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and in some cases causes worry. Call and see if I cannot help you by suggesting articles in the line of

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SILVERWARE**
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130 Acres Normanby, near Hampden. Good buildings, a fine stock farm. Somebody will snatch this bargain quickly, why not you?

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If you wish to **SELL, BORROW** or **INSURE** it will **PAY** you to see me.

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28 year's experience and knowledge of the locality, counts for something. Do business with me and get the benefit of it.

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THE CHALICE OF COURAGE

Continued from page 6.
his and he had fallen some distance behind when suddenly there rushed upon him the fact that a frightful and unlooked for cloudburst was about to occur above their heads. A lightning flash and a thunder clap at last arrested his attention. Then, but not until then, he flung everything to the winds and amid the sullen and almost continuous peals of thunder he sent cry after cry toward her which were lost in the tremendous diapason of sound that echoed and re-echoed through the rifts of the mountains.

"Wait," he cried again and again. "Come up higher. Get out of the canon. You'll be drowned."
But he had waited too long. The storm had developed too rapidly; she was too far ahead of and beneath him. She heard nothing but the sound of a voice, shrill, menacing, fraught with terror for her, not a word distinguishable; scarcely to her disturbed soul even a human voice, it seemed like the weird cry of some wild spirit of the storm. It sounded to her overwrought nerves so utterly inhuman that she only ran the faster.

The canon swerved and then doubled back, but he knew its direction. Losing sight of her for the moment he plunged straight ahead through the trees, cutting off the bend, leaping with superhuman agility and strength over rocks and logs until he reached a point where the rift narrowed between two walls and ran deeply. There and then the heavens opened and the floods came and beat into the open maw of that vast crevice and filled it in an instant.

As the deluge came roaring down, bearing onward the sweepings and scourings of the mountains, he caught a glimpse of her white desperate face rising, falling, now disappearing, now coming into view again, in the foamy midst of the torrent. He ran to the cliff bank and throwing aside his gun he scrambled down the wall to a certain shelf of the rock over which the rising water broke thinly. Ordinarily it was twenty feet above the creek bed. Bracing himself against a jagged projection he waited praying. The canon was here so narrow that he could have leaped to the other side and yet it was too narrow for him to reach her if the water did not sweep her toward his feet. It was all done in a second. Fortunately a projection on the other side threw the force of the torrent toward him and with it came the woman.

She was almost spent. She had been struck by a log upheaved by some mighty wave, her hands were moving feebly, her eyes were closed, she was drowning, dying, but indomitably battling on. He stooped down and as a surge lifted her, he threw his arm around her waist and then he braced himself against the rock to sustain the full thrust of the mighty flood. As he seized her she gave way suddenly, as if after having done all that she could there was now nothing left but to trust herself to his hand and God's. She hung a dead weight on his arm in the ravening water which dragged and tore at her madly.

He was a man of giant strength, but the struggle bade fair to be too much even for him. It seemed as if the mountain behind him was giving way. He set his teeth, he tried desperately to hold on, he thrust out his right hand, holding her with the other one, and clawed at the dripping rock in vain. In a moment the torrent mastered him and when it did so it seized him with fury and threw him like a stone from a sling into the seething vortex of the mid-stream. But in all this he did not, or would not, release her.

Such was the swiftness of the motion with which they were swept downward that he had little need to swim, his only effort was to keep his head above water and to keep from being dashed against the logs that tumbled end over end or whirled sideways, or were jammed into clusters only to burst out on every hand. He struggled furiously to keep himself from being overwhelmed in the seething madness, and what was harder, to keep the lifeless woman in his arms from being stricken or wrenched away. He knew that below the narrows where the canon widened the water would subside, the awful fury of the rain would presently cease. If he could steer clear of the rocks in the broad he might win to land with her.

The chances against him were thousands to nothing. But what are chances in the eyes of God! The man in his solitude had not forgotten to pray, his habits stood him in good stead now. He petitioned shortly, brokenly, in brief unspoken words as he battled through the long dragging seconds.

Fighting, clinging, struggling, praying, he was swept on. Heavier and heavier the woman dragged in an unconscious heap. It would have been easier for him if he had let her go; she would never know and he could then escape. The idea never once occurred to him. He had indeed withdrawn from his kind, but when one depended upon him all the old appeal of weak humanity awoke quick response in the bosom of the strong. He would die with the stranger rather than yield her to the torrent or admit himself beaten and give up the fight. So the conscious and the unconscious struggled through the narrow of the canon.

Presently with the rush and hurl of a bullet from the mouth of a gun, they found themselves in a shallow lake through which the waters still rushed mightily, breaking over rocks,

digging away shallow-rooted trees, leaping, biting, snarling, tearing at the big walls spread away on either side. He had husbanded some of his strength for this final effort, this last chance of escape. Below them at the other end of this open the walls came together again. There the descent was sharper than before and the water ran to the opening with racing speed. Once again in the torrent and they would be swept to death in spite of all.

Shifting his grasp to the woman's hair, now unbound, he held her with one hand and swam hard with the other. The current still ran swiftly but with no gigantic upheaving waves as before. It was more easy to avoid floating timber and debris, and on one



Presently She Opened Her Eyes.

side where the ground sloped somewhat gently the quick water flowed more slowly. He struck out desperately for it, forcing himself away from the main stream into the shallows and ever dragging the woman. Was it hours or minutes or seconds after that he gained the battle and neared the shore at the lowest edge?

He caught with his forearm, as the torrent swerved him around, a stout young pine so deeply rooted as yet to have withstood the flood. Summoning the last reserve of strength that is bestowed upon us in our hour of need, and comes unless from God we know not whence, he drew himself in front of the pine, got his back against it and although the water thundered against him still—only by comparison could it be called quieter—and his foothold was most precarious, he reached down carefully and grasped the woman under the shoulders. His position was a cramped one, but by the power of his arms alone he lifted her up until he got his left arm about her waist again. It was a mighty feat of strength indeed.

The pine stood in the midst of the water, for even on the farther side the earth was overflowed, but the water was stiller. He did not know what might be there, but he had to chance it. Lifting her up he stepped out, fortunately meeting firm ground. A few paces and he reached solid rock above the flood. He raised her above his head and laid her upon the shore then with the very last atom of all his force, physical, mental and spiritual, he drew himself up and fell panting and utterly exhausted but triumphant by her side.

The cloudburst was over, but the rain still beat down upon them, the thunder still roared above them, the lightning still flashed about them, but they were safe, alive, if the woman had not died in his arms. He had done a thing superhuman. No man knowing conditions would have believed it. He himself would have declared a thousand times its patent impossibility.

For a few seconds he strove to recover himself, then he thought of the flask he always carried in his pocket. It was gone. His clothes were ragged and torn; they had been ruined by his battle with the waves. The girl lay where he had placed her on her back. In the pocket of her hunting shirt he noticed a little protuberance. The pocket was provided with a flap and tightly buttoned. Without hesitation he unbuttoned it. There was a flask there, a little silver mounted affair; by some miracle it had not been broken. It was half full. With nervous hands he opened it and poured some of it down her throat; then he bent over her, his soul in his glance, scarcely knowing what to do next. Presently she opened her eyes.

And there, in the rain, by that raging torrent whence he had drawn her as it were from the jaws of death by the power of his arm, in the presence of the God above them, this man and this woman looked at each other and life for both of them was no longer the same.

Continued next week.

"SEE THAT BALD-HEADED YOUNG MAN?"
"I know he is only 38," said one young lady to another at a social function, "but he looks like 50."
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Young men who use **PARISIAN Sage** never grow bald because the hair root is supplied with plenty of nature's own nourishment, which means at all times an abundance of healthy hair.
Young Man, if your hair is thinning out, if that little bald spot on top is beginning to spread, try **PARISIAN Sage**. It is guaranteed by **Macfarlane & Co.** to stop falling hair, banish dandruff and scalp itch, or money back. 50 cents at dealers everywhere.

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INCORPORATED 1869

Capital Authorized	\$ 25,000,000
Capital Paid Up	11,500,000
Reserve Fund	12,500,000
Total Assets	175,000,000

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Gentlemen who are bald or partially so worn and recommended by the Medical men all over the American Continent.

Persons who cannot visit the Hotel may have Professor Pember call at their residence by telephoning to the Hotel.

**Remember the Date
Thursday, Dec. 5th**

GLENELG COUNCIL.
The council met November 16th, pursuant to adjournment, the reeve in the chair. All the members present. Minutes of last meeting read and confirmed.

Communications read as follows: Affidavits re sheep destroyed from Duncan McNab and George Ritchie. Letter from P. J. Haley re damage to threshing engine; certificate from Clerk Peace re jurors; from Judge Sutherland, certified copy of Voters' Lists; from Douglas Davidson, further claim for McRae child; Standard Printing Co., account; from Commissioners for Wards 1, 2 and 4, reports on special and statute labor work; from the C. P. R., account for freight on bridge iron; By-law No. 532, for nomination and appointment of officers, was read first and second time.

McMillan-Lindsay—That orders for payment for works in wards 1, 2 and 4, be issued as follows: Ward 1, balance of appropriation, \$56.75; special works in ward 1, \$108.10; special works in ward 2, \$178.00; statute labor in ward 2, \$7.50; special works in ward 4, \$24.50; statute labor in ward 4, \$12.25.—Carried.

Nichol-Young—That the committee on McGillivray bridge be paid as follows: J. A. McMillan, \$2; R. Lindsay, \$3; W. Weir, \$1.

Lindsay-McMillan—That Joseph Atkinson be paid \$4.50 and Alex. Aljoe \$3 for delivering steel at McGillivray bridge.—Carried.

Nichol-Young—That the C. P. R. be paid \$19 freight on bridge iron.

Nichol-Young—That the treasurer accept \$11.50, being Bentinck share of cost of culvert on town line Glenelg and Bentinck.—Car.

Nichol-Young—That the reeve and J. A. McMillan be a committee to consider the claim of P. J. Haley on township.—Carried.

Young-Lindsay—That the following persons be paid witness fees and mileage to Owen Sound in connection with Haws case, as follows: Dr. Wolfe, \$11; Chas. M. Robb, \$5.50; Donald McDougall, \$5.15; Dugaid McDougall, \$5; T. Nichol, \$9.50; John McMillan, \$11.70. Wm. Weir, \$19.50.—Carried.

Young-Lindsay—That this council do not hold ourselves responsible for any damage claim by E. W. Bull.

Nichol-Young—That C. Ritchie be paid \$6 for two-thirds value of sheep killed by dogs.—Carried.

Young-Nichol—That the Standard Printing Co. be paid \$2.65 on printing account.—Carried.

McMillan-Lindsay—That the Western Insurance Co. be paid \$11 for 3 years risk on hall and stables.—Carried.

Nichol-Young—That gravel accounts be paid as follows: Ellen Barry, 65 cents, G. & J. McKechnie, \$1.60.—Carried.

Lindsay-McMillan—That Duncan McNab be paid \$3.35, being two-thirds value of sheep killed by Jags.—Carried.

Nichol-Young—That By-law 532 for nomination and appointing D.

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This period will mainly cover the approaching Sessions of the Dominion Parliament and the Ontario Legislature, and perhaps the Balkan War to its termination.

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R. officers and poll clerks be now read a third time, signed, sealed and engrossed on by-law book. Commissions on expenditures were paid as follows: R. Lindsay, ward 1, \$15.52; Jos. Young, ward 4, \$2.94; J. A. McMillan, ward 2, \$5.00.

The council adjourned to December 16 at 10 a.m.—J.S. Black, Clerk