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The Chalice of Courage

Being the Story of Certain Persons Who Drank of it and Conquered

A Romance of Colorado

By **Cyrus Townsend Brady**

Author of "The King and the Man," "The Island of Regeneration," "The Better Man," "Hearst and the Highway," "As the Sparks Fly Upward," etc., etc.

Illustrations by **Claworth Young**

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CHAPTER VI.

Death, Life and the Resurrection.
The man was coming back from one of his rare visits to the settlements. Ahead of him he drove a train of burros who, well broken to their work, followed with docility the wise old leader in the advance. The burros were laden with his supplies for the approaching winter. The season was late, the mountains would soon be impassable on account of the snows, indeed he chose the late season always for his buying in order that he might not be followed, and it was his habit to buy in different places at different years that his repeated and expected presence at one spot might not arouse suspicion.

Intercourse with his fellow men was confined to this yearly visit to a settlement, and even that was of the briefest nature, confined always to the business in hand. Even when busy in the town he pitched a small tent in the open on the outskirts and dwelt apart. No men there in those days pried into the business of other men



She Screamed Aloud.

too closely. Curiosity was neither safe nor necessary. If he aroused transient interest or speculation it soon died away. He vanished into the mountains and as he came no more to that place, he was soon forgotten.

Withdrawing from his fellow men and avoiding their society, this man was never so satisfied as when alone in the silent hills. His heart and spirit rose with every step he made away from the main traveled roads or the more difficult mountain trails.

For several days he journeyed through the mountains, choosing the wildest and most inaccessible parts for his going. Amid the canons and peaks he threaded his way with an erring accuracy, ascending higher and higher until at last he reached the mountain aerie, the lonely hermitage, where he made his home. There he reveled in his isolation. What had been punishment, expiation, had at last become pleasure.

Civilization was bursting through the hills in every direction, railways were being pushed hither and thither, the precious metals were being discovered at various places and after them came hordes of men and with them—God save the mark—women; but his section of the country had hitherto been unvisited even by hunters, explorers, miners or pleasure seekers. He was glad, as he had grown to love the spot where he had made his home, and he had no wish to be forced, like little Joe, to move on

Once a man who loved the strife noble or ignoble, of the maddening crowd, he had grown accustomed to silence, habituated to solitude. Winte and summer alike he roamed the mountains, delving into every fore; exploring every hidden canyon, surmounting every inaccessible peak; no storm, no snow, no condition of wind or weather daunted him or stopped him. He had no human companionship by which to try his mettle, but nevertheless over the world of the material which lay about him he was a master as he was a man.

He found some occupation, too, in the following of old Adam's inheritance; during the pleasant months of summer he made such garden as he could. His profession of mining engineer gave him other employment. Round about him lay treasures inestimable, precious metals abounded in the hills. He had located them, tested, analyzed, estimated the wealth that was his for the taking—it was as valueless to him as the doubloons and golden guineas were to Selkirk on his island. Yet the knowledge that it was there gave him an energizing sense of potential power, unconsciously enormously flattering to his self-esteem.

Sometimes he wandered to the extreme verge of the range and on clear days saw far beneath him the smoke of great cities of the plains. He could be master among men as he was a master among mountains, if he chose. On such occasions he laughed

cynically, scornfully, yet rarely did he ever give way to such emotions.

A great and terrible sorrow was upon him; cherishing a great passion he had withdrawn himself from the common lot to dwell upon it. From a perverted sense of expiation, in a madness of grief, horror and despair, he had made himself a prisoner to his ideas in the desert of the mountains. Back to his cabin he would hasten, and there surrounded by his living memories—deathless, yet of the dead!—he would recreate the past until dejection drove him abroad on the hills to meet God if not man—or woman. Night-day, sunshine-shadow, heat-cold, storm-calm; these were his life.

Having disburdened his faithful animals of their packs and having seen them safely bestowed for the winter in the corral he had built near the base of the cliff upon which his rude home was situated, he took his rifle one morning for one of those lonely walks across the mountains from which he drew such comfort because he fancied the absence of man conduced to the nearness of God. It was a delusion as old nearly as the Christian religion. Many had made themselves hermits in the past in remorse for sin and for love toward God; this man had buried himself in the wilderness in part for the first of these causes, in other part for the love of woman. In the days of swift and sudden change he had been constant to a remembrance, and abiding in his determination for five swift moving years. The world for him had stopped its progress in one brief moment five years back—the rest was silence. What had happened since then out yonder where people were mated he did not know and he did not greatly care.

In his visits to the settlements he asked no questions, he bought no papers, he manifested no interest in the world; some things in him had died in one fell moment, and there had been, as yet, no resurrection. Yet life, hope, and ambition do not die, they are indeed eternal. Resurgam!

Life with its tremendous activities, its awful anxieties, its wearing strains, its rare triumphs, its opportunities for achievement, for service; hope with its illuminations, its encouragements, its expectations, ambition with its stimulus, its force, its power; and greatest of all, love, itself alone—all three were latent in him. In touch with a woman these had gone. Something as powerful and as human must bring them back.

It was against nature that a man dowered as he should so live to himself alone. Some voice should cry in his soul in its cerements of futile remorse, vain expiations and benumbing recollection; some day he should burst these grave clothes self-wound about him and be once more a man and a master among men, rather than the hermit and the recluse of the solitudes.

He did not allow these thoughts to come into his life; indeed, it is quite likely that he scarcely realized them at all yet; such possibilities did not present themselves to him. Perhaps the man was a little mad that morning, maybe he trembled on the verge of a break—upward, downward, I know not so it be away—unconsciously as he strode along the range that morning.

He had been walking for some hours, and as he grew thirsty it occurred to him to descend to the level of the brook which he heard below him and of which he sometimes caught a flashing glimpse through the trees. He scrambled down the rocks and found himself in a thick grove of pine. Making his way slowly and with great difficulty through the tangle of fallen timber which lay in every direction, the sound of a human voice, the last thing on earth to be expected in that wilderness, smote upon the fearful hollow of his ear.

Any voice or any word then and there would have surprised him, but there was a note of awful terror in this voice, a sound of frightened appeal. The desperation in the cry left him no moment for thought, the demand was for action. The cry was not addressed to him, apparently, but to God, yet it was he who answered—power doubtless by that Over-looking Power who works in such mysterious ways His wonder to perform!

He leaped over the intervening trees to the edge of the forest where the rapid waters ran. To the right of him rose a huge rock, or cliff, in front of him the canon bent sharply to the north, and beneath him a few rods away a speck of white gleamed above the water of a deep and still pool that he knew.

There was a woman there! He had time for but the swiftest glance; he had surmised that the voice was not that of a man's voice instantly he heard it, and now he was sure. She stood white breast deep in the water staring ahead of her. The next second he saw what had alarmed her—a Grizzly Bear, the largest, fiercest, most forbidding specimen he had ever

seen. There were a few of those monsters still left in the range; he himself had killed several.

The woman had not seen him. He was a silent man by long habit, accustomed to saying nothing, he said nothing now. But instantly aiming from the hip with a wondrous skill and a perfect mastery of the weapon, and indeed it was a short range for so huge a target, he pumped bullet after bullet from his Winchester into the evil monarch of the mountains. The first shot did for him, but making assurance double and treble sure,



He Caught a Glimpse of Her White, Desperate Face.

he fired again and again. Satisfied at last that the bear was dead, and observing that he had fallen upon the clothes of the bather, he turned, descended the stream for a few yards until he came to a place where it was easily fordable, stepped through it without a glance toward the woman shivering in the water, whose sensation so far as a mere man could, he thoroughly understood and appreciated, and whose modesty he fain would spare, having not forgotten to be a gentleman in five years of his own society—high test of quality, that.

He climbed out upon the bank, uprooted a small tree, rolled the bear clear of the heap of woman's clothing and marched straight ahead of him up the canon and around the bend.

Thereafter, being a man, he did not faint or fall, but completely unnerved he leaned against the canon wall, dropped his gun at his feet and stood there trembling mightily, sweat bedewing his forehead, and the sweat had not come from his exertions. In one moment the whole even tenor of his life was changed. The one glimpse he had got of those white shoulders, that pallid face, that golden head raised from the water, had swept him back five years. He had seen once more in the solitude a woman.

Other women he had seen at a distance and avoided in his yearly visits to the settlements. Of course, these had passed him by remotely, but here he was brought in touch intimately with humanity. He who had taken life had saved it. A woman had sent him forth; was a woman to call him back?

He cursed himself for his weakness. He shut his eyes and summoned other memories. How long he stood there he could not have told. He was fighting a battle and it seemed to him at last that he triumphed. Presently the consciousness came to him that perhaps he had no right to stand there idle; it may be that the woman needed him; perhaps she had fainted in the water; perhaps— He turned toward the bend which concealed him from her and then he stopped. Had he any right to intrude upon her privacy? He must of necessity be an unwelcome visitor to her; he had surprised her at a frightful disadvantage, he knew instinctively, although the fault was none of his, although he had saved her life thereby, that she would hold him and him alone responsible for the outrage to her modesty, and although he had seen little at first glance and had resolutely kept his eyes away, the mere consciousness of her absolute helplessness appealed to him—to what was best and noblest in him, too. He must go to her; yet stay, she might not yet be clothed, in which event— But no she must be dressed, or dead, by this time, and in either case he would have a duty to discharge.

It devolved upon him to make sure of her safety; he was in a certain sense responsible for it, until she got back to her friends, wherever they might be; but he persuaded himself that otherwise he did not want to see her again, that he did not wish to know anything about her future; that he did not care whether it was well or ill with her; and it was only stern obligation which drove him toward her—oh, fond and foolish man!

He compromised with himself at last by climbing the ridge that had shut off a view of the pool, and looking down at the place so memorable to him. He was prepared to withdraw instantly should circumstances warrant, and he was careful so to conceal himself as to give no possible opportunity for her to discover his scrutiny.

With a beating heart and eager eyes he searched the spot. There lay the bear and a little distance away prone on the grass, clothed but whether in her right mind or not he could not tell, lay the woman. For a moment as he bent a concentrated, eager gaze upon her: he thought she might have fainted or that she might have died. In any event he reflected that she had strength and nerve and will to have dressed herself before either of these things happened. She lay motionless under his gaze for so long that he finally made up his mind that common humanity required him to go to her assistance.

Wonderful Cures Reported in Germany.

The use of simple herbs as remedies instead of the more concentrated and usually more dangerous inorganic substances, has been revived very widely of late. In Germany a new school of physicians has arisen which throws out almost a whole of the pharmacopoeia and relies on an adaptation of the method of wild animals in curing themselves. . . . N. Y. World.

It was Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y., who first advocated the extended use of some of our native roots, such as: Golden seal and Oregon grape root, manzanita and queen's root, black cherrybark. These are the chief ingredients in Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which has been so well and favorably known for nearly half a century. A harmless cleanser and stomach tonic that nature has provided.



J. D. MATHESON, Esq.

J. DONALD MATHESON of Ossining, N. Y. says: "I suffered for over five years with what the doctors told me was dilated condition of the stomach, associated with a catarrhal condition of same, and nervous heart. I had tried enough nux, bismuth, gentian, rhubarb, etc., to float a ship and naturally thought there was no cure for me, but after reading what eminent doctors said of the curative qualities of the ingredients of 'Golden Medical Discovery' I gave it a fair trial. Took the 'Discovery' and also the 'Pleasant Pellets,' and in can truthfully say I am feeling better now than I have in years. I cheerfully give permission to print this testimonial, and if any 'doubter' Thomas' writes me I will 'put him wise' to the best all-around medicine in the country to-day."

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He rose to his feet on the instant and saw the woman also lift herself from the grass as if moved by a similar impulse. In his intense preoccupation he had forgot to observe the signs of the times. A sense of the overcast sky came to him suddenly as it did to her, but with a difference. He knew what was about to happen, his experience told him much more as to the awful potentialities of the tempest than she could possibly imagine. She must be warned at once, she must leave the canon and get up on the higher ground without delay. His duty was plain and yet he did it not. He could not. The pressure upon him was not yet strong enough.

A half dozen times as he watched her deliberately sitting there eating, he opened his mouth to cry to her, yet he could not bring himself to it. A strange timidity oppressed him; halted him, held him back. A man cannot stay away five years from men and women and be himself with them in the twinkling of an eye. And when to that instinctive and acquired reluctance against which he struggled in vain, he added the assurance that whatever his message he would be unwelcome on account of what had gone before; he could not force himself to go to her or even to call to her, not yet. He would keep her under surveillance, however, and if the worst came he could intervene in time to rescue her. He counted without his cost, his usual judgment bewildered. So he followed her through the trees and down the bank.

Now he was so engrossed in her and so agitated that his caution slept, his experience was forgotten. The storm in his own breast was so great that it overshadowed the storm brewing above. Her way was easier than

Continued on page 7.

COLD SORES AND ULCERS ARE HEALED BY ZAM-BUK.

Cold sores, chapped hands, ulcers and winter eczema are common troubles just now, and for all these Zam-Buk will be found the surest and quickest remedy. Sometimes cold sores arise from chilblains on the toes or fingers, and in the former case, where colored socks are worn, there is a danger of blood-poisoning from the dye. Zam-Buk being so powerfully antiseptic, removes the danger as soon as applied, and quickly heals.

Mr. W. J. Halliday, of Ash Grove, Ont., says, "I had my little finger frozen, and it cracked at the first joint, causing a bad sore, which discharged freely and would not heal. The pain was very bad, and the whole of my hand became swollen and in bad shape. A friend advised me to try Zam-Buk, and I soon found that Zam-Buk was altogether different to any preparation I had ever tried. In a very short time it healed the sore."

Miss Lillie May, of Stoney Creek, Ont., says, "A few days since, several nasty, disfiguring cold sores suddenly broke out on my lips, which became much swollen. Seeing my condition, a friend advised me to try Zam-Buk, and leave all other preparations aside. This I did, and was much pleased after a few applications of this balm, to see every sore healed."

Zam-Buk will also be found a sure cure for eczema, blood-poison, varicose sores, piles, scalp sores, ringworm, inflamed patches, babies' eruptions, and chapped places, cuts, burns, bruises and skin injuries generally. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, upon receipt of price. Refuse harmful imitations and substitutes.

Use also Zam-Buk Soap, 25c. tablet. Best for babies' tender skin.

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If its New Here is where fashion reigns supreme in everything a man wears If its here its New

Inspect our men's furnishings, you will find shirts, collars, ties, bathrobes, smoking jackets, combination underwear, pyjamas, sweater coats, and hosiery as well as everything a man needs for winter.

We have selected every article with the utmost care, styles, materials and patterns have all been booked after.

Something classy in the line of shirts have just arrived, with collar and tie to match.

A large stock of men's and boy's gloves, woollen, mocho and kid, unlined, lined and silk lined, also a variety of gauntlets.



APPEARANCE

A special line of caps, felt hats and christies, here is where you get the latest styles.

Now is the time for overcoats, call and see what we have before buying. Some special lines in stock.

A good line of sweater coats, odd pants, suits, also mufflers, scarfs, toques and underwear.

Something new in the line of winter vests, for men and ladies, the Common Sense "Elder Down" Health Protector. These are worth inspection. We are the agents.



For the workshops, we have the best in shirts, over-hauls and gloves and mitts, Leather Lable over-hauls, they are just the kind you have been looking for.

You are invited to come and examine our stock.

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