

Hardware

Lamps.

A clearing sale of Lamps now going on to make room for our new importation. Do not lose this opportunity.

Charcoal Irons.

A few more Charcoal Irons now going at \$1.00.

Mallets.

Every man that knows how to use tools should get one of our Lignumvitae Mallets.

Apple Parers.

Now is the time to buy an Apple Parer while we have the variety.

Apple Pickers.

Our Apple Pickers are worthy of inspection.

Mitts.

We have a great variety of Mitts and Gloves suitable for the fall ploughing and threshing.

W. Black

Cow Estray.

STRAYED FROM THE PREMISES of the undersigned on or about Sunday, Aug. 10th, a red cow, horns turned in, giving milk at time of leaving. Any person giving information that will lead to her recovery will be suitably rewarded.

CHAS. MCKINNON, Durham, Aug. 24th-3.

Darling's

DRUG STORE



Writing Paper!

Tinted and Embossed Writing Paper seems to be in vogue these days. Of course we have it and every other kind of fashionable Correspondence Stationery. We flatter ourselves that we keep up-to-date, and, moreover, supply Stationery of the worth-while-sort. If you have never before patronized us, see what we have to offer.

School Books and Supplies of all kinds.

See our stock of SCRIBBLERS, the largest in town. Prices right.

JNO. A. DARLING
Chemist and Druggist.

RED PETE'S LAST RIDE

By C. B. LEWIS

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Outlaw, thief, robber and murderer, they had him safe in jail at last. Red Pete, as he was generally called, had rendered himself a terror for years, but the law had finally laid hands on him, and he was tried for his life.

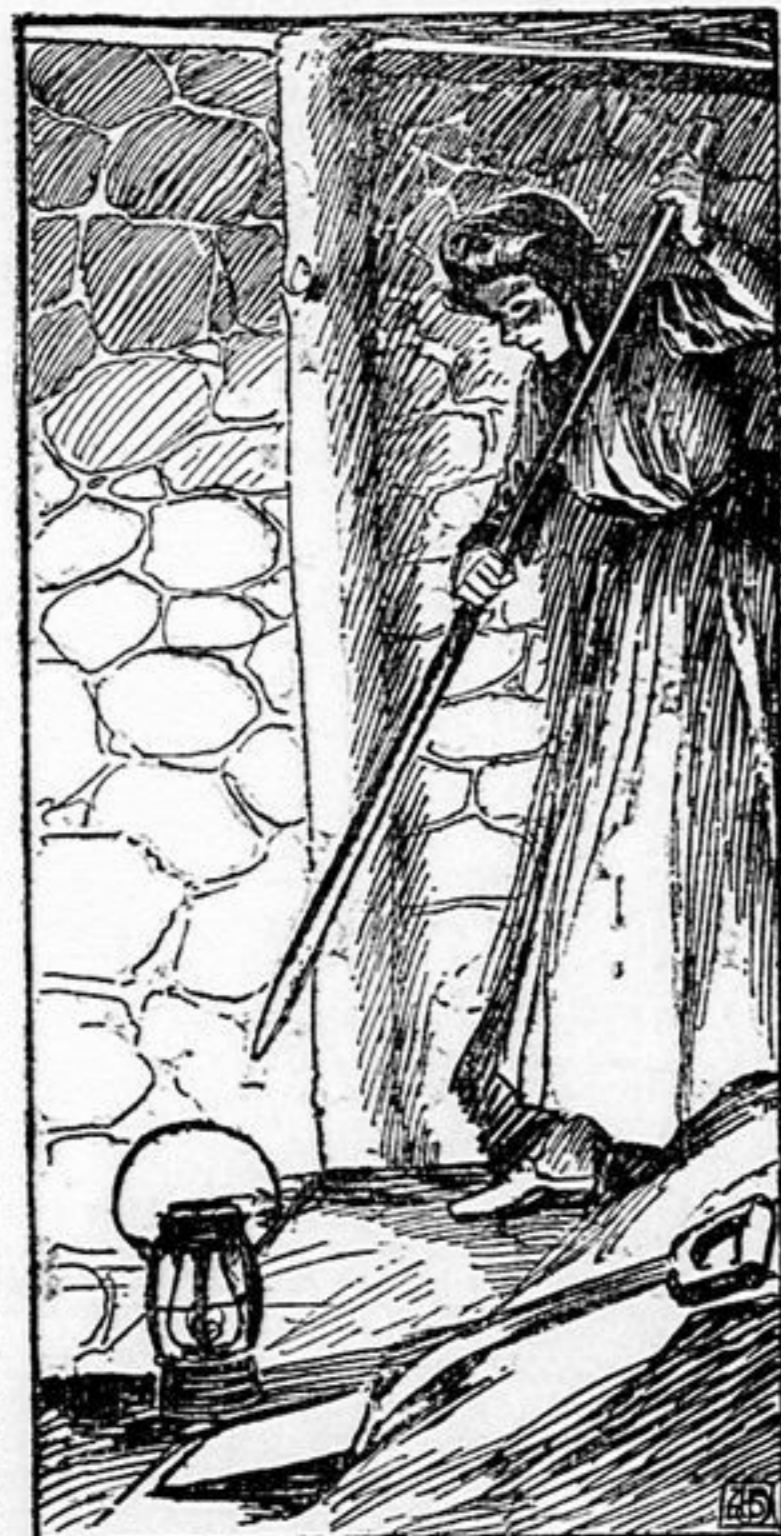
There had been a great deal of romancing over Red Pete. He was a Robin Hood to many men and a chevalier and a hero to most women. There was a general disappointment when he was brought in by a sheriff's posse with his feet lashed together under the saddle and his arms tied behind him. He was a young man of twenty-four, long haired, low browed. The sentiment of chivalry had never been awakened in his breast, and, as for being a hero, he had robbed cripples and shot men from ambush.

"A natural born tough," was the popular verdict at Sunset City, but among the few females who could not rid themselves of the feeling of romance his adventures had called up was the sheriff's daughter, a girl of sixteen. Unfortunately for her, she was motherless.

The widower sheriff, whose only child she was, kept house in a wing of the jail and, owing to the poverty of the county, was allowed only one turnkey. This was old Roberts, who was almost a cripple and a part of whose work was often done by the girl. It fell to her to carry the daily meals to Red Pete, and he at once discovered that he had a friend in her. They did not depend upon the brick walls and iron bars of the old jail to hold such a man as had been run to earth. They chained him to the wall, and they put on an extra guard to pace the corridor all night long.

It was only when she carried his meals to him and opened the wicket of his door that Susie could pass a few words with Red Pete, but he made full use of every opportunity. He praised and admired and asked for sympathy, and long enough before he was put on trial he felt that he could reckon on her aid whenever he asked for it.

It took weeks to get witnesses together, and there were technicalities



WITH SPADE AND IRON BAR SHE WORKED THREE OR FOUR HOURS EACH NIGHT.

of law to create further delay, but when the trial came on the prosecution made short work of the terror. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, the judge sentenced him to be hanged by the neck, and he was returned to his cell and his chains to await the day of execution.

The verdict had filled the sheriff's daughter with horror. It seemed to her as if all the world was against one man. That man might have been somewhat wicked, as she would admit, but he had been led astray by evil counsel and was more to be pitied than blamed. Her natural sympathies, fed by the lies and protestations of the man behind the grated door, finally brought her to promise her aid that he might escape a disgraceful death. They were to ride away together. They were to ride far, far away, and he would make her his girl wife and love and cherish her and become an honest man. A mother would have destroyed his plot in a moment, but there was no mother to speak. She listened, sympathized, admired and loved. In helping him out of the hands of the law she was helping him to reform; in going away with him she would encourage him in his new resolves.

The jail was without a cellar. On the west side, where Red Pete was confined, was an old shed used for fuel and storage. Every night for twenty-eight nights the girl rose from her bed when the jail had grown quiet and slipped outdoors and into the shed. With spade and iron bar she worked for three or four hours each night to tunnel under the walls to the prisoner's cell. She found heavy walls, carried far down, and there was a bed of cement as hard as rock and a stone floor to the cell. It was hard, cruel work for a girl, but she was incited by romance and love to persevere against all obstacles. Each night she toiled and labored, and each morning she reported progress and received the commendations of her hero.

There were yet other things to think

of. They must have horses, food and money for their flight. She would rob the jail of food, her father of money and one horse, and the other animal would be taken from a nearby stable. With the help of the man everything was figured out, even to the theft of a rifle and revolver.

Townpeople were admitted to see Red Pete, and they found him broken in courage. Ministers were admitted to pray with him, and they found him contrite. It got to be common talk that he had lost his sand and would fall to die game. He had a part to play, and he played it. On the morning of the third day before the execution he knew that he was entering upon his last day in the cell. The tunnel was completed, and his weight resting upon one particular spot would sink a stone in his cell floor and give him liberty. The sheriff's daughter would rob her father that day of money and firearms and food, and when night came the horses would be ready at hand.

Few women could have carried that secret through the long day without betrayal, but the girl gave no sign and aroused no suspicion. At 9 o'clock at night she passed out of the jail, made everything ready and then waited at the mouth of the tunnel. The condemned man above settled himself for sleep, but removed his chains with the file she had passed through the wicket as the guard paced to and fro in the corridor, let the stone sag under his weight and two minutes later was in the old shed beside the trembling girl. Two horses stood near by, and she put money, food and a rifle into his hands. Only then did he speak, and his words were prefaced with a sneering laugh.

"Well, little fool, you have done well," he said. "Didn't you suspect that I was guying you? Do you imagine I would be idiot enough to be burdened with you. Sit down and keep your mouth shut or I will do it for you. I'm off, and if you raise an alarm for an hour I'll choke the life out of you before they hang me."

Each word struck the girl like the blow of a hammer, and she stood there dumb with amazement while Red Pete strapped the rifle to the saddle and mounted.

"Ain't you—you going to take me?" she appealed at last.

"Bosh!" he sneered in reply. "Do you mean that you don't love me, that I'm to be left behind, that you haven't meant what you said?"

"Don't be a fool!" he hissed at her. "I was working for my life, and I've won the game. Sit down and cry it out. I'm off!"

He turned the horses and started away, leading one so as to have a fresh mount. But he had not gone a hundred feet when the girl raised a revolver she had not given up to him and took careful aim. As the report rang out on the night air Red Pete threw up his hands and lurched from his saddle. "What is it? What is it?" shouted those who first reached the spot.

"I have just—just killed him because he was going to leave me behind," she said as she looked up through her tears.

A Debt of Honor.

The inconsiderate creditor pressed for immediate payment of his promissory note.

"But I have no money," said the debtor wearily. "I saw you pay that man who just went out," retorted the creditor indignantly.

"That was a debt of honor," replied the other, with hauteur.

The creditor immediately tore up the promissory note which he held in his hand and threw it in the fire.

"So is mine a debt of honor," he remarked simply.

So far so good, and the matter is proceeding along the proper lines for such cases made and provided.

The debtor assured himself that the promise to pay had been really consumed.

"Pardon me," he then politely said, "but you tore up that note voluntarily and from mercenary motives. I cannot therefore recognize it as a debt of honor."

Which proves that a nice sense of honor is a good thing to have lying about handy.

The creditor smiled indulgently. "Oh, that was only a copy I tore up," he replied. He took another note from his pocket. "This is the original, you see," he remarked, with pardonable pride.

Which proves again that a careful man before burning his bridges assures himself that the ferry is still doing business at the same old stand.

Flight of the Spirit.

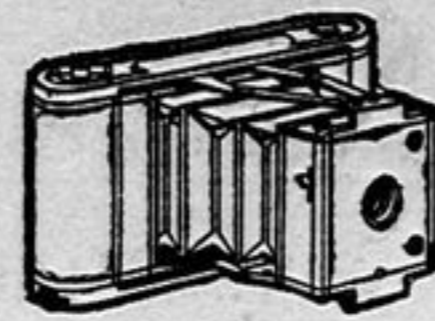
A case recorded by Plutarch would seem to support the theory that during periods of protracted insensibility the spirit of the sleeper, freed from the body, wanders away to realms and scenes not conceivable by the ordinary senses. A man named Thespius, he tells us, fell from a great height and was picked up to all appearances dead. There were no external wounds about him, but the physicians were satisfied of the fact of the decease.

Arrangements were made for his burial, but on the third day after his fall he revived, much to the consternation of his friends. In a short time it became quite evident that the whole tenor of the man's life had changed. Previously his character was that of a reprobate and a vicious man, but after his insensibility he ever followed after virtue. On being asked the reason of the change, Thespius related that during his long sleep his spirit had been liberated from his body and had soared away to a strange land, where it had joined a whole company of other spirits.

His past life was disclosed to him in all its hideousness, and the glorious capabilities which were before him were revealed in such a manner as to make him ambitious of attaining them.

A Vest Pocket Kodak you might almost call

— THE —



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yet it takes splendid PICTURES.

Let us show you this wonderful little instrument.

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MacFarlane & Co.

Druggists and Booksellers.

Hello!

What are you looking for? Is it a pair of nice Boots or Shoes? If so, don't fail to call at the

New Boot and Shoe Store

We have just added to our stock four new lines of Gent's, and two of Ladies' Sovereign Shoes. All stamped prices of sole. These goods are equal to, if not superior, to the well-known Slater Shoes at same prices.

We're Clearing out the balance of our Colonial Slippers at reduced prices.

SHOE DRESSINGS.

In Paste Dressings we have 2 in 1, Shinola, Superba and Black Cat. In Liquid-Gilt Edge, Nonsuch, Packard's Combination, Old Sol, Sunbeam Oil, Royal Gloss, Favorite and Black Cat.

Threshers' Mitts in Horse Hide and Calf. Also plenty of HARVEST MITTS.

Trunks, Telescope Valises, Club Bags, Shawl Straps and School Bags always in stock.

Shoes Made to Order

and repairing promptly attended to.

TERMS CASH.

Remember the place—Next to D. Campbell's Implement Warehouse.

J. S. McIlraith

A Turn Over

That's All.

E. A. ROWE has just turned his Bakery business over to his baker, G. H. Stinson, who wishes to announce to the public in general, that the business will be carried on in the same way as though nothing had taken place.

A special line of Confectionery, Bread, Cakes and Pastry will be on hand as usual at E. A. Rowe's store, where you will always get the best of everything at a reasonable price and same to all.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY of everything we bake, no matter what it is, as baking is always a specialty with us. Wedding Cakes made in proper style to order on shortest notice. Call and give us a trial order.

G. H. Stinson

LOWER TOWN BAKERY.

Four Articles of Dress

Which are most important to present a good appearance.

YOUR HAT.

Never before have we been so well stocked with all the newest in Men's Hats than at present. We are showing absolutely the latest from fashions great centre—New York. The great demand during the last few weeks is proof of their popularity.

YOUR SUIT.

We have just received a large assortment of the very newest and up-to-date suit patterns, in Scotch and Domestic Tweeds. Some of them are quite startling, others quieter, but all are eminently correct for this fall's wear.

YOUR OVERCOAT.

We have a nice stock of Raincoats and fall Overcoats in all sizes and at all prices. We are showing Cravenettes, Herringbone Stripes and Scotch Tweed Effects in Fawn, Gray, Black and Olive. Our prices are right in these goods. See them.

YOUR SHOES.

We have a big range of nice Shoes for fall in both American and Canadian makes, and all great wearers and good lookers.

When repleting your wardrobe for fall wear, do not pass us by without seeing our stock. All we ask is to show you.

H. H. MOCKLER.

JAS. IRELAND

REMEMBER THE PLACE - - LAIDLAW'S OLD STAND.

September Breezes

Talk New Fall Suits

Men's Ready-to-wear Suits.

We are showing a larger range than ever before in this department in the most up-to-date styles. We can give you a Suit that will suit you, fit you, look well on you, and the price right.

Men's Odd Pants.

A special line of Men's Strong Working Pants, at special \$1.25.

Men's Odd Pants, finer lines, at \$1.25 to \$3.50.

Special in Men's Pants, black and white marl cloth, splendid fitters, special \$2.50.

New Worsted and Tweed Suitings.

We have in our early Fall Stock of the very latest patterns in Men's Suitings, and we're prepared to fit you with the best trimmings and have it made for you. You'll have to see the goods before you realize what a high-class suit we can have made for you for \$12.00, \$14.00 and \$15.00.

Put by Something for a Rainy Day.

You'll find an Umbrella as useful as anything you can get for the money. \$1.00 and up.

Highest Market Price for Butter and Eggs.

JAS. IRELAND

REMEMBER THE PLACE - - LAIDLAW'S OLD STAND.