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THE TRADERS BANK OF CANADA

INCORPORATED 1869

Capital Authorized \$ 25,000,000
Capital Paid Up 11,500,000
Reserve Fund 12,500,000
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LONDON, ENG., OFFICE. **NEW YORK AGENCY**
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DURHAM BRANCH: S. HUGHES, Manager.

THE CHALICE OF COURAGE

Continued from page 6.

the trouble to inquire. "You know," answered the girl, "that is not true. I have been consumed with desire to know."

"A woman's curiosity?"

"Not that," was the soft answer that turned away his wrath.

She was indeed frank. There was that in her way of uttering those two simple words that set his pulses bounding. He was not altogether and absolutely blind.

"Come," said the girl, extending her hand to him, "we are alone here together. We must help each other. You have helped me, you have been of the greatest service to me. I can't begin to count all that you have done for me; my gratitude."

"Only that?"

"But that is all that you have ever asked or expected," answered the young woman in a low voice whose



gentle tones did not at all accord with the boldness and courage of the speech.

"You mean?" asked the man, starting at her, his face aflame.

"I mean," answered the girl swiftly, willfully misinterpreting and turning his half spoken question another way, "I mean that I am sure that trouble has brought you here. I do not wish to force your confidence, I have no right to do so, yet I should like to enjoy it; can't you give it to me? I want to help you, I want to do my best to make some return for what you have been to me and have done for me."

"I ask but one thing," he said quickly.

"And what is that?"

But again he checked himself.

"No," he said, "I am not free to ask anything of you."

And that answer to Emid Mattland was like a knife thrust in the heart. The two had been standing confront each other. Her heart grew faint within her. She stretched out her hand vaguely as if for support. He stepped toward her, but before he reached her, she caught the back of the chair and sank down weakly. That he should be bound and not free had never once occurred to her; she had quite misinterpreted the meaning of his remark.

that man?

"I am the man that did that thing, but what do you know?" he asked quickly, amazed in his turn.

"Old Kirkby, my uncle Robert Mattland, told me your story; they said that you had disappeared from the haunts of men."

"And they were right. What else was there for me to do? Although innocent of crime, I was blood guilty. I was mad. No punishment could be visited upon me like that imposed by the stern, awful, appalling fact. I swore to prison myself, to have nothing more forever to do with mankind or womankind with whom I was unworthy to so associate, to live alone until God took me. To cherish my memories, to make such expiation as I could, to pray daily for forgiveness, I came here to the wildest, the most inaccessible, the loneliest, spot in the range. No one ever would come here. I fancied, no one ever did come but I. I was happy after a fashion, or at least content. I had chosen the better part. I had work, I could read, write, remember and dream. But you came and since that time life has been heaven and hell. Heaven because I love you, hell because to love you means disloyalty to the past, to a woman who loved me. Heaven because you are here; I can hear your voice, I can see you, your soul is spread out before me in its sweetness, in its purity; hell because I am false to my determination, to my vow, to the love of the past."

"And did you love her so much, then?" asked the girl, now fiercely jealous and forgetful of other things for the moment.

"It's not that," said the man. "I was not much more than a boy, a year or two out of college. I had been in the mountains a year, this woman lived in a mining camp, she was a fresh, clean healthy girl, her father died and the whole camp fathered her, looked after her, and all the young men in the range for miles on either side were in love with her. I supposed that I was too and well, I won her from the rest. We had been married but a few months and a part of the time my business as a mining engineer had called me away from her. I can remember the day before we started on the last journey. I was going alone again, but she was so unhappy over my departure; she clung to me, pleaded with me, implored me to take her with me, insisted on going wherever I went, would not be left behind. She couldn't bear me out of her sight, it seemed. I don't know what there was in me to have inspired such devotion, but I must speak the truth, however it may sound. She seemed wild, crazy about me. I didn't understand it, frankly I didn't know what such love was—then but I took her along. Shall I not be honest with you? In spite of the attraction physical, I had begun to feel even then that she was not the mate for me. I don't deserve it, and it shames me to say it of course, but I wanted a better mind, a higher soul. That made it harder—what I had to do, you know."

"Yes, I know."

"The only thing I could do when I came to my senses was to sacrifice myself to her memory because she had loved me so; as it was she gave up her life for me; I could do no less than be true and loyal to the remembrance. It wasn't a sacrifice either until you came, but as soon as you opened your eyes and looked into mine in the rain and the storm upon the rock to which I had carried you after I had fought for you.

that last question, as if he had offered it to her. She made the best answer possible to his demand, for before he could divine what she would be at, she had seized his hand and kissed it and this time it was the man whose knees gave way. He sank down in the chair and buried his face in his hands.

"Oh, God! Oh, God!" he cried in his humiliation and shame, "if I had only met you first, or if my wife had died as others die, and not by my hand in that awful hour. I can see her now, broken, bruised, bleeding, torn. I can hear the report of that weapon; her last glance at me in the midst of her indescribable agony was one of thankfulness and gratitude. I can't stand it, I am unworthy even of her."

"But you could not help it, it was not your fault. And you can't help—caring—for me?"

"I ought to help it, I ought not love you, I ought to have known that I was not fit to love any woman, that I had no right, that I was pledged like a monk to the past. I have been weak, a fool. I love you and my honor goes, I love you and my self-respect goes, I love you and my pride goes. Would to God I could say I love you and my life goes and end it all!" He stared at her a little space. "There is only one way of satisfaction in it all, one gleam of comfort," he added.

"And what is that?"

"You don't know what the suffering is, you don't understand, you don't comprehend."

"And why not?"

"Because you do not love me."

"But I do," said the woman quite simply as if it were a matter of course not only that she should love him, but that she should also tell him so.

The man stared at her amazed. Such fierce surges of joy throbbed through him as he had not thought the human frame could sustain. This woman loved him, in some strange way he had gained her affection. It was impossible, yet she had said so! He had been a blind fool. He could see that now. She stood before him and smiled at him, looking at him through eyes misted with tears, with lips parted, with color coming and going in her cheek and with her bosom rising and falling. She loved him, he had but to step nearer to her to take her in his arms. There was a trust, devotion, surrender, everything, in her attitude, and between them like that great gulf which lay between the rich man and the beggar, that separated heaven and hell, was that he could not cross.

"I never dreamed, I never hoped—oh," he exclaimed as if he got his death wound, "this cannot be borne."

He turned away but in two swift steps she caught him.

"Where do you go?"

"Out, out into the night."

"You cannot go now, it is dark; hark to the storm, you would miss your footing you would fall, you would freeze, you would die."

"What matters that?"

"I cannot have it."

"It would be better so."

He strove again to wrench himself away, but she would not be denied. She clung to him tenaciously.

"I will not let you go unless you give me your word of honor that you will not leave the plateau, and you will come back to me."

"I tell you that the quicker the more surely I go out of life the better and better it will be for me."

"And I tell you—"

Continued next week.

A DRUGGIST IN WINNIPEG

Cured Himself with GIN PILLS

No greater compliment could be paid GIN PILLS than to have a druggist use them. Mr. Rogers being in the business, tried all the ordinary remedies, but it was not until he used GIN PILLS that he was cured of a severe pain in the back.

Winnipeg, May 19th, 1912.

"In the autumn of 1911, I suffered with a continual pain in the back. As a druggist, I tried various remedies without any apparent result. Having sold GIN PILLS for a number of years, I thought there must be good in them otherwise the sales would not increase so fast. I gave them a fair trial and the results I found to be good."

GEO. E. ROGERS.

GIN PILLS must cure you or your money will be refunded. Soc. a box, 6 for \$2.50. Sample free if you write National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto. 144

GRANT'S AD.

While wishing all my friends a Happy and Prosperous New Year and thanking them for past patronage, I wish to call their attention to new goods just to hand.

We have 280 yards new curtain net; a lot of pure linen lace and insertion at 5c per yard; also ladies' collars in stock, jabots, fancies and robespierre etc.

Exceeds handkerchiefs, Men's lined jackets and overalls, etc.

C. L. GRANT

Dare You Marry?

SECRETS OF HOME LIFE

Statements made by patients taking the New Method Treatment. They know it Cures

No Names or Testimonials used without written consent

CONSTITUTIONAL BLOOD DISEASE. VARICOSE VEINS CURED.

Patient No. 16474. "The spots are all gone from my legs and arms and I feel good now. I am very grateful to you and shall never forget the favor your medicines have done for me. You can use my name in recommendation. It is any sufferer. I am going to get married, soon. Thanking you once more, etc."

SAYS TWO MONTHS CURED HIM.

Patient No. 16765. Age 23. Single. Indulged in immoral habits 4 years. Deposit in urine and drains at night. Varicose Veins on both sides, pains in back, weak sexually. He writes: "I received your letter of recent date and in reply I am pleased to say that after taking two months' treatment I would consider myself completely cured, as I have seen no signs of them coming back (one year)."

THE WORLD SEEMS DIFFERENT.

Patient No. 15923. "I have not had a regular Emission I don't know when and am feeling fine. The world seems altogether different to me and I thank God for directing me to you. You have been an honest doctor with me."

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY

We treat and cure VARICOSE VEINS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, BLOOD AND URINARY COMPLAINTS, KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASES and all Diseases peculiar to men.

CONSULTATION FREE. BOOKS FREE. If unable to call write for a Question Blank for Home Treatment sent as follows:

NOTICE All letters from Canada must be addressed to our Canadian Correspondence Department at 1200 St. Lawrence St., WINDSOR, ONT.

DRS. KENNEDY & KENNEDY

Cor. Michigan Ave. and Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

WINTER TERM FROM JANUARY 8

MOUNT FOREST

Business College

MOUNT FOREST ONT.

The commercial world offers greater opportunities than any other field. Our courses are up-to-date and practical. We give individual attention and we assist graduates to positions. We are prepared to do more for our students and graduates than other similar schools. We have scores of applications we cannot meet. Write me at once for particulars.

W. E. WILSON, Principal.

We Have In Stock

35 Pairs Ladies' Dongola Bals

Of different makes and sizes, mostly 2 1/2 to 4, we have been selling them at \$2.75 and \$3.00, they are reduced to **\$2.00.**

Also a few Pairs in Patent Leather

\$3.50 and \$4.00 now to clear **\$2.50**

Terms of Sale Cash

The Downtown Shoe Store : J. S. McILRAITH

THE DURHAM FOUNDRY

Iron and Brass Castings and general Repairing. Feed boilers. Steam fitters supplies. Engines and Threshers. Sash and Doors, Planing and General Wood Work.

SMITH BROS., - DURHAM, ONT.

OH, WHAT A WASTE!

Owen Sound, Jan. 18.—License inspectors here to-day planned the destruction of 144 bottles of Seagram's "83," which was yesterday confiscated by order of police magistrate A. D. Crescor. The charge involving the consignment, was dismissed. Nobody knew anything about the whiskey, though everyone who was thought to be involved, was questioned closely

teen minutes, but was put out when it bit the little girl on the cheek as she tried to pet it. As the dog did not foam at the mouth or show other symptoms of rabies the authorities and the parents did not deem it necessary to send the girl to Toronto for the Pasteur treatment, believing the animal was only cross. The dog was never located by the police, although several were shot about that time by the police. Carl Wimbush, aged nine, was bitten by a dog near the Kenn home about an hour after the Kenn girl had been bitten, probably by the same dog, but he was taken to Toronto by his father. The little girl before her death did not suffer the terrible agonies usual in hydrophobia cases. She was first taken ill last Saturday, but on Wednesday grew worse, and eight doctors called in pronounced her ill with hydrophobia. She was feverish, but had no convulsions, and was conscious till near her death. This is the first death from hydrophobia in this city.

BITE OF STRANGE DOG MEANT LITTLE GIRL'S DEATH.

St. Thomas, Jan. 17.—Alexandra May Kenn, aged four, daughter of John Kenn, Barwick street, an employe of the City Gas Works, died at her home at an early hour this morning from the effects of hydrophobia. The little girl was bitten five weeks ago by a stray dog, which had been called into the child's mother, who believed the animal was in need of food. The animal was in the house fif-

The man did not help her, he could not help her. He just stood and looked at her. She fought valiantly for self-control a moment or two and then, utterly oblivious to the betrayal of her feelings involved in the question—the moments were too great for consideration of such trivial matters—she faltered.

"You mean there is some other woman?"

He shook his head in negation.

"I don't understand. There was some other woman?"

"Yes."

"Where is she now?"

"Dead."

"But you said you were not free."

He nodded.

"Did you care so much for her that now—that now?"

"Enid," he cried desperately. "Believe me, I never knew what love was until I met you."

The secret was out now; it had been known to her long since, but now it was publicly proclaimed. Even a man as blind, as obsessed, as he could not mistake the joy that illuminated her face at this announcement. That very joy and satisfaction produced upon him, however, a very different effect than might have been anticipated. Had he been free, indeed, he would have swept her to his breast and covered her sweet face with kisses broken by whispered words of passionate endearment. Instead of that she shrank back from her and it was she who was forced to take up the burden of the conversation.

"You say that she is dead," she began in sweet appealing bewilderment, "and that you care so much for me and yet you—"

"I am a murderer," he broke out harshly. "There is blood upon my hands, the blood of a woman who loved me and whom, boy as I was, I thought that I loved. She was my wife, I killed her."

"Great God," cried the girl amazed beyond measure or expectation by this sudden avowal which she had once suspected, and her hand instinctively went to the bosom of her dress where she kept that soiled, water stained packet of letters, "are you

that man?"

"I am the man that did that thing, but what do you know?" he asked quickly, amazed in his turn.

"Old Kirkby, my uncle Robert Mattland, told me your story; they said that you had disappeared from the haunts of men."

"And they were right. What else was there for me to do? Although innocent of crime, I was blood guilty. I was mad. No punishment could be visited upon me like that imposed by the stern, awful, appalling fact. I swore to prison myself, to have nothing more forever to do with mankind or womankind with whom I was unworthy to so associate, to live alone until God took me. To cherish my memories, to make such expiation as I could, to pray daily for forgiveness, I came here to the wildest, the most inaccessible, the loneliest, spot in the range. No one ever would come here. I fancied, no one ever did come but I. I was happy after a fashion, or at least content. I had chosen the better part. I had work, I could read, write, remember and dream. But you came and since that time life has been heaven and hell. Heaven because I love you, hell because to love you means disloyalty to the past, to a woman who loved me. Heaven because you are here; I can hear your voice, I can see you, your soul is spread out before me in its sweetness, in its purity; hell because I am false to my determination, to my vow, to the love of the past."

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"Yes, I know."

"The only thing I could do when I came to my senses was to sacrifice myself to her memory because she had loved me so; as it was she gave up her life for me; I could do no less than be true and loyal to the remembrance. It wasn't a sacrifice either until you came, but as soon as you opened your eyes and looked into mine in the rain and the storm upon the rock to which I had carried you after I had fought for you.

I knew that I loved you. I knew that the love that had come into my heart was the love of which I had dreamed, that everything that had gone before was nothing, that I had found the one woman whose soul should mate with mine."

"And this before I had said a word to you?"

"What are words? The heart speaks to the heart, the soul whispers to the soul. And so it was with us. I had fought for you, you were mine, mine. My heart sang it as it panted and struggled over the rocks carrying you. It said the words again and again as I laid you down here in this cabin. It repeated them over and over; mine, mine! It says that every day and hour. And yet honor and fidelity bid me stay. I am free, yet bound; free to love you, but not to take you. My heart says yes, my conscience no. I should despise myself if I were false to the love which I my wife bore me, and how could I offer you a blood stained hand!"

He had drawn very near her while he spoke; she had risen again and the



She Seized His Hand and Kissed It.

two confronted each other. He stretched out his hand as he asked

were given their proper readings.

Holm—Baetz.—That the clerk be instructed to advertise for an assessor and three collectors, applications to be in before next meeting.

—Carried.

Baetz—Geberdt.—That Mrs. Walsh be reappointed caretaker of the township hall at the salary of \$10, payable half-yearly, in advance.—Carried.

Mr. Philip Oehm, a farmer who lives near Alfeldt, appeared before the council, and complained that the G. T. R. trains passing through Alfeldt did not stop when flagged. It was moved by Mr. Holm and seconded by Louis Geberdt that the clerk be instructed to write R. J. Ball, M.P., and see if the railway company can be compelled to stop.

Holm—Baetz.—That the following accounts be paid:

R. H. Fortune, to pay election expenses, \$65.15; meeting of council at date, \$14.70; expenses to Toronto of Messrs. Schenk, \$6.75; Shiel, \$7 and Fortune \$4.75, total \$19.50; Mr. Walsh, half year's salary as caretaker of township hall, \$5; Sick Children's Hospital, Toronto, \$5; Municipal World, one copy each for council, clerk and treasurer, \$5.75; C. Filsinger, to pay parties repairing road to Lutheran cemetery, \$15.00; Oscar Widmeyer, printing ballots for municipal election and local option \$12, and balance of printing local option by-law, \$13.60, total \$35.

The council adjourned, to meet in the township hall, Ayton, on Tuesday, February 4th, at 10 a.m. to appoint an assessor and three collectors, and general business.

R. H. Fortune, Clerk.

FOR FALLING HAIR

You Run No Risk When You Use This Remedy.

We promise you that, if your hair is falling out and you have not let it go too far, you can repair the damage already done by using Rexall "93" Hair Tonic, with persistency and regularity for a reasonable length of time. It is a scientific, cleansing, antiseptic, germicidal preparation that destroys microbes, stimulates good circulation around the hair roots, promotes hair nourishment, removes dandruff and acts to restore hair health. It is as pleasant to use as pure water, and is delicately perfumed. It is a real toilet necessity.

We want you to try Rexall "93" Hair Tonic with our promise that it will cost you nothing unless you are perfectly satisfied with its use. It comes in two sizes, prices 50c. and \$1.00. Remember, you can obtain Rexall Remedies in this community only at our store—the Rexall Store, Macfarlane & Co.

A CHOICE FOR THE SENATE.

At a well attended meeting on Friday night last, of the Wiarton board of trade, Mr. Alexander McNeill, of that place, who was M.P. for North Bruce for twenty years, was unanimously recommended to the Senate, and a strong petition will be presented to Premier R. L. Borden urging his appointment.

Don't Forget

we have a full line of Goods of every kind. Prescriptions in of our Several Special is rubber, we have then we have its the kind in the market, and stock of Hot Water were made expressly made and is fully guaranteed. Two years, see Central Drug Store in every bottle.

ays lead and just now ahead than ever, prices dont begin rubber story.

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Central Drug Store: Durham

PURPLE Poultry Specifics

is sold absolutely free, for being postpaid, one of our Purple books (with instructions) of stock and to feed all kinds of heavy steers, also how to keep them, they will lay as well as in the stable. A 50c bottle. No farmer should be without it.

le and hogs in a month's time. Royal Purple Stock. It possibly do without it, with the feed and labor and it cost more than \$1.50 for one steer. It will keep in condition with ordinary a poor, miserable-looking place try it on this one will result which will Poultry Specific will increase five lbs. per cow per month in the stable. A 50c bottle or horse 70 days.

POULTRY SPECIFIC lay just as well in the and will keep them new goods are pure and not use any cheap filler. Poultry Specific, entirely different at the present time.

Specific, 50c per tin; four tin, for \$1.50. Specific, 25c and 50c per tin; four tin; hold only by

Smiths Mfg. Co.

Canada supplies and book-ware, and S. P. as, Durham.

ARREST.

made a very Tuesday last, he heard that a money from Mr. son, and signed the name. The man's name is Beamish arrest. When High Court foundARRANT out for test. His name is supposed to be worthless to. Constable took him to the 10 train.