

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Homeseekers' Excursions

Round trip tickets to points in Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan via Chicago, St. Paul or Duluth, on sale each Tuesday until October 27th, inclusive, at low fares.

Through Pullman Tourist Sleepers to WINNIPEG on above dates, leaving Toronto 11 p.m. No change of cars. Return Limit, Two Months

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway is the shortest and quickest route between Winnipeg, Saskatoon and Edmonton, with excellent through service to Regina. Trains now running into Calgary.

Berth reservations and particulars at all Grand Trunk ticket offices or write C. E. HORNING, D.P.A., Toronto, Ont.

W. Calder, Town Agent, Phone 3a J. Towner, Station Agent Phone 18

THE ISLAND OF THE STAIRS



Being a True Account of Certain Strange and Wonderful Adventures of Master John Hampdon, Seaman, and Mistress Lucy Wilberforce, Gentlewoman, In the Great South Seas.

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Copyright, 1912, by Cyrus Townsend Brady

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

Our Spring Prints Are Now In

AND ARE A THING OF BEAUTY!

We have a Large Range to select from and Prices are Moderate As Well

An Early Call is Your Advantage

W. H. BEAN The Big 4

Business Man do not want "improperly prepared young men and women in their offices. Attend

ELLIOTT Business College

Toronto, Ont. A school that has a great reputation for superior work and for placing many in choice positions. Write for catalogue.

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

The Yorkshire Insurance Co., of York Eng.

Insurance of All Kinds including Stock

W. JOHNSTON Sr. Durham - Ont.



J. C. DAMM, Agent Durham - Ontario.

Eggs bring \$1 each and potatoes 50 cents a pound at Vera Cruz.



"You take the woman, we take the treasure."

lence of my feeling I had convinced even her of my villainy. I realized with a sudden pang Hard as I stared at her, the glance that she shot back at me in intensity, if not expression, matched my own. I never want to see such loathing, such contempt, such scorn on a human countenance again. It cut me to the heart.

"A moment," she said wildly, "and I had done it, traitor!" "Nay, nay," I protested, "I am a true man."

"You bargained for me; you bought me!"

"I was not in earnest," I cried, but she interrupted me in a perfect tempest of outraged feeling. "My God!" she burst out. "Why didn't you stay away a little longer? You dog! You vile, low!"

But at that I found voice again, for I was getting angry myself, my temper naturally being none the sweetest, save ordinarily when she was concerned. "Hear me," I interrupted in turn. "Not a word."

"But indeed you must," I persisted, stepping within her cabin and carefully closing the door after me. "It is your welfare alone that I seek. I think you should have known that."

"After the insult on the quarterdeck last evening?" she asked cuttingly. "Madam," said I, controlling myself again, but with added difficulty, "our concern is not with kisses, but with—" "What?"

"Life and"—I hesitated. "What else? Speak on!"

"Your honor," I said slowly, whereat she stared at my face, doubtless stern enough in all conscience. What I had to say concerned us both so deeply that I cared not what she said, and perhaps that closed cabin into which I had penetrated was the likeliest place for privacy in the whole ship. I could by no means be overheard, so I determined to speak freely in a way not to be misunderstood.

"I mean you no harm. Can you not see it?" I burst out. "It was all a play."

"A play!" she panted. "The murder of the captain, the mutiny of the men, the seizure of the ship, the giving up the chart, your purchase"—she drew herself up—God, she was a brave little thing—"of me," she continued, "with your share of the treasure—was that a play?"

"Part of it, madam," said I, stung by her scorn and stunned again by the thought that she could ever have believed me capable of such baseness, who had loved her, worshiped her and—but for that fleeting moment when I had kissed her—had ever treated her with such humble consideration. "I bought not you."

"What then?" "The right to live and serve you the right for you to live unharmed and"— "And what?"

"And be served by me with no thought but for your safety and happiness." She stared at me in deep consternation, her brow furrowed. I had will enough to be silent and let the speech work.

"Have I wronged you?" she asked falteringly at last. "What would your fate be if you were left to that murderous noble on the deck yonder?" She shuddered as I pressed the thought home to her.

"You should have known me better," I continued reproachfully, "than to have suspected"— "But your insult to me this very night on the quarterdeck?"

"Is a man to be condemned beyond pardon who has served you truly because he snatches a kiss in a moment of madness and forgets it when your life and honor tremble in the balance?"

"I do not think even you could forget that ever," she said, and I could not fathom exactly her purpose in that remark. Did she not want me to forget it? Or would she have me remember it? But this seemed like trifling. I turned away bitterly, but she caught me by the arm instantly. "What are you about to do?" she began. "Don't abandon me now. I believe in you. I see now why you did it. It was to save me and help

VITAL FORCE... Disease germs are on every hand. They are in the very air we breathe. A system "run down" is a prey for them. One must have vital force to withstand them. Vital force depends on digestion—on whether or not food nourishes—on the quality of blood coursing through the body. DR. PIERCE'S Golden Medical Discovery Strengthens the weak stomach. Gives good digestion. Enlivens the sluggish liver. Feeds the starved nerves. Again full health and strength return.

Who's Your Druggist? When you are sick you must have full confidence in the Store which Supplies your medicines. ASK WHOM YOU WILL, Our reputation for carefulness, accuracy and quality has been gained by Serving the best Interests of those who trust us.

LATEST STYLES In New Spring Clothing We have just received a New Line of Men's Suits in the latest shades of Blue, Brown or Grey; best workmanship, of semi-ready tailoring, every garment guaranteed perfect fit and prices very reasonable. You can save from \$5 to \$8 on each suit by buying here. You are welcome to examine before buying and satisfy yourself.

CHAPTER VIII.

Wherein I Make All Clear to My Little Mistress.

MY pistol was still in my hand, and she made a clutch at it, but I was too quick for her. I caught her by the wrist.

The spell she had cast upon us by her sudden entrance, her beautiful presence, her proud, brave demeanor, was broken by that touch. The men laughed. The remembrance of that laugh makes my blood boil even now.

"I wish you joy of her," said one. "You will have a time taming her," cried a second.

"Ah, you think so!" I cried, determining to carry out the deception to the bitter end and to leave no chance for the least suspicion to arise. I seized her by the shoulders, secretly praying God to forgive me for what I was about to do, and shook her violently back and forth. It was easy enough. A baby in my hands would not have been more helpless. "Silence, you fools!" I cried as the men began to laugh again, and then to her: "You belong to me, woman. Do you hear? I've bought you. I am your master. Get back into your cabin. I will have speech with you later." Helpless, she could do nothing. I thrust her into the cabin, shut the door and faced the men. "Will you gentlemen leave me alone to tame this she devil for a little while, and I will be on deck presently," I panted out.

"Very well," said Pimball, "but before we go"—he pointed to a heavy bottle in the rack—"I propose that we drink the health of the new navigator and his lady."

"Right-o!" said I. I reached for the glasses that were in the rack and poured out a stiff dram for each man and added mighty little water to it. The room was soon filled with mocking, jeering toasts to my health and happiness. I drank with the rest, although I would rather have swallowed poison. They went out one by one. Pimball last.

"I wish you joy of your woman," he sneered. "You will see how tame she is tomorrow," I laughed as he climbed up the ladder and soon disappeared. To throw open the door of the cabin was the work of a minute. There she stood. She had twisted some kind of a rope out of the sheets which she had hastily torn up. Her purpose was plain. She had intended to end her life by banging herself from the hook in the deck beam above to which one end of her rope was secured, and she would have done it, too, if I had not come in in the nick of time.

I stared at her for a moment and then reached forward and tore the plaited strands out of her hand and from around her neck and threw them to the deck. It was evidence to me of the deepness of her despair that she had attempted such a thing. It showed me for one thing the excel-

A. G. Auger, a Quebec lumberer at a target. Three bullets went merchant, was seriously wounded through a fence and door, and by a neighbor, who was shooting struck him.