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Machine Oil, Harness Oil,
Axle Grease and Hoof
Ointment, go to
S. P. SAUNDERS
The Harnessmaker.

To the Public
I HAVE PURCHASED THE
Bus and Dray business from
Mr. John Vollet, and wish to
announce to the people of Dur-
ham and vicinity, that it will be
my aim to make the business
so successfully carried on by my
predecessor for the past two
years, more successful than ever.
All orders promptly attended
to. Phone No. 13.
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Lower Town, - Durham, Ont.

W. D. CONNOR
Manufacturer of
And Dealer in
Pumps of all Kinds.
Galvanized and Iron Pip-
ing; Brass, Brass Lined
and Iron Cylinders.
Pumps from \$2 upward.
SHOP open every afternoon.
All REPAIRING promptly and prop-
erly attended to.
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HAVE YOU?
Any old Worn silver? If
so, I am prepared to re-
plate it. Bring it in now
while I have the time.
All work guaranteed.
Prices Moderate,
and Strictly Cash.
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HARDWARE
The Busy Store
WE aim to grab at bargains for
the benefit of our customers.
Owing to a custom seizure we can
offer you this week a stock of
Paisley Shawls
worth \$4 for the small sum of \$1.75
each. They are very suitable for
evening wraps, steamer rugs, or
buggy rugs. Who will be the
lucky buyers?
Do not disgrace that fine horse
by exhibiting him at the Fall Fair
with an old set of harness when
you can get a new set with so little
money. See our assortment.
Have you looked at our whips
lately? we have one for every man.
Ranging in price from 10c to \$3.50
Buy a package of our Kando
Russian Silver Polish, a superior
article for cleaning silver on stoves
We have some bargains in knife-
sharpners, Shavoren for Razor
Straps, Wire Cork Pullers and
Lamp Glass Cleaners, Scholar's
Companion Boxes, Sets of Cake
Cutters, Gravy Strainers, Coffee
Balls, Flue Stoppers and other ar-
ticles too numerous to mention.
Place your order at once if you
require
**Coal for
This Winter**
Last Saturday Four Cars reached
us, and they did not contain one
quarter enough coal to fill orders.
W. BLACK

THE
REFUGEES
By A. CONAN DOYLE
Author of "The Return of Sherlock Holmes"
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They could but follow on and wait in
patience for whatever might befall
them.
All day they pursued their dreary
march. Onega had the endurance of
the Indians themselves, but Adele, in
spite of her former journeys, was foot-
sore and weary before evening. It was
a relief to De Catinat, therefore, when
the red glow of a great fire beat sud-
denly through the tree trunks and they
came upon an Indian camp in which
was assembled the greater part of the
war party which had been driven from
Ste. Marie. Here, too, were a number
of the squaws who had come from the
Mohawk and Cayuga villages in order
to be nearer to the warriors. Wigwags
had been erected all round in a circle,
and before each of them were the kettles,
slung upon a tripod of sticks, in
which the evening meal was being
cooked. In the center of all was a very
fiery fire, which had been made of
brushwood placed in a circle so as to
have a clear space of twelve feet in the
middle. A pole stood up in the center
of this clearing, and something all mottled
with red and black was tied up
against it. De Catinat stepped swiftly
in front of Adele that she might not
see the dreadful thing.
"They have begun already, then,"
said Onega composedly. "Well, it will
be our turn next, and we shall show
them that we know how to die."
"They have not ill used us yet," said
De Catinat. "Perhaps they will keep
us for ransom or exchange."
The Indian woman shook her head.
"Do not deceive yourself by any such
hope," said she. "When they are as
gentle as they have been with you it
is ever a sign that you are reserved
for the torture. Your wife will be
married to one of their chiefs, but you
and I must die."
"Married to an Iroquois!" Those
dreadful words shot a pang through
both their hearts which no thought of
death could have done. De Catinat's
head dropped forward upon his chest,
and he staggered and would have fallen
had Adele not caught him by the arm.
"Do not fear, dear Amory," she whis-
pered. "Other things may happen, but
not that, for I swear to you that I shall
not survive you."
As they entered the Iroquois village
the squaws and warriors had rushed
toward them, and they walked through
a double line of hideous faces, which
jeered and gazed and howled at them
as they passed. Their escort led them
through this rabble and conducted
them to a hut which stood apart.
An instant later an old war chief, ac-
companied by two younger braves and
by the bearded half Dutch Iroquois
who had led the attack upon the manor
house, strolled over and stood in the
goorway, looking in at the prisoners.
The Bastard was smoking a stone pipe,
and yet it was he who talked the most,
arguing apparently with one of the
younger savages, who seemed to come
round at last to his opinion. Finally
the old chief said a few short stern
words, and the matter appeared to be
settled.
"And you, you beldam," said the Bas-
tard in French to the Iroquois woman,
"you will have a lesson this night
which will teach you to side against
your own people!"
"You half bred mongrel," replied the
fearless old woman, "you should take
that hat from your head when you
speak to one in whose veins runs the
best blood of the Onondagas. You a
warrior—you who, with a thousand at
your back, could not make your way
into a little house with a few poor
husbandmen within it! It is no wonder
that your father's people have cast
you out."
The evil face of the Bastard grew
livid as he listened to the scornful
words which were hissed at him by the
captives. He strode across to her, and,
taking her hand, he thrust the fore-
finger into the burning bowl of his
pipe. She made no effort to remove
it, but sat with a perfectly set face
for a minute or more, looking out
through the open door at the evening
sunlight and the little groups of chat-
tering Indians. He watched her keen-
ly in the hope of hearing a cry or see-
ing some spasm of agony upon her
face, but at last, with a curse, he
dashed down her hand and strode from
the hut. She thrust her charred finger
into her bosom and laughed.
"He is a good for naught!" she cried.
"He does not even know how to tor-
ture. Now, I could have got a cry out
of him. I am sure of it. But you,
monsieur, you are very white!"
"It was the sight of such a hellish
deed. Ah, if we were but set face to
face, I with my sword, he with that
weapon he chose, he should pay for it
with his heart's blood!"
The Indian woman seemed surprised.
"It is strange to me," she said, "that
you should think of what befalls me
when you are yourself under the same
shadow. But our fate will be as I
said. You are to die at the stake."
She is to be given to the dog who has
left us."
"Adele! Adele! What shall I do?"
He tore his hair in his helplessness
and distraction.
"No, no, fear not, Amory, for my
heart will not fall me. What is the
pang of death if it binds us together?"
The younger chief pleaded for you,

County Treasurer's Sale of Lands for Taxes

TAKE NOTICE—That unless the Taxes and Costs
upon the Lands hereinafter mentioned are sooner paid
I shall on **Friday, the eight day of November**
1907, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon,
at the COURT HOUSE, in the Town of OWEN SOUND in the
said County, proceed to sell by public Auction the said
lands or as much thereof as may be sufficient to dis-
charge such arrears of taxes and costs and charges
incurred.
TOWNSHIP OF BENTINCK.
Lot S. W. part 18
S 1/2 26
Con. 7
15
Acres 1
32
If Pat'd
Pat'd
Costs and
Taxes 22 77
Charges 3 65
Total 26 42
4 80 3 25 8 05
County Grey Treasurer's Office, Owen Sound, July 19th, 1907.
S. J. PARKER,
Treasurer County Grey.
First published in Owen Sound Sun, July 19th 1907.

An instant later a swarm of Canadians
had rushed over the writing body, the
captives felt warm friendly hands
which grasped their own, and, looking
upon the smiling well known faces of
Amos Green, Savage and Du Lhut,
they knew that peace had come to them
at last.
And so the refugees came to the end
of the toils of their journey, for that
winter was spent by them in peace at
Ste. Marie, and in the spring, the Iro-
quois having carried the war to the
upper St. Lawrence, the travelers were
able to descend into the English prov-



The Indian woman's eyes flashed
with satisfaction. "You have spoken
well, White Lily," said she. "Why
should you wait until it is their plea-
sure to pluck you? See! Already the
glare of their fire beats upon the tree
trunks, and you can hear the howlings
of those who thirst for your blood.
You have said rightly, White Lily.
There lies the only path for you."
"But how to take it?"
Onega glanced keenly at the two
warriors who stood as sentinels at the
door of the hut. They had turned
away, absorbed in the horrible prepara-
tions which were going on. Then
she rummaged deeply within the folds
of her loose gown and pulled out a
small pistol with two brass barrels
and double triggers in the form of
winged dragons. It was only a toy to
look at, all carved and scrolled and
graven with the choicest work of the
Paris gunsmith. For its beauty the
seigneur had bought it at his last visit
to Quebec, and yet it might be useful,
too, and it was loaded in both barrels.
"I meant to use it on myself," said
she as she slipped it into the hand of
De Catinat. "But now I am minded to
show them that I can die as an Onon-
daga should die and that I am worthy
to have the blood of their chiefs in my
veins. Take it, for I swear that I will
not use it myself unless it be to fire
both bullets into that Bastard's heart."
A flush of joy shot over De Catinat
as his fingers closed round the pistol.
Here was indeed a key to unlock the
gates of peace. Adele had laid her
cheek against his shoulder and laughed
with pleasure.
"You will forgive me, dear?" he
whispered.
"Forgive you! I bless you and love
you with my whole heart and soul."
They had sunk on their knees togeth-
er when three warriors entered the hut
and said a few abrupt words to their
country woman. She rose with a
smile.
"They are waiting for me," said she.
"You shall see, White Lily, and you
also, monsieur, how well I know what
is due to my position. Farewell, and
remember Onega!"
"Now, Amory," whispered Adele,
closing her eyes and nestling still clos-
er to him.
He raised the pistol, and then, with a
quick sudden intaking of the breath,
he dropped it and knelt with glaring
eyes, looking up at a tree which faced
the open door of the hut.
It was a beech tree, exceedingly old
and gnarled, with its bark hanging
down in strips and its whole trunk
spotted with moss and mold. Some
ten feet above the ground the main
trunk divided into two, and in the fork
thus formed a hand had suddenly ap-
peared, a large reddish hand, which
shook frantically from side to side in
passionate disunion. The next in-
stant as the two captives still stared
in amazement the hand disappeared be-
hind the trunk again, and a face ap-
peared in its place, which still shook
from side to side as resolutely as its
forerunner. It was Captain Ephraim
Savage of Boston.
And even as they stared and won-
dered a sudden shrill whistle burst out
from the depths of the forest, and in a
moment every bush and thicket and
patch of brushwood was sprouting
fire and smoke, while the snarl of the
musketry ran round the whole glade,
and the storm of bullets whizzed and
pelted among the yelling savages. The
Iroquois sentinels had been drawn in
by their bloodthirsty craving to see
the prisoners die, and now the Cana-
dians were upon them, and they were
hemmed in by a ring of fire. First one
way and then another they rushed, to
be met always by the same blast of
death, until, finding at last some gap
in the attack, they streamed off like
sheep through a broken fence and rush-
ed madly away into the forest.
But there was one savage who had
found work to do before he fled. The
Flemish Bastard had preferred his
vengeance to his safety. Rushing at
Onega, he buried his tomahawk in her
brain, and then, yelling his war cry,
he waved the blood stained weapon above
his head and rushed into the hut where
the prisoners still knelt. De Catinat
saw him coming, and a mad joy glis-
tened in his eyes. He arose to meet him,
and as he rushed in he fired both bar-
rels of his pistol into the Bastard's face.

AERIAL TELEGRAPHY.

First Attempted by Amontons in the
Fifteenth Century.
One of the first systems of aerial
telegraphy was attempted in the fif-
teenth century. The originator was
Amontons, at that time considered one
of the cleverest scientists of the world.
Yet you never hear the name nowa-
days in connection with that of Morse
or Bell. However, Amontons developed
a system of signal telegraphy so
that a message could be sent from
Paris to Rome in three hours. Those
who assisted in the transmission of the
message along the line were unable to
tell the nature of the message.
Posts were placed from Paris across
the Alps at consecutive points, where
men were stationed with telescopes.
Different signals, representing com-
binations of letters, were run up at
each post. The man at the other end,
seeing the signal, placed a similar one
before his post, and so the message
was carried to its destination.
The key to the signal was known
only to those who sent the messages
in Paris and to the recipients a thou-
sand miles away. Amontons was not
encouraged in his work by the puff-
y gentry functionaries of the time and
discontinued his efforts.

**D & A
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the easily misplaced "steel."
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successful baking, while an
inaccurate one is a "cheat"
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kind.
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proven correct before being
sent out.
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the required degree of heat
necessary for the successful
baking of bread, cakes, pies,
etc., are plainly inscribed
in black on a white enamel
surface, so that they are
easily readable, even when
the day is dull.
If your local dealer
does not sell the Pandora,
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AND
McGowan's Eclipse . . .
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trimmings so luxurious, but every
other way the \$15.00 suit is identical
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true setting device on the market.
Give us a Trial and be Convinced.
W. J. Lawrence.