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INCORPORATED 1869

Table with financial data: Capital Authorized \$25,000,000; Capital Paid Up \$11,500,000; Reserve Fund 12,500,000; Total Assets 180,000,000.

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LONDON, ENG., OFFICE Bank Bldg—Princes St. NEW YORK AGENCY Cor. William and Cedar Sts. DURHAM BRANCH: S. HUGHES, Manager.

NERVOUS, LIFELESS DEBILITATED MEN



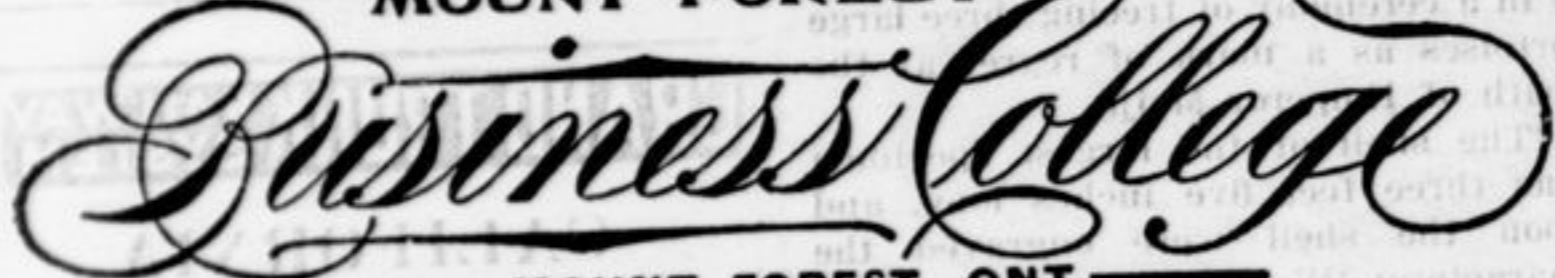
YOUNG MEN AND MIDDLE-AGED MEN, the victims of early indiscretions and later excesses who are failures in life—you are the ones who can restore to manhood and revive the spark of energy and vitality.

NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. No names on boxes or envelopes. Everything Confidential. Question List and Cost of Treatment FREE FOR HOME TREATMENT.

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NOTICE All letters from Canada must be addressed to our Canadian Correspondence Department in Windsor, Ont. If you desire to see us personally call at our Medical Institute in Detroit as we see and treat no patients in our Windsor offices which are for Correspondence and Laboratory for Canadian business only. Address all letters as follows: DRS. KENNEDY & KENNEDY, Windsor, Ont. Write for our private address.

WINTER TERM FROM JANUARY 6 MOUNT FOREST



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. 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 Down Town Shoe Store : J. S. McILRAITH

THE DURHAM FOUNDRY

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

SMITH BKOS., - DURHAM, ONT.

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION

The home of Mr. Alex. McDonald, on the eighth concession, Bentinck, was the scene of a happy occasion, on the 23rd inst., when the members of Crawford church assembled, the ladies bringing well-filled baskets with provisions.

After being seated, the silence was broken by Mr. Wm. Cooke asking Mrs. McDonald to come forward, at the same time reading an address. The purpose was presented by Miss Melinda Fisher. Mrs. McDonald replied in a very suitable manner. Mr. McDonald also welcomed the company, and hoped all would enjoy themselves. The evening was spent in games and other amusements. After refreshments were served, all joined in singing "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," and all departed for their homes. The following is the address: To Mrs. Alex. McDonald, Crawford. Dear Mrs. McDonald,—We, the members and friends of the Crawford Presbyterian church, have

met to-night with you on a most pleasant occasion, and at this time wish to express in some tangible form, the esteem in which you are held by us, and our appreciation of your labors for the welfare of our congregation in the past, both as an organizer and as a teacher in our Sunday school, and in every thing that was for the good of our congregation.

It is with feelings of pleasure that we realize that we are not going to lose your services and influence in our congregation. We are glad to know that you and your esteemed partner are going to live in our midst. Recalling the years of service and faithfulness of both of you in the past, we respectfully ask you to accept this purse as a token of our regard, and accompanying it are our earnest wishes that you may be spared many years to continue in the good work. Signed in behalf of the congregation.—William T. Cooke, James Hopkirk, Miss Melinda Fisher.

THE CHALICE OF COURAGE

Continued from page 6.

man. "Nothing but my weakness and your strength."

"Yes, that's it, but do not count too much upon the one or the other. Great God, how can I keep away from you! Life on the old terms is insupportable. I must go."

"And where?"

"Anywhere, so it be away."

"And when?"

"Now!"

"It would be death in the snow and in the mountains tonight. No, no; you cannot go."

"Well, tomorrow then. It will be fair, I can't take you with me, but I must tell your friends you are here, alive, well. I shall find men to come back and get you. What I cannot do alone numbers together may effect. They can carry you over the worst of the trails, you shall be restored to your people, to your world again, you can forget me."

"And do you think," asked the woman, "that I could ever forget you?"

"I don't know."

"And will you forget me?"

"Not so long as life throbs in my veins, and beyond."

"And I too," was the return.

"So be it. You won't be afraid to stay here alone, now?"

"No, not since you love me," was the noble answer. "I suppose I must; there is no other way, we could not go on as before. And you will come back to me as quickly as you can with the others?"

"I shall not come back; I will give them the direction, they can find you without me. When I say goodbye to you tomorrow it shall be forever."

"And I swear to you," asserted the woman in quick desperation, "if you do not come back they shall have nothing to carry from here but my dead body. You do not alone know what love is," she cried resolutely, "and I will not let you go unless I have your word to return."

"And how will you prevent my going?"

"I can't. But I will follow you on my hands and knees in the snow until I freeze and die unless I have your promise."

"You have beaten me," said the man hopefully. "You always do. Honor, what is it? Pride, what is it? Self-respect, what is it? Say the word and I am at your feet, I put the past behind me."

"I don't say the word," answered the woman bravely, white faced, pale lipped, but resolute. "To be yours, to have you mine, is the greatest desire of my heart, but not in the coward's way, not at the expense of honor, of self-respect—no not that way. Courage, my friend, God will show us the way, and meantime good night."

"I shall start in the morning."

"Yes," she nodded reluctantly but knowing it had to be, "but you won't go without bidding me good bye."

"No."

"Good night then," she said extending her hand.

"Good night," he whispered hoarsely and refused it, backing away. "I don't dare to take it. I don't dare to touch you again. I love you so, my only salvation is to keep away."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Strength of the Weak.

Although Enid Maitland had spoken bravely enough while he was there, when she was alone her heart sank into the depths as she contemplated the dreadful and unsolvable dilemma in which these two lovers found themselves so unwittingly and inextricably involved. It was indeed a curious and bewildering situation. Passionate adoration for the other rose in each breast like the surging tide of a mighty sea, and like that tide upon the shore it broke upon conventions, ideas, ideals and obligations, intangible to the naked eye, but as real as those iron coasts that have withstood the waves' assaults since the world's morning.

The man had shaped his life upon a mistake. He believed absolutely in the unquestioned devotion of a woman to whom he had been forced to mete out death in an unprecedented and terrible manner. His unwillingness to derogate by his own conduct from the standard of devotion which he believed had inhabited his wife's bosom, made it impossible for him to allow the real love that had come into his heart for this new woman to have free course; honor, pride and self-respect scourged him just in proportion to his passion for Enid Maitland.

The more he loved her, the more ashamed he was. By a curious combination of circumstances, Enid Maitland knew the truth; she knew that from one point of view the woman had been entirely unworthy the reverence in which her husband held her memory. She knew that his wife had not loved him at all, that her whole heart had been given to another man, that what Newbold had mistaken for a passionate desire for his society because there was no satisfaction in life for the wife away from him, was due to a fear lest without his protection she should be unable to resist the appeal of the other man, which her heart seconded so powerfully. If it were only that Newbold would not be false to the obligation of the other woman's devotion, Enid might have solved the problem in a moment.

It was not so simple, however. The fact that Newbold cherished this memory, the fact that this other woman had fought so desperately, had tried so hard not to give way, entitled her

to Enid Maitland's admiration and demanded her highest consideration as well. Chance, or Providence, had put her in possession of this woman's secret. It was as if she had been caught inadvertently eavesdropping. She could not in honor make use of what she had overheard, as it were; she could not blacken the other woman's memory, she could not enlighten this man at the expense of his dead wife's reputation.

Although she longed for him as much as he longed for her, although her love for him amazed her by its depth and intensity, even to bring her happiness, commensurate with her feeling, she could not betray her dead sister. The imposts of honor, how hard they are to sustain when they conflict with love and longing.

Enid Maitland was naturally not a little thrown off her balance by the situation and the power that was hers. What she could not do herself she could not allow anyone else to do. The obligation upon her must be extended to others. Old Kirkby had no right to the woman's secret any more than she; he must be silenced. Armstrong, the only other being who was privy to the truth, must be silenced too.

One thing at least arose out of the sea of trouble in a tangible way; she was done with Armstrong. Even if she had not so loved Newbold that she could scarcely give a thought to any other human being, she was done with Armstrong.

A singular situation! Armstrong had loved another woman, so had Newbold; and the latter had even married this other woman, yet she was quite willing to forgive Newbold, she made every excuse for him, she made none for Armstrong. She was an eminently sane, just person, yet as she thought of the situation her anger against Armstrong grew hotter and hotter. It was a safety valve to her feelings, always she did not realize it. After all, Armstrong's actions rendered her a certain service. If she could get over the objection in her soul, if she could ever satisfy her sense of honor and duty and obligation, she could settle the question at once. She had only to show the letters to Newbold and to say: "These were written by the man of the picture; it was he, and not you, your wife loved; and Newbold would take her to his heart instantly."

These thoughts were not without a certain comfort to her. All the compensation of self sacrifice is in its realization. That she could and did not somehow ennobled her love for him. Even women are alloyed with base metal. In the powerful and universal appeal of this man to her, she rejoiced at whatever was of the soul, rather than of the body. To possess power, to refrain from using it in obedience to some higher law, is perhaps to pay oneself the most flattering of compliments. There was a satisfaction to her soul in this which was yet denied him.

Her action was quite different from his. She was putting away happiness which she might have had in compliance with a higher law than that which bids humanity enjoy. It was flattering to her mind. In his case, it was otherwise; he had no consciousness that he was a victim of misplaced trust, of misinterpreted action. He thought the woman for whom he was putting away happiness was almost as worthy, if infinitely less desirable, as the woman whom he now loved.

Every sting of outrage, every feeling of shame, every fear of disloyalty, scoured him. She could glory in it; he was ashamed, humiliated, broken. She heard him savagely walking up and down the other room, restlessly impelled by the same Erynieis which of old scourged Orestes; the violator of the laws of moral being, drove him in their hands. He was bound and helpless, rage as he might in one moment, pray as he did in another, no

light came into the whirling darkness of his torn, tempest tossed, driven soul. The irresistible impulse and the immovable body the philosophers puzzled over were exemplified in him. Whilst he almost hated the new woman, whilst he almost loved the old, yet that he did neither the one thing nor the other absolutely was significant.

Indeed he knew that he was glad Enid Maitland had come into his life. No life is complete until it is touched by that divine fire which for lack of another name we call love. Because we can experience that sensation we are said to be made in God's image. The image is blurred as the animal predominates, it is clearer as the spiritual has the ascendancy.

The man raved in his mind. White faced, stern, he walked up and down he tossed his arms about him; he stopped, his eyes closed, he threw his hands up toward God, his heart cried out under the lacerations of the blows inflicted upon it. No flagellant of old ever trembled beneath the body lash as he under the spiritual punishment.

He prayed that he might die at the same moment that he longed to live. He grappled blindly for solutions of the problem that would leave him with untarnished honor and undiminished self respect and fidelity, and yet give him this woman, and in vain. He strove to find a way to reconcile the past with the present, realizing as he did so the futility of such a proposition. One of the other must be supreme, he must inexorably hold to his ideas and his heart, or he must inevitably take the woman.

How right was the battle that raged within his being! He thought that he would have been glad if he and she had gone on their separate ways before all this came upon him.

the noods of which the heavens had emptied themselves had borne her to him. O, if they had only swept him out of life with its trouble, its trials, its anxieties, its obligations, its impossibilities. If they had gone together! And then he knew that he was glad even for the torture, because he had seen her, because he had loved her, and because she had loved him.

He marveled at himself curiously, and in a detached way. There was a woman who loved him, who had confessed, it he had innocently, there was none to cry him nay. The woman who stood between had been dead five years. The world knew nothing cared nothing; they could go out together; he could take her, she would come. On the impulse he turned and ran to the door and best of all! Her voice bade him enter, and he came in.

Her heart yearned to him. She was shocked, appalled at the torture she saw upon his face. Had he been laid upon the rack, and every joint pulled from its sockets, he could not have been more white and agonized.

"I give up," he cried. "What are honor and self respect to me? I want you. I have put the past behind. You love me, and I, I am yours with every fiber of my being. Great God! Let us cast aside these foolish quixotic scruples that have kept us apart. If a man's thoughts declare his guilt, I am already disloyal to the other woman; deeply, entirely so. I have betrayed her, shamed her, abandoned her. Let me have some reward for what I have gone through. You love me; come to me."

"No," answered the woman, and no task ever laid upon her had been harder than that. "I do love you, I will not deny it. Every part of me responds to your appeal. I should be so happy that I cannot even think of it. If I could put my hand in your hand!"



She Stood With Her Hand Still on His Breast.

could lay my head upon your shoulder, if I could feel your heart beat against mine, if I could give myself up to you, I would be so glad, so glad. But it cannot be, not now."

"Why not?" pleaded the man.

He was by her side, his arm went around her. She did not resist physically, it would have been useless. She only laid her slender hand upon his broad breast and threw her head back and looked at him.

"See," she said, "how helpless I am, how weak in your hands. Every voice in my heart bids me give way. If you insist I can deny you nothing. I am helpless, alone, but it must not be. I know you better than you know yourself. You will not take advantage of affection so unbounded, of weakness so pitiable."

"Was it the wisdom of calculation, or was it the wisdom of instinct by which she chose her course? Resistance would have been unavailing, in weakness was her strength."

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth! Yes, that was true. She knew it now, if never before, and so did he.

Slowly the man released her. She did not even then draw away from him: She stood with her hand still on his breast. She could feel the beating of his heart beneath her fingers.

"I am right," she said softly. "It kills me to deny you anything. My hearts yearns toward you. Why should I deny it? It is my glory, not my shame."

"There is nothing above love like ours," he pleaded, wondering what marvelous mastery she exercised that she stopped him by a hand's touch, a whispered word, a faith.

"No; love is life, love is God, but even God himself is under obligations of righteousness. For me to come to you now, to marry you now, to be your wife, would be unholy. There would not be that perfect confidence between us that must endure in that revelation. Your honor and mine, your self respect and mine, would interfere. If I can't have you with a clear conscience, if you can't come to me in the same way, we are better apart. Although it kills me, although life without you seems nothing, I would rather not live it, we are better apart. I can't be your wife until—"

"Until what and until when?" demanded Newbold.

"I don't know," said the woman, "but I believe that somewhere, somehow, we shall find a way out of our difficulty. There is a way," she said a little incautiously. "I know it."

"Show it to me."

"No, I cannot."

"What prevents?"

"The same thing which prevents you: honor, loyalty."

"To a man?"

"To a woman."

"I do not understand."

HE CAME TO CANADA AND FOUND A CURE

New York Engineer Praises Canada's GIN PILLS.

You never can tell when you are going to have a Kidney attack. It may be during a visit, on a journey,—any time. It is wise always to have GIN PILLS with you, at hand. They are handy to slip into your travelling bag. Splendid for Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Rheumatism and Lumbago.

"I bought some of your GIN PILLS at Victoria, B.C. last September. Your remedy I find, at 60 years of age, to give perfect relief from the Kidney and Bladder Troubles incident to one of my



I am glad to recommend GIN PILLS to friends as being the one thing that does me good." E. G. WOODFORD.

It is worth a trip across the Continent to find GIN PILLS and to be cured of Kidney and Bladder Trouble. But don't wait till you are sixty, before you learn by experience the great good GIN PILLS will do you. If you have the first signs, swollen joints or ankles, pain in the back, black specks floating in front of the eyes, take GIN PILLS at once. They will free you of these symptoms of Kidney and Bladder Trouble. 50c. a box—6 for \$2.50. Sample free by writing National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto. 152

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 6c per yard; also ladies' collars in stock, jabots, fancies and robespierre etc.

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

C. L. GRANT

"No, but you will some day," she smiled at him. "See," she said, "through my tears I can smile at you, though my heart is breaking. I know that in God's good time this will work itself out."

"I can't wait for God. I want you now," persisted the other.

"Hush, don't say that," answered the woman, for a moment laying her hand on his lips. "But I forgive you. I know how you suffer."

The man could say nothing, do nothing. He stared at her a moment and his hand went to his throat as if he were choking.

"Unworthy," he said hoarsely, "unworthy of the past, unworthy of the present, unworthy of the future. May God forgive me, I never can."

"He will forgive you, never fear," answered Enid gently.

"And you?" asked her lover. "I have ruined your life."

"No, you have ennobled it. Let nothing ever make you forget that. Wherever you are and whatever you do, and whatever you may have been, I love you, and I shall love you to the end. Now you must go, it is so late, I can't stand any more. I throw myself on your mercy again, I grow weaker and weaker before you; as you are a man, as you are stronger, save me from myself. If you were to take me again in your arms," she went on steadily, "I know not how I could drive you back. For God's sake, if you love me—"

"That was the hardest thing he had ever done, to turn and go out of the room, out of her sight, and leave her standing there with eyes shining, with pulses throbbing, with breath coming fast, with bosom panting. Once more, and at a touch she might have yielded!"

Continued next week.

TO REMOVE STAINS. For pitch, wheel grease, tar stains, soften the stains with lard, then soak in turpentine. Scrape carefully with a knife all the loose surface dirt; sponge clean with turpentine and rub gently until dry.

For soot stains, rub the spots with dry cornmeal, before sending the clothes to the wash; and for vaseline stains saturate the spot with ether and lay a nap over it to prevent evaporation until the stain is removed. Use the ether with very great care.

For chocolate and cocoa stains, wash with soap in tepid water.