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A SWINDLER AT BRANTFORD.

A Brantford despatch says: A number of the residents of the city and the surrounding country were taken in on one of the smoothest propositions offered to the people of this community for many days. A watch vendor, who sold razors for 50c. each and then gave the 50 cents back to the purchaser, did the trick. After he got rid of his razors, etc., he displayed to the crowd a number of solid gold watches, which he offered to sell at the unusual price of \$20 each. He did, and the money rolled into his cash box at a very rapid rate. He did not tell the crowd that he would give them their money back. They thought he did. His confederate walked over to the Belmont Hotel with all his spoils and safely deposited them in his pal's room. In the meantime the man with the gold watches informed the crowd that he would repair to the hotel to get some circulars to distribute to the people, and that he would be back in a short time. He made his departure, but alas! he never returned, and the wrath of those who had been "stung" was turned in his direction, and also in the direction of the Belmont Hotel, where a small boy informed the crowd that the man had vanished. It is said that the fakir took in about \$500, and that one individual was "touched" for \$27. The watches were worth about \$2 each.

Shows Schools

Adve



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long mate. Sparrowhawk, his face shining with admiration. "It was hard work, that's what it was. We earned our pay. She worked us till we dropped, and we were down with fever half the time. So was she, for that matter, only she wouldn't stay down, and she wouldn't let us stay down. My word, she's a slave driver. An' the Lord lumme, the way she made love to old Kina-Kina!"

"He was older than Telepassé and dirtier," she assured Sheldon, "and I am sure much wickeder. Now I must run and wash up. Did the Sydney orders arrive?"

"Yours are in your quarters," Sheldon said. "Hurry, for breakfast is waiting. Let me have your hat and belt. Do, please, allow me. There's only one hook for them, and I know where it is."

She gave him a quick scrutiny that was almost womanlike, then sighed with relief as she unbuckled the heavy belt and passed it to him.

"I doubt if I ever want to see another revolver," she complained. "That one has worn a hole in me, I'm sure. I never dreamed I could get so weary of one."

Sheldon watched her to the foot of the steps, where she turned and called back:

"My, I can't tell you how good it is to be home again!"

"And Burnett said, 'Well, I'll be d—d! I beg your pardon, Miss Lackland, but you have wantonly broken the recruiting laws and you know it,'" Captain Munster narrated as they sat over their whiskey, waiting for Joan to come back. "And says she to him, 'Mr. Burnett, can you show me any law against taking the passengers of a vessel that's on a reef? What could Burnett do? He passed the whole hundred and fifty, though the Emily was only licensed for forty and the Filiberty Gibbet for thirty-five.'"

"But I don't understand," Sheldon said.

"This is the way she worked it. When the Martha was floated we had to beach her right away at the head of the bay, and whilst repairs were going on, a new rudder being made, sails bent, gear recovered from the niggers, and so forth, Miss Lackland borrows Sparrowhawk to run the Filiberty along with Curtis, lends me Brahmus to take Sparrowhawk's place and starts both craft off recruiting. My word, the niggers came easy. It was virgin ground. Since the Scottish Chiefs no recruiter had ever even tried to work the coast. When we filled up we came back to see how the Martha was progressing."

"And thinking we was going home with our recruits," Sparrowhawk slipped in. "Lord lumme, that Miss Lackland ain't never satisfied. 'I'll take 'em on the Martha,' she says, 'and you can go back and fill up again.'"

"But I told her it couldn't be done," Munster went on. "I told her the Martha hadn't a license for recruiting. 'Oh,' she said, 'it can't be done, eh?' and she stood and thought a few minutes."

"And I'd seen her think before," cried Sparrowhawk, "and I knew at wunst that the thing was as good as done."

Munster lighted his cigarette and resumed:

"You see that spit," she says to me, 'with the little ripple breaking around it and on it, and it will set you nicely aground. Then I'll rescue your recruits and sail away—simple, ain't it?' says she." Munster continued. "You hang up one tide, says she; 'the next is the big high water. Then you hedge off and go after more recruits. There's no law against recruiting when you're empty. 'But there is against starving 'em,' I said. 'You know there ain't any kai-kai to speak of aboard of us and there ain't a crumb on the Martha.'"

"Don't let the kai-kai worry you, Captain Munster, says she. 'If I can find grub for eighty-four mouths on the Martha, the two of you can do as much by your two vessels. Now go ahead and get aground before a steady breeze comes up and spoils the maneuver. I'll send my boats the moment you strike.'"

"And we went and did it," Sparrowhawk said solemnly and then emitted a series of chuckling noises. "Miss Lackland transferred the recruits, and the trick was done."

CHAPTER XVII.

AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

BUT where was she during the nor'wester?" Sheldon asked.

"At Langa-Langa. Ran up there as it was coming on and laid there the whole week and traded for grub with the niggers. When we got to Tulagi there she was waiting for us and scrapping with Burnett. I tell you, Mr. Sheldon, she's a wonder, that girl, a perfect wonder."



"I DOUBT IF I EVER WANT TO SEE ANOTHER REVOLVER"

ing to sail the Martha again. I know it. I know it."

In reply, and quite without premeditation, his hand went out to hers, covering it as it lay on the railing. But he knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that it was the boy that returned the pressure he gave, the boy sorrowing over the lost toy. The thought chilled him.

"Never mind," he said. "You can go sailing on the Martha any time you please—recruiting on Malaita if you want to."

It was a great concession he was making, and he felt that he did it against his better judgment. Her reception of it was a surprise to him.

"With old Kinross in command?" she queried. "No, thank you. He'd drive me to suicide. I couldn't stand his handling of her. I'll never step on the Martha again unless it is to take charge of her. I'm a sailor, like my father, and he could never bear to see a vessel mishandled."

An hour later, just as they were riding out of the compound, Sheldon glanced at her sharply and noted her face mottling, even as he looked, and turning orange and green.

"It's the fever," she said. "I'll have to turn back."

By the time they were in the compound she was shivering and shaking, and he had to help her from her horse.

"Funny, isn't it?" she said, with chattering teeth. "Like seasickness—not serious, but horribly miserable while it lasts. I'm going to bed. Send Noa Noah and Viaburi to me. Tell Orndri to make hot water. I'll be out of my head in fifteen minutes. But I'll be all right by evening. Short and sharp is the way it takes me."

Sheldon obeyed her instructions, rushed hot water bottles along to her and then sat on the veranda glancing across the compound to the grass house. Yes, he decided, the contention of every white man in the islands was right—the Solomons had no place for a woman.

He clapped his hands and Lalaperu came running.

"Here, you," he ordered; "go along barracks, bring 'm black fella Mary, plenty too much, altogether."

A few minutes later the dozen black women of Berande were ranged before him. He looked them over critically, finally selecting one that was young, comely as such creatures went, and whose body bore no signs of skin disease.

"What name, you," he demanded. "Sangul?"

"Me Mabua," was the answer.

"All right, you fella Mabua. You finish cook along boys. You stop along white Mary. All the time you stop along. You savee?"

"Me savee," she granted and obeyed his gesture to go to the grass house immediately.

"What name?" he asked Viaburi, who had just come out of the grass house.

"Big fella sick," was the answer. "White fella Mary talk 'm too much allee time. Allee time talk 'm big fella schooner."

Sheldon nodded. He understood. It was the loss of the Martha that had brought on the fever. He lighted a cigarette, and in the curling smoke of it caught visions of his English mother and wondered if she would understand how her son could love a woman who cried because she could not be skipper of a schooner in the cannibal isles.

The most patient man in the world is prone to impatience in love, and Sheldon was in love.

But how to approach her? He divined the fanatical love of freedom in her, the deep seated antipathy for restraint of any sort. No man could ever put his arm around her and win her. She would flutter away like a frightened bird. Approach by contact—that, he realized, was the one thing he must never do. His hand clasp must be what it had always been—the hand clasp of hearty friendship, and nothing more. And then, one morning, quite fortuitously the opportunity came.

"My dearest wish is the success of Berande," Joan had just said apropos of a discussion about the cheapening of freights on copra to market.

"Do you mind if I tell you the dearest wish of my heart?" he promptly returned. "I long for it. I dream about it. It is my dearest desire. It is for you some day when you are ready to be my wife."

She started back from him as if she had been stung. Her face went white on the instant, not from maidenly embarrassment, but from the anger which he could see flaming in her eyes.

"This taking for granted! This when I am ready!" she cried passionately. "Listen to me, Mr. Sheldon. I like you very well, though you are slow and a muddler, but I want you to understand once and for all that I did not come to the Solomons to get married. Getting married is not making my way in the world. It may do for some women, but not for me, thank you. When I sit down to talk over the freight on copra I don't care to have proposals of marriage sandwiched in. Besides—besides—"

Her voice broke for the moment, and when she went on there was a note of appeal in it that well nigh convicted him to himself of being a brute.

"Don't you see? It spoils everything. It makes the whole situation impossible—and I so loved our partnership and was proud of it. Don't you see? I can't go on being your partner if you make love to me. And I was so happy!"

Tears of disappointment were in her eyes, and she caught a swift sob in her throat.

"I warned you," he said gravely. "Such unusual situations between men and women cannot endure. I told you so at the beginning."

"Oh, yes; it is quite clear to me what you did. You took good care to warn me against every other man in the Solomons except yourself."

It was a blow in the face to Sheldon. He smarted with the truth of it, and at the same time he smarted with what he was convinced was the injustice of it. A gleam of triumph that flickered in her eye because of the hit she had made decided him.

"It is not so one sided as you seem to think it is," he began. "I was doing very nicely on Berande before you came. I did not want you to stay. I wasn't in love with you then. I wanted you to go to Sydney, to go back to Hawaii. But you insisted on staying. You virtually—"

He paused for a softer word than the one that had risen to his lips, and she took it away from him.

"Forced myself on you—that's what you meant to say," she cried, the flags of battle painting her cheeks. "Go ahead. Don't mind my feelings."

"All right, I won't," he said decisively, realizing that the discussion was in danger of becoming a vituperative, schoolboy argument. "You have insisted on being considered as a man. Consistency would demand that you talk like a man and like a man listen to man talk. And listen you shall. It is not your fault that this unpleasantness has arisen. I do not blame you for anything—remember that—and for the same reason you should not blame me for anything."

"You can't help being yourself. You can't help being a very desirable creature so far as I am concerned. You have made me want you. You didn't intend to; you didn't try to. You were so made, that is all. And I was so made that I was ripe to want you. But I can't help being myself. I can't by an effort of will cease from wanting you any more than you by an effort of will can make yourself undesirable to me."

"Oh, this desire, this want, want, want!" she broke in rebelliously. "I am not quite a fool. I understand some things. I really think it would be a good idea for me to marry Noa Noah or Adamu Adam or Lalaperu there or any black boy. Then I could give him orders and keep him penned away from me and men like you would leave me alone and not talk marriage and 'I want, I want.'"

Sheldon laughed in spite of himself and far from any genuine impulse to laugh.

"You are positively soulless," he said savagely.

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LIKED 'QUAKES BETTER.

A certain island in the West Indies is liable to the periodical advent of earthquakes. One year fore the season of the periodical advent of the terrestrial disturbances Mr. G., who lives in the danger zone, sent his two sons to the home of a brother in England to secure them from the impending havoc. Evidently the quiet of the staid English household was disturbed by the eruptions of the two West Indians, for the returning mail steamer carried a message to Mr. G., brief, but emphatic: "Take back your boys; send me the earthquake!"

Continued on page 7.