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A WINNER.

(Harper's Magazine.) It was at the dinner-table and the hostess addressed her husband's brother:
"Do 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."

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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 MELVILLE

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

At the Water-Hole.

Up from the far, dim southwest they rode slowly, silently, wearied still by the exertions of the past night, and burned by the fierce rays of the desert sun. No wind of sufficient force had blown since Keith passed that way, and they could easily follow the hoof prints of his horse across the sand waste. Bristoe was ahead, hat brim drawn low, scanning the horizon line unceasingly. Somewhere out in the midst of that mystery was hidden tragedy, and he dreaded the knowledge of its truth. Behind him Fairbain and Hope rode together, their lips long since grown silent, the man ever glancing uneasily aside at her, the girl drooping slightly in the saddle, with pale face and heavy eyes. Five prisoners, lashed together, the binding rope fastened to the pommels of the two "Bar X" men's saddles, were bunched together, and behind all came Neb, his black face glistening in the heat.

Suddenly Bristoe drew rein, and rose to the full length in the stirrups, shading his eyes from the sun's glare, as he stared ahead. Two motionless black specks were visible—yet were they motionless? or was it the heat waves which seemed to yield them movement? He drove in his spurs, driving his startled horse to the summit of a low sand ridge, and again halted, gazing intently forward. He was not mistaken—they were horses. Knowing instantly what it meant—those riderless animals drifting dervish in the heart of the desert—his throat dry with fear, the scout wheeled, and spurred back to his party, quickly resolving on a course of action. Hawley and Keith had met; both had fallen, either dead or wounded. A moment's delay now might cost a life; he would need Fairbain, but he must keep the girl back, if possible. But could he? She straightened up in the saddle as he came spurting toward them; her eyes wide open, the hand clutching at her throat.

"Doctor," he called as soon as he was near enough, his horse circling, "that is somethin' showin' out yonder I'd like ter take a look at, an' I reckon you better go 'long. The nigger kin com' up ahead yere with Miss Walte."

She struck her horse, and he plunged forward, bringing her face to face with Bristoe.

"What is it? Tell me, what is it?"

"Nothin' but a loose hoss, Miss."

"A horse! here on the desert?"

Looking about, her eyes dark with horror—"But how could that be? Could—could it be Captain Keith's?"

Bristoe cast an appealing glance at Fairbain, mopping his face vigorously, not knowing what to say, and the other attempted to turn the tide.

"Not likely—not likely at all—no reason why it should be—probably just a stray horse—you stay back here, Miss Hope—Ben and I will find out, and let you know."

"No, I'm going," she cried, stifling a sob in her throat. "It would kill me to wait here."

She was off before either might raise hand or voice in protest, and they could only urge their horses in effort to overtake her, the three racing forward fetlock deep in sand. Mounted upon a swifter animal Fairbain forged ahead; he could see the two horses now plainly, their heads uplifted, their reins dangling. Without perceiving more he knew already what was waiting there on the sand, and swore fiercely, spurring his horse mercilessly, forgetful of all else, even the girl, in his intense desire to reach and touch the bodies. He had begged to do this himself, to be privileged to seek this man Hawley, to kill him—but now he was the physician, with no other thought except a hope to save. Before his horse had even stopped he flung himself from the saddle, ran forward and dropped on his knees beside Keith, bending his ear to the chest, grasping the wrist in his fin-



The Eyes of the Two Met in Defiance.

gures. As the others approached, he glanced up, no conception now of aught save his own professional work.

"Water, Bristoe," he exclaimed sharply. "Dash some brandy in it. Quick now. There, that's it; hold his head up—higher. Yes, you do it, Miss Hope; here, Ben—take this—hold his teeth open—well, he got a swallow anyhow. Lead him just as he is—can you stand it? I've got to find where he was hit."

"Yes—yes," she answered, "don't—don't mind me."

He tore open the woolen shirt, soaked with blood already hardening, felt within with skilled fingers, his eyes keen, his lips muttering unconsciously.

"Quarter of an inch—quarter of an inch too high—scraped the lung—Lord, if I can only get it out—got to do it now—can't wait—here, Bristoe, that leather case on my saddle—run, damn you—we'll save him yet, girl—there, drop his head in your lap—yes, cry if you want to—only hold still—open the case, will you—down here, where I can reach it—now water—all our canteens—Hope, tear me off a strip of your under-skirt—what am I going to do?—extract the ball—got to do it—blood poison in this sun."

She ripped her skirt, handing it to him without a word; then dropped her white face in her hands, bending, with closed eyes, over the whiter face resting on her lap, her lips trembling with the one prayer, "Oh, God! Oh, God!" How long he was at it, or what he did, she scarcely knew—she heard the splash of water; caught the flash of the sun on the probe; felt the half-conscious shudder of the wounded man, whose head was in her lap, the deft, quick movements of Fairbain, and then—

"That's it—I've got it—missed the lung by a hair—damn me, I'm proud of that job—you're a good girl."

She looked at him, scarce able to see, her eyes blinded with tears.

"Will—will he live? Oh, tell me!"

"Live! Why shouldn't he?—nothing but a hole to close up—nature'll do that, with a bit of nursing—here, now don't you keel over—give me the rest of that skirt."

He bandaged the wound, then glanced about suddenly.

"How's the other fellow?"

"Dead," returned Bristoe, "shot through the heart."

"Thought so—have seen Keith shoot before—I wonder how the cuss ever managed to get him."

As he arose to his feet, his red face glistening with perspiration, and began strapping his leather case, the others rode up, and Bristoe, explaining the situation, set the men to making preparations for pushing on to the water-hole. Blankets were swung between ponies, and the bodies of the dead and wounded deposited there, firm hands on the bridges. Hope rode close beside Keith, struggling to keep back the tears, as she watched him lying motionless, unconscious, scarcely breathing. So, under the early glow of the desert stars, they came to the water-hole, and halted.

The wounded man opened his eyes, and looked about him unable to comprehend. At first all was dark, silent; then he saw the stars overhead, and a breath of air fanned the nearby fire, the ruddy glow of flame flashing across his face. He heard voices faintly, and thus, little by little, consciousness asserted itself and memory struggled back into his bewildered brain. The desert—the lonely leagues of sand—his fingers gripped as if they felt the stock of a gun—yet that was all over—he was not there—but he was somewhere—and alive, alive. It hurt him to move, to breathe even, and after one effort to turn over, he lay perfectly still, staring up into the black arch of sky, endeavoring to think, to understand—where was he? How had he come there? Was Hawley alive also? A face bent over him, the features faintly visible in the flash of firelight. His dull eyes lit up in sudden recollection.

"Doc! is that you?"

"Sure, old man," the pudgy fingers feeling his pulse, the gray eyes twinkling. "Narrow squeak you had—going to pull through all right, though—no sign of fever."

"Where am I?"

"At the water-hole; sling you in a blanket, and get you into Larned to-morrow."

There was a moment's silence, Keith finding it hard to speak.

"Hawley?" he whispered at last.

"Oh, don't worry; you got him all right. Say, his voice sobering, "maybe it was just as well you took that job. If it had been me I would have been in bad."

The wounded man's eyes questioned.

"It's a bad mix-up, Keith. Walte never told us all of it. I reckon he didn't want her to know, and she ever shall, if I can help it. I've been looking over some papers in his pocket—he'd likely been after them this trip—and his name ain't Hawley. It's Bartlett Gale, Christie's father."

Keith could not seem to grasp the thought, his eyes half-closed.

Surnames were introduced into England by the Normans.

"Ter—her father?" he questioned, weakly. "Do you suppose he knew?"

"No; not at first, anyhow; not at Sheridan. He was just interested in his scheme to even suspicion he'd actually stumbled onto the real girl, I think he just found out."

A coyote howled somewhere in the darkness, a melancholy chorus falling in the with long-drawn cadence. A shadow swept into the radius of dancing firelight.

"Is he conscious, Doctor?"

Fairbain drew back silently, and she dropped on her knees at Keith's side, bending low to look into his face.

"Hope—Hope."

"Yes, dear, and you are going to live now—live for me."

He found her hand, and held it, clasped within his own, his eyes wide open.

"I have never told you," he said, softly, "how much I love you."

She bent lower until her cheek touched his.

"No, Jack, but you may now."

THE END

PRICEVILLE.

Intended for last week. The beginning of winter is fast approaching. Everybody is hustling to finish their potatoes, and now taking up turnips and mangolds, and one hundred and one other things to look after before the snow comes. We will keep us all busy.

A number of the farmers haven't threshed yet, but will likely be at it this week.

Teachers from this vicinity attended the Teachers' Convention at Dundalk last week. Top Cliff school had the honor of having their teacher, Mr. Dixon, president. Mr. Dixon is engaged in Top Cliff school for 1913 at a rise in salary.

The Communion held in the Presbyterian church here last Sunday was largely attended. Several new members were added to the church roll.

Mrs. McArthur, of this place, left again to visit her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Dixon, of Stavelly, Alta., and her brother and sister in some other part of the west.

Miss Christina McDonald left on Tuesday of last week to visit her uncle and aunt at Calgary, where she intends to stay for some time.

Miss McFayden, of Edge Hill, visited her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Russell, and attended church on Sunday.

The engine that went through Murchison's bridge, Glenelg, some time ago, was taken out lately. It was badly broken up.

The news of the death of Mrs. Ferguson, of London, came awhile ago. She was one of the pioneers of Glenelg, coming there about 20 years ago. She was about 90 years of age, and was a sister of Mrs. Dugald McCormick.

The community was shocked to hear of the death of Mr. John Bell, taken away in the prime of life. To the lonely family, we extend condolence in their sad hour of bereavement.

We extend congratulations to Reeve Weir, of Glenelg, on his recent change of life, and wish him and Mrs. Weir long life and prosperity.

Mr. John McKechnie, west of this place, is busy moving his effects to Thornbury, where he lately bought a farm. Mr. John McKechnie rented his farm in Glenelg, near this town. The boys, who had typhoid, are getting better and are able to go about now.

Miss Mary McKechnie, who spent a couple of months with her brother at Cleveland, is home again.

J. W. Copeland, of Dayton, Ohio, purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for his boy who had a cold, and before the bottle was all used the boy's cold was gone. Is that not better than to pay a five dollar doctor's bill? For sale by all dealers.

ELECTRIC LIGHT IN THEATRES

It is about fifteen years ago that electric light came into general use as a stage illuminant and since its first introduction there has been a constant increase in its use and in the variety of effects produced. This increased use has not only been accompanied by a decreased cost of the light, but, owing to the light everybody has for brilliant light and striking color effects, the illumination alone has become an important factor in the attraction of audiences to the theatre. The entire substitution of electricity for all other forms of lighting in theatres has practically eliminated the danger from fire and the sense of security thus given to the audience adds greatly to their comfort and enjoyment.

FINEST HAIR DRESSING FOR WOMEN.

Perfectly Delightful—Full of Refreshing and Invigorating Qualities that Put Life, Lustre and Beauty into Hair.

Use PARISIAN Sage and your hair won't turn gray; won't look faded or grow thin and scraggly. Dandruff will disappear, hair stop falling; the scalp will become immaculately white, and all germ life will be promptly destroyed.

At dealers everywhere, 50 cents. Sold by Masfariene & Co., who will refund your money if you are not satisfied. The girl with the Auburn hair is on every package of PARISIAN Sage.

A USEFUL IDEA.

It is a good plan to lay a thick sheet of white blotting paper under the covers of dressing tables and side-boards. This will absorb any liquid which may be spilled before it can be reached and harm the wood.

Why Have "Nerves?"

This is the reason why women have "nerves." When thoughts begin to grow cloudy and uncertain, impulses lag and the warnings of pain and distress are sent like flying messages throughout limbs and frame, straightway, nine times in ten, a woman will lay the cause of the trouble to some defect at the point where she first felt it. Is it a headache, a backache, a sensation of irritability or twitching and uncontrollable nervousness, something must be wrong with the head or back, a woman naturally says, but all the time the real trouble very often centers in the woman's organs. In nine cases out of ten the seat of the difficulty is here, and a woman should take rational treatment for its cure. The local disorder and inflammation of the delicate special organs of the sex should be treated steadily and systematically.

Dr. Pierce, during a long period of practice, found that a prescription made from medicinal extracts of native roots, without the use of alcohol, relieved over 90 per cent of such cases. After using this remedy for many years in his private practice he put it up in form of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, that would make it easily procurable, and it can be had at any store where medicines are handled.

Mrs. LILA B. HAWKINS, of Zeus, Va., writes: "I had been falling in health for two years—most of the time was not able to attend to my household duties. Female weakness was my trouble and I was getting very bad but, thanks to Doctor Pierce's medicines, I am well and strong again. I took only three bottles of 'Favorite Prescription,' and used the 'Lotion Tablets.' I have nothing but praise for Doctor Pierce's wonderful medicines."

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Under Ontario Stallion Act.

Place	Time Inspection Commences	Date
Lucknow	2.30 p.m.	Tues. Nov. 5
Ripley	9.00 a.m.	Wed. 6
Kincardine	2.30 p.m.	6
Arnow	9.00 a.m.	Thurs. 7
Underwood	2.30 p.m.	7
Port Elgin	10.00 a.m.	Friday 8
Paisley	2.30 p.m.	8
Edenrope		
(R. R. Pinkerton)	11.00 a.m.	Sat. 9
Walkerton	3.00 p.m.	9
Mildmay	9.00 a.m.	Monday 11
Reeswater	2.30 p.m.	11
Wroxeter	9.00 a.m.	Tues. 12
Forwich	4.00 p.m.	12
Clifford	10.00 a.m.	Wed. 13
Avton	3.00 p.m.	13
Haldstein	10.00 a.m.	Thurs. 14
Darham	2.30 p.m.	14
Hanover	10.00 a.m.	Friday 15
Chesley	3.00 p.m.	15
Warton	10.00 a.m.	Mon. 18
Owen Sound	2.30 p.m.	Tues. 19
Kilsyth	3.00 p.m.	19
Desboro	10.00 a.m.	20
Chatsworth	2.30 p.m.	Thur. 21
Holland Centre	9.00 a.m.	Friday 22
Markdale	3.00 p.m.	22
Flesherton	9.00 a.m.	Sat. 23
Proton Station	2.30 p.m.	23
Swinton Park	8.00 a.m.	Mon. 25
Heathcote	2.30 p.m.	Tues. 26
Meaford	9.30 a.m.	28

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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

WORLD'S BIGGEST SALTPETER PLANT CATCHES NITROGEN FROM THE AIR.

According to London reports much discussion has recently taken place in naval and scientific circles concerning the need of a nitrogen works on British soil. The reason for this discussion, it is explained, lies in the very vital fact that nitrogen is one of the raw materials by which the British navy is armed. It is essential to the manufacture of high explosives and at the present time the country has to buy all its supplies from abroad. Nitrogen is now extracted from the atmosphere by passing a current of air through an electrical arc furnace of great power. Nearly all the other plants for the obtaining of nitrogen. During the Napoleonic wars France had great difficulty in obtaining saltpeter, and to-day a few rounds from big guns blow into the air as much nitrogen as was used during the whole course of a war in the last century. The associated works at Rjukanfos and Notodden, in Norway, form the biggest nitrogen plant in the world.

THE FIRST CENSUS IN JAPAN.

Serious results followed the taking of the first census in Japan, years ago. Observing with approval the work of western countries thought it advisable to take statistics of population, and for that purpose sent out to all householders notices enjoining them to furnish them with full particulars of their families, age, sex, etc. This step was misconstrued in one of the villages, where suspicion was expressed that Japan was about to be sold, or at least some of the people were to be sold to foreigners who were desirous of ascertaining the number of males, etc., before closing the bargain, in order to find out what price to pay according to the quantity of blood that would be forthcoming. It was a Japanese belief that the foreigners squeezed the blood from all who came into their power. Excited and enraged mobs soon collected and attacked the village officers, and it was some time before order could be restored.

YOUR RHEUMATISM

is probably due to uric acid in the system—the blood must be purified—the poisonous acid driven out and general health must be improved.

Thousands testify that Scott's Emulsion aids the system of poisonous acid by enriching the impoverished blood, and its concentrated nourishment is converted into red blood corpuscles which drive out rheumatism.

It is especially valuable to aged people.

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