

Standard Bank of Canada.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

G. P. REID, — — MANAGER

Capital Authorized...\$2,000,000
Paid Up..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 850,000

Agencies in all principal points in Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, United States and England.

DURHAM AGENCY.

A general banking business transacted. Drafts issued and collections made on all points. Deposits received and interest allowed at current rates.

THE SAVINGS BANK.

Interest allowed on Savings Bank deposits of \$1 and upwards. Prompt attention and every facility afforded customers living at a distance.

J. KELLY, Agent.

Furniture . . .

That is sure to please can always be purchased here.

UNDERTAKING PRICES CUT

Also a First Class Hearse always in connection. Embalming a specialty.

JACOB KRESS, DURHAM, ONT.

Farm . . . Machinery

DEERING Binders, Mowers, Rakes and Trusses, Wilkinson's Plows, Land Rollers and Diamond Smoothing Harrows, McGill Turnip Sowers, Dowsell's Churns, Washers and Wringers, U. S. Cream Separators, Cameron & Dunn Hay Forks.

Waggons, Buggies, Etc.

Snowball and Chatham Wagons, Palmerston Buggies and Democarts, Also Grier Buggies, London, on hand.

PLOW POINTS and a full line of general repairs constantly kept on hand here.

Also a Number of Horses for Sale

JOHN CLARK

DURHAM. — — ONTARIO.

For

Machine Oil, Harness Oil, Axle Grease and Hoof Ointment, go to

S. P. SAUNDERS

The Harnessmaker

DO YOU WANT ?

Blankets, Flannels, Yarns, Trunks, Ready-made Clothing, Tweeds, Cottons, Flannelettes, Men's Hats, Caps, Boys' Hats, Caps, Underwear, Fresh Groceries of all kinds, etc.

If So Call and examine the goods and find out prices

— AT —

S. SCOTT'S.

N. B.—Goods delivered twice a day to all parts of the Town.

UNDER TWO FLAGS

By "OUIDA"

"Thank you, my little comrade," he said simply, with the graver thought still on him that her relation and her entreaty had evoked. "You have given me a lesson that I shall not be quick to forget."

Cigarette colored hotly at the grave, graceful, distant salute, so cold and so courteous, which was offered her in lieu of the rude and boisterous familiarities to which she was accustomed and drew her hand away with what was to the shame of her soldierly hardihood and her barrack tutelage very nearly akin to an impulse of shyness.

"Stuff! Don't humbug me! I am not a court lady!" she cried hastily, almost petulantly, to cover the unwonted and unwelcome weakness, while, to make good the declaration and vindicate her military renown, she balanced herself lightly on the stone ledge and sprang with a young wildcat's easy, vaulting leap over his head and over the heads of the people beneath on to the ledge of the house opposite, a low built wineshop, whose upper story nearly touched the leaning walls of the old Moorish buildings in which she had been perched. The crowd in the street below looked up amazed and agitated at that bound from casement to casement as she flew over their heads like a blue and scarlet winged bird of Oran, but they laughed as they saw who it was.

"It is Cigarette," growled a Turco Indigene. "Ah, ha, the devil for a certainty must have been her father!" Cecil looked after her with a certain touch of pity for her in him.

"What a gallant boy is spoiled in that little amazon!" he thought. The quick flush of her face, the quick withdrawal of her hand, he had not noticed. She had not much interest for him—scarcely any, indeed—save that he saw she was pretty, with a mischievous face that all the sun tan of Africa and all the wild life of the Caserne could not harden or debase. But he was sorry a child so bright and so brave should be turned into three parts a trooper, as she was, should have been tossed up on the seam and fith of the lowest barrack life and should be doomed in a few years' time to become the yellow, battered, fowl mouthed, vulture eyed camp follower that premature old age would surely render the darling of the tricolor, the pythonesse of the As du Pique.

"Hah!" said Cigarette between her little teeth.

She stood in the glittering Algerine night, brilliant with a million stars and balmy with a million flowers, before the bronze-trimmed gate of the villa on the Sahel, where Chateaurouy, when he was not on active service, indemnified himself with the magnificence that his private fortune enabled him to enjoy, for the unsparring exertions and the rugged privations that he always shared willingly with the lowest of his soldiers. Tonight the windows of the pretty, low, snow white, far stretching building were lighted and open, and through the wilderness of cactus, myrtle, orange, citron, fuelsia and a thousand flowers that almost buried it under their weight of leaf and blossom a myriad of lamps were gleaming like so many glowworms beneath the foliage, while from a cedar grove the melodies and overtures of the best military bands in Algiers came mellowed by the distance and the fall of the bubbling fountains. Cigarette looked and listened, and her gay, brown face grew dusky with wrath.

"Ah, bah!" she muttered, as she pressed her pretty lips to the lattice-work. "The men die like murrained sheep in the hospital, and get sour bread tossed to them as if they were pigs, and are thrashed if they paw their muskets for a stoup of drink when their throats are as dry as the desert—and you live in clover. The colonel gives his fetes with stars and ribbons on his breast, while those who won the battle lie rotting in the sand!"

Cigarette was a resolute little democrat; she had loaded the carbines behind the barricade in an emeute in Paris before she was 10 years old, and was not seldom in the perplexity of conflicting creeds when her loyalty to the tricolor and the guidons smote with a violent clash on her love for the populace and their liberty.

She looked a moment longer through the gilded scrollwork, then thrust her pistols well within her sash and, pushing herself through the prickly cactus hedge, launched herself with inimitable dexterity on to the other side of the cacti. She crossed the breadth of the grounds under the heavy shade of arbutus trees with a hare's fleetness, and stood a second looking at the open windows and the terraces that lay before them, brightly lighted by the summer moon and by the lamps that sparkled among the shrubs. Then down she dropped, as quickly, as lightly, as a young setter.

"Ah!" she said, quickly and sharply, with a deep drawn breath. The single ejaculation was at once a menace, a tenderness, a whirlwind of rage, a volume of disdala, a world of pity. It was intensely French, and the whole nature of Cigarette was in it.

Yet all she saw was a small and brilliant group sauntering to and fro before the open windows after dinner, listening to the bands and laughing low and softly, and at some distance from them, beneath the shade of a cedar, the

figure of a corporal of chasseurs, calm, erect, motionless, as though he were the figure of a soldier cast in bronze.

"A true soldier!" she muttered where she lay among the rhododendrons, while her eyes grew very soft as she gave the highest word of praise that her whole range of language held. "A true soldier! How he keeps his promise! But it must be bitter."

She looked awhile very wistfully at the chasseur where he stood under the Lebanon boughs; then her glance swept bright as a hawk's over the terrace and lighted with a prescient hatred on the central form of all, a woman's. There were two other great ladies there, but she passed them and darted with unerring instinct on that proud, fair, patrician head with its jaunty, staglike carriage and the crown of its golden hair.

Cigarette had seen grandes dames by the thousand, but now for the first time the sight of one of those aristocrats smote her with a keen, hot sting of heartburning jealousy, with a sudden perception, quick as thought, bitter as gall, wounding and swift and poignant, of what this womanhood that he had said she herself had lost might be in its highest and purest shape.

"Unsexed—he said I was unsexed," she mused, while her teeth clinched on the ruby fullness of her lips, and her heart swelled half with impotent rage, half with unconfessed pain. For the first time looking on this imperial foreign beauty, sweeping so slowly and so idly along there in the Algerian starlight, she understood all that she had missed, all that he had meant when he had used that single word for which she had vowed on him her vengeance and the vengeance of the army of Africa.

"If those are the women that he knew before he came here, I do not wonder that he never cared to watch even my dance," was the latent, unacknowledged thought that was so cruel to her; the consciousness—which forced itself in on her while her eyes jealously followed the perfect grace of the one in whom instinct had found her rival—that while she had been so proud of her recklessness and her devilry and her trooper's slang and her deadly skill as a shot, she had only been something very worthless, something very lightly held by those who liked her for a ribald jest, a dance and a spahis' supper of headlong riot and drunken mirth.

The mood did not last. She was too brave, too fiery, too dauntless, too untamed. "Bah! She would faint, I dare say, at the mere sight of these pistols," she thought, with her old disdain, "and would stand fire no more than a gazelle!"



He bent over the hand she held out.

zelle! They are only made for summer day weather, those dainty, gorgeous, silver pheasants."

Like many another, Cigarette underrated what she had no knowledge of and depreciated an antagonist the measure of whose fence she had no power to gauge.

Crouched there among the rhododendrons, she lay as still as a mouse, moving nearer and nearer until her ear, quick and unerring as an Indian's, could detect the sense of the words spoken. Chateaurouy himself was bending his fine, dark head toward the patrician on whom her instinct of sex had fastened her hatred.

"You expressed your wish to see my corporal's little sculptures again, madame," he was murmuring now. "To hear was to obey with me. He waits your commands yonder."

"It was you, was it, brought him here?" muttered the Friend of the Flag, with the passion in her burning more hotly against that "silver pheasant," whose delicate train was sweeping the white marbles of Chateaurouy's terraces and whose reply she had lost, though she could guess what it had been, when a lackey crossed the lawn and summoned the chasseur.

Cecil obeyed, passed up the terrace stairs and stood before his colonel, giving the salute. The shade of some acacias still fell across him, while the party he fronted were all in the glow of a full Algerian moon and of the thousand lamps among the belt of flowers and trees. Chateaurouy spoke with a carelessness as of a man to a dog, turning to his corporal:

"Victor, the princess honors you with the desire to see your toys again. Spread them out."

The savage authority of his general speech was softened for sake of his guests' presence; but there was a covert tone in the words that made Cigarette murmur to herself:

"If he forgets his promise, I will forgive him!"

Cecil had not forgotten it; neither had he forgotten the lesson that this fair aristocrat had read him in the morning. He saluted his chief again, set the chess box down upon the ledge of the marble balustrade and stood silent, without once glancing at the fair and haughty face that was more brilliant still in the African starlight than it had been in the moon sun of the chasseurs' chambrée. Courtesy was forbidden him as insult from a corporal to a nobly born beauty. The carvings were passed from hand to hand as the marquis' six or eight guests, listlessly willing to be amused in the warmth of the evening after their dinner, occupied themselves with the ivory chess armies, cut with a skill and a finish worthy a Roman studio. Praise enough was awarded to the art, but only one glanced at the artist with a touch of wondering pity, softening her pride—she who had rejected the gift of those mimic squadrons.

"You were surely a sculptor once?" she asked him, with that graceful, distant kindness which she might have shown some Arab outcast.

"Never, madame."

"Indeed! Then who taught you such exquisite art?"

"It cannot claim to be called an art, madame."

She looked at him with an increased interest. The accent of his voice told her that this man, whatever he might be now, had once been a gentleman.

"Oh, yes; it is perfect of its kind. Who was your master in it?"

"A common teacher, madame—necessity."

There was a very sweet gleam of compassion in the luster of her dark, dreaming eyes.

"Does necessity often teach so well?"

"In the ranks of our army, madame, I think it does; often, indeed, much better."

"Victor knows that neither he nor his men have any right to waste their time on such trash," Chateaurouy said carelessly, "but the truth is they love the cauteen so well that they will do anything to add enough to their pay to buy brandy."

She whom he had called the princess looked with a doubting surprise at the sculptor of the white Arab king she held.

"That man does not carve for brandy," she thought.

"It must be a solace to many a weary hour in the barracks to be able to produce such beautiful trifles as these," she said aloud. "Surely you encourage such pursuits, colonel?"

"Not I," said Chateaurouy, with a dash of his camp tone that he could not withhold. "There are but two arts or virtues for a trooper to my taste—fighting and obedience."

"You should be in the Russian service, M. de Chateaurouy," said the lady, with a smile that, slight as it was, made the marquis' eyes flash fire.

"Almost I wish I had been," he answered her. "Men are made to keep their grades there, and privates who think themselves fine gentlemen receive the lash they merit."

"How he hates his corporal!" thought

PROVERBS

"When the butter won't come put a penny in the churn," is an old time dairy proverb. It often seems to work though no one has ever told why.

When mothers are worried because the children do not gain strength and flesh we say give them Scott's Emulsion.

It is like the penny in the milk because it works and because there is something astonishing about it.

Scott's Emulsion is simply a milk of pure cod liver oil with some hypophosphites especially prepared for delicate stomachs.

Children take to it naturally because they like the taste and the remedy takes just as naturally to the children because it is so perfectly adapted to their wants.

For all weak and pale and thin children Scott's Emulsion is the most satisfactory treatment.

We will send you the penny, i. e., a sample free.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ontario. 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

miladi, while she laid aside the white king once more.

"Nay," interposed Chateaurouy, recovering his momentary self abandonment; "since you like the bagatelles do me honor enough to keep them."

"Oh, no; I offered your soldier his own price for them this morning, and he refused any."

Chateaurouy swung round. "Ah! You dared refuse your bits of ivory when you were honored by an offer for them?"

Cecil stood silent. His eye met his chief's steadily. Chateaurouy had seen that look when his chasseur had bearded him in the solitude of his tent and demanded back the Pearl of the Desert.

The princess glanced at both. Then she stooped her elegant head slightly to the marquis.

"Do not blame your corporal unjustly through me, I pray you. He refused any price, but he offered them to me very gracefully as a gift, though, of course, it was not possible that I should accept them so."

"The man is the most insolent fellow in the service," muttered her host as he motioned Cecil back off the terrace. "Get you gone, sir, and leave your toys here or I will have them broken up by a hammer."

The words were low, that they should not offend the ears of the great ladies who were his listeners, but they were coarsely savage in their whispered command, and the princess heard them.

"He has brought his chasseur here only to humiliate him," thought miladi with the same thought that dashed through the mind of the little Friend of the Flag where she hid among her rhododendrons. Now, the dainty aristocrat was very proud, but she was not so proud but that justice was stronger than pride.

"Wait," she said, moving a little toward them, while she let her eyes rest on the carver of the sculptures with a grave compassion, though she addressed his chief. "You wholly mistake me, I laid no blame whatever on your corporal. Let him take the chessmen back with him. I would on no account rob him of them. I can well understand that he does not care to part with such masterpieces of his art, and that he would not appraise them by their worth in gold only shows that he is a true artist, as doubtless also he is a true soldier."

The words were spoken with a gracious courtesy, the clear, cold tone of her habitual manner still marking in them still the difference of caste between her and the man for whom she interceded, as she would equally have interceded for a dog who should have been threatened with the lash because he had displeased her. That very tone struck a sharper blow to Cecil than the insolence of his commander had power to deal him. His face flushed a little. He lifted his cap to her with a grave reverence and moved away.

"I thank you, madame. Keep them, if you will so far honor me."

The words reached only her ear. In another instant he had passed away down the terrace steps, obedient to his chief's dismissal.

"Ah, have no kind scruples in keeping them, madame," Chateaurouy laughed to her as she still held in her hand doubtfully the white sheik of the chess Arabs. "I will see that *Pola-faire* keeps, as they call him, does not suffer by losing these trumperies, which, I believe, old Zist-et-Zest, a veteran of ours and a wonderful carver, had really far more to do with producing than he. You must not let your gracious pity be moved by such fellows as these troopers of mine. They are the most ingenious rascals in the world and know as well how to produce a dramatic effect in your presence as they do how to drink and to swear when they are out of it."

"Very possibly," she said, with an indolent indifference. "But that man was no actor, and I never saw a gentleman if he has not been one."

"Like enough," answered the marquis. "I believe many 'gentlemen' come in our ranks who have fled their native countries and broken all laws from the Decalogue to the Code Napoleon. So long as they fight well we don't ask their past criminalities."

"Of what country is your corporal?"

"I have not an idea. I imagine his past must have been something very black indeed, for the slightest trace of it has never that I know of been allowed to slip from him. He encourages the men in every insubordination, buys their favor with every sort of stage trick, thinks himself the finest gentleman in the whole brigades of Africa and ought to have been shot long ago if he had had his real deserts."

She let her glance dwell on him with a contemplation that was half contemptuous amusement, half unexpressed dissent.

"I wonder he has not been since you have the ruling of his fate," she said, with a slight smile lingering about the proud, rich softness of her lips.

"So do I!"

There was a gaunt, grim, stern significance in the three monosyllables that escaped him unconsciously. It made her turn and look at him more closely.

"How has he offended you?" she asked.

Chateaurouy laughed off the question. "In a thousand ways, madame; chiefly because I received my regimental training under one who followed the traditions of the armies of Egypt and the Rhine and have, I confess, little tolerance in consequence of a rebel who plays the martyr and a soldier who is too effeminate an idler to do anything except attitudinize in interesting situations to awaken sympathy."

"I am not much interested in military discussions," she said coldly, "but I imagine, if you will pardon me for saying so, that you do your corporal some little injustice here. I shall not keep the chessmen without making him fitting repayment for them. Since

Good Pills

Ayer's Pills are good liver pills. You know that. The best family laxative you can buy. They keep the bowels regular, cure constipation.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

he declines money you will tell me what form that had better take to be of real and welcome service to a Chasseur d'Afrique."

Chateaurouy, more incensed that he chose or dared to show, bowed courteously, but with a grim, ironic smile.

"If you really insist, give him a napoleon or two whenever you see him. He will be very happy to take it and spend it for drink, though he played the aristocrat today. But you are too good to him. He is one of the very worst of my insubordinates, and you are cruel to me in refusing to deign to accept my trooper's worthless bagatelles at my hands."

She bent her superb head silently, whether in acquiescence or rejection he could not well resolve with himself, and turned to the staff officers, among them the heir of a princely semiroyal French house.

Couched down among her rose hued covert, Cigarette had watched and heard, her teeth set tightly, her breath coming and going swiftly, her hand clinched close on the butts of her pistols. She had never looked at a beautiful, high bred woman before, holding them in gay, satirical disdain. But now she studied one through all the fine, quickened, unerring instincts of jealousy, and there is no instinct in the world that gives such thorough appreciation of the very rival it reviles. She saw the courtly negligence, the regal grace, the fair, brilliant loveliness, the delicious, serene languor of a pure aristocrat for the very first time to note them, and they made her heart sick with a new and deadly sense. She dropped her head suddenly, like a wounded bird, and the racy, vindictive camp oaths died off her lips. She thought of herself as she had danced that mad bacchic bamboula amid the crowd of shouting, stamping, drunken, half infuriated soldiery, and for the moment she hated herself more even than she hated that patrician yonder.

"I know what he meant now!" she pondered, and her spirited, sparkling, brunette face was dark and weary. She looked once, twice, thrice, more inquiringly, enviously, thirstingly; then she turned and wound herself back under the cover of the shrubs, not joyously and mischievously, as she had come, but almost as slowly, almost as sadly, as a hare that the greyhounds have coursed drags itself through the grasses and ferns.

Once through the cactus hedge her old spirit returned. She shook herself angrily with petulant self scorn; she swore a little, and felt that the fierce, familiar words did her good, like brandy poured down her throat; she tossed her head like a colt that rebels against the gail of the curb; then feet as a fawn she dashed down the moonlit road at topmost speed. "Ah, but she can't do what I do!" she thought.

And she ran the faster and sang a drinking song of the spahis all the louder, because still at her heart a dull pain was aching.

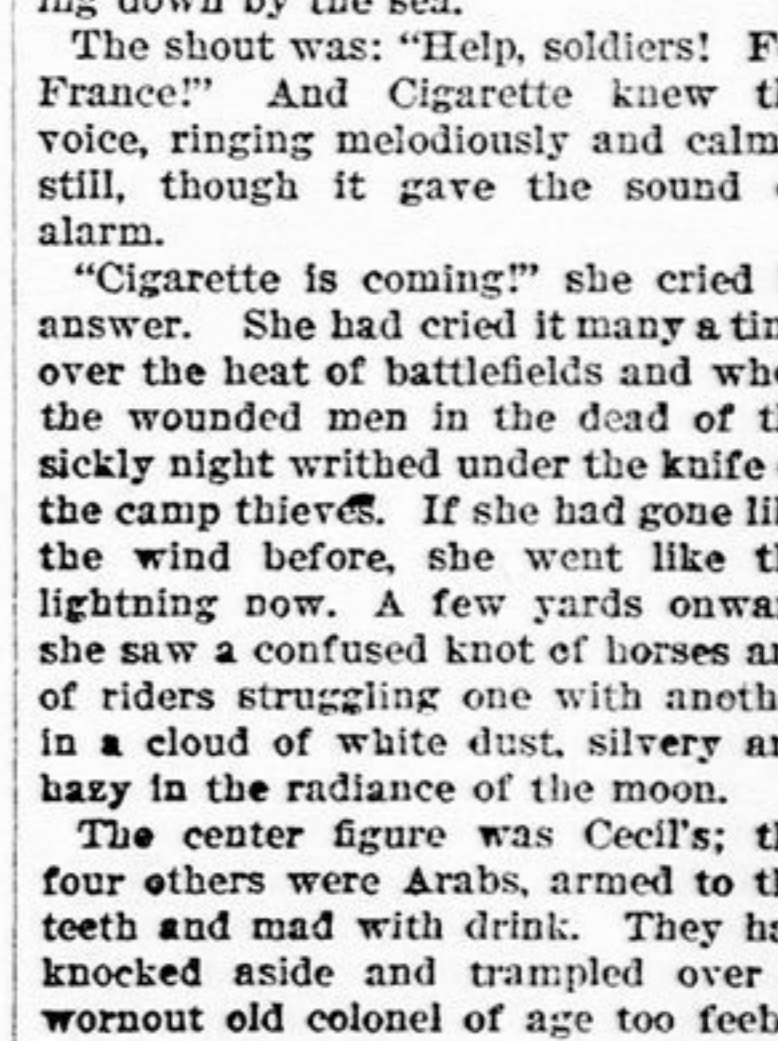
CHAPTER VII.

S UDDENLY, as she went, Cigarette heard a shout on the still night air—very still now that the lights and the melodies and the laughter of Chateaurouy's villa lay far behind, and the town of Algiers was yet distant, with its lamps glittering down by the sea.

The shout was: "Help, soldiers! For France!" And Cigarette knew the voice, ringing melodiously and calmly still, though it gave the sound of alarm.

"Cigarette is coming!" she cried in answer. She had cried it many a time over the heat of battlefields and when the wounded men in the dead of the sickly night writhed under the knife of the camp thief. If she had gone like the wind before, she went like the lightning now. A few yards onward she saw a confused knot of horses and of riders struggling one with another in a cloud of white dust, silvery and hazy in the radiance of the moon.

The center figure was Cecil's; the four others were Arabs, armed to the teeth and mad with drink. They had knocked aside and trampled over a wornout old colonel of age too feeble



A confused knot of horses and of riders for him to totter in time from path. Cecil had reined up and to them to pause. Their infan-