. If you can get any other elements together, I would like to hear from them."—Toronto World.



### CHAPTER XXIX.

By Force of Arms.  
With her heart throbbing fiercely, Hope clung to the outer door of the vestibule endeavoring to see a little of what was transpiring without. About her was dense darkness, and she dare not explore the surroundings. Behind her was a thin partition, through what must have been a thin partition, the various distractions of the stage, shifting scenery, music, shuffling feet, voices, and the occasional sound of applause. The girl had nerved herself to the encounter with Hawley, but this waiting here in darkness and uncertainty tried her to the uttermost. If some one should venture out that way how could she excuse her presence or explain her purpose? She found herself trembling in every limb from nervous fear, startled by every strange sound. Would the man never come? Surely Christie herself must be ready to depart by this time.

Almost prepared to flee before the terrors thus conjured up within her mind, she left her as if by magic the moment her straining eyes distinguished the approach of a dim figure without. She could not tell who it was, only that it was the unmistakable form of a man, and that he was whistling softly to himself. It might not prove to be the gambler, but she must accept the chance, for flesh and blood could stand the strain of waiting no longer. Yet she was not conscious of fear, only of exultation, as she stepped forth into the open, her blood again circulating freely in her veins. At the slight creak of the door the man saw her, his whistle ceasing, his hat lifted. Instantly she recognized him as Hawley, her heart leaping with the excitement of encounter.

"Why, hello, Christie," he said familiarly, "I thought I was early, and expected a ten minutes' wait. I came out as soon as you left the stage."  
"Oh, I can dress in a jiffy when there is any cause for hurry," Hope responded, permitting herself to drift under his guidance. "Are you disappointed? Would you prefer to communique with nature?"

"Well, I should say not," drawing her hand through his arm, and then patting it with his own. "I have seen about all I care to of nature, but not of Christie Maclaire."

"You may learn to feel the same regarding her," Hope answered, afraid to encourage the man, yet eagerly fearful lest she fall to play her part aright.

"Not the slightest danger," laughing lightly, and pressing her arm more closely against his body. "Although I must confess you exhibited some temper when I was late to-night."

"Did I not have occasion to? A woman should never be kept waiting, especially if her engagement be imperative."

"Oh, I am not finding any fault, you little spit-fire. I like you all the better because you fight. But the trouble was, Christie, you simply jumped on me without even asking how it occurred. You took it for granted I was late on purpose to spite you."

"Well, weren't you?" and the girl glanced inquiringly up into his face, as they passed out of the alley into the light of the Trocadero's windows. "You certainly acted that way."

"No, I did not; but you wouldn't listen, and besides I had no time then to explain. There's a lot happened this afternoon I want to tell you about. Will you give me time to talk with you?"

"Why, of course," surprised at the question, yet full of eagerness. "Why should you ask that?"

"Because I want you alone where no one can overhear a syllable. I'm afraid of that damned hotel. You never know who is in the next room, and the slightest whisper travels from one end to the other. That is one way in which Keith got onto our deal—he had a room next to Willoughby and Scott, and overheard them talking. I'm not going to take any more chances. Will you go to 'Sheeny Joe's' with me?"

She drew back from him. "'Sheeny Joe's'?" "You mean the saloon near the depot?"

"Sure; what's the use of being so squeamish? You sing and dance to a saloon crowd, don't you? Oh, I know you're a good girl, Christie, and all that. I'm not ranking you with these fly-by-nights around here. But there's no reason that I can see why you should shy so at a saloon. Besides, you won't see any one. Joe has got some back room where we can be alone, and have a bite to eat while we're talking. What do you say?"

"Oh, I would rather not," Hope faltered, bewildered by this unexpected request, already half-tempted to break away and run. "Really I—I don't want to go there."

Hawley was evidently surprised at this refusal, naturally supposing from her life that Miss Maclaire's scruples would be easily overcome. This obstinacy of the girl aroused his anger. "You women beat the devil," he ejaculated, gruffly, "pretending to be so damn particular. Maybe you'd rather stand out there on the prairie and talk" with a sweep of his hand around the horizon.

"Yes, I would," catching desperately at the straw. "I'm not afraid of you; I'm not blaming you at all, only I—I don't want to go to 'Sheeny Joe's.'"

He looked at her, puzzled at her attitude, and yet somewhat reassured by her expression of confidence. Oh, well, what was the difference? It might be better to let her have her own way, and the change would not materially interfere with his plans. Of course, it would be pleasanter sitting together at one of Joe's tables, but he could talk just as freely out yonder under the stars. Besides, it might be as well now to humor the girl.

"All right, Christie," his voice regaining its pleasant tone. "You shall have your way this time. There is too much at stake for us to quarrel over this."

Frightened, yet not daring to resist or exhibit the least reluctance, she clung to his arm, and permitted him to lead her to the right down a dark passage and out into the open land beyond. He had to feel his way carefully, and scarcely spoke, yet proceeded as though the passage was reasonably familiar and he had some definite point in view. She answered in monosyllables, now thoroughly re-



Mad With Terror, She Pulled the Trigger.

gretful of having permitted herself to drift into this position, yet not in the least knowing how to extricate herself. Hawley took everything for granted, her very silence convincing him of her acquiescence. With throbbing pulse, Hope felt the small revolver hidden within her dress, undoing a button so that, in emergency, she might grasp it more quickly. Hawley felt the movement, the trembling of her arm.

"You are afraid, just the same," he said, pressing her to him lover-like. "Darkness always gets on a woman's nerves."

"Yes, that and loneliness," resenting his familiarity. "Do we need to go any farther? Surely, we are alone here."

"Only a few steps; the ravine is yonder, and we can sit down on the rocks. I want to smoke, and we will be entirely out of sight there."

He helped her down the rather sharp declivity until both were thoroughly concealed below the prairie level. Feeling about with his hands he found the surface of a smooth rock, and seated her upon it. Then a match flared, casting an instant's gleam across his face as he lighted his cigar. Blacker than ever the night shut down about them, and he groped for a seat beside her. She could perceive just one star peering through a rift of cloud, and in her nostrils was the pungent odor of tobacco. With a little shiver of disgust she drew slightly away from him, dreading what was to come. One thing alone she felt was in her favor—However familiar Hawley attempted to be, he was evidently not yet sufficiently sure of Miss Maclaire to become entirely offensive. She might not have frowned at his love-making, but apparently he had not yet progressed sufficiently far in her good graces to venture to extremes. Hope pressed her lips together, determined to resist any further approach of the man. However, his earliest words were a relief.

"I reckon, Christie," he said slowly, between puffs on his cigar, the lighted end of which faintly illumined his face, "you've got the idea I have brought you out here to make love. Lord knows I'd like to well enough, but just now there's more important matters on hand. Fact is, my girl, we're up against a little back-set, and have got to make a shift in our plans—a mighty quick shift, too," he added, almost savagely.

"I—I don't think I understand."

"No, of course, you don't. You imagine all we've got to do in a matter of this kind is to step into the nearest court and draw the money. One

trouble is, our evidence isn't complete—we've got to find that woman who brought you up."

"Oh!" said Hope, not knowing what else to say.  
"Yes," he went on, apparently satisfied with her exclamation. "Of course, I know she's dead, or at least, you say so, but we haven't got enough proof without her—not the way old Waite promises to fight your claim—and so we've got to hunt for a substitute. Do you happen to know any old woman about the right age who would make affidavit for you? She probably wouldn't have to go on the stand at all. Waite will cave in as soon as he knows we've got the evidence."

He waited for an answer, but she hardly knew what to say. Then she remembered that Keith insisted that there was any fraud in her claim. "No, I know no one. But what do you mean? I thought everything was straight? That there was no question about my right to inherit?"

"Well, there isn't, Christie," pulling fiercely on his cigar. "But the courts are particular; they have got to have the whole thing in black and white. I thought all along I could settle the entire matter with Waite outside, but the old fool won't listen to reason. I saw him twice to-day."

"Twice?" surprise wrung the word from her.  
"Yes; thought I had got him off on a false scent and out of the way, the first time, but he turned up again like a bad penny. What's worse, he's evidently stumbled on to a bit of legal information which makes it safer for us to disappear until we can get the links of our chain forged. He's taken the case into court already, and the sheriff is here trying to find me so as to serve the papers. I've got to skip out, and so've you."

"I?" rising to her feet, indignantly. "What have I done to be frightened over?"

He laughed, but not pleasantly. "Oh, hell, Christie, can't you understand? Old Waite is after you the same way he is me. I'll knock you out whole case if he can get you into court before our evidence is ready. All you know is what I have told you—that's straight enough—but we've got to have proof. I can get it in a month, but he's got hold of something which gives him a leverage. I don't know what it is—maybe it's just a bluff—but the charge is conspiracy, and he's got warrants out. There is nothing for us to do but skip."

"But my riches; my engagement?" she urged, feeling the insistent earnestness of the man, and sparring for delay. "Why, I cannot go. Besides, if the sheriff is hunting us, the train will be watched."

"Do you suppose I am fool enough to risk the trains?" he exclaimed, roughly, patting her forehead. "Not much; horses and the open plains for us, and a good night the start of them. They will search for me first, and you'll never be missed until you fail to show up at the Trocadero. Never mind the clothes; they can be sent after us."

"To-night!" she cried, awakening to the immediate danger, and rising to her feet. "You urge me to fly with you to-night?—now?"

"Sure, don't be foolish and kick up a row. The horses are here waiting just around the end of the ravine."

She pressed her hands to her breast, shrinking away from him.

"No! No! I will not go!" she declared, indignantly. "Keep back! Don't touch me!"

Hawley must have expected the resistance, for with a single movement he grasped her even as she turned to fly, pinning her arms helplessly to her side, holding her as in a vise.

"Oh, but you will, my beauty," he growled. "I thought you might act up and I'm ready. Do you think I am fool enough to leave you here alone to be pumped dry? It is a big stake I'm playing after, girl, and I am not going to lose it through the whims of a woman. If you won't go pleasantly, then you'll go by force. Keep still, you tigger! Do you want me to choke you?"

She struggled to break loose, twisting and turning, but the effort was useless. Suddenly he whistled sharply. There was the sound of feet scrambling down the path, and the frightened woman perceived the dim outlines of several approaching men. She gave one scream, and Hawley released his grip on her arms to grasp her throat.

She jerked away, half-stumbling backward over a rock. The revolver, carried concealed in her dress, was in her hand. Mad with terror, scarcely knowing what she did, she pulled the trigger. In the flash she saw one man throw up his hands and go down. The next instant the others were upon her.

### CHAPTER XXX.

#### In Christie's Room.

Keith swept his glance up and down the street without results. Surely Hawley and his companion could not have disappeared so suddenly. They had turned to the right, he was certain as to that, and he pushed through the crowd of men around the theater entrance, and hastened to overtake them. He found nothing to overtake them—nowhere along that stretch of street, illumined by window lights, was there any sign of a man and woman walking together. He stopped, bewildered, staring blindly about, falling utterly to comprehend this mysterious vanishing. What could it mean? What had happened? How could they have disappeared so completely during that brief moment he had waited to speak to Fairbairn? The man's heart beat like a trip-hammer with apprehension. A sudden fear for Hope taking posses-

### How The Body Kills Germs.

Germs that get into the body are killed in two ways—by the white corpuscles of the blood, and by a germ-killing substance that is in the blood. Just what this substance is, we do not know. The blood of a healthy person always has some germ-killing substance in it to ward off the attack of disease. The fountain head of life is the stomach. A man who has a weak and impaired stomach and who does not properly digest his food will soon find that his blood has become weak and impoverished, and that his whole body is improperly and insufficiently nourished. To put the body in healthy condition, to feed the system on rich, red blood and throw out the poisons from the body, nothing in the past forty years has excelled Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a pure glyceric extract (without alcohol), of bloodroot, golden seal and Oregon grape root, stone root, mandrake and queen's root with black cherrybark.



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sion of him. Surely the girl would never consent to enter any of those dens along the way, and Hawley would not dare resort to force in the open street. The very thought seemed preposterous, and yet, with no other supposition possible, he entered these one after the other in hasty search, questioning the inmates sharply, only to find himself totally baffled—Hawley and Hope had vanished as though swallowed by the earth. He explored dark passages-ways between the scattered buildings, rummaging about recklessly, but came back to the street again without reward.

Could they have gone to either side, in the direction of the street, thus reached the

than it seemed to him possible? There was barely a chance that this could be true, and yet Keith grasped at it desperately, cursing himself for having wasted time. Five minutes later, breathless, almost speechless with anxiety, he started the clerk.

"Has Miss Waite come in? Miss Hope Waite?"

"Blamed if I know," retorted the other, indifferently. "Can't for the life of me tell those two females apart. One of them passed through 'bout ten minutes ago, Doc Fairbairn was with her. Another party just went upstairs hunting Miss Maclaire, and as they haven't come down, I reckon it must have been her—anything wrong?"

"I'm not sure yet," shortly. "Who was this other person?"

"Old fellow with white hair and whiskers—swore like a pirate—had the sheriff along with him."

It came to Keith in a flash—it was Waite. Perhaps Christie knew. Perhaps the General knew. Certainly something of importance was crystallizing in the actress' room which might help to explain all else. He rushed up the stairs, barely waiting to rap once at the closed door before he pressed it open. The sight within held him silent, waiting opportunity to blurt out his news. Here, also, was tragedy, intense, compelling, which for the instant seemed to even overshadow the fate of the girl he loved. There were three men present, and the woman. She stood clutching the back of a chair, white-faced and open-eyed, with Fairbairn slightly behind her, one hand grasping her arm, the other clinched, his jaw set pugnauciously. Facing these two was Waite, and a heavily built man wearing a brown beard, closely trimmed.

"You'd better acknowledge it," Waite snapped out, with a quick glance at the newcomer. "It will make all the easier for you. I tell you this is the sheriff, and we've got you both dead to rights."

"But," she urged, "why should I be arrested? I have done nothing."

"You're an adventuress—a damn adventuress—Hawley's mistress, probably—a—"

"Now, see here, Waite," and Fairbairn swung himself forward, "you drop that. Miss Maclaire is my friend, and if you say another word I'll smash you, sheriff or no sheriff."

Waite glared at him. "You old fool," he snorted, "what have you got to do with this?"

"I've got this to do with, you'll find—the woman is to be treated with respect or I'll blow your damned obstinate head off."

The sheriff laid his hand on Waite's shoulder.

"Come," he said, firmly, "this is no way to get at it. We want to know certain facts, and then we can proceed lawfully. Let me question the woman."

The two older men still faced one another beligerently, but Keith saw Christie draw the doctor back from between her and the sheriff.

"You may ask me anything you please," she announced, quietly. "I am sure these gentlemen will not fight in my room."

"Very well, Miss Maclaire. It will require only a moment. How long

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.  
It has been noted that the girls are graciously and numerously accepting the quite cordial invitation of the Last West to go out there and get married.

If these girls would accept the same conditions down here—if they would be willing to start life in an Ontario town or country place under the same circumstances as in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta—they would all be married before Christmas, and every one of them be within hail of her paw and maw. What are the conditions some of them—the majority of them accept? They go away alone sometimes to meet their intended at a big tool-box and a pile of ties, called a station, anywhere between North Bay and the eternal hills. They go to the nearest tavern and get married in the parlor upstairs, by the nearest preacher that they can get; his religion doesn't fizzle on them. Now, do you think that her ladyship would stand for that kind of thing down here? But keep your eye on the screen—this is a moving picture show. She starts at keeping house in a sod hut or in a plank shack, which is parlor, kitchen, dining-hall, spare bedroom, granary, tool-house and horse-stable, all in one. I will hold the film for half a second to ask you if you think she would stand for that down here? (Cries of "G'wan.")

Her home is situated on a naked prairie, fifty miles from the nearest post-office, and she is perfectly satisfied to go for her mail in a buckboard or a farm-wagon, or ride it man-fashion on horseback. She wouldn't do that down here for the best man on earth. Why, the rural delivery box is right at her father's gate, and they lived up the lane only about a hundred yards, and she used to hound the poor old man out twice a day to see if there was anything in it for her.

If you were to ask one of these girls to marry you down here in Ontario, she would want the homestead and nothing less. Your old folks have to move out and live in town, and you happened to have a silly brother or a feeble-minded aunt—and nine out of ten of us have—the one would have to be bundled off to the house of refuge and the other to the old women's home. If you offered to take her for a ride in a buckboard or a lumber wagon, she would set the dogs on you. She wants to start off where your poor old mother quit; but as soon as she gets west of the Soo she'll rough it in any old place. She will bury herself in the wilderness for six solid months in the year, and never see a neighbor's face. Ask her to do it down here and her brother will beat you up—that's what they will do with you.

The way I got my girl was this: I went away up about a couple of thousand miles more or less the other side of Saskatoon and built me a sod house. Then I wrote her letters telling her how lonely I was, and how much I needed her, and all that was wanted to make it an earthly paradise was her own sweet self. Down here I couldn't have got next or near her for less than a thousand dollars—a new brick house, and a 1912 model motor car. I'm a Dutchman if she didn't pay her own way to get to me, and she wouldn't have footed it if she couldn't get a train. As soon as I got her, I boxed her up and brought her down to the Wigwam.

But everything's fair in love and war.

—The Khan.

If you knew of the real value of Chamberlain's Liniment for lame back, soreness of the muscles, sprains and rheumatic pains, you would never wish to be without it. For sale by all dealers.

THE ROMAN LEGION.  
Ten cohorts of 600 men each, with a wing of 300 cavalry, was the ordinary composition of a Roman legion.

Continued on page 7.