

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. "
3 3/4 " " 48 in. " 1.00. "
3 1/2 " " 54 in. " 1.50 "

W. H. BEAN

Soap Soap Soap

See our display of Jergen's Celebrated

Violet Glycerine Soap

The best on the market—Wears to the last bubble.

Only 10c=3 for 25

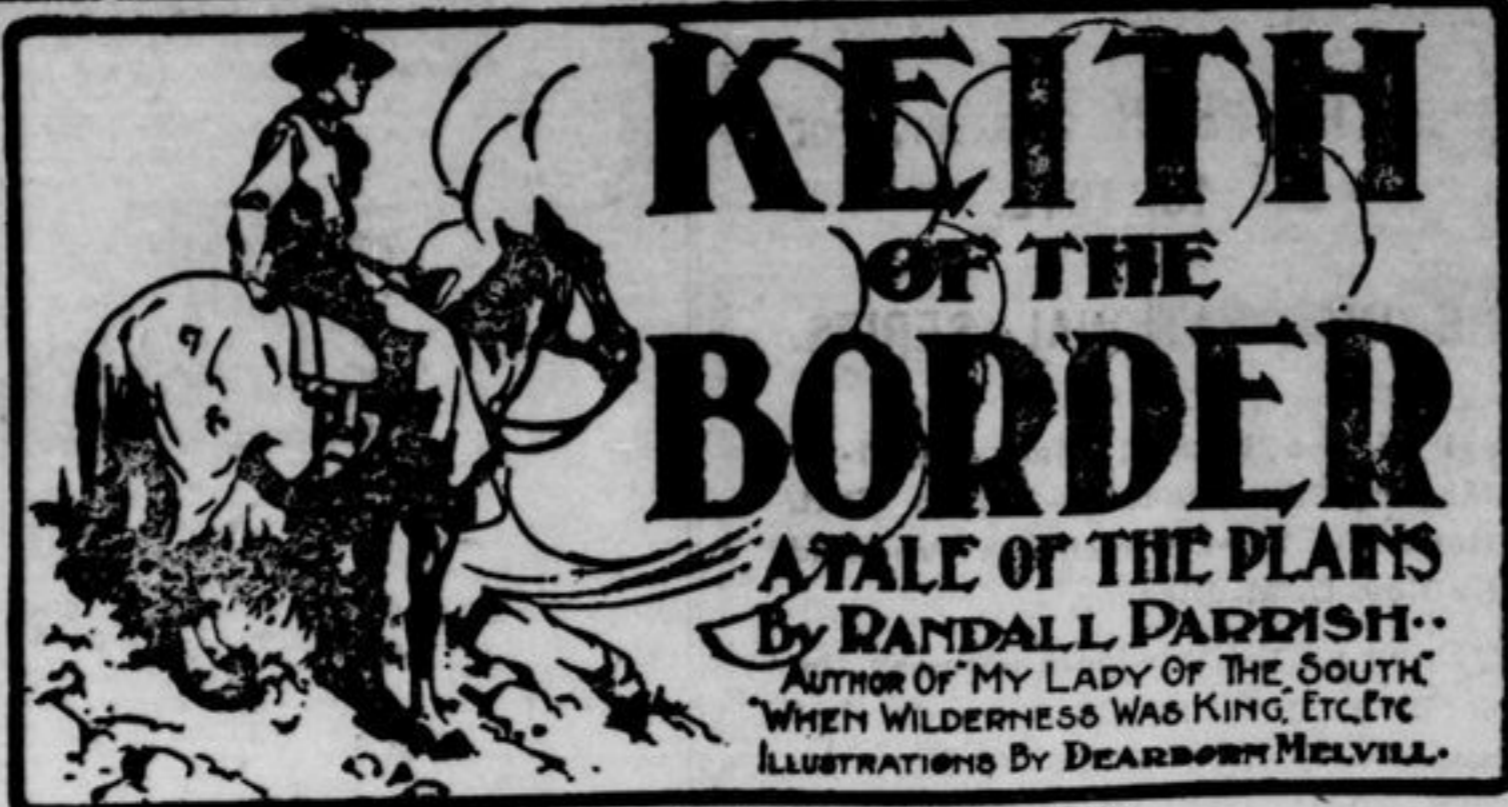
Call and get a Sample Cake

The Central Drug Store :: Durham

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

If you have young children you have perhaps noticed that disorders of the stomach are their most common ailment. To correct this you will find Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets excellent. They are easy and pleasant to take, and mild and gentle in effect. For sale by all dealers.



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.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Following the Trail. The withdrawal of the sheriff merely stimulated Keith to greater activity. It was clearly evident the fugitives were endeavoring with all rapidity possible to get beyond where the hand of law could reach them—their trail striking directly across the plains into the barren southwest was proof of this purpose. Yet it was scarcely likely they would proceed very far in that direction, as such a course would bring them straight into the heart of the Indian country, into greater danger than that from which they fled. Keith felt no doubt that Hawley intended making for Carson City, where he could securely hide the girl, and where he possessed friends to rally to his defence, even an influence over the officers of the law. The one thing which puzzled him most was the man's object in attempting so desperately a venture. Did he know his prisoner was Hope Waite? or did he still suppose he was running off with Christie Maclaire? Could some rumor of Waite's appeal to the courts have reached the gambler, frightened him, and caused him to attempt this desperate effort at escape? and did he bear Miss Maclaire with him, hoping to keep her safely concealed until he was better prepared to come out in open fight? If this was the actual state of affairs then it would account for much otherwise hard to explain. The actress would probably not have been missed, or, at least, seriously sought after, until she failed to appear at the theater the following evening. This delay would give the fugitives a start of twenty hours, or even more, and practically assure their safety. Besides, in the light of Waite's application to the sheriff for assistance, it was comparatively easy to conceive of a valid reason why Hawley should vanish, and desire, likewise, to take Miss Maclaire with him. But there was no apparent occasion for his forcible abduction of Hope. Of course, he might have done so from a suddenly aroused fit of anger at some discovery the girl had made, yet everything pointed rather to a deliberate plan. Both horses and men were certainly waiting there under orders, Hawley's adherents in charge, and every arrangement perfected in advance. Clearly enough the gambler had planned it all out before he ever went to the Trocadero—no doubt the completion of these final arrangements was what delayed his appearance at the hotel. If this was all true, then it must have been Christie, and not Hope, he purposed bearing away with him, and the latter was merely a victim of her masquerade.

What would result when the man discovered his mistake? Such a discovery could not be delayed long, although the girl was quick-witted, and would surely realize that her personal safety depended upon keeping up the deception to the last possible moment. Yet the discovery must finally occur, and there was no guessing what form Hawley's rage would assume when he found himself baffled, and all his plans for a fortune overturned. Keith fully realized Hope's peril, and his own helplessness to serve her in this emergency was agony. As they hurried back to the town, he briefly reviewed these conclusions with Waite and Fairbairn, all alike agreeing there was nothing remaining for them to do except to take up the trail. The fugitives had already gained too great an advantage to be overhauled, but they might be traced to whatever point they were heading for. In spite of the start being so far to the west, Keith was firmly convinced that their destination would prove to be Carson City.

Procuring horses at the corral, their forces augmented by two volunteers—both men of experience—Keith, Waite, Fairbairn and Neb departed without delay, not even pausing to eat but taking the necessary food with them. The sun had barely risen when they took up the trail, Keith, and a man named Bristoe, slightly in advance, their keen eyes marking every slight sign left for guidance across the bare plain. It was a comparatively easy trail to follow, leading directly into the southwest, the pony tracks cutting into the sod as though the reckless riders had bunched together, their horses trotting rapidly. Evidently no attempt had been made at concealment, and this served to convince the pursuers that Hawley still believed his captive to be Miss Maclaire, and that her disappearance would not be suspected until after nightfall. In that case the trail could not be discovered before the following morning, and with such a start, pursuit would be useless. Tireless, steadily, scarcely speaking except upon the business in hand, the pursuers pressed forward at an easy trot, Keith, in spite of intense anxiety, with the remembrance of old cavalry days to guide him, insisting upon sparing the horses as much as possible. This was to be a stern chase and a long one, and it was impossible to tell when they could procure remounts. The constant swer-



Keith Bent Over to Study the Tracks.

mg of the trail westward seemed to shatter his earlier theory, and, brought him greater uneasiness. Finally he spoke of it to the old plainsman beside him.

"What do you suppose those fellows are heading so far west for, Ben? They are taking a big risk of running into hostiles."

"Oh, I don't know," returned the other gravely, lifting his eyes to the far-off sky line. "I reckon from the news that come in last night from Hays, that ain't no Injuns a rangin' that way just now. They're too blame busy out on the Arickaree. Maybe them fellers heard the same story, an' that's what makes 'em so bold."

"What story? I've heard nothing." "Why, it's like this, Cap," drawing out the words, "leastways, that's how it come inter Sheridan; 'Sandy' Forsythe an' his outfit, mostly plainsmen, started a while ago across Solomon River an' down Beaver Creek, headin' fer Fort Wallace. Over on the Arickaree, the whole damned Injun outfit jumped 'em. From all I heard, that must a bin nigh onto three thousand o' the varmints, droppin' on 'em all at once, hell-bent-fer-election, with o' Roman Nose a leadin' 'em. It was shore a good fight, fer the scouts got onto an island an' stopped the bucks. Two of the fellers got through to Wallace yist'day, an' a courier brought the news in ter Hays. The Injuns had them boys cooped up thar fer eight days before them fellers got out, an' I reckon it'll be two or three days more 'fore the nigger sogers they sent out ter help ever git thar. So thar won't be no Injuns long this route we're travelin', fer the whole kit an' caboodle are up thar yit after 'Sandy.'"

"And you suppose Hawley knew about this?"

"Why not, Cap? He was hangin' round till after ten o'clock las' night, an' it was all over town by then. 'Tain't likely he's got an outfit long with him thet's lost any Injuns. I don't know whar they're bound, no morn' you do, but I reckon they're reasonably sure they've got a clear road."

They pulled up on the banks of a small stream to water their horses, and ate hastily. The trail led directly across, and with only the slightest possible delay they forded the shallow water, and mounted the opposite bank. A hundred yards farther on Bristoe reined up suddenly, pointing down at the trail.

"One hoss left the bunch here," he declared positively. Keith swung himself out of the saddle, and bent over to study the tracks. There was no doubting the evidence—a single horse—the only one shod in the bunch—with a rider on its back, judging from the deep imprint of the hoofs, had swerved sharply to the left of the main body, heading directly into the southeast. The plainsman ran forward for a hundred yards to assure himself the man had not circled back; at that point the animal had been spurred into a lope. Keith rejoined the others.

"Must have been about daylight they reached here," he said, picking up his dangling rein, and looking into the questioning faces about him. "The fellow that rode out yonder alone was heading straight toward Carson City. He is going for fresh horses, I figure it, and will rejoin the bunch some place down on the Arkansas. The others intend to keep farther west, whar they won't be seen. What do you say, Ben?"

"That's the way it looms up ter me, Cap; most likely 'twas the boss himself."

"Well, wherever it was, the girl is still with the others, and their trail is the easiest to follow. We'll keep after them."

compelled to retrace their steps. It was better to proceed slow and sure. Besides, judging from the condition of their own horses, the pursued would be compelled to halt somewhere to rest their stock also. Their trail even revealed the fact that they were traveling far less rapidly than at first, although evidently making every effort to cover the greatest possible distance before stopping. Just as the dusk shut in close about them they rode down into the valley of Shawnee Fork, and discovered signs of a recent camp at the edge of the stream. Here, apparently, judging from the camp-fire ashes, and the trampled grass along the fork, the party must have halted for several hours. By lighting matches Keith and Bristoe discerned where some among them had laid down to sleep, and, through various signs, decided they must have again departed some five or six hours previous, one of their horses limping as if lame. The tired pursuers went into camp at the same spot, but without venturing to light any fire, merely snatching a cold bite, and dropping off to sleep with heads pillowed upon their saddles.

They were upon the trail again with the first dimness of the gray dawn, wading the waters of the fork, and striking forth across the dull level of brown prairie and white alkali toward the Arkansas valley, and just before nightfall they picked up a lame horse, evidently discarded by the party ahead.

By this time Keith had reached a definite decision as to his course. If the fugitives received a fresh relay of horses down there somewhere, and crossed the Arkansas, he felt positively sure as to their destination. But it would be useless pushing on after them in the present shape of his party—their horses worn out, and Waite reeling giddily in the saddle. If Hawley's outfit crossed the upper ford, toward which they were evidently heading, and struck through the sand hills, then they were making for the refuge of that lone cabin on Salt Fork. Should this prove true, then it was probable the gambler had not even yet discovered the identity of Hope, for if he had, he would scarcely venture upon taking her there, knowing that Keith would naturally suspect the spot. But Keith would not be likely to personally take up the trail in search for Christie Maclaire. It must have been Hawley then who had left the party and ridden east, and up to that time he had not found out his mistake. Yet if he brought out the fresh animals the chances were that Hope's identity would be revealed. Bristoe, who had turned aside to examine the straying horse, came trotting up.

"Belonged to their outfit all right, Cap," he reported, "carries the double cross brand and that shebang is upon the Smokey; saddle galls still bleeding."

Waite was now suffering so acutely they were obliged to halt before gaining sight of the river, finding, fortunately, a water-hole fed by a spring. As soon as the sick man could be made comfortable, Keith gave to the others his conclusions, and listened to what they had to say. Bristoe favored they must travel slowly, but Fairbairn insisted that Waite must be taken to some town where he could be given necessary care. Keith finally decided the matter.

"None can be more anxious to reach those fellows than I am," he declared, "but I know that country out south, and we'll never get through to the Salt Fork without fresh horses. Besides, as the doctor says, we've got to take care of Waite. If we find things as I expect we'll ride for Carson City, and re-outfit there. What's more, we won't lose much time—it's a shorter ride from there to the cabin than from here."

By morning the General was able to sit his saddle again, and leaving him with Neb to follow slowly, the others spurred forward, discovered an outlet through the bluff into the valley, and crossed the Santa Fe Trail. It was not easy to discover where those in advance had passed this point, but they found evidence of a late camp in a little grove of cottonwoods beside the river. There were traces of two trails leading to the spot, one being that of the same five horses they had been following so long, the other not so easily read, as it had been traversed in both directions, the different hoof marks oblitterating each other. Bristoe, creeping about on hands and knees, studied the signs with the eyes of an Indian.

"You kin see the difference yere whar the ground is soft, Cap," he said, pointing to some tracks plainer than the others. "This yere hoss had a rider, but the rest of 'em was led; that's why they've bungled up their trail so. An' it wa'n't their same bunch that went back east whar come from thar—see that split hoof! thar ain't no split hoof p'intin' their other way—but yere is the mark of the critter that puts her foot down so fur outside that we've been a triffin' from Sheridan, an' she's p'intin' east, an' being led. Now, let's see whar the bunch went from yere with that split hoof."

Nature's Way Is The Best.

Buried deep in our American forest we find bloodroot, quassa's root, man-drake and stone root, golden seal, Oregon grape root and sherrybark. Of these Dr. R. V. Pierce made a pure glyceric extract which has been favorably known for over forty years. He called it "Golden Medical Discovery."



This "Discovery" purifies the blood and tones up the stomach and the entire system in Nature's own way. It's just the tissue builder and tonic you require when recovering from a hard cold, grip, or pneumonia. No matter how strong the constitution the stomach is apt to be "out of kilter" at times; in consequence the blood is disordered, for the stomach is the laboratory for the constant manufacture of blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery strengthens the stomach—puts it in shape to make pure, rich blood—helps the liver and kidneys to expel the poisons from the body. The weak, nervous, run-down, debilitated condition which so many people experience at this time of the year is usually the effect of poisons in the blood; it is often indicated by pimples or boils appearing on the skin, the face becomes thin—you feel "blue."

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 Lisle 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

This was not so easily accomplished owing to the nature of the ground, but at last the searchers stumbled onto tracks close in under the bank, and one of these revealed the split hoof. "That makes it clear, Ben," exclaimed Keith, decidedly, starting out across the river at the white sandhills. "They have kept on the edge of the water, making for the ford, which is yonder at the bend. They are out in the sand desert by this time riding for the Salt Fork. Whoever he was, the fellow brought them five horses, and the five old ones were taken east again on the trail. The girl is still with the party, and we'll go into Carson City and reoutfit."

CHAPTER XXXIV. Again at the Cabin.

They were two weary days reaching Carson City, traveling along the open trail yet meeting with no one, not even a mail coach passing them. Evidently the Indians were so troublesome as to interrupt all traffic with Santa Fe and the more western forts. The slowness of their progress was an account of the General, whose condition became worse in spite of Fairbairn's assiduous attentions. With no medicine the doctor could do but little to relieve the sufferings of the older man, although he declared that his illness was not a serious one, and would yield quickly to proper medical treatment. They constructed a rude travois from limbs of the cottonwood, and securely strapped him thereon, one man leading the horse, while the doctor tramped behind.

Keith, fretting more and more over this necessary delay, and now obsessed with the thought that Hawley must have rejoined his party on the Arkansas and gone south with them, finally broke away from the others and rode ahead, to gather together the necessary horses and supplies in advance of their arrival. He could not drive from his mind the remembrance of the gambler's attempted familiarity with Hope, when he had her, as he then supposed, safe in his power once before in that lonely cabin on the Salt Fork. Now, angry with baffled ambition, and a victim of her trickery, there was no guessing to what extremes the desperado might resort. The possibilities of such a situation made the slightest delay in rescue an agony almost unbearable. Reaching Carson City, and perfectly reckless as to his own safety there from arrest, the plainsman lost no time in perfecting arrangements for pushing forward. Horses and provisions were procured, and he very fortunately discovered in town two cowboys belonging to the "Bar X" outfit, their work there accomplished and about ready to return to the ranch on the Canadian, who gladly allied themselves with his party, looking forward to the possibilities of a fight with keen anticipation. Keith was more than ever delighted with adding these to his outfit, when, on the final arrival of the others, the extra man brought from Sheridan announced that he had had enough, and was going to remain there. No efforts made revealed any knowledge of Hawley's presence in Carson City; either he had not been there, or else his friends were very carefully concealing the fact. The utter absence of any trace, however, led Keith to believe that the gambler had gone elsewhere—probably to Fort Larned—for his new outfit, and this belief left him more fully convinced than ever of the fellow's efforts to conceal his trail.

The party escorting Waite reached the town in the evening, and in the following gray dawn the adventurers forded the river, and mounted on fresh horses and fully equipped, headed forth into the sand hills. The little company now consisted of Keith, Fairbairn, who, in spite of his rotundity

THE WEST CALLS FOR HELP TWENTY THOUSAND HARVESTERS WANTED.

The crops in Western Canada have been so heavy this year that it has been necessary for the farmers of the West to make another appeal for help. The demand for help is now more urgent than ever, and it will require at least twenty thousand additional men to complete the harvesting. In order to relieve the situation the Canadian Pacific Railway has decided to run a Harvesters' Excursion, Monday, Oct. 14th. \$10.00 to Winnipeg, return fare from Winnipeg, \$18.00. Full particulars from any C.P.R. Agent, or write M. G. Murphy, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

THE STERILIZED BOY

Say, I would like to breathe some air. That wasn't so refined: And have a chance to run and hop With no one near to mind. And eat an apple 'fore it's peeled, And own some dirty toys, And be too poor to have a nurse And play like other boys. Why, every time that Columbine Comes off the street with me She has to change her clothes and mine For fear of germs, you see. And if I grab a stone or touch A post along the walk, You'd think it was a crocodile To hear her line of talk. And kissing, I can't kiss, a soul Without an awful row, And mother saying: "Well, for sure, 'Hell get the measles now." I can't pet cats or dogs, and when A stranger pats my head I get it brushed with smelly stuff, Just as the doctor said. So if you know a real bad germ Too strong to sterilize, That you can catch and send around As sort of a surprise, I might get sick and have some fun. And maybe then they'd see It wasn't any use to make A germicide of me. —Percy Shaw.

Here is a woman who speaks from personal knowledge and long experience, viz., Mrs. P.H. Brogan, of Wilson, Pa., who says, "I know from experience that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is far superior to any other. For croup there is nothing that excels it. For sale by all dealers."

In the Treatment of COLDS COUGHS SORE THROAT BRONCHITIS TONSILITIS LARYNGITIS

Scott's Emulsion is nature's nourishing, curative-food; prompt, sure and permanent. Rely on SCOTT'S and insist on SCOTT'S.