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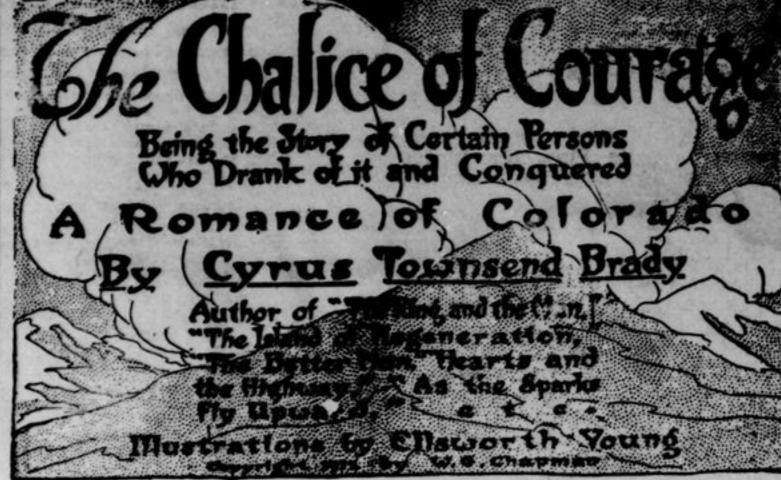
AN INDIAN ON A RAMPAGE. Peter Paul, a Cape Croker Indian, performed a stunt Monday evening that should send him to jail. He and some other Indians were returning home and were the worse of liquor, where they got it of course the Indians do not know. They met the Wright brothers near Purple Valley and ordered them off the road. There was free for all between one of the Wrights and Peter for a few minutes and the Indian was getting the worst of it, when he pulled knife and gave Wright a gash over the face. Farther on the road going down Coveney's hill, the Indian was thrown from the buggy and sustained very severe injursome way, and it is about time to

"It is a pleasure to tell you that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best cough medicine I have ever used," writes Mrs. Hugh Campbell, of Lavonia, Ga. "] have used it with all my children and the results have been highly satisfactory." For sale by all dealers.

pen them up if they will not tell

where they get it .- Wiarton Echo.

A woman who talks like a book isn't so easily shut up.



CHAPTER V.

The Bear, the Man and the Flood. The water was deep enough to receive her dive and the pool was long enough to enable her to swim a few strokes. The first chill of the icy water was soon lost in the vigorous motions in which she indulged, but no more human form, however hardy and inured, could long endure that frigid edge that she must go, after one more sweeping dive and a few magnificent strokes, she raised her head from the

water lapping her white shoulders and shaking her face clear from the drops of crystal, faced the shore. It was no longer untenanted, she was no longer

make of the white loveliness of this denly at him out of the water, this which he was sole master and lord paramount, stood a great, monstrous, frightful looking grizzly bear. Ursus Horribilis, indeed.

He was an aged monarch of the mountains, reddish brown in color originally, but now a hoary dirty gray. His body was massive and burly, his legs short, dark colored and immensely powerful. His broad square head moved restlessly. His fanged mouth opened and a low hoarse growl came from the red cavern of hi throat. He was an old and terrible monster who had tasted the blood of man and who would not hesitate t attack without provocation, especially anything at once so harmless and so whitely inviting as the girl in the

The girl forgot the chill of the water in the horror of that moment. Alone naked, defenseless, lost in the mountains, with the most powerful, san guinary and ferocious beast of the continent in front of her, she could neither fight nor fly; she could only wait his pleasure. He snuffed at her clothing a moment and stood with one fore foot advanced for a second or two growling deeply, evidently, she thought with almost superhuman keenness of perception, preparing to leap into the pool and seize upon her.

The rush of the current as it swirled about her caused her to sway gently, otherwise she stood motionless and apprehensive, awfully expectant. She had made no sound, and save for that low growl the great beast had been equally silent. There was an awful fixity in the gaze she turned upon him and he wavered under it. It annoyed him. It bespoke a little of the dominance of the human. But she was too surprised, too unnerved, too desperately frightened to put forth the full power of mind over matter. There was piteous appeal in her gaze. The bear realized this and mastered her

sufficiently. She did not know whether she was in the water or in the air; there were but two points upon which her consciousness was focussed in the vast ellipse of her imagination. Another moment or two and all coherency of thought would be gone. The grizzly still unsettled and uneasy before her awful glance, but not deterred by it, turned its great head sideways a little to escape the direct immobile stare brought his sharp clawed foot down heavily and lurched forward.

Scarcely had a minute elapsed in which all this happened. That huge threatening heave of the great body toward her relieved the tension. She found voice at last. Although it was absolutely futile, she realized as she cried, her released lips framed the

loud appeal. "Help! for God's sake."

Although she knew she cried but to the bleak walls of the canon, the drooping pines, the rushing river, the distant heaven, the appeal went forth accompanied by the mightiest conjuration known to man.

"For God's sake, help!" How dare poor humanity so plead,

the doubter cries. What is it to God ies. The Indians get liquor in if one suffers, another bleeds, another dies? What answer could come out of that silent sky? Sometimes the Lord speaks with the loud voice of men's

> fashioning, instead of in that still whisper which is his own, and the sound of which we fail to catch because of our own ignoble babble.

> The answer to her prayer came with a roar in her nervous frightened ear like a clap of thunder. Ere the first echo of it died away, it was succeeded by another and another and another, echoing, rolling, reverberating among the rocks in ever diminish ing but long drawn out peals.

On the instant the bear rose to his

feet, swayed slightly and struck as at an imaginary enemy with his weighty paws. A hoarse, frightful guttering roar burst from his red slavering jaws. then he lurched side ways and fell forward, fighting the air madly for a moment, and lay still.

With staring eyes that missed no detail, she saw that the brute had been shot in the head and shoulder three times and that he was appar ently dead. The revulsion that came bath. Reluctantly, yet with the knowl- over her was bewildering; she swayed again, this time not from the thrust of the water, but with sick faintness. The tension suddenly taken off, unstrung, the loose bow of her spirit quivered helplessly; the arrow of her life almost fell into the stream.

And then a new and more appalling terror swept over her. Some man had What she saw startled and alarmed fired that shot. Actaeon had spied her beyond measure. Planted on her upon Diana. With this sudden revelaclothes, looking straight at her, hav- tion of her shame, the red blood beat ing come upon her in absolute si- to the white surface in spite of the lence, nothing having given her the chill water. The anguish of that moleast warning of his approach, and ment was greater than before. She now gazing at her with red, hungry, could be killed, torn to pieces, deevil, vicious eyes, the eyes of the voured, that was a small thing, but covetous filled with the cruel lust of that she should be so outraged in her desire and carnal possession, and yet 'modesty was unendurable. She wished with a glint of surprise in them, too, the hunter had not come. She sunk as if he did not know quite what to lower in the water for a moment fain to hide in its crystal clarity and realunwonted apparition flashing so sud- ized as she did how frightfully cold she was. Yet, although she froze strange invader of the domain of where she was and perished with cold she could not go out on the bank to dress, and it would avail her little, she saw swiftly, since the huge monster had fallen a dead heap on her clothes.

> Now all this, although it takes minutes to tell, had happened in but a few seconds. Seconds sometimes include hours, even a life-time, in their brief composition. She thought it would be just as well for her to sink down and die in the water, when a sudden splashing below her caused her to look down the stream.

She was so agitated that she could make out little except that there was a man crossing below her and making directly toward the body of the bear. He was a tall black bearded man, she saw he carried a rifle, he looked neither to the right nor to the left, he did not bestow a glance upon her. She could have cried aloud in thanksgiving for his apparent obliviousness to her as she crouched now neck deep in the benumbing cold. The man stepped on the bank, shook himself like a great dog might have done and marched over to the bear. He uprooted a small nearby pine, with the ease of a Hercules-and she had time to mark and marvel at it in spite of everythingand then with that as a lever he unconcernedly and easily heaved the body of the monster from off her clothing. She was to learn later what a feat of strength it was to move that than half a ton.

Thereafter he dropped the pine tree by the side of the dead grizzly and without a backward look tramped swiftly and steadily up the canon through the trees, turning at the point of it and was instantly lost to sight. His gentle and generous purpose were obvious even to the frightened, agitated, excited girl.

The woman watched him until he disappeared, a few seconds longer, and then she hurled herself through the water and stepped out upon the shore. Her sweater which the bear had dragged forward in its advance, lay on top of the rest of her clothes, covered with blood. She threw it aside and with nervous, frantic energy, wet, cold, though she was, she jerked on in some fashion enough clothes to cover her nakedness and then with more leisurely order and with necessary care she got the rest of her apparel in its accustomed place upon her body, and then when it was all over she sank down prone and prostrate upon the grass by the carcass of the new harmless monster which had so nearly caused her undoing, and shivered, cried and sobbed as if her heart would break.

She was chilled to the bone by her motionless sojourn, albeit it had been for scarcely more than a minute in that icy water, and yet the blood rushed to her brow and face, to every hidden part of her in waves as she thought of it. It was a good thing that she cried; she was not a weeping woman, her tears came slowly as a rule and then came hard. She rather prided herself upon her stoicism, but in this instance the great depths of her nature had been undermined and the fountains thereof were fain

to break forth. How long she lay there, warmth coming gradually to her under the direct rays of the sun, she did not know, and it was a strange thing that caused her to arise. It grew suddenly dark over her head. She looked up and a rim of frightful black, dense clouds had suddenly blotted out the sun. The clouds were lined with gold and silver and the long rays shot from behind the somber blind over the yet uncovered portions of the heaven, but the clouds moved with the irresistible swiftness and steadi-



"Help! For God's 8ake!"

ness of a great deluge. The wall of them lowered above her head while they extended steadily and rapidly across the sky toward the other side of the canon and the mountain wall.

A storm was brewing such as she had never seen, such as she had no experience to enable her to realize its malign possibilities. Nay, it was now at hand. She had no clew, however, of what was toward, how terrible a danger overshadowed her. Frightened but unconscious of all the menace of the hour, her thoughts flew down the canon to the camp. She must hasten there. She looked for her watch which she had lifted from the grass and which she had not yet put on. The grizzly had stepped upon it, it was irretrievably ruined. She judged from her last glimpse of the sun that it must now be early afternoon. She rose to her feet and staggered with weakness: she had eaten nothing since morning, and the nervous shock and strain through which she had gone had reduced her to a pitiable condition.

Her luncheon had fortunately e caped unharmed. In a big pocket of her short skirt there was a small flask of whiskey, which her Uncle Robert had required her to take with her. She felt sick and faint, but she knew that she must eat if she was to make the journey, difficult as it might prove, back to the camp. She forced herself to take the first mouthful of bread and meat she had brought with her, but when she nad tasted she needed no further incentive, she ate to the last crumb; she thought this was the time she needed stimulants too, and mingling the cold water from the brook with a little of the ardent spirit from the flask, she drank. Some of the chill had worn off, some of the fatigue had gone.

She rose to her feet and started down the canon; her bloody sweater still lay on the ground with other things of which she was heedless. I had grown colder, but she realized that the c'imb down the canon would put her stagnant blood in circulation and all would be well.

Before she began the descent of the pass, she cast one long glance backward whither the man had gone. Whence came he, who was he, what had he seen, where was he now? She thanked God for his interference in one breath and hated him for his presence in the other.

The whole sky was now black with drifting clouds, lightning flashed above her head, muttered peals of thunder, terrifically ominous, rocked through the silent hills. The noise was low and subdued, but almost continuous With a singular and uneasy feeling inert carcass weighing much more that she was being observed, she started down the canon, plunging desperately through the trees, leaping the brook from side to side where it narrowed, seeking ever the easiest way. She struggled on, panting with sudden inexplicable terror almost as bad as that which had overwhelmed her an hour before-and growing more intense every moment, to such a tragic pass had the day and its happenings brought her.

Poor girl, awful experience really was to be hers that day. The fates sported with her-bodily fear, outraged modesty, mental anguish and now the terror of the storm.

The clouds seemed to sink lower, until they almost closed about her. Long gray ghostly arms reached out toward her. It grew darker and darker in the depths of the canon. She screamed aloud-in vain.

Suddenly the rolling thunder peals concentrated, balls of fire leaped out of the heavens and struck the mountains where she could actually see them. There were not words to describe the tremendous crashing? which seemed to splinter the hills, to be succeeded by brief periods of silence, to be followed by louder and more terrific detonations.

In one of those appalling alternations from sound to silence she heard a human cry-an answering cry to her own? It came from the hills be hind her. It must proceed, slife thought, from the man. Sae could not meet that man, although craved human companion the street before, she did not want bir. had all not bear it. Better the wrath o God, the fury of the tempes.

Heedless of the sharp note of ing, of appeal, in the voice ere it w drowned by another roll of thunc she plunged on in the darkness. canon narrowed here; she made he way down the ledges, leaping rac lessly from rock to rock, slipping. falling, grazing now one side, no the other, hurling herself forward " ill white face and bruised body and torn hands and throbbing heart that would fain burst its bonds. There was once an ancient legend, a human creature, menaced by all the furies, pitilessly pursued by every malefic spirit of earth and air: like him this sweet young girl, innocent, lovely, erstwhile happy, fled before the storm.

WOMAN'S WISDOM.

The worried mother wakes up to hear her baby's heavy breathing—a little the perhaps the croup or whooping cough. She does not want to send for the doctor when perhaps the trouble does not amount to much. Finally she thinks of that medical book her father gave her, The Common Sense Medical Adviser, by R. V. Pierce, M. D. She says "just the thing to find out what is the matter with the little dear." Two million households in this country own one—and it's to be had for only 31c. in stamps—1,000 pages in splendid cloth binding. A good family adviser in any emergency. It is for either sex. This is what many women write Dr. Pierce—in respect to his "Favorite Prescription," a remedy which has made thousands of melancholy and miserable women cheerful and happy, by curing the middle many diseases which undermine a women's health and strength. the painful womanly diseases which undermine a woman's health and strength.



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Then the heavens burst, and the fountains of the great deeps were broken open and with absolute litteralness the floods descended. The feet in a moment by the cloud burst. surging like the rapids at Niagara.

pared, was caught up in a moment and -total 89 384. flung like a bolt from a catapult down the seething sea filled with the trunks of the trees and the debris of the mountains, tossing about humanly in source of amazement. If you the wild confusion. She struck out strongly swimming more because of the instinct of life than for any other reason. A helpless atom in the boiling flood, growing every minute greater and greater as the angry skies disgorged themselves of their pent-up torrents upon her devoted head.

Continued next week.

Constipation-

is an enemy within the camp. It will undermine the strongest constitution and ruin the most vigorous health. It leads to indigestion, biliousness, impure blood, bad complexion, sick headaches, and is one of the most frequent causes of appendicitis. To neglectitis slow suicide. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills positively cure Constipation. They are entirely vegetable in composition and do not sicken, weaken or gripe. Preserve your health by taking

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THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT How many apples did Eva and Adam eat? The old version says: Eve ate and Adam ate too-Eve 8 ant Adam 2-total, 10. This is bursting clouds, torn asunder by the what a few newspapers have to wild winds, driven by the pent-up say about it: The Herald, Eve 8 lightning within their black and turgid and Adam 8-total 16. The Gabreasts, disburdened themselves. The zette: We don't see this. Eve 8 water came down, as it did of old and Adam 82-total 90. The when God washed the face of the Screamer; Our contemporary is enworld, in a flood. The narrow of the tirely wrong. Eve 81 and Adam canon was filled ten, twenty, thirty 812-total 893. The Advertiser; We reason like this: Eve 814 herself and Adam 8124 Eve-total The black water rolled and foamed, 8,838. The Leader; Eve 8142 know how it tasted, and Adam The body of the girl, utterly unpre 81242 see what it might be like

> The boy's appetite is often the would have such an appetite take Chamberlain's Tablets. They not only create a healthy appetite, but strengthen the stomach and enable it to do its work naturally. For sale by all dealers.

DEAD BODY FOUND. On November 6th, David John-

ston, of Ashfield, discovered a body on the shore about half a mile north of 18-Mile Creek, Coroner Holmes, of Goderich, was notified, and he empanelled a jury, which viewed the corpse, but deferred verdict until November 14th. The man was about 5 feet 9 inches in height, and would weigh about 165 pounds. There was nothing on his person to indicate his identity, but he had on a life-preserver on which were the words "Str, Fleetwood." The man was apparently a waiter or cook on a boat, as he wore a white jacket such as is worn by waiters. The body was buried on Thursday in Kintail cemetery .-Kincardine Review.

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