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CHAPTER XIX.

Foiled!

It was late in the forenoon before the train came to the end of its iron furrow across that fertile space between two of the world's greatest riv-After grippe or pneumonia it ers, which the Indians called "lowa," imparts strength and health, and nobody knows exactly why. In confor colds, coughs, sore, tight chests trast with the palisades of the Missisand throat troubles SCOTT'S sippi, the Missouri twists like a great EMULSION gives the greatest relief brown dragon wallowing in congenial mud. The water itself, as Bob Burdette said, is so muddy that the wind blowing across it raises a cloud of

A sonorous bridge led the way into Nebraska, and the train came to a halt at Omaha. Mallory and Marjorie got out to stretch their legs and their dog. If they had only known that the train was to stop there the quarter of an hour, and if they had only known some preacher there and had had him to the station, the ceremony could have been consummated then and there.

The horizon was fairly saw-toothed with church spires. There were preachers, preachers everywhere, and not a dominie to do their deed.

After they had strolled up and down the platform, and up and down, and up and down till they were fain of their cramped quarters, again, Marforie suddenly dug her nails into Mallory's arm.

"Honey! look-look!" Honey looked, and there before their very eyes stood as clerical looking person as ever announced strawberry festival.

Mallory stared and stared, till Marjorie said:

preacher! a preacher!" "It looks like one," was as far as Mallory would commit himself, and he was turning away. He had about come to the belief that anything that looked like a parson was something else. But Marjorie whirled him round again, with a shrill whisper to listen. And he overheard in tones addicted to the

"Yes, deacon, I trust that the harin Omaha, but I felt called to wider | gear.

pastures." Deacon spoke up:

ever had.'

Mallory prepared to spring on his prey and drag him to his lair, but Marjorie heid him back. "He's taking our train, Lord bless

his dear old soul." But He kept close watch. To the rap- suppose we owe him?" ture of the wedding hungry twain, the preacher shook hands with such of his tion, picked up his valise and walked meter. He was such a nice man-the

But the porter said-and Mallory coud have throttled him for saying it: | don't know his name, or his number, "Scuse me, posson, but that's yo' or his company, or anything." train ova yonda. You beita move right

With a little shriek of dismay, the parson clutched his valise and set of at a run. Mallory dashed after him and Marjorie after Mallory. They shouted as they ran, but the conductor of the east-bound train sang out "All aboard!" and swung on.

The parson made a sprint and caught the ultimate rail of the movin train. Mallory made a frantic leap at a flying coat-tail and missed. As he and Marjorle stood gazing reproachfully at the train which was giving a Mrs. Temple. beautiful illustration of the laws of retreating perspective, they heard will howls of "Hi! hi!" and "Hay! hay! and turned to see their own train in motion, and the porter dancing a Zulu step alongside.

CHAPTER XX.

Foiled Again. Mallory tucked Marjorie under his arm and Marjorie tucked Snoozleums under hers, and they did a sort of three-legged race down the platform. The porter was pale blue with excitement, and it was with the last gasp of breath in all three bodies that they

scrambled up the steps of the only open vestibule.

a word of explanation or resentment. And the train sped on into the you?" heart of Nebraska, along the unpoetic valley of the Platte. When lunch time came, they ate it together, but in gloomy silence. They sat in Marjorie's berth throughout the appalling ly monotonous afternoon in a stupo of disappointment and helpless dejection, speaking little and saying noth-

Whenever the train stopped, Mal lory watched the on-getting passen gers with his keenest eye. He had a

ministerial person next.

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by asking Mallory if he happened to frenzy. be a flea-bitten maverick, and embel- But the talk of this train was conof the words ministers use, but with which the novelists and the magaa secular arrangement of them. In zinist have perhaps a trifle overpublory could do was to admit that he world, a semi-detached bridal couple. was a flea-bitten what-he-said, and Mrs. Whitcomb was eager enough to name of the station was. Every be

might die an old maid before he would quarrel yet?"

long state for a honeymoon, but its again this morning." like Pyramus and Thisbe wandering and her hands in despair.

if they had been married for forty ous behavior of the lady from the "Don't you see? stupid! it's a years. Then the slow twilight soaked stateroom who seemed to be afraid of them in its melancholy. The porter something and never spoke to anylighted up the car, and the angels body. The strange behavior of Anne lighed up the stars, but nothing light- Gattle and Ira Lathrop even escaped ed up their hopes.

loved," Mallory groaned to Marjorie. went out to the observation platform. to nag one another with an outburst they sat playing checkers and talking for the benefit of the eager-eyed pas- very little, but making eyes at one an-

A little excitement bestirred them vest will be plentiful at my new as they realized that they were con- secret of their own, for Ira, looking church. It grieves me to leave the fronted with another night-robeless at his watch, murmured sentimentally dear brothers and sisters in the Lord | night and a morrow without change of to Anne: "Only a few hours more,

"What a pity that we left our things And a lady who was evidently Mrs. in the taxicab," Marjorie sighed. And this time she said, "we left them," in-"We'll miss you terrible. We all stead of "you left them." It was very say you are the best pastor our church gracious of her, but Mallory did not "Aw, what do you care?" acknowledge the courtesy. Instead he gave a start and a gasp:

"Good Lord, Marjorie, we never too."

paid the second taxicab!" "Great heavens, how shall we ever the railroads." pay him? He's been waiting there And Mallory could have hugged him. twenty-four hours. How much do you

"About a year of my pay, I guess." "You must send him a telegram of flock as had followed him to the sta- apology and ask him to read his

up to the porter, extending his ticket. kindest eyes-for a chauffeur." "But how can I telegraph him? I

"It's too bad. He'll go through life

smaht, for it's gettin' ready to pull hating us and thinking we cheated

"Well, he doesn't know our names

And then they forgot him temporarily for the more immediate need of clothes. Ali the passengers knew that they had left behind what baggage they had not sent ahead, and much sympathy had been expressed. But most people would rather give you their sympathy than lend you their hing engaged to a girl and not even clothes. Mallory did not mind the kissing her." men, but Marjorie dreaded the women. She was afraid of all of them but

She threw herself on the little lady's Perhaps innocent old Anne really mercy and was asked to help herself. believed this blood-curdling threat. It She borrowed a nightgown of extraor- brought her instantly to terms, though dinary simplicity, a shirt waist of an she blushed: "But everybody's alancient mode, and a number of other ways looking."

If there had been anyone there to form." see she would have made a most ana-

chronistic bride. Mallory canvassed the men and obtained a shockingly purple shirt from Wedgewood, who meant to put him at whispered: "Let's pretend it's the his ease, but somehow failed when he scenery."

said in answer to Mallory's thanks: "God bless my soul, old top, don't you think or thanking me. I ought to thank you. You see, the idiot who have a look at the landscape?" makes my shirts, made that by mistake, and I'd be no end grateful if Anne, "I just love scenery."

city in hosiery, with equal tact:

"If they fit you, keep 'em. I got their hearts were still so green. stung on that batch of socks. That pair was originally lavender, but they Wellingtons themselves came into washed like that. Keep 'em. I wouldn't prominence in the train life. be found dead in 'em."

intended for a bridegroom of romantie disposition. Mallory blushed as he accepted them and when he found himself in them, he whisked out the light, he was so ashamed of himself.

Once more the whole car gaped at the unheard of behavior of its newly wedded pair. The poor porter had been hungry for a bridal couple, but as he went about gathering up the cast-off footwear of his large family and found Mallory's shoes at number three and Marjorie's tiny boots at number five, he shook his head and groaned.

"Times has suttainly changed for the wuss. If this is a bridal couple, gimme divorcees,"

CHAPTER XXI.

Matrimony to and Fre. And the next morning they were it Wyoming-well toward the center of theory that since most people wno that State. They had left behind the looked like preachers were decidedly tame levels and the truly rural towns lay, it might be well to take a gam- and they were among foothills and bler's chance and accost the least mountains, passing cities of wildly picturesque repute, like Cheyenne, and So, in his frantic anxiety, he select- Laramie, Bowie, and Medicine Bow, ed a horsey-looking individual who got and Bitter Creek, whose very names on at North Platte. He looked so imply literature and war whoops, cowmuch like a rawhided ranchman that boy yelps, barking revolvers, another Mallory stole up on him and asked redskin biting the dust, cattle stamhim to excuse him, but did he happen pedes, town-paintings, humorous to be a clergyman? The man replied lynchings and bronchos in epileptic

lished his question with a copious flow cerned with none of these wonders, fact he split one word in two to insert lished. The talk of this train was condouble-barrelled curse. All that Mal- cerned with the eighth wonder of the

voice the sentiment of the whole pop- is always eager to oblige a drunker After that, if a vicar in full uni- ulace, when she looked up from her man, so Ashton and Fosdick tried to form had marched down the aisle novel in the observation room and, get a window open to look out. heading a procession of choir-boys, nudging Mrs. Temple, drawled: "By The first one they labored at, the Mallory would have suspected him. He the way, my dear, has that bridal could not budge after a biceps-breakvowed in his haste that Marjorie couple made up its second night's ing tug. The second flew up with such

approach anybody else on that sub- "The Mallorys?" Mrs. Temple Ashton put his head out and anflushed as she answered, mercifully. hounced that the approaching depot Nebraska would have been a nice "Oh, yes, they were very friendly was labelled "Green River." Welling-

four hundred-odd miles were a dreary Mrs. Whitcomb's countenance was length for the couple so near and yet cynical: "My dear, I've been married so far. The railroad clinging to the twice and I ought to know something meandering Platte made the way far about honeymoons, but this honeyless longer, and Mallory and Marjorie left honeymoon-" she cast up her eyes

along an eternal wall, through which | The women were so concerned about they could see, but not reach, one Mr. and "Mrs." Mallory, that they hardly noticed the uncomfortable They dined together as dolefully as plight of the Wellingtons, or the curimuch comment, though they were for-"We've got to quarrel again, my be- ever being stumbled on when anybody Somehow they were too dreary even When they were dislodged from there, other and sighing like furnaces.

They had evidently concocted some

And Anne turned geranium-color and dropped a handful of checkers. " don't know how I can face it." Ira growled like a lovesick lion:

"But I was never married before,

Ira." Anne protested, "and on a train, "Why, all the bridal couples take to

"I should think it would be the last place they'd go," said Anne-a sensible woman, Anne! "Look at the Mallories

-how miserable they are." "I thought they were happy," said Ira, whose great virtue it was to pay little heed to what was none of his

"Oh, Ira," cried Anne, "I hope we shan't begin to quarrel as soon as we

are married." "As if anybody could quarrel with

you, Anne," he said.

"Do you think I'll be so monotonous as that?" she retorted. Her spunk delighted him beyond

words. He whispered: "Anne, you're so gol-darned sweet if I don't get a chance to kiss you, I'll bust." "Why, Ira-we're on the train."

"Da-darn the train! Who ever eard of a fellow proposing and get-

"But our engagement is so short." "Well, I'm not going to marry you

until I get a kiss."

"Come out on the observation plat-

"Oh, Ira, again?" "I dare you."

"I take you-but" seeing that Mrs. Whitcomb was trying to overhear, she

So Ira rose, pushed the checkers aside, and said in an unusually positive tone: "Ah, Miss Gattle, won't you

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Lathrop," said

The porter was mad enough to give you'd jolly well take the loathsome They wandered forth like the Sleep ple, who had been praying for a recon- Catarrh Cure is taken internally. them a piece of his mind, and they thing off my hands. I mean to say, ing Beauty and her princely awaken- ciliation. were meek enough to take it without I shoudn't dream of being seen in it er, and never dreamed what gigglings myself. You quite understand, don't and nudgings and wise head-noddings went on back of them. Mrs. Wellington Ashton contributed a maroon atro- laughed loudest of all at the lovers he began: "Oh, Mrs. Wellington, may constitution, and assisting nature whose heads had grown gray while I introduce you to your husband" It was shortly after this that the

> As the train approached Green | "Lucretia!" The mysterious Fosdick, who lived River, and its copper-basined stream, a lonely life in the Observation car the engineer began to set the airand slept in the other sleeper, lent brakes for the stop. Jimmie Welling-Mallorv a pair of pyjamas evidently ton, boozily half-awake in the smoking room, wanted to know what the

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ease that they went over backward. ton burbled: "What a beautiful name for a shtation."

Ashton announced that there was something beautifuller still on the platform-"Oh, a peach!-a nectarine! and she's getting on this train."

Even Doctor Temple declared that she was a dear litte thing, wasn't Wellington pushed him aside, say-

ing: "Stand back Doc, and let me

see; I have a keen sense of beau'ful." "Be careful," cried the doctor, "he'll fall out of the window." "Not out of that window," Ashton sagely observed, seeing the bulk of Wellington. As the train started off

the platform and called out: "Good'bye, ever'body. You're all abslootly-ow-ow!" He clapped his hand to his eye and crawled back into the car, groaning with pain.

again, Little Jimmie distributed alco-

holic smiles to the Green Riverers on

"What's the matter?" said Wedgewood. "Got something in your eye?" "No, you blamed fool. I'm trying to look through my thumb."

"Poor fellow!" sympathized Doctor Temple, "it's a cinder!" "A cinder! It's at leasht a ton of

"I say, old boy, let me have a peek," said Wedgewood, screwing in his mon- rather wet to work to the best ocle and peering into the depths of advnatage yet. If the fine weath-Wellington's eye. "I can't see a bally er continues, seeding will be gen-

"Of course not, with that blinder on," growled the miserable wretch, weeping in spite of himself and rubbing his smarting orb.

selled, "rub the other eye." "It's my eye; I'll rub it if I want to. trouble,

Get me a doctor, somebody. I'm dying." "Here's Doctor Temple," said Ash-

me a lead pencil?" "What for?" said Wellington, un-

up on it," said the Doctor.

tient. "You can roll your own lids!" granddaughter, Marguerite Alex-Then the conductor, still another ander, spent the last week at Mr. conductor, wandered on the scene and asked as if it were not a world-imporpick up a cinder?"

"Yes. Perhaps you can get it out," the alleged doctor appealed. way is this-take hold of the wink-

"The what?" mumbled Wellington. "Grab the winkers of your upper Mr. Geo. Aljoe's barn, which was destroyed by the big windstorm eyelld in your right hand-" on Good Friday.

"I've got 'em." "Now grab the winkers of your lower eyelid in your left hand. Now raise the right hand, push the under lid under the overlid and haul the overlid over the underlid; when you have the overlid well over the un-

Wellington waved him away: "Say, Hall's Catarrh Cure

and ran to him with a cry of "Jim-

"What's happened—are you killed?" "I'm far from well. But don't wor-My life insurance is paid up."

Continued on page 7.

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RIVERDALE.

Most of the farmers are busy ing, though fall ploughing, it eral this week. Fall wheat is looking fine, and clover fair. Mr. Geo. Herd, of Allan Park,

who is visiting his sister. Mrs. Robt, Lindsay, is, we are sorry to say, very poorly at present. He "Don't rub that eye," Ashton coun- has been confined to his bed the past week or so with rheumatic Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Atkinson spent

Sunday with their daughter, Mr. and Mrs. B. Coutts, of Vickers. A meeting was held in the ton, "right on the job." Wellington school house on Monday evening turned to the old clergyman with pa- to reorganize the Sunday school thetic trust, and the deceiver writhed for the coming summer. Sunday in his disguise. The best he could school will open the first Sunday think of was: "Will somebody lend in May with the same officers in charge as last year.

Mr. John Staples purchased a fine new spring-tooth cultivator from agent A. B. McLellan, and "I am going to roll your upper lid your humble scribe got one from G. E. Arrowsmith, They work o.k "Oh, no, you're not," said the pa- Mrs. Wm. Alexander and little

Geo. Aljoe's. Mr. and Mrs. Dan. McCormick. of Swinton Park, visited Sunday tant matter: "What's the matter- before last with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lawrence.

Miss Bella McGirr, we are sorry to say, has been laid up for The conductor nodded: "The best the past couple of weeks with pleurisy. We hope she will soon be able to be out again. Mr. Ben Sharp, of town, has been busy shingling the roof of

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