

A WOMAN'S WORK

sometimes reduces her strength to the depths of weakness—her devotion to household cares prevents sufficient rest and recreation. Thousands of women in this condition find Scott's Emulsion exactly what they need: it is predigested body-food so medically perfected that every drop yields direct returns in strengthening the organs and tissues and in making healthy, life-sustaining blood. Scott's Emulsion is devoid of alcohol or any harmful drugs, and overcomes tiredness and nervousness in a marvelous way.

HOME STUDY

Thousands of ambitious young people are being instructed in their homes by our Home Study Dept. You may finish at College, if you desire. Pay whenever you wish. Thirty Years' Experience. Largest trainers in Canada. Enter any day. Positions guaranteed. If you wish to save board and learn while you earn, write for particulars.

NO VACATION  
Walkerton Business College  
GEO. SPOTTON, President

BIG 4 Calder's Block He Sells Cheap

Lace Curtains

Table with 2 columns: Quantity and Price. Includes items like 2 yds. long 27 ins. wide, 25 yds. long 40 ins. wide, etc.

Twilled sheeting

Table with 2 columns: Quantity and Price. Includes items like 2 yds. wide 25 yd., Heavy bleached sheeting 2 yards wide 40 yd., etc.

Floor oil cloth

Table with 2 columns: Quantity and Price. Includes items like 2 yds. wide 25 yd., Heavy bleached sheeting 2 yards wide 40 yd., etc.

New Spring Prints are now in Call and see them

W. H. BEAN The Big 4

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

ONLY LINE REACHING ALL SUMMER RESORTS IN HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO

Including Muskoka Lakes, Georgian Bay, Algonquin Park, etc.

Full Summer Service now in effect to all of above resorts. Write for full particulars and illustrated folders to any Grand Trunk Agent.

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS Each Tuesday until Oct. 28 inclusive. Winnipeg and Return \$85.00, Edmonton and Return \$143.00.

Comfort Your Stomach

We pay for this treatment if it fails to promptly relieve indigestion and Dyspepsia. Rehall Dyspepsia Tablets remedy stomach troubles because they contain the proper proportion of Pepsin and Bismuth and the necessary curatives that help nature to supply the elements the absence of which in the gastric juices causes indigestion and dyspepsia.

Adventure



A Romance of The South Seas

BY JACK LONDON

Copyright, 1910, by Street & Smith Copyright, 1911, by the Macmillan Company

CHAPTER III THE JESSIE.

TWO days passed, and Sheldon felt that he could not grow any weaker and live, much less make his four daily rounds of the hospital. The deaths were averaging four a day, and there were more new cases than recoveries. The blacks were in a funk. Each one, when taken sick, seemed to make every effort to die. They believed they were going to die, and yet, believing this with absolute conviction, they somehow lacked the nerve to rush the frail wraith of a man with the white skin and escape from the charnel house by the whale boats. They chose the lingering death they were sure awaited them rather than the immediate death they were very sure would pounce upon them if they went up against the master. That he never slept they knew. That he could not be conjured to death they were equally sure—they had tried it. And even the sickness that was sweeping them off could not kill him.

With the whipping in the compound discipline had improved. They cringed under the iron hand of the white man. They gave their scowls or malignant looks with averted faces or when his back was turned. They saved their mutterings for the barracks at night, where he could not hear. And there were no more runaways and no more night prowlers on the veranda.

Dawn of the third day after the whipping brought the Jessie's white galls in sight. His partner was on board, vigorous and hearty from six weeks recruiting in Malaita. He could take charge now and all would be well with Berande.

Sheldon lay in the steamer chair and watched the Jessie's whaleboat pull in for the beach. He wondered why only three sweeps were pulling, and he wondered still more when, beached, there was so much delay in getting out of the boat. Then he understood. The three blacks who had been pulling started up the beach with a stretcher on their shoulders. A white man, whom he recognized as the Jessie's captain, walked in front and opened the gate, then dropped behind to close it. Sheldon knew that it was Hughie Drummond who lay in the stretcher, and a mist came before his eyes. He felt an overwhelming desire to die. The disappointment was too great. In his own state of terrible weakness he felt that it was impossible to go on with his task of holding Berande plantation tight gripped in his fist. Then the will of him flamed up again, and he directed the blacks to lay the stretcher beside him on the floor. Hughie Drummond, whom he had last seen in health, was an emaciated skeleton.

"Black water fever," the captain said. "He's been like this for six days, unconscious. And we've got dysentery on board. What's the matter with you?" "I'm burying four a day," Sheldon answered, as he bent over from the steamer chair and inserted a thermometer under his partner's tongue. Captain Oleson swore blasphemously and sent a house boy to bring whiskey and soda. Sheldon glanced at the thermometer.

"One hundred and seven," he said. "Poor Hughie." Captain Oleson offered him some whiskey. "Couldn't think of it—perforation, you know," Sheldon said. He sent for a boss boy and ordered a grave to be dug; also, some of the packing cases to be knocked together into a coffin. Having given the orders, Sheldon lay back in his chair with closed eyes.

"It's been fair hell, sir," Captain Oleson began, then broke off to help himself to more whiskey. "Contrary winds and calms. We've been drifting all about the shop for ten days. There's ten thousand sharks following us for the tucker we've been throwin' over to them. They was snappin' at the oars when we started to come ashore. We got it from the water—water from Owga creek. Filled my tasks with it. How was we to know? I've filled there before an' it was all right. We had sixty recruits—full up, and my crew of fifteen. We've been buryin' them day an' night. The beggars won't live, dash them! They die out of spite. Only three of my crew left on its legs. Five more down. Seven dead. Oh, h—! What's the good of talkin'?"

"How many recruits left?" Sheldon asked. "Lost half. Thirty left. Twenty down, and ten tottering around." Sheldon sighed. "That means another addition to the hospital. We've got to get them ashore somehow. Viaburli! Hey, you, Viaburli, ring big fella bell strong fella too much."

The hands, called in from the fields at that unvoiced hour, were split into detachments. Some were sent into the woods to cut timber for house beams, others to cutting cane grass for thatching and forty of them lifted a whale boat above their heads and carried it down to the sea. Sheldon had gritted his teeth, pulled his collapsing soul together and taken Berande plantation into his fist once more.

"Have you seen the barometer?" Captain Oleson asked, pausing at the bottom of the steps on his way to oversee the disembarkation of the sick.

"No," Sheldon answered. "Is it down?" "It's going down." "Then you'd better sleep aboard to-night," was Sheldon's judgment. "Never mind the funeral. I'll see to poor Hughie. If you can see your way to it, come ashore tomorrow and lend me a hand. If you can't, send the mate."

"Right O. I'll come myself. Mr. Johnson's dead, sir. I forgot to tell you—three days ago." Sheldon turned to his partner, calling for boys to carry him into the house. But Hughie Drummond had reached the end. His breathing was imperceptible. By mere touch Sheldon could ascertain that the dying man's temperature was going down. It must have been going down when the thermometer registered one hundred and seven. He had burned out. Sheldon knelt beside him, the house boys grouped around, their white singlets and loin cloths peculiarly at variance with their dark skins and savage countenances, their huge ear plugs and carved and glistening nose rings. Sheldon tottered to his feet at last and half fell into the steamer chair. Oppressive as the heat had been it was now even more oppressive. It was difficult to breathe. He panted for air. The faces and naked arms of the house boys were beaded with sweat.

"Marster," one of them ventured, "big fella wind he come, strong fella too much." Sheldon nodded his head, but did not look. Much as he had loved Hughie Drummond, his death and the funeral it entailed seemed an intolerable burden to add to what he was already sinking under. He had a feeling—nay, it was a certitude—that all he had to do was to shut his eyes and let go and that he would die, sink into immensity of rest. His weary body seemed torn by the oncoming pangs of dissolution. He was a fool to hang on. He had died a score of deaths already, and what was the use of prolonging it to twoscore deaths before he really died? Not only was he not afraid to die, but he desired to die.

But his mind that could will life or death still pulsed on. He saw the two whaleboats land on the beach and the sick, on stretchers or pickaback, groaning and wailing, go by in lugubrious procession. He saw the wind making on the clouded horizon and thought of the sick in the hospital. Here was something waiting for his hand to be done, and it was not in his nature to lie down and sleep or die when any task remained undone.

The boss boys were called and given their orders to rope down the hospital with its two additions. He remembered the spare anchor chain, new and black painted, that hung under the house suspended from the floor beams and ordered it to be used on the hospital as well. Other boys brought the coffin, a grotesque patchwork of packing cases, and under his directions they laid Hughie Drummond in it. Half a dozen boys carried it down the beach, while he rode on the back of another, his arms around the black's neck, one hand clutching a prayer book.

While he read the service the blacks gazed apprehensively at the dark line on the water, above which rolled and tumbled the racing clouds. The first breath of the wind, faint and silken, tonic with life, fanned through his dry baked body as he finished reading. Then came the second breath of the wind, an angry gust, as the shovels worked rapidly filling in the sand. So heavy was the gust that Sheldon, still on his feet, seized hold of his man-horse to escape being blown away. The Jessie was blotted out, and a strange, ominous sound arose as multitudinous wavelets struck foaming on the beach. It was like the bubbling of some colossal cauldron. From all about could be heard the dull thudding of falling coconuts. The tall, delicate trunks trees twisted and snapped about like whiplashes. The air seemed filled with their flying leaves, any one of which, stem-on, could brain a man. Then came the rain, a deluge, a straight, horizontal sheet that poured along like a river, defying gravitation.



THE BLACKS GAZED APPREHENSIVELY AT THE DARK LINE ON THE WATER.

The black, with Sheldon mounted on him, plunged ahead into the thick of it, stooping far forward and low to the ground to avoid being toppled over backward.

"He's sleeping out and far to-night," Sheldon quoted as he thought of the dead man in the sand and the rainwater trickling down upon the cold clay.

So they fought their way back up the beach. The other blacks caught hold of the man-horse and pulled and tugged. There were among them those whose fondest desire was to drag the rider in the sand and spring upon him and mash him into repulsive nothingness. But the automatic pistol in his belt, with its rattling, quick dealing death, and the automatic, death defying spirit in the man himself made them refrain and buckle down to the task of hauling him to safety through the storm.

Wet through and exhausted, he was nevertheless surprised at the ease with which he got into a change of clothing. Though he was fearfully weak, he found himself actually feeling better. The disease had spent itself, and the men had begun.

"Now, if I don't get the fever," he said aloud and at the same moment resolved to go to taking quinine as soon as he was strong enough to dare.

He crawled out on the veranda. The rain had ceased, but the wind, which had dwindled to a half gale, was increasing. A big sea had sprung up, and the mile long breakers, curling up to the overall 200 yards from the shore, were crashing on the beach. The Jessie was plunging madly to two anchors, and every second or third sea broke clear over her bow. Two flags were stiffly undulating from the balyards like squares of flexible sheet iron. One was blue, the other red. He knew their meaning in the Berande private code: "What are your instructions? Shall I attempt to land boat?" Tacked on the wall between the signal locker and the billiard rules was the code itself, by which he verified the signal before making answer. On the flagstaff gaff a boy hoisted a white flag over a red, which stood for, "Run to Neal Island for shelter."

That Captain Oleson had been expecting this signal was apparent by the celerity with which the shackles were knocked out of both anchor chains. He slipped his anchors, leaving them buoyed to be picked up in better weather. The Jessie swung off under her full staysail; then the foresail, double reefed, was run up. She was away like a race horse, clearing Balesuna shoal with half a cable length to spare. Just before she rounded the point she was swallowed up in a terrific squall that far outblew the first.

All that night, while squall after squall smote Berande, uprooting trees, overthrowing copra sheds and rocking the house on its tall piles, Sheldon slept. He was unaware of the commotion. He never awakened, nor did he change his position or dream. He awoke a new man. Furthermore, he was hungry. It was over a week since food had passed his lips. He drank a glass of condensed cream thinned with water, and by 10 o'clock he dared to take a cup of beef tea. He was cheered also by the situation in the hospital. Despite the storm there had been but one death, and there was only one fresh case, while half a dozen boys crawled weakly away to the barracks. He wondered if it was the wind that was blowing the disease away and cleansing the pestilential land.

By eleven a messenger arrived from Balesuna village, dispatched by Seelee. The Jessie had gone ashore halfway between the village and Neal Island. It was not till midnight that two of the crew arrived, reporting the drowning of Captain Oleson and of the one remaining boy. As for the Jessie, from what they told him, Sheldon could not but conclude that she was a total loss. Further to hearten him he was taken by a shivering fit. In half an hour he was burning up. And he knew that at least another day must pass before he could undertake even the smallest dose of quinine. He crawled under a heap of blankets and a little later found himself laughing aloud. He had surely reached the limit of disaster. Barring earthquake or tidal wave, the worst had already befallen him. The Flibberby-Gibbet was certainly safe in Mboli pass. Since

WOOL WANTED

Any quantity of wool wanted for which I will pay the highest price in either Cash or Trade.

We have in Stock a good assortment of Yarns, Blankets, Flannels, and Tweeds:

Ready Made Clothing Prints, Gingham, Flannelettes and all other Dry Goods

Our Groceries and Teas are always fresh

S. SCOTT, Garafraxa Street, Durham

Call at

E. A. ROWE'S

For all kinds of Bakery Goods Cooked and Cured Meats.

OYSTERS AND FRUIT IN SEASON

E. A. ROWE : Confectioner and Grocer

The Right Kind of EDUCATION

For your Boys and Girls is up for consideration just now. Send for a copy of our curriculum. It will present some facts you should know. A Term in one of our schools insures a good salary. Enter any time.

SHAW'S SCHOOLS TORONTO.

Head Offices, Central Business College, Yonge and Gerard Sts., Toronto. W. H. Shaw, Principal.

nothing worse could happen things simply had to mend. So it was, shivering under his blankets, that he laughed until the house boys, with heads together, marveled at the devils that were in him.

CHAPTER IV. JOAN LACKLAND.

BY the second day of the north-wester Sheldon was in collapse from his fever. It had taken an unfair advantage of his weak state, and, though it was only ordinary malarial fever, in forty-eight hours it had run him as low as ten days of fever would have done when he was in condition. But the dysentery had been swept away from Berande. A score of convalescents lingered in the hospital, but they were improving hourly. There had been but one more death—that of the man whose brother had walked over him instead of brushing the flies away.

On the morning of the fourth day, his fever Sheldon lay on the veranda, gazing dimly out over the raging ocean. The wind was falling, but a mighty sea was still thundering in on Berande beach, the flying spray reaching in as far as the flagstaff mounds, the foaming wash creaming against the gateposts. He had taken thirty grains of quinine, and the drug was buzzing in his ears like a nest of hornets, making his hands and knees tremble and causing a sickening palpitation of the stomach. Once, open upon his eyes, he saw what he took to be a hallucination. Not far out and coming in across the Jessie's anchorage he saw a whaleboat's nose thrust skyward on a smoky crest and disappear naturally, as an actual whaleboat's nose should disappear, as it slid down the back of the sea. He knew that no whaleboat should be out there, and he was quite certain no men in the Solomons were mad enough to be abroad in such a storm.

But the hallucination persisted. A minute later, chancing to open his eyes, he saw the whaleboat, full length, and saw right into it as it rose on the face of a wave. He saw six sweeps at work, and in the stern, clearly outlined against the overhanging wall of white, a man who stood erect, gigantic, swaying with his weight on the steering sweep. This he saw, and an eighth man who crouched in the bow and gazed shoreward. But what startled Sheldon was the sight of a woman in the sternsheets between the stroke oar and the steersman. A woman she was, for a braid of her hair was flying, and she was just in the act of recapturing it and stowing it away beneath a hat that for all the world was like his own "Baden-Powell."

The boat disappeared behind the wave and rose into view on the face of the following one. Again he looked into it. The men were dark skinned and larger than Solomon Islanders, but the woman, he could plainly see, was white. Who she was and what she was doing there were thoughts that drifted vaguely through his consciousness. He was too sick to be vitally interested, and, besides, he had a half feeling that it was all a dream.

"Good boatman," was Sheldon's verdict, as he saw the boat leap forward on the face of a huge breaker. It

Central Drug Store

Now Don't Forget

That we have a full line of Rubber Goods of every kind Filling Prescriptions is only one of our Several Specialties, if it is rubber, we have it and when we have its 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.

Phone No. 3

The Central Drug Store :: Durham

The Yorkshire Insurance Co., of York Eng.

Insurance of All Kinds including Stock

W. JOHNSTON Sr. Durham Ont.

GRANT'S AD.

Dress Goods & Silk

New and Stylish Goods

In Wash Goods we have Prints, Gingham, Muslins, Linens, Pique, Bedford Cord, Dainty Raps, Shirtings, Bangalay Net for Curtains, Ladies' Misses' and Children's Dresses.

A large stock of Ladies' Waists, Children's Middies, Vests etc.

We will be pleased to show you our goods, don't be afraid to ask to see them.

C. L. GRANT

Zam Buk

The best remedy for... Zam Buk... A skin food!

THE ROYAL BANK

WITH WHOLESALE THE TRADERS INCORPORATED Capital Authorized Capital Paid Up Reserve Fund Total Assets 290 Branches Savings Dept LONDON, ENGL., OFFICE Bank Bldg—Princes St. DURHAM BRANCH

VARICOSE

NO NAMES USED Confined to



HAS YOUR BLOOD POISONS

Heavy work, tobacco, and I wish all ailments cured. You feel the money, I can't get it. I wish all ailments cured. You feel the money, I can't get it. I wish all ailments cured. You feel the money, I can't get it.

DRS. KENNEDY

Cor. Michigan Ave. NOTICE see us personally call at no patients in our Lab. Laboratory for Canadian DR. KENNEDY Write for our private address

MO... Dress

Where you will be confident that you are holding good positions

W. JOHNSTON Sr.

Durham Ont.

GRANT'S AD.

Dress Goods & Silk New and Stylish Goods

In Wash Goods we have Prints, Gingham, Muslins, Linens, Pique, Bedford Cord, Dainty Raps, Shirtings, Bangalay Net for Curtains, Ladies' Misses' and Children's Dresses.

A large stock of Ladies' Waists, Children's Middies, Vests etc.

We will be pleased to show you our goods, don't be afraid to ask to see them.

C. L. GRANT

Zam Buk

The best remedy for... Zam Buk... A skin food!