

Questions!

Pushes Nail File

Mirrors

STORE

ORSE

age of our Stock

Honey Tar Foot

or Poultry Food,

TING Co.

Chairs

W AY

Rob Roy Rolled Oats

Chairs

LOTHS

Upholstering

Christmas... at The Central Drug Store....

Every lady and gentleman, girl and boy is beginning to think of the presents necessary to buy for Christmas and New Year's Gifts

The Central Drug Store

Let us mention some of the things we have considered nice Christmas presents. We have a very large stock of Fancy Leather Goods, consisting of Hand Bags, Music Rolls, Writing Portfolios, Manicure Sets, Purses, etc.

THE CENTRAL DRUG STORE :: Durham

THE NEW CATALOGUE

of The Central Business College of Toronto contains some special guarantees of great interest to students who desire to attend a first-class reliable school.

W. H. Shaw, Pres. 395 YONGE ST. TORONTO

Land Hunter Look Here

H. H. MILLER The Hanover Conveyancer OFFERS

25 ACRES close to Proton Station, well dwelling, fine large out-buildings, 2000 ft. bay, 2 tons to acre, only \$300. Knocks the sunshine off Altona bargains.

GENERAL COUNTRY STORE five miles from Durham; very cheap.

H. MILLER - Opposite The Reid House, Hanover

Grand Trunk Railway TIME-TABLE

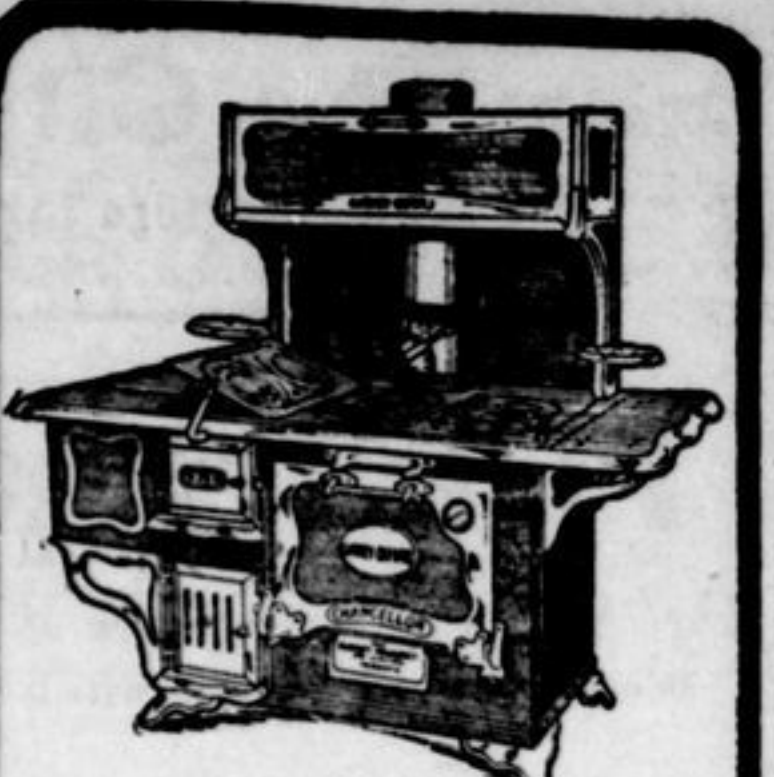
Trains leave Durham at 7:30 a.m., and 10:30 p.m. Trains arrive at Durham at 10:00 a.m., 10:30 p.m., and 8:55 p.m.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY TIME TABLE

Trains will arrive and depart as follows, until further notice:-

DURHAM SCHOOL.

The school is thoroughly equipped in teaching in chemical and electrical supplies and in the full Junior Leaving and Matric examinations. The following competent staff are attached:-



Stop the Leaks in Your Coal Bill

Use a Gurney-Oxford range and save 20 per cent. of your coal bill.

The "Chancellor" shown here is the finest steel range made by the well known Gurney-Oxford Company.

Material is the best to be had, inside and out. With or without reservoir on either end. Guard on ash door. Braced oven bottom.

The OXFORD ECONOMIZER

will keep your fire doing at lowest possible cost for fuel. Will save at least 20 per cent. of the coal you now use and will take all cooking odors up the chimney.

A. S. HUNTER



The PILLAR OF LIGHT

Continued from page 4.

"Now, Miss Enid, your turn," cried Pyne.

Her eyes danced mischievously. "Unfortunately, by the accident of birth, I am deprived of the sense of humor."

"It seems to be in the family all right," he hazarded, looking at Constance.

"Alas!" said Enid, "I am an American."

"I'll smile now, if that is all," said Pyne.

"But, please, I am not joking a little bit. When you go ashore you will probably hear all about me, so I may as well get the wind out of the sails of gossip."

"I am a mere waif, who came sailing in out of the West one day in a little boat which must have come from the New World as no one appeared to have lost either me or it in the Old. Dad picked us both up and adopted me."

Pyne did not know whether to take her seriously or not, until he sought confirmation in a pair of tranquil eyes which he gazed into at every opportunity.

"It is quite true," said Constance gratefully. "I suppose that the mysterious affinity between parents and long-lost children which exists in story-books is all nonsense in reality. No family could be more united and devoted to each other than we are, yet Enid is not my sister, and my father is her's only by adoption. He found her half dying, drifting past this very rock, and before he could reach her he fought and killed a dreadful shark. We are very proud of dad, Mr. Pyne. You see, he is our only relation. Enid knows neither her father nor mother, and my mother died when I was a baby."

"Great Scott!" cried Pyne.

He turned towards the door. Mrs. Vansittart, very pale, with eyes that looked unnaturally large in the faint light, stood there. For an instant he was startled. He had not seen Mrs. Vansittart since they came to the rock, and he was shocked by the change in her appearance. He did not like her. His alert intelligence distrusted her. But it was not his business in life to select a wife for his uncle, as he put it, and he had always treated her with respectful politeness. Now, owing to some fleeting aspect which he could not account for, some vague resemblance to another which he did not remember having noticed before, he viewed her with a certain expectant curiosity that was equally unintelligible to him.

She held out a scrap of paper. "Mr. Trull is here," she said quietly.

"Here!" he repeated, wondering what she meant, and perplexed by her icy, self-conscious tone, whilst he thought it passing strange that she had no other greeting for him.

"Well," she said, "that is the best word I can find. He is near to us, as near as a steamer can bring him. Mr. Brand has received a signaled message; he wrote it out and sent it to me by a man. I inquired where you were, and was told you were engaged in the kitchen."

For some reason Mrs. Vansittart seemed to be greatly perturbed. Her presence put an end to the gaiety of the place quite effectually.

The young man took the paper in silence.

He read: "Dear Madam—a signal just received from the Falcon runs as follows:—Mr. Cyrus J. Trull is on board and sends his love to Etta and Charlie. He will make every preparation for their comfort ashore and trusts they are bearing up well under inevitable hardships. Yours faithfully, Stephen Brand."

Pyne strode to the door. "I must see if I can't get Mr. Brand to answer the old boy," he cried. "Perhaps you have attended to that already."

She did not make way for him to pass.

"No," she said. "I came to seek you on that account. If not too late, will you tell your uncle that I do not wish to delay a moment in Penzance. He will please me most by arranging for a special train to await our arrival at the station."

"What's the hurry?" he demanded. "A woman's whim, if you like, but a fixed resolve, nevertheless."

"Will you travel in that rig-out?" he asked quizzically.

"It is an easy matter to call at a shop if we can purchase a cloak and hat to serve my needs. Otherwise, it is matterless how I am attired. Will you do this, certainly?"

"Why, certainly."

She gave a little gasp of relief. In another instant Pyne would have gone, but Enid, who happened to glance through the window which opened towards the northwest, detained him.

"There's no hurry now for sure," she said. "The Falcon is half way to Carn du by this time. I do not suppose she will return until it is too dark to do more than signal important news very briefly."

"But this is important," cried Mrs. Vansittart shrilly. "It is of the utmost importance to me."

"Fraid it can't be helped, ma'am," said Pyne civilly. "Anyhow we're not ashore yet, and I can't see that any time will be wasted."

The electric bell jangled in the room, causing Mrs. Vansittart to jump violently.

"Oh, what is it?" she screamed.

"My father is calling on us up," explained Constance. "It may be a message from Jack. You go, Enid."

Enid hurried away. She had scarcely reached the next floor before Mrs. Vansittart, who seemed to have moods in full compass, said sweetly: "Convey my deep obligations to Mr. Brand, won't you, Charlie. Indeed, you might go now and write out the text of my message to your uncle. Some early opportunity of despatching it may offer."

"All right," he said in the calm way which so effectually concealed his feelings. "Shall I escort you to your room?"

"By no means. I came here quite unassisted. Miss Brand and I can chat for a little while. It is most wearying to be pent all day and all night in one little room."

change to another little room is grateful."

Pyne bowed, and they heard his steady tread as he ascended the stairs.

"Quite a nice boy, Charlie," said Mrs. Vansittart, coming forward into the kitchen, with its medley of queer-looking, hissing, steaming contrivances.

"Yes. We think he is exceedingly nice," said Constance. She wondered why the other woman seemed always to stand in the shadow, by choice.

The strongest light in the darkened chamber came from the grate, and Mrs. Vansittart deliberately turned away from it.

"If all goes well he will soon be my nephew by marriage," went on the other. "I quit my work yesterday week in order to marry his uncle in Paris. Rather a disastrous beginning to a new career, is it not?"

"I hope not, indeed. Perhaps you are surmounting difficulties at the commencement rather than at the end."

"It may be. I am so much older than you that I am less optimistic. But you did not grasp the significance of my words. I said I was to be married in Paris."

"Yes," said Constance, still at a loss to catch the drift of an announcement which Mrs. Vansittart seemed so anxious to thrust upon her.

"Well, the Chinook was wrecked last night, or rather early this morning. The name of the ship was not made known throughout the world until long after daylight. It is quite impossible that Mr. Trull should have reached this remote corner of England from Paris in the interval."

For one moment the girl was puzzled. Then a ready solution occurred to her.

"Oh, of course, that is very simple. Mr. Trull was awaiting your arrival in Southampton, thinking to take you by surprise no doubt. That is sure to be the explanation. What a shock the first telegram must have given him!"

"How did he ascertain that his nephew and I were alive?"

"The very first thing father did was to telegraph the names of all the survivors. I know that is so because I saw the message."

"Ah. He is a man of method, I suppose. You are proud of him, I heard you say."

"I think there is no one like him in all the world. We are so happy at home that sometimes I fear it cannot last. Yet, thank God, there is no excuse for such night-mare terrors."

Mrs. Vansittart cooed in her gentle way.

"Indeed you have my earnest good wishes in that respect," she said. "Do we not owe our lives to you? That is an excellent reason for gratitude, if a selfish one. But, some day soon, you will be getting married and leaving the parental roof."

"I do not wish to die an old maid," laughed Constance. "Yet I have not discovered a better name than my own up to the present."

She fancied that Mrs. Vansittart winced a little at this remark. Deeming her visitor to be a bundle of nerves she jumped to the conclusion that the other woman read into the words some far-fetched disparagement of her own approaching marriage.

"Of course," she continued, affably tactful, "I will hold another view when the right man asks me."

"Were you in my place," murmured her visitor, apparently thinking aloud rather than addressing Constance, "you would not be fearful of mistreatment? You would not read an omen of ill luck into this dramatic interruption of all your plans? After many years of widowhood I am about to be married again to a man who is admirable in every way. He is rich, distinguished in manner and appearance, a person of note not only in the States but on the Continent. No woman of my years might desire a better match. Why could not the way be made smooth for me? Why should the poor Chinook, out of the hundreds of mail-steamer which cross the Atlantic yearly be picked out for utter disaster? It is a warning—a threat from the gods!"

The unconscious bitterness of her tone moved the girl to find words of consolation.

"I would not question the ways of Providence in the least," she said. "Surely you have far more reason for thankfulness than for regret."

"Regret! I am not regretting. But I have gone through such trials that I am unnerved. There, child! Forgive me for troubling you. And—kiss me, will you, and say you wish me well!"

She moved nearer, as if driven by uncontrollable impulse. Constance, not prepared for such an outburst, was nevertheless deeply touched by this appeal for sympathy.

"I wish you all the joy and happiness which I am sure you deserve," she said, stooping to kiss the wan, shrinking face held up to her.

Mrs. Vansittart burst into a paroxysm of tears and tottered towards the door.

"No, no," she gasped, as Constance caught her by the arm. "Do not come with me. I am—shaken. It will pass. For God's sake, let me go alone!"

To be continued.

DARKIES CORNERS.

A week ago Saturday night, Mr. Thos. Collier drove to town, and left his horse and buggy in the Middaugh House shed. The buggy contained a new pair of ladies' shoes, but when Thomas was ready to go home, he found, to his dismay that somebody had been there ahead of him, and had helped them selves to the shoes. The party however, was seen taking the shoes, and is known, and if they wish to avoid prosecution, they will act wisely, and return the stolen articles.

Mrs. H. Edwards, of Mt. Pleasant visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Payne one day recently.

Mr. Alex. Aljoe returned home from the West on Saturday, after a sojourn of a couple of months. He looks as though the country agreed with him.

Miss Nellie Collier returned home on Wednesday of last week after spending a few weeks with friends in Toronto.

The new bridge is completed and the work of filling the approaches is now being done, to make it passable for the winter. It is now open for traffic.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ryan, jr., and family, spent Sunday last with friends at Rocky Saugeen.

Mr. Geo. Ryan, jr. left for Guelph Tuesday, where he will attend the Fat Stock Show.

Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson, and Miss Blanche Wilson, spent an evening recently at the home of Mr. James Ritchie.

When you have a cold, get a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It will soon fix you up all right, and will ward off any tendency toward pneumonia. This remedy contains no opium or other narcotic, and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. Sold by Gum's Drug Store.

"IT HEALED MY SORES WHEN ALL ELSE HAD FAILED!"



This is what Mr. Edward Bingham, of 118 Brant Ave., Brantford, says of Zam-Buk. After an attack of typhoid fever, ulcers broke out on his right foot and ankle. "The foot and leg were terribly inflamed," he says, "and the pain was very acute. I could not wear boot or shoe, and could not move about at all. I used all kinds of lotions, salves and ointments, yet nothing seemed able to heal the ulcers until Zam-Buk was tried."

"The very first application of Zam-Buk relieved the intense pain, and as I kept on using Zam-Buk the ulcers began to look healthier and were less painful."

"By use of this healing balm the discharging was reduced and healing commenced. After a few weeks' treatment, the swelling and inflammation were banished, and the sores were entirely healed. I am so grateful for my cure through Zam-Buk that I consider it my duty to let others know of the merits of this great balm."

What Zam-Buk should be used for.

Zam-Buk will be found a sure cure for cold sores, chapped hands, frost bites, ulcers, eczema, blood poison, varicose sores, piles, scalp sores, ringworm, inflamed patches, babies' eruptions and chapped faces, cuts, burns, bruises, and skin injuries and diseases generally. All druggists and stores sell at 50c box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, upon receipt of price. You are warned against harmful imitations and substitutes. See the registered name "Zam-Buk" on every package before buying.



Send this coupon and 10c stamp to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, and receive FREE BOX 12 Z 2 free trial box, 12 Z 2

Farmers' Central Mutual Fire Insurance COMPANY. The Second Strongest Pure Mutual Fire Insurance Company in Ontario. Head Office - Walkerton, Ont J. J. Schumacher, Manager. PROPERTY INSURED NEARLY \$9,000,000.00. Insures all kinds of farm property and isolated dwellings at reduced cash rates, and under lower premium rates for a term of three or four years than can be secured elsewhere. Buildings protected with lightning rods and their contents accepted at lower rates than others not so protected. W. J. McFADDEN, Ag't. DURHAM, ONTARIO.

THE People's Mills. A small or large bag of a fine grass, white, nutritious flour, is sold as our brand. Have you ever tried it? Get your grocer to give you our kind next time and see the superior baking qualities it possesses. Better and more wholesome, because of a secret process that we put the wheat through. Don't forget. 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 best for either bakers or domestic use. PASTRY FLOUR. Is made from selected winter wheat and is a superior article for making pastry, etc. Special Reduction on Flour in 5 and 10 Bag Lots. Goods delivered anywhere in town. Chopping Done Every Day. All up-to-date flour and feed and grocers 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.

New Grocery Store. Fresh Groceries Always in Stock. Butter and Eggs Taken in Exchange. Mrs. A. SULLIVAN. Upper Town - Durham.

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

SANTA CLAUS has JUST ARRIVED. at the BIG 4 with a big load of Christmas presents for all, consisting of Toys of all kinds, Games, Dolls, Picture Books, Rocking Horses, Doll Carriages, Sleighs, Fancy Cups and Saucers, Drums, Toy Pianos, Candy, Nuts &c. SHOP EARLY AND GET YOUR PICK. W. H. BEAN.

Rob Roy Rolled Oats. Give away finished in best design. Machines. Sewing of this selection prices. RUGS. Close prices. Upholstering. door to Post Office.