

PERFECT HEALTH IS EVERY WOMAN'S BIRTHRIGHT.

A Prescription That From Girlhood to Old Age Has Been a Blessing to Woman-kind.

When a girl becomes a woman, when a woman becomes a mother, when a woman passes through middle life, are the three periods of life when health and strength are most needed to withstand the pain and distress often caused by severe organic disturbances.

At these critical times women are best fortified by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, an old remedy of proved worth that keeps the entire womanly system in excellent condition.

Mothers, if your daughters are weak, lack ambition, are troubled with headaches, lassitude and are pale and sickly, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is just what they need to surely bring the bloom of health to their cheeks and make them strong and healthy.

For all ailing women Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is just the right medicine. During the last fifty years it has banished from the lives of tens of thousands of women pain, misery and distress. It makes weak women strong, sick women well.

If you are a sufferer, if your daughter, mother, sister, need help, get Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in liquid or tablet form from any medicine dealer to-day. Then address Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and get confidential medical advice entirely free.

Every woman should be careful that the liver is active and the poisons are not allowed to clog the system—get rid of these poisons by taking Dr. Pierce's Pellets, which regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Keep the body clean inside as well as outside!

How to preserve health and beauty is told in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It is free. Send Doctor Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., fifty cents or stamps to cover wrapping and mailing only.



By George Barr McCutcheon

With considerable adroitness Lydia engaged his attention at the piano. Keyed up as she was, his every emotion was plain to her perceptions. She had anticipated the motive that led him to the window. She knew that it would assert itself in spite of all that he could do to prevent. She waited humbly for the thing to happen.

"How does it go, Freddy—the thing you were playing before breakfast?" She was trying to pick up the elusive air. "It is such a fascinating, adorable thing. Is this right?"

He came over and stood beside her. His long, slim fingers joined hers on the keyboard, and the sensuous strains of the waltz responded to his touch. He smiled patiently as she struggled to repeat what he had played. The fever of the thing took hold of him at last, as she had known it would.

Leaning over her shoulder, his cheek quite close to hers, he played. Her hands dropped into her lap. Finally she moved over on the bench and he sat down beside her. He was absorbed in the undertaking. His brow cleared. His smile was a happy, eager one.

"It's a tricky thing, Lyddy," he said, enthusiastically, "but you'll get it. Now, listen."

For an hour they sat there, master and pupil, sweetheart and lover, and the fear was less in the heart of one when, tiring at last, the other contentedly abandoned the role of taskmaster and threw himself upon the couch, remarking as he stretched himself in luxurious ease:

"I like this, Lyddy. I wish you didn't have to go over there and dig away at that confounded journal. I like this so well that, 'pon my soul, I'd enjoy loafing here with you the whole day long."

Her heart leaped. "You shall have your wish, Freddy," she said, barely able to conceal the note of eagerness in her voice. "I am not going to work today. I—my head, you know. Mother telephoned to Mr. Brood this morning before you were up. Stay here with me. Don't go home, Freddy. I—"

"Oh, I've got to have it out with father sometime," he said, bitterly. "It may as well be now as later on. We've got to come to an understanding."

Her heart was cold. She was afraid of what would come out of that "understanding." All night long she had lain with wide-staring eyes, thinking of the horrid thing James Brood had said to her. Far in the night she awoke her mother from a sound sleep to put the question that had been torturing her for hours. Mrs. Desmond confessed that her husband had told her that Brood had never considered Frederic to be his son, and then the two lay side by side for the remainder of the night without uttering a word and yet keenly awake. They were thinking of the hour when Brood would serve notice on the intruder!

Lydia now realized that the hour was near. "Have it out with father," he had said in his ignorance. He was preparing to rush headlong to his doom. To prevent that catastrophe was the single, all-absorbing thought in Lydia's mind. Her only hope lay in keeping the men apart until she could extract from Brood a promise to be merciful, and this she intended to accomplish if she had to go down on her knees and grovel before the man.

"Oh, Freddy," she cried, earnestly, "why take the chance of making a bad matter worse?" Even as she uttered the words she realized how stupid, how ineffectual they were.

"It can't be much worse," he said, gloomily. "I am inclined to think he'd relish a straight-out, fair and square talk, anyhow. Moreover, I mean to take Yvonne to task for the thing she said—or implied last night. About you, I mean. She—"

"She was jealous. She admitted it, dear. If I don't mind, why should you incur—"

"Do you really believe she—she loves the governor enough to be as jealous at all that?" he exclaimed, a curious gleam in his eyes—an expression she did not like.

"Of course I think so," she cried emphatically. "What a question! Have you any reason to suspect that she does not love your father?"

"No—certainly not," he said in some confusion. Then, after a moment:

"Are you quite sure this headache of yours is real, Lyddy? Isn't it an excuse to stay away from—Yvonne, after what happened last night? Be honest, dear."

She was silent for a long time, weighing her answer. Was it best to be honest with him?

"I confess that it has something to do with it," she admitted. Lydia could not be anything but truthful.

"I thought so. It's—it's a rotten shame, Lyddy. That's why I want to talk to her. I want to reason with her. It's all so perfectly silly, this misunderstanding. You've just got to go on as you were before, Lyddy—just as if it hadn't happened. It—"

"I shall complete the work for your father, Freddy," she said quietly. "Two or three days more will see the end. After that, neither my services nor my presence will be required over there."

"You don't mean to say—" he began, unbelievably.

"I can think of them just as well here as anywhere else. No; I sha'n't annoy Mrs. Brood, Freddy." It was on the tip of her tongue to say more, but she thought better of it.

"They're going abroad soon," he ventured. "At least, that's father's plan. Yvonne isn't so keen about it. She calls this being abroad, you know. Besides," he hurried on in his eagerness to excuse Yvonne, "she's tremendously fond of you. No end of times she's said you were the finest—" Her smile—an odd one, such as he had never seen on her lips before—checked his eager speech. He bridled. "Of course, if you don't choose to believe me, there's nothing more to be said. She meant it, however."

"I am sure she said it, Freddy," she hastened to declare. "Will she be pleased with our marriage?" It required a great deal of courage on her part to utter these words, but she was determined to bring the true situation home to him.

He did not even hesitate, and there was conviction in his voice as he replied. "It doesn't matter whether she's pleased or displeased. We're pleasing ourselves, are we not? There's no one else to consider, dear."

Her eyes were full upon his, and there was wonder in them. "Thank you—thank you, Freddy," she cried. "I—I knew you'd—" The sentence remained unfinished.

"Has there ever been a doubt in your mind?" he asked, uneasily, after a moment. He knew there had been misgivings and he was ready, in his self-abasement, to resent them if given the slightest opening. Guilt made him arrogant.

"No," she answered simply. The answer was not what he expected. He flushed painfully.

"I—I thought perhaps you'd—you'd got a notion in your head that—" He, too, stopped for want of the right words to express himself without committing the egregious error of letting her see that it had been in his thoughts to accuse her of jealousy.

She waited for a moment. "That I might have got the notion in my head you did not love me any longer? Is that what you started to say?"

"Yes," he confessed, averting his eyes.

"I've been unhappy at times, Freddy, but that is all," she said, steadily. "You see, I know how honest you really are. I know it far better than you know it yourself."

He stared. "I wonder just how honest I am," he muttered. "I wonder what would happen if— But nothing can happen. Nothing ever will happen. Thank you, old girl, for saying what you said just now. It's—it's bully of you."

He got up and began pacing the floor. She leaned back in her chair, deliberately giving him time to straighten out his thoughts for himself.

"Will you marry me tomorrow?" self. Wiser than she knew herself to be, she held back the warm, loving words of encouragement, of gratitude, of belief.

But she was not prepared for the impetuous appeal that followed. He threw himself down beside her and grasped her hands in his. His face seemed suddenly old and haggard, his eyes burned like coals of fire. Then, for the first time, she had an inkling of the great struggle that had been going on inside of him for weeks and weeks.

"Listen, Lyddy," he began, nervously, "will you marry me tomorrow? Are you willing to take the chance that I'll be able to support you, to earn

enough—"

"Why, Freddy!" she cried, half starting up from the couch. She was dumfounded.

"Will you? Will you? I mean it," he went on, almost arrogantly.

He was very much in earnest, but alas, the fire, the passion of the impetuous lover was missing. She shrank back into the corner of the couch, staring at him with puzzled eyes. Comprehension was slow in arriving. As he hurried on with his plea she began to see clearly; her sound, level brain grasped the insignificance of this sudden decision on his part.

"There's no use waiting, dear. I'll never be more capable of earning a living than I am right now. I can go into the office with Brooks any day and I—I think I can make good. God knows I can try hard enough. Brooks says he's got a place there for me in the bond department. It won't be much at first, but I can work into a pretty good—what's the matter? Don't you think I can do it? Have you no faith in me? Are you afraid to take a chance?"

She had smiled sadly—it seemed to him reprovingly. His cheek flushed.

"What has put all this into your head, Freddy, dear?" she asked shrewdly.

His eyes wavered. "I can't go on living as I have been for the past few months. I've just got to end it, Lyddy. You don't understand—you can't, and there isn't any use in trying to explain the—"

"I think I do understand, dear," she said, quietly, laying her hand on his. "I understand so completely that there isn't any use in your trying to explain. But don't you think you are a bit cowardly?"

"Cowardly?" he gasped, and then the blood rushed to his face.

"Is it quite fair to me—or to yourself?" He was silent. She waited for a moment and then went on resolutely. "I know just what it is that you are afraid of, Freddy. I shall marry you, of course. I love you more than anything else in all the world. But are you quite fair in asking me to marry you while you are still afraid, dear?"

"Before God, I love no one else but you," he cried, earnestly. "I know what it is you are thinking and I—I don't blame you. But I want you now—good God, you don't know how much I need you now. I want to begin a new life with you. I want to feel that you are with me—just you—strong and brave and enduring. I am adrift. I need you."

"If you insist, I will marry you tomorrow, but you cannot—you will not ask it of me, will you?"

"But you know I love you," he cried. "There isn't any doubt in your mind, Lyddy. There is no one else, I tell you."

"I think I am just beginning to understand men," she remarked enigmatically.

He looked up sharply. "And to wonder why they call women the weaker sex, eh?"

"Yes," she said so seriously that the wry smile died on his lips. "I don't believe there are many women who would ask a man to be sorry for them. That's really what all this amounts to, isn't it, Freddy?"

"By jove!" he exclaimed, wonderingly.

"You are a strong, self-willed, chivalrous man, and yet you think nothing of asking a woman to protect you against yourself. You are afraid to stand alone. Wait. Five minutes—yes, one minute before you asked it of me, Freddy dear, you were floundering in the darkness, uncertain which way to turn. You were afraid of the things you could not see. You looked for some place in which to hide. The flash of light revealed a haven of refuge. So you asked me to—marry you tomorrow." All through this indictment she had held his hand clasped tightly in both of hers. He was looking at her with a frank acknowledgement growing in his eyes.

"Are you ashamed of me, Lyddy?" he asked. It was confession.

"No," she said, meeting his gaze steadily. "I am a little disappointed, that's all. It is you who are ashamed."

"I am," said he, simply. "It wasn't fair."

"Love will endure. I am content to wait," she said, with a wistful smile. "You will be my wife no matter what happens? You won't let this make any difference?"

"You are not angry with me?"

"Angry? Why should I be angry with you, Lyddy? For shaking some sense into me? For seeing through me with that wonderful, far-sighted brain of yours? Why, I could go down on my knees to you. I could—"

He clasped her in his arms and held her close. "You dear, dear Lyddy!" Neither spoke for many minutes. It was she who broke the silence.

"You must promise one thing, Frederic. For my sake, avoid a quarrel with your father. I could not bear that. You will promise, dear? You must."

His jaw was set. "I don't intend to quarrel with him, but if I am to remain in his house there has got to be—"

"Promise me you will wait. He is going away in a couple of weeks. When he returns—later on—next fall—"

"Oh, if it really distresses you, Lyddy, I'll—"

"It does distress me. I want your promise."

"I'll do my part," he said, resignedly. "And next fall will see us married, so—"

The telephone bell in the hall was ringing. Frederic released Lydia's hand and sat up rather stiffly, as one

who suddenly suspects that he is being spied upon. The significance of the movement did not escape Lydia. She laughed mirthlessly.

"I will see who it is," she said, and arose. Two red spots appeared in his cheeks. Then it was that she realized he had been waiting all along for the bell to ring; he had been expecting a summons.

"If it's for me, please say—er—say I'll—" he began, somewhat disjointedly, but she interrupted him.

"Will you stay here for luncheon, Frederic? And this afternoon we will go to— Oh, is there a concert or a recital—"

"Yes, I'll stay if you'll let me," he said, wistfully. "We'll find something to do."

She went to the telephone. He heard the polite greetings, the polite assurances that she had not taken cold, two or three laughing rejoinders to what must have been amusing comments on the storm and its effect on timid creatures, and then:

"Yes, Mrs. Brood, I will call him to the 'phone."

Continued next week

A GOOD BEGINNING.

The town corporation had resolved to lay out a new park.

"We have not only resolved to do it," said a leading alderman, "the preparations are already under way."

"What have we done?" asked an unenlightened colleague.

"Done?" exclaimed the alderman. "We've got the 'Keep Old the Grass' signs all ready."

DOES THIS MEAN YOU?

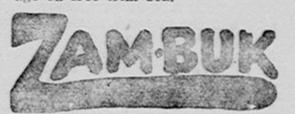
Are you one of the many who are suffering with eczema, obstinate sores, ulcers or any other skin trouble? If so, lose no time in trying Zam-Buk, and you will be amazed at its curative powers.

The healing power of any ointment is in proportion to its medicinal ingredients. Ordinary ointments being composed chiefly of animal fats, with only a small percentage of medicinal ingredients, have not sufficient healing power to overcome a bad case of skin trouble. Zam-Buk, on the contrary, is purely herbal, and is all medicine, which explains its superiority over other ointments, and its many marvelous cures.

Besides being best for eczema, ulcers, and skin diseases of all kinds, it is equally good for blood-poisoning, piles, burns, cuts, heat rashes, sore and blistered feet, insect bites and sunburn. 50c. box all druggists, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. Send 1c. stamp for postage on free trial box.

AMERICA'S FIRST LIGHTHOUSE

The first lighthouse on this continent was built in 1715, at the entrance of Boston harbor, by the Province of Massachusetts, and was supported by light dues on all incoming and outgoing vessels, except coasters. Several other lighthouses were built by the colonies.



Cheaper Than the Cheapest

If possible I wish to dispose of my entire stock before the end of the present year, and if prices at cost and below cost will move the buying public then our stock will be sure to move. We are determined to get rid of it, so we advise you to see for yourself.

The stock consists of Dry Goods including, flannellets, blankets, women's goods, men's underwear, ladies' underwear, men's pants and overalls, gingham, muslin and ladies' and gent's sweaters.

ALL MUST BE SOLD

Call and get our Moving sale prices. There's money in it for you. Eggs and Butter taken as Cash.

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Opposite the Old Stand Durham, Ontario

Window Screens

Half or Full Sections

Screen Doors

To Suit Requirements

Insect proof with 14 mesh wire, and made to fit.

Windows may be opened to desired height, free of all obstruction, while screen remains in place.

Best and cheapest, because they last and can be re-wired at any time.

See us for Mill and Carpenter work.

C. J. Furber & Co.

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Special Prices on Feed

We have a stock of good heavy mixed Feed on hand which we are selling at special prices in ton lots. If you need Feed get our prices.

The Rob Roy Cereal Mills Co.

Oatmeal Millers.

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"Will You Marry Me Tomorrow?"

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Grand Trunk Railway TIME-TABLE

Trains leave Durham at 7.05 a.m., and 3.45 p.m.

Trains arrive at Durham at 11.2 a.m., 2.30 p.m., and 8.45 p.m.

EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY

G. T. Ball, C. E. Horning, G.P. Agent, D.P. Agent, Montreal, Toronto.

J. TOWNNER, Depot Agent W. CALDER, Town Agent

Canadian Pacific Railway Time Table

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

P.M. A.M. A.M. P.M. 5.25 Lv. Toronto U.G. Ar. 11.35

8.10 Lv. Toronto N. 8.10 9.13 11.55 Ar. Saugeen J. 7.55 4.35

P.M. 9.24 12.07 " Priceville " 7.40 4.20

9.34 12.17 " Glen " 7.30 4.10

9.38 12.21 " McWilliams " 7.26 4.06

9.50 12.33 " Durham " 7.15 3.55

10.04 12.47 " Allan Park " 7.01 3.41

10.14 12.57 " Hanover " 6.52 3.32

10.22 1.05 " Maple Hill " 6.43 3.23

10.35 1.20 " Walkerton " 6.30 3.10

R. MACFARLANE, Town Agent

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM LABOR DAY SINGLE FARE

Good going and returning Sept. 4, 1916.

FARE AND ONE-THIRD

Good going Sept. 2nd, 2nd, and 4th. Good to return Sept. 5th, 1916.

Return tickets will be issued from all stations in Canada east of Port Arthur, to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Buffalo, Black Rock, Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge, N.Y. Tickets and full particulars on application to Agents.

Canadian National Exhibition

Return tickets at reduced fares to Toronto from all stations in Canada. Obtain particulars of special train service and low rate excursions from Grand Trunk Agents.

School Supplies the children like

are the kind you will find here. Every good thing for making school work easy.

School Books School Bags Pencil Boxes Pens

Pencils Exercise Books Slates Crayons Scribblers Paints, etc.

You may expect our prices to be very moderate.

Additionally, you may expect your children to be waited on promptly and courteously.

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