

Canadian Pacific Railway Time Table.

With the opening of the new Canadian Pacific Line another milestone has been reached in the history of our town. The following time table will be in effect from further notice:

Read up	Read down
7 p.m. Lv. Hanover at 9:50 p.m. 1907 m.	7:30 a.m. Arrive P.L. 9:35
7:30 a.m. Lv. Durham at 9:50 p.m. 1907 m.	7:45 a.m. Arrive P.L. 9:50
8:00 a.m. Lv. Williams at 8:54	8:15 a.m. Arrive P.L. 10:00
8:30 a.m. Lv. Pilsbury at 8:40	8:45 a.m. Arrive P.L. 10:15
8:45 a.m. Lv. at St. George's at 8:55	9:00 a.m. Arrive P.L. 10:30

Meeting with trains to and from Toronto, one change between Durham and Toronto, no long waits at junctions. Come to us for tickets and information.

Are also Agents for Allan and Dominion Lines, C.P.R. ocean liners and Dominion Lines.

Macfarlane & Co.

A. BELL UNDERTAKER and Funeral Director

Full line of Catholic Robes, and black and white Caps for aged people.

Embalming a Specialty

Picture Framing on shortest notice.

Snow Rooms—Next to Swallows Barber Shop. RESIDENCE—Next door South of W. J. Lawrence's blacksmith shop.

Seasonable Goods now in Stock

- Prints
- Ginghams
- Chambrays
- Dimities
- Organdies
- Mulls
- Muslins
- Persian and Under Linen
- Delainettes
- Dress Linen
- Victoria Lawns
- New dress goods
- White undershirts
- Black satin
- Ladies' coatings
- Baincoats for ladies and gentlemen, all new and up-to-date goods.

C. L. Grant

THE People's Mills

ECLIPSE

A blend of Manitoba and Ontario wheat and is a strictly first class family flour.

SOVEREIGN

Our pure Manitoba flour, made from No. 1 Manitoba wheat, cannot be beat by either bakers or domestic use.

PASTRY FLOUR

Made from selected winter wheat, and is a superior article for making pastry, etc.

WE KEEP

Constantly on hand the best brands of Rolled Oats. Also our make of Oatmeal, the best on the market. Also Chopped Oats, Mixed Chop, Pea Chop, Bean Shorts and Feed Flour. Special Reduction on Flour in 5 and 10 Bag Lots.

Goods delivered anywhere in town.

Chopping Done Every Day

TRY OUR NEW CHOPPER.

All up-to-date flour and feed and growers keep our flour for sale. If your grocer does not keep it come to the mill and we will use you right. Call us up by telephone No. 8.

All kinds of Grain bought at Market Price.

John McGowan.

Women!

Have only to see these tan stockings we are selling. Pure cashmere, ribbed at 40c each.

In cotton, 15c to 25c pr.

Cotton hose 15c to 25c, black, in all sizes.

We will make it worth your while to purchase all lines of boots and shoes from us.

SPECIAL DISCOUNT FOR CASH

Also in Men's fedoras and stiff hats

We are selling out our entire stock in men's fedora and stiff hats, in brown, black and dove.

All cash purchasers shall receive a liberal discount, as we intend to drop this line of goods and put in a new line instead.

NOW is the time for bargains in fedoras and stiff hats.

Special Discount for Cash

C. McArthur

THE GHOST OF LOCHRAIN CASTLE

BY MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON

Author of "The Princess Passes," "The Lightning Conductor," Etc., Etc.

Copyright, 1908, by Mrs. C. N. Williamson.

Kenrith led Elspeth across the large room toward a comfortable sofa, piled with cushions among which could be seen the back of a man's head—a well-shaped head, thickly covered with close-cropped, rippling bronze hair. In another moment she saw the face, which turned toward her as she approached, at Kenrith's side, and as the handsome eyes and lips smiled faintly in greeting, the girl gave a slight start of surprise.

"Why," she asked herself eagerly, "where have I seen him, or someone exactly like him, only a short time ago?"

CHAPTER V.

A second glance at Captain Oxford assured Elspeth that, despite the haunting likeness to some other face, she had certainly never seen him before. He was not a young man to be easily forgotten, and the girl did not wonder that he had attracted Lady Hilary. Not only was he remarkably good to look at, but it seemed to her that, with such eyes—bronzé, like his hair, and only a few shades darker than his sunburned skin—he must be honest and sincere. If there were a mystery about his adventure of last night, she told herself that it could be nothing of which he need feel ashamed.

When Elspeth had been made acquainted with Captain Oxford, Kenrith left them alone, and went off to play golf—perhaps, the girl thought grudgingly, with Lady Lambert.

She wrote two or three short letters, which she would not have judged to be very important, and then came a pause. "Don't you think you ought to rest now?" she asked, remembering Mr. Kenrith's instructions.

"Yes," the young man answered. "I'm not going to ask you to do any more letters to-day. But"—he hesitated, and Elspeth took up the sentence where it broke off, inquiring if there were anything further that she could do for him.

"Yes, there is something," he said. "I—my friend, Mr. Kenrith, told me you traveled up in the same carriage with him yesterday, and—with Lady Lambert and her daughter."

Elspeth's eyes brightened, she knew what would please him now, and did not see any wrong in doing it. "Oh, yes," she answered, "it was so crowded, they put me in first-class, and Lady Hilary Lambert was so sweet about it. I never saw such a lovely girl as she is, and I am sure she is as nice as she is beautiful."

Captain Oxford's face lighted up, and he smiled, showing his white teeth. "You are very quick in forming your impressions, evidently," he said. "But I believe in the kind of admiration that begins at first sight."

"So do I, and love, too," said Elspeth. "If I were a man I should have fallen in love with Lady Hilary Lambert at first sight. As it is, I would do anything I could to please or help her, and I told her so this morning."

"What? You've been talking to her this morning? I was going to try and pump you, without letting you find out what I was doing, but now I begin to see it isn't necessary to do that."

"It isn't a bit," laughed Elspeth. "If you really don't mind my saying so—"

"Mind? Why, now that I know you are such a staunch ally of hers, it will be talking to her. Do tell me, since we've come down so quickly to 'bed rock,' as the Americans say, 'do you find out that I was in love with Lady Hilary Lambert?'"

"I shall tell all the truth?" "Why, of course."

At this encouragement Elspeth proceeded to give Captain Oxford a short sketch of the journey; how she had heard his name mentioned by Mr. Kenrith; how Lady Lambert had not seemed pleased with the news that he was staying at Lochrain Hydro, and how she (Elspeth) had fancied from her look on Lady Hilary's face that her emotion was very different.

"I didn't try to listen," the girl apologized, "but I couldn't help being interested, because it seemed such a romance, and Lady Hilary is such an ideal heroine for a love story."

"Bless her, I should think she was!" exclaimed the young man. "The only heroine possible for a love story of mine, even if I were banished to some far country, and knew that I could never see her again. She knows I love her, of course, and I do think she likes me a little, but I am afraid she will never go against her mother's wishes, and marry me. Perhaps I oughtn't even to wish it, for she is so lovely, she could have anybody, and I'm a poor man, heavily handicapped in many ways. But I can't rise to such heights of selfishness."

"I'm sure she would hate you to rise to that," said Elspeth, absolutely on Captain Oxford's side now.

"Do tell me why you think so—or do you only say it to be kind?" "I think so, because of something that happened this morning." And then she told him how Lady Hilary had been as one struck with a blow, on hearing from the gossip of Lady Ardcliffe that he had been dangerous.

"Aha, the Underground Syndicate has put a black mark against my name." But there is absolutely nobody except Lady Lambert—who would be the better off for my death; and poor Lady Lambert, even if she were prepared to go to such lengths to wipe out a would-be son-in-law, couldn't afford to pay the Syndicate's prices. They charge thousands, so the story goes. And they are very rich—according to the same stories—for they often bring off big coups on their own account, such as relieving people of

their jewels. I often warn Kenrith that he had better look out."

"It sounds too extraordinary," said Elspeth.

"I don't believe there is such a syndicate really, do you?"

"No, I don't," replied Captain Oxford. "As you say, it is too fantastic. People will get up any theory to account for crimes which remain mysterious; and I believe that rather a sensational morning paper is responsible for suggesting the idea that there was a syndicate. After a murder that baffled the police last year, the editor published a series of extraordinary anonymous letters that served the object of selling the issues in which they appeared, if no other."

At this moment, the resident doctor appeared to see how his patient was getting on, and Elspeth was banished from the room. It was now her hour of freedom, and she was glad of it, for she had much to think of. She went to her room, where tea was sent to her, and rested luxuriously on the old-fashioned sofa. What a wonderful day it had been, she thought. More had happened in it, than happened in weeks in her old London life, where one day told another, and she forgot whether it was Monday or Saturday. She seemed to have been plunged into the midst of many lives, and to have some influence, large or small, upon each one. It was almost as if she, an insignificant young girl, a paid employe of the hotel, were watching the performance of a play in a theatre to which she alone had the right of entrance.

She tried hard to join all the different loose threads, which she felt vaguely ought somehow to match together, but she could not find the way; and at last the effort culminated in an absurd jumble which was a dream.

Sleep did her good, although her nap was short, and she awoke with a

"You have guessed right. I thought you would. And I shouldn't wonder if Kenrith guessed, too. He admires Lady Lambert very much, but he is against her where I am concerned. He didn't know till yesterday that she disapproved of me as an acquaintance for a woman with a marriageable daughter, though if he weren't rather unworried in some ways, despite his shrewdness in others, he might have guessed how it would be with her. He has too much money himself to care about whether others have it or not, or even think of it; but Lady Lambert has very little, unfortunately for me, otherwise she would perhaps not mind so much. As it is, I'm sure she would have thanked Heaven devoutly if I had been killed last night out of her daughter's way forever, instead of just winged, and laid up for a day or two."

Elspeth shuddered. "It doesn't matter so much to you about what she feels," said the girl. "But do you really think that it was a poacher who shot you by mistake for a keeper?"

"No, I'm certain it was not," he answered.

"Mr. Grant and I suppose, Mr. McGowan are certain it was."

"I haven't told them everything. I have my own reasons for not doing so," said Captain Oxford, thoughtfully. His face changed to sternness as he spoke, and Elspeth wondered if she could have been mistaken after all in fancying him absolutely frank and open. Suddenly he looked like a man who could keep a secret well, and might have secrets of his own.

The words that Kenrith had said before going out darted back into Elspeth's brain. "He lost a good deal of blood." What of the ruby drops that had fallen through the crack in her ceiling, from that mysterious place above, inhabited by no one save ghosts—the ruby drops that had stained the face of the boy in the sketch!

But at the thought of that sketch, something which had been puzzling Elspeth was made clear. The likeness which had so bewildered her was between Kenrith and the boy in the portrait.

It was not so noticeable now, for the young man was looking grave to sombreness, while the face of the boy was bright and smiling still Elspeth could see it, and it was marked enough to seem rather odd. But, after all, what could it mean? The boy, who was by this time either an old man, or dead, had been one of the same type with Captain Oxford, perhaps not an extraordinary one, although she had not happened to see any others, gave these two. She was

half-inclined to speak of the pencilled portrait she had found, but she did not wish to be called upon at present for an explanation of the pink stain, as she probably would be, if she showed the sketch to Captain Oxford.

As she mentally compared the real features with the pictured features, the young man spoke again. "Naturally, Mr. McGowan would prefer to think that I had been attacked by some poacher, while straying about in lonely places, where I had no business to be after dark. Any other idea—any more sensational idea—would be bad for the hotel."

"Why?" asked Elspeth.

"He wouldn't like to have it said that there were thieves and murderers lurking about. That sort of thing would probably keep a great many guests away from the Hydro. The sort of people who come here don't want adventures."

"But do you think it was a thief who attacked you?" the girl impulsively asked.

Captain Oxford laughed. "I've nothing worth stealing, and everybody who knows me, knows that. Otherwise, the whole affair might have been almost worthy of the Underground Syndicate—if only it had come off a little more successfully."

Elspeth looked blank. "What is the Underground Syndicate?" she asked.

"You've never heard of the Underground Syndicate? Well, I can't tell you precisely what it is, or even whether it exists. And if it does, that probably isn't its own name for itself."

"It sounds rather vague—but very mysterious," said Elspeth.

"If there is such an association as the Underground Syndicate, it is very mysterious—so mysterious that it has puzzled England in general, and Scotland Yard in particular, for years. It's supposed, you know, to be an association banded together to commit crimes for important clients who don't wish to commit them themselves. Several famous murders have

been set down to the account of the Underground Syndicate, but though there have been clues and traces, there have never been enough to help the police to make arrests, or even actually suspect any one person. They have, as it were heard stirrings behind a veil, but the veil has never been lifted. Now, if I were a very rich man with millions to leave to relatives, or if I were in any one's way, I should say to myself—because of certain things that have happened—'Aha, the Underground Syndicate has put a black mark against my name.' But there is absolutely nobody except Lady Lambert—who would be the better off for my death; and poor Lady Lambert, even if she were prepared to go to such lengths to wipe out a would-be son-in-law, couldn't afford to pay the Syndicate's prices. They charge thousands, so the story goes. And they are very rich—according to the same stories—for they often bring off big coups on their own account, such as relieving people of

their jewels. I often warn Kenrith that he had better look out."

"It sounds too extraordinary," said Elspeth.

"I don't believe there is such a syndicate really, do you?"

"No, I don't," replied Captain Oxford. "As you say, it is too fantastic. People will get up any theory to account for crimes which remain mysterious; and I believe that rather a sensational morning paper is responsible for suggesting the idea that there was a syndicate. After a murder that baffled the police last year, the editor published a series of extraordinary anonymous letters that served the object of selling the issues in which they appeared, if no other."

At this moment, the resident doctor appeared to see how his patient was getting on, and Elspeth was banished from the room. It was now her hour of freedom, and she was glad of it, for she had much to think of. She went to her room, where tea was sent to her, and rested luxuriously on the old-fashioned sofa. What a wonderful day it had been, she thought. More had happened in it, than happened in weeks in her old London life, where one day told another, and she forgot whether it was Monday or Saturday. She seemed to have been plunged into the midst of many lives, and to have some influence, large or small, upon each one. It was almost as if she, an insignificant young girl, a paid employe of the hotel, were watching the performance of a play in a theatre to which she alone had the right of entrance.

She tried hard to join all the different loose threads, which she felt vaguely ought somehow to match together, but she could not find the way; and at last the effort culminated in an absurd jumble which was a dream.

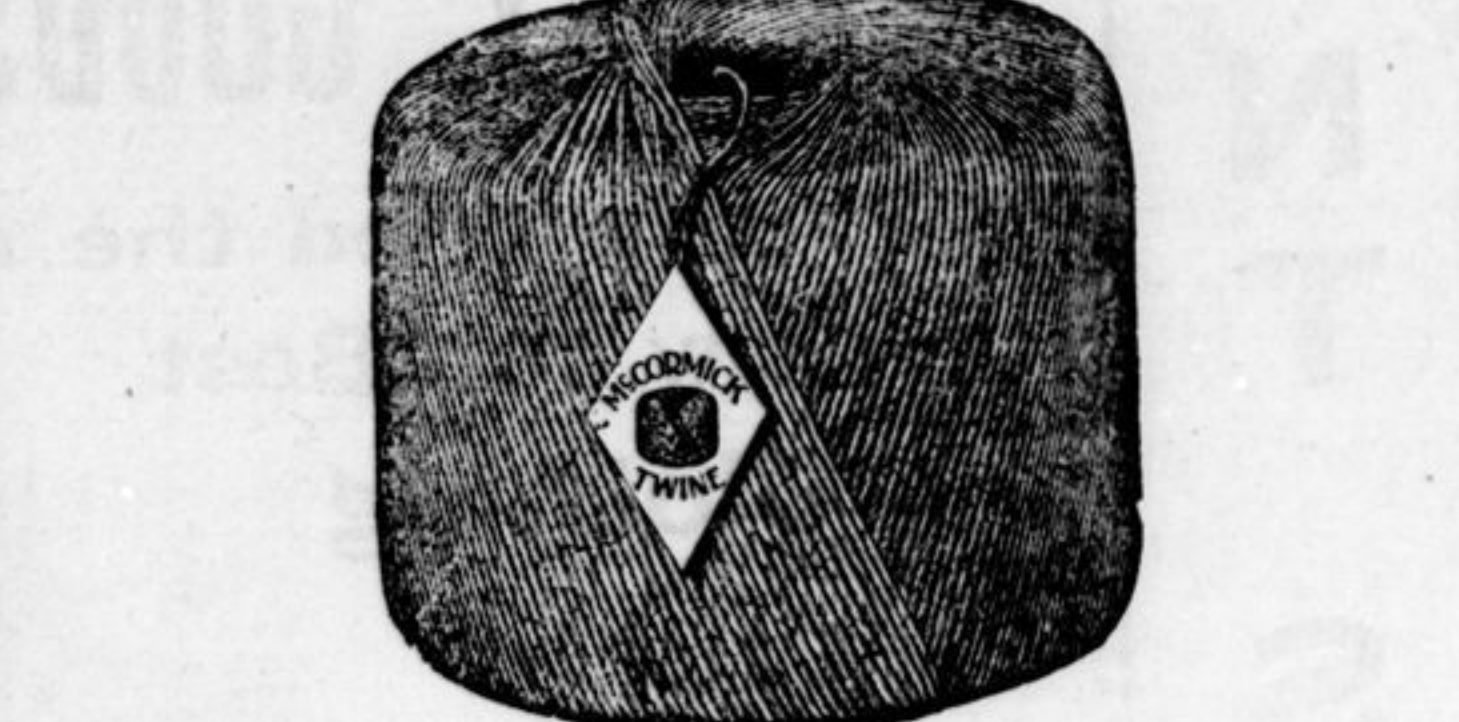
Sleep did her good, although her nap was short, and she awoke with a

HARDWARE AND FURNITURE.

TWINE! TWINE!

When you are getting your season's Twine, see that you get

The Best



"McCormick" Twine

is so well and favorably known that the name itself sells it.

Every ball fully guaranteed

GIVE US A TRIAL

LENAHAN AND McINTOSH.

SAVE YOUR DOLLARS ON OUR OPENING SALE

I have purchased the Boot and Shoe Business formerly carried on by Entricken & Sewell, and respectfully solicit the patronage of the people of Durham and vicinity.

Though the business has changed hands, there will be no let-up in good bargains, but rather, the reverse, and as we bought at a rate on the dollar, we are going to give our customers the benefit.

This week we are giving bargains in every line, and have not an article in the store that will not be pared away down in price.

Call and investigate, you are perfectly welcome to look over our stock, whether you buy or not.

Repairing done as usual and while you wait. Satisfaction guaranteed.

THOS. McGRATH

Carafaxa St. Near the Bridge

CLEARING SALE

of SUMMER MILLINERY

We have just commenced stock-taking and wish to clear out our entire stock of trimmed hats We have reduced the prices and have six tables of hats, ranging in price from \$1.00 up. We want to sell them and will sell at exceptionally low prices.

Parisian Millinery Parlors, MISS DICK Prop.

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

Massey-Harris Implements

The Best in the world. Everything the farmer wants in the implement line can be found in our Ware-rooms. Sawyer & Massey Threshers De Laval and Massey-Harris Separators Rubber rings for Oxford Separators See our platform scales Machine Repairs—Cash

Machine Oil and Coal Oil always in stock W. J. McFadden, Agent, Lambton Street.

Frost & Wood

Complements All Kinds of FARM MACHINERY

Agents for Percival Ayr, American, Persian and Listowell plows.

AGENT FOR White & Son Threshing Machines.

Toronto Windmills.

Robt & Sharpless Cream Separators

Brushes, Rugs, Whips, Oils, Greases, Belts, Furnaces, Singers Sewing Machines, Heintzman's Pianos

McLaughlin's Famous Buggies

Repairs for all makes of Plows, and for all makes of Sewing Machines.

Automobiles, Ties, Poles, bought per C. P. R.

JOHN N. MURDOCK

Middaugh House Block

D. CONNOR

Manufacturer of And Dealer in

all kinds of Pumps from \$2 upward.

Open every afternoon.

REPAIRING promptly and properly attended to.

W. D. CONNOR

NATIONAL EXHIBITION

Sept. 14 ONTARIO

Exhibition in all the World

100.00 Mammoth Massed Band Concerts

Sebastopol

International Cat Show

Stock on View

Supplies!

Hay forks, hay rakes, snaths, hay fork pulleys

Oil

Machine oil which is a great asset to your machine,—being that which keep the boxings

Twine

We are constantly renewed with the exceptionally good twine which is easily seen on every new customer for it.

ER, Durham

and Grain