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 Many people at seventy attribute their good health to SCOTT'S EMULSION because its concentrated nourishment creates permanent body-power, and because it is devoid of drugs or stimulants.  
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Lace Curtains		
2 yds. long 27 ins. wide	.25	pr.
2 1/2 " 40 " "	.50	"
3 " 30 " "	.75	"
3 1/2 " 54 " "	1.00	"
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Twilled sheeting 2 yds. wide 25 yd.  
 Heavy bleached sheeting 2 yds wide 40 yard  
 Bed comforters from \$1.25 to \$5 each.  
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New Spring Prints are now in  
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WINDSOR SALT  
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 AND SHORTS  
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Insurance of All Kinds including Stock

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### WILL FOIL SUFFRAGISTS.

A nonflammable envelope has been invented in England by an opponent of women's suffrage, and is likely to be put on the market soon for the benefit of those who at the present time feel qualms whenever they drop a letter in the box. The inventor suggests addressing the envelope on both sides.

Poor appetite is a sure sign of impaired digestion. A few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets will strengthen your digestion and improve your appetite. Thousands have been benefited by taking these Tablets. For sale by all dealers.

# EXCUSE ME!

**RUPERT HUGHES**  
 NOVELIZED FROM THE COMEDY OF THE SAME NAME. Y Y Y  
 ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE PLAY AS PRODUCED BY HENRY W. SAVAGE.  
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#### CHAPTER XXIV.

The Train Butcher.  
 Mallory was dragging out a miserable existence with a companion who was neither maid, wife, nor widow and to whom he was neither bachelor, husband, nor relict.

They were suffering brain-fag from their one topic of conversation, and heart-fag from rapture deferred. Marjorie had pretended to take a nap and Mallory had pretended that he would leave her for her own sake. Their contradictory chains were beginning to gall.

Mallory sat in the smoking room, and threw aside a half-finished cigar. Life was indeed nauseous when tobacco turned rank on his lips. He watched without interest the stupendous scenery whirling past the train; granite ravines, infernal grotesques of architecture and diablerie, the Giant's Teapot, the Devil's Slide, the Pulpit Rock, the Hanging Rock, splashes of mineral color, as if titanic paint pots had been spilled or flung against the cliffs, sudden hushes of green pine-worlds, dreary graveyards of sand and sagebrush, mountain streams in frothing panics.

His jaded soul could not respond to any of these thrillers, the dime-novels and melodramatic third-acts of nature. But with the arrival of a train-boy, who had got on at Evanston with a batch of Salt Lake City newspapers, he woke a little.

The other men came trooping round, like sheep at a herd-boy's whistle or chickens when a pan of grain is brought into the yard. The train "butcher" had a nasal sing-song, but his strain might have been the Pied Piper's tune emptying Hamelin of its grown-ups. The charms of flirtation, matrimonial bliss and feminine beauty were forgotten, and the males flocked to the delights of stock-market reports, political or racing or dramatic or sporting or criminal news. Even Ashton braved the eyes of his fellow men for the luxury of burying his nose in a fresh paper.

"Papers, gents? Yes? No?" the train butcher chanted. "Salt Lake papers, Ogden papers, all the latest papers, comic papers, magazines, periodicals."

"Here, boy," said Ashton, snapping his fingers, "what's the latest New York paper?"

"Last Saturday's."  
 "Six days old? I read that before I left New York. Well, give me that Salt Lake paper. It has yesterday's stock market, I suppose."

"Yes, sir." He passed over the sheet and made change, without abating his monody: "Papers, gents. Yes? No? Salt Lake pa—"

"Whash iatesh from Chicago?" said Wellington.

"Monday's."  
 "I read that before—that breakfast began," laughed Little Jimmie. "Well, give me Salt Lake Bazaar. It has baseball news, I s'pose."

"Yes, sir," the butcher answered, and his tone grew reverent as he said: "The Giants won. Mr. Mattyson was pitching. Papers, gents, all the latest papers, magazines, periodicals."

Wedgewood extended a languid hand: "What's the latest issue of the London Times?"

"Never heard of it."  
 Wedgewood almost fainted, and returned to his Baedeker of the United States.

Dr. Temple summoned the lad: "I don't suppose you have the Ypsilanti Eagle?"

The butcher regarded him with pity, and sniffed: "I carry newspapers, not poultry."

"Well, give me the—" he saw a pink weekly of rather picturesque appearance, and the adventure attracted him. "I'll take this—also the Outlook." He folded the pink within the green, and entered into a new and startling world—a sort of journalistic slumming tour.

"Give me any old thing," said Mallory, and flung open an Ogden Journal till he found the sporting page, where his eyes brightened. "By Jove, a ten-inning game! Matthewson in the box!"

"Mattie is most intellectual pitcher in the world," said Little Jimmie, and then everybody disappeared behind paper ramparts, while the butcher lingered to explain to the porter the details of the great event.

About this time, Marjorie, tired of her pretence at slumber, strolled into the observation car, glancing into the men's room, where she saw nothing but newspapers. Then Mrs. Wellington saw her, and smiled: "Come in and make yourself at home."  
 "Thanks," said Marjorie, bashfully, "I was looking for my—"  
 "Husband?"  
 "My dog."  
 "How is he this morning?"  
 "My dog."  
 "Your husband."  
 "Oh, he's as well as could be expected."

## Special Xmas Offer

To every purchaser spending five Dollars in our store between now and Christmas, we will give absolutely free of cost **One Pound of Our Best Tea**

In addition we will give to the purchaser winning the greatest quantity of tea.

**A China Tea Service**  
 (And to the next highest purchaser.)  
**A Fine China Cup and Saucer**

All kinds of Christmas Fruits and Groceries at lowest prices.

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 For all kinds of Bakery Goods  
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**OYSTERS AND FRUIT IN SEASON**

**E. A. ROWE : Confectioner and Grocer**

"Marjorie!"  
 "Now, don't you mind anything I do. Remember, it's all for love of you—even if I have to kiss him."  
 "Marjorie, I won't permit—"  
 "You have no right to boss me—yet. You subside." She gave him the merest touch, but he fell backward into a chair, utterly aghast at the shameless siren into which desperation had altered the timid little thing he thought he had chosen to love. He was being rapidly initiated into the complex and versatile and fearfully wonderful thing a woman really is, and he was saying to himself, "What have I married?" forgetting, for the moment, that he had not married her yet, and that therein lay the whole trouble.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

Delilah and the Conductor.  
 Like the best of women and the worst of men, Marjorie was perfectly willing to do evil, that good might come of it. She advanced on the innocent conductor, as the lady from Sorek must have sidled up to Samson, coquetting with one arch hand and snipping the shears with the other.

The stupefied Mallory saw Marjorie in a startling imitation of herself at her sweetest; only now it was brazen mimicry, yet how like! She went forward as the shyest young thing in the world, pursed her lips into an ecstatic simper, and began on the unsuspecting official:

"Isn't the country perfectly—"  
 "Yes, but I'm getting used to it," the conductor growled, without looking up.

His curt indifference jolted Marjorie a trifle, but she rallied her forces, and came back with: "How long do we stop at Ogden?"

"Five minutes," very bluntly.  
 Marjorie poured maple syrup on her tone, as she purred: "This train of yours is an awfully fast train, isn't it?"

"Sort of," said the conductor, with just a trace of thaw. What followed made him hold his breath, for the outrageous little hussy was actually saying: "The company must have a great deal of confidence in you to entrust the lives and welfare of so many people to your presence of mind and courage."

"Well, of course, I can't say as to that—" Even Mallory could see that the man's reserve was melting fast as Marjorie went on with relentless treacle:

"Talk about soldiers and firemen and life-savers! I think it takes a braver man than any of those to be a conductor—really!"

"Well, it is a kind of a responsible job." The conductor swelled his chest a little at that, and Marjorie felt that he was already hers. She hammered the weak spot in his armor:

"Responsible! I should say it is. Mr. Mallory is a soldier, but soldiers are such ferocious, destructive people, while conductors save lives, and—if I were only a man I think it would be my greatest ambition to be a conductor—especially on an over-land express."

The conductor told the truth when he confessed: "Well, I never heard it put just that way." Then he spoke with a little more pride, hoping to increase the impression he felt he was making: "The main thing, of course, is to get my train through On Time!"

This was a facter. He was going to get his train through On Time just to oblige Marjorie. She stammered: "I don't suppose the train, by any accident, would be delayed in leaving Ogden?"

"Not if I can help it," the hero averred, to reassure her. "I wish it would," Marjorie murmured.

The conductor looked at her in surprise: "Why, what's it to you?" She turned her eyes on him at full candle power, and smiled:

"Oh, I just wanted to do a little shopping there."  
 "Shopping! While the train waits! Excuse me!"

Continued on page 7.

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That we have a full line of **Rubber Goods** of every kind **Filling Prescriptions** is only one of our Specialties. If it is rubber, we have it and when we have it the best of its kind in the market. Our present stock of Hot Water Bottles were made expressly for our Trade and is fully guaranteed for Two Years, see that Central Drug Store is patched on every bottle.

We always lead and just now we are more ahead than ever, names and prices don't begin to tell our rubber story.

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**The Central Drug Store :: Durham**

NOT SO FOOLISH AS THAT.  
 A Scotch lad had suffered a severe injury to his leg, and the family physician's treatment proving somewhat slow, his mother insisted that he visit a local "bone doctor" whose system consisted of hard pulling upon the injured limb.

The boy consented, the doctor pulled, and presently the boy, who had howled in agony, was taken home again, weak, limp, but mysteriously smiling.

"Didn't he do it fine?" asked the mother, presently.

The mysterious smile broadened.

"Yes, he did, mother," was the lad's answer, "but dinna worry about it. He pulled my leg so hard he nigh kilt me, but nae harm done! I wasn't fule enough to gie him the sair leg."

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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.

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

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