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ANYONE ONE NEEDING New Pumps, Pump Repairs, Cement Curbing or Culvert Tile, see . . .

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2 yds. long, 27 in. wide, 25c. pair
2 1/2 " " 30 in. " 30c. "
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3 1/2 " " 60 in. " 1.00. "
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W. H. BEAN

FARMERS TAKE NOTICE

We handle the well known brands of Flour such as

- Five Roses
- Chesley Good Luck
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WINDSOR SALT BRAN and SHORTS always kept in stock.

Goods delivered to all parts of the town on short notice.

MRS. A. BEGGS & SON

A WINNER.

(Harper's Magazine.)

It was at the dinner-table and the hostess addressed her husband's brother:

"Do you have another piece of pie, William?"

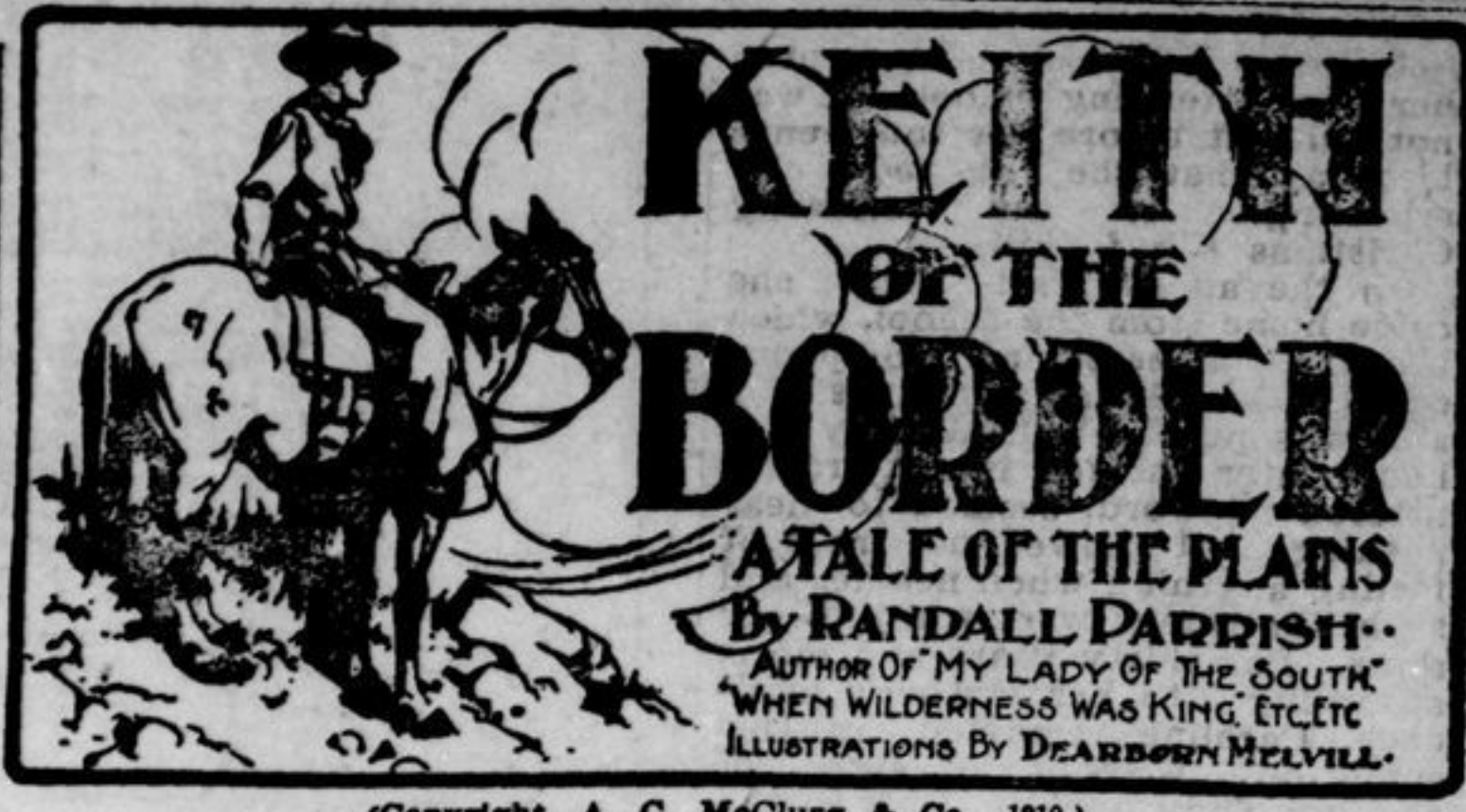
"Why, really, I've already had two; but it's so good I believe I will have another."

"Ha, ha!—mother's a winner!" said little Frank, excitedly. "She said she'd bet you'd make a pig of yourself."

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 DARRISH
AUTHOR OF 'MY LADY OF THE SOUTH'
WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING, ETC.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN MELVILLE

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Duel in the Desert.

Keith rode straight forward into the sandy desolation, spurring his horse into a swift trot. After one glance backward as they clambered up the steep bank, a glance which revealed Hope's slender form in the cabin door, his eyes never turned again that way. He had a man's stern word to do out yonder, and his purpose could not be swerved, his firmness of hand and keenness of eye affected, by any thought of her. His lips compressed, his fingers gripping the rein, he drove all regretful memory from his mind, until every nerve within him throbbled in unison with his present purpose. He was right; he knew he was right. It was not hate, not even revenge, which had set him forth, leaving love behind, but honor—the honor of the South, and of the frontier, of his ancestry and his training—honor that drove him now to meet Hawley face to face, man to man, to settle the feud between them for all time. And he rode smiling, gladly, as to a trust, now that he was at last alone, free in the desert.

The hours passed, the sun rising higher in the blazing blue of the sky; the horse, weary by the constant pull of the sand, had long since slowed down to a walk; the last dim blur of the cottonwoods along the Fork had disappeared; and the rider swayed in the saddle the dead lifelessness of sky and desert dulling his brain. Yet he had not forgotten his errand—rushing constantly from lethargy to sweep his shaded eyes about the rounded horizon, keenly marking the slightest shadow across the sands, taking advantage of every drift to give him wider viewpoint, rising in his stirrups to scan the angles of desolation ahead. Twice he drew his revolver from its sheath, tested it, and slipped in a fresh cartridge, returning the weapon more lightly to its place, the flap of the holster turned back and held open by his leg. The sun beat upon him like a ball of fire the hot sand flinging the blaze back into his face. He pushed back the upper part of his shirt and drank a swallow of tepid water from a canteen strapped behind the saddle. His eyes ached with the glare, until he saw fantastic red and yellow shapes dancing dizzily before him. The weariness of the long night pressed upon his eye-balls; he felt the strain of the past hours, the lack of food, the need of rest. His head nodded, and he brought himself to life again with a jerk and a muttered word, staring out into the dim, formless distance. Lord, if there was only something moving; something he could concentrate his attention upon; something to rest the straining eyes!

But there was nothing, absolutely nothing—just that seemingly endless stretch of sand, circled by the blazing sky, the wind sweeping its surface soundless and hot, as though from the pits of hell; no stir, no motion, no movement of anything animate or inanimate to break the awful monotony. Death! It was death everywhere! his aching eyes rested on nothing but what was typical of death. Even the heat waves seemed fantastic, grotesque, assuming spectral forms, as though ghosts beckoned and danced in the haze, luring him on to become one of themselves. Keith was not a dreamer, nor one to yield easily to such brain fancies, but the mad delirium of loneliness gripped him, and he had to struggle back to sanity, beating his hands upon his breast to stir anew the sluggish circulation of his blood, and talking to the horse in strange feverishness.

With every step of advance the brooding silence seemed more profound, more deathlike. He got to marking the sand ridges, the slight variations giving play to the brain. Way off to the left was the mirage of a lake, apparently so real that he had to battle with himself to keep from turning aside. He dropped forward in the saddle, his head hanging low, so blinded by the incessant sun glare he could no longer hear the glitter of that horrible ocean of sand. It was noon now—noon, and he had been riding steadily seven hours. The thought brought his blurred eyes again to the horizon. Where could he be, the man he sought in the heart of this solitude? Surely he should be here by now, if he had left the water-hole at dawn. Could he have gone the longer route, south to the Fork? The possibility of such a thing seared through him like a hot iron, driving the dullness from his brain, the lethargy from his limbs. God! no! Fate could never play such a scurvy trick as that! The man must have been delayed; had failed to leave camp early—somewhere ahead, yonder where the blue haze marked the union of sand and sky, he was surely coming, riding hail dead, and drooping in the saddle.

Again Keith rose in his stirrups, rubbing the mist out of his eyes that he might see clearer, and stared ahead. What was that away out yonder? a shadow? a spot dancing before his tortured vision? or a moving, living something which he actually saw?

He could not tell, he could not be sure, yet he straightened up expectantly, shading his eyes, and never losing sight of the object. It moved, grew larger, darker, more real—yet how it crawled, crawled, crawled toward him. It seemed as if the vague, shapeless thing would never take form, never stand out revealed against the sky so he could determine the truth. He had forgotten all else—the silent desert, the blazing sun, the burning wind—all his soul concentrated on that speck yonder. Suddenly it disappeared—a swale in the sand probably—and, when it rose into view again, he uttered a cry of joy—it was a horse and rider!

Little by little they drew nearer one another, two black specks in that vast ocean of sand, the only moving, living things under the brazen circle of the sky. Keith was ready now, his eyes bright, the cocked revolver gripped hard in his hand. The space between them narrowed, and Hawley saw him, caught a glimpse of the face under the broad hat brim, the burning eyes surveying him. With an oath he stopped his horse, dragging at his gun, surprised, dazed, yet instantly understanding. Keith also halted, and across the intervening desert the eyes of the two men met in grim defiance. The latter wet his dry lips, and spoke shortly:

Continued next week.

RECIPROcity ARGUMENT GETS HARD KNOCK

United Kingdom Wants Our Wheat and is Ready to Take Our Flour. United States a Keen Competitor.

Official figures of the British grain and flour exports for the past year which have been received by the Trade and Commerce Department form the strongest possible obstacle to the advocates of reciprocity. They contend that the farmers need the American market for the western wheat on two grounds. One is that the British market is too small, and is insufficient, and second that the United States is no longer an exporting country in wheat and wheat products but an importing country. These figures show on the contrary that at present only one-fifth of Great Britain's wheat is supplied by Canada and second that the United States is one of the Dominion's most important competitors for the wheat trade of Britain and Canada's only serious rival in the British flour market. The conclusion is that there is plenty of room for the expansion of Canadian wheat trade in the United Kingdom and that it is ridiculous for us to expect the United States to form a market for our grain, when it is our greatest rival in the old country. This Shows It.

In 1910-11 the United States sent 9,479,000 hundred weight or 17,000,000 bushels to the United Kingdom, whereas Canada sent 13,855,000 hundred weight or 25,000,000 bushels. In 1911-12 the United States increased their sales of wheat in Great Britain to 32,000,000 bushels. Canadian sales amounted to 37,000,000 bushels. In flour sales the United States leads Canada, although the Dominion promises in a few years to be in the lead. In 1910-11 United States exports to Great Britain were 5,342,835 cwt. and Canada's 2,970,242 cwt., and in 1911-12 the United States figures dropped to 4,418,498 cwt. and Canada's increased to 3,944,893 cwt. There is an almost unlimited market for Canadian oats in Great Britain, Russia and Argentina dominate the market, with Canada a bad third. Canada's export of oats in 1911-12 amounted to about three million bushels.

Want Canada's Wheat. W. J. Egan, Canadian trade commissioner at Manchester commenting on these figures in a report to the Trade and Commerce Department remarks: "The milling trade of Lancashire, whose facilities are growing continually both in Liverpool and Manchester, are very much in favor of Canadian wheat, and state that the Lancashire market, which is the most direct and best situated for distribution, is prepared to handle all that may be shipped here, claiming that there is no limit to possible expansion. "The trade continue their praise of our wheat, system of grading, and export conditions from Canadian ports, all expressing the wish that in the near future all our grain would be shipped from our own ports and under Canadian regulations."

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Hon. Martin Burrell, Minister of Agriculture, has under consideration a plan by which the important industry of poultry raising will be strengthened and developed, and has recently appointed an officer to take charge of this work in Prince Edward Island.

There will shortly be published a book of immense value to the agriculturists of Canada. It will deal with the forage plants, especially such plants as the clover, etc. This work will be beautifully illustrated and Hon. Martin Burrell has authorized the publication of a very large edition. Copies will be placed in all rural schools in Canada and will be supplied to farmers at the nominal sum of fifty cents.

Arrangements are being made between the Dominion Department of Agriculture and the Ontario government whereby greater assistance will be given for encouraging the production and use of high grade seed grain. Co-operation with the Canadian Seed Growers' Association along some of the lines will result, it is hoped, in an increased quantity of registered seed grain being available to the farmers. Seed inspection work is being pushed more vigorously than ever before. More inspectors have been employed and the various districts have been covered more thoroughly.

One of the features of the Sorel welcome to the Hon. J. D. Hazen and the Hon. F. D. Monk lately was an arch, which said, "The Hope of the People is in the Ministers." This is significant of the change of opinion, which has taken place in a Liberal constituency.

The Hon. J. D. Hazen, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, a few days ago opened a new grain elevator in Montreal, then inspected government works at Sorel. He followed this up with the selection of a site for a Quebec dry dock and then inaugurated the North Ship Channel in the St. Lawrence. It is wonderful how much can really be done for the people when a minister is a live wire.

The Government of Canada has paid out of current revenue a loan of \$6,142,000, which matured on October 1st. This is a somewhat rare experience for Canadians and one which appeals to them. Un-

HOW BLOOD IS MADE.

The liquids and the dissolved foods in the alimentary canal pass through the wall of the small intestine. This process is called absorption and takes place chiefly from the small intestine. After absorption the blood carries the food through the body, and each cell takes from the blood the food it needs. A pure glyceric extract made from bloodroot, manna, stone, queen's root and golden seal and sold by druggists for the past forty years under the name of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, gives uniformly excellent results as a tonic to help in the assimilation of the food and in the absorption by the blood of the food it requires. Eradicates the poisons from the blood with this alternative extract which does not shrink the white blood corpuscles, because containing no alcohol or other injurious ingredients. Thus the body can be built up—strong to resist disease. This is a tonic taken from Nature's garden that builds up those weakened by disease.



Dr. Pierce, founder of the 'Largest' Hotel at Buffalo, N. Y., has received many letters similar to the following:

Mr. Frank R. Munro, of Paradise, N. S., writes: "I take great pleasure in writing you as regards my case and its cure. In September I was taken with Typhoid Fever, which put me in a dreadful condition. I had tried most everything I could get reduced to a mere skin and bones. I was advised to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and 'Pleasant Pellets,' which I did. Before I had used one bottle I saw a great improvement and when I had used this treatment two months, using only a few vials of 'Pleasant Pellets' I returned to perfect health. I cannot find words to express my thankfulness for this wonderful medicine. I advise all sufferers to write to Dr. R. W. Pierce, as he cures when others fail."

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Blankets, Tweeds, Woollen Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Prints, Flannellettes, Crockery and Groceries always in stock.

See our L-1's 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 Garafraza St. DURHAM

der another regime a growing revenue was regarded as an excuse to indulge in greater expenditure and a further extension of Canadian credit with a view to borrowing. The present Government is using growing revenues to pay off debts and reduce the annual interest chargeable on the country. Increased confidence at home and abroad will be the result.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is quoted as having told the General Reform Association in Toronto that the people of Canada, in turning his Government out of office, had been influenced by "prejudice, passion, ignorance and self-interest." In the mouth of the Liberal leader the words constituted a general term of abuse, reflecting the bitter personal feeling of a beaten man whose vanity after long years of careful nurture has been deeply wounded. But what about the self-interest? Does it mean that the rejection of reciprocity benefited the Canadian people as an economic proposition? Can it mean that the interest of the beaten ministry and the interest of the Canadian people were not identical?

INSANE MAN IDENTIFIES BROTHER THOUGHT DEAD

Toronto, Oct. 17.—A dramatic incident is reported from Mimico Asylum for the Insane. At a religious service held on Sunday morning one of the patients, Alexander Hills, aged 35, suddenly pointed to another patient and said, "There is my brother." No attention was paid to him at first, but he persisted in his statement. Investigation proved that the other patient was Harry Hills, aged 30, who went to Fernie, B.C., many years ago, and was thought to have perished in the fire of July 31, 1908, as his relatives had heard nothing of him since that time. His mind had become affected, and he crossed to the Western States, where the authorities deported him on learning that he originally came from Toronto.

SIGNOR MARCONI LOSES RIGHT EYE.

Rome, Oct. 17.—William Marconi's right eye was removed today by Dr. Bayardi, a noted Turin surgeon. Mr. Marconi was seriously injured on September 25 in an automobile accident near Borghetto. He was removed to the hospital of the naval department at Spezia, where he was treated for several days. The severe contusions and swelling around the injured eye prevented a thorough examination until recently, when it was found that the optic nerve had been affected. A consultation of physicians was held on Tuesday last, when it was decided to operate, the removal of the right eye being deemed necessary to preserve the sight of the other. He suffered from neuralgia and the visual power of the injured eye showed rapid diminution. Dr. Bayardi had a final consultation to-day with Dr. Fuchs, a specialist of Vienna, after which the operation was performed successfully.

RADIUM BY THE BOTTLE.

The Austrian State Radium Institution has now aqueous solutions of radium emanation on the market for inhalation, drinking or baths. The price of the bottles of radium water, as it is called, varies from 6d for a small bottle containing 10,000 units to 5s for a large bottle of 300,000 units. The bottles bear a stamp of the date of issue and as the strength of the emanation diminishes by 50 per cent. in four days immediate use is recommended.

After any Sickness

Nothing so rapidly restores health and vigor as SCOTT'S EMULSION. It is the essence of natural body-nourishment, so medically perfect that nature immediately appropriates and distributes it to every organ, every tissue—feeding, nourishing and restoring them to normal activity.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is not a patent medicine, but is nature's body-nourishment with curative, rebuilding properties and without a drop of drug or alcohol. It contains superior cod liver oil, the hypophosphites of lime and soda with glycerine, and is so delicately emulsified that it enters the system without digestive effort—builds, tones and sustains.

After croup, whooping cough, measles and other child ailments it is nature's ally in restoring health. After grippe or pneumonia it imparts strength and health, and for colds, coughs, sore, tight chests and throat troubles SCOTT'S EMULSION gives the greatest relief known.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ontario