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ostly small

Hosiery and

Shoe Store

Capt. Brooks, of No. 4 Company, 7th Battalion, writing from the front, says: "My men would be very grateful to anyone who will

send them Zam-Buk. It is in great demand for cuts, blistered heels, etc.

Parcels should be addressed to Co. Sergt.-Major, No. 4 Co., 7th Batt., B.E.F."

Be sure to include some Zam-Suk in your next parcel to the front. 50c box, 3 for \$1.25, all druggists, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

FURNITURE

Rugs, Oilcloths Window Shades Lace Curtains and all Household Furnishings

TINSMITHING

Mr. M. Kress has opened a shop at the rear of the furniture show room and is prepared to do all kinds of tinsmithing. Undertaking receives special

EDWARD KRESS

Grand Trunk Railway TIME-TABLE

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

Trains arrive at Ducham at 11.20a.m. 2.30 p.m., and 8.45 p.m. EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY G. T. Bell, C. E. Horning,

D.P. Agent, G.P. Agent, Toronto. Montreal. J. TOWNER, Depot Agent W. CALDER, Town Agent

Canadian Pacific Railway Time Table

Teains will arrive and depart as fol-

lows, until arther notice: --Lv. Toronto Un. Ar. 11.35 S.10 Lv. Toronto N. 9.13 11.75 Ar. Saugeen J. " 7.55 4.35 daughter's face.

9.24 12.07 " Priceville " 7.40 4.20 is it, dear?" Her voice was high and · 7.30 4.10 " McWilliams" 7.26 4.06 10.14 12.57 " Hanover " 6.52 3.32 her eyes in anticipation of the blow 10.22 1.05 " Maple Hill " 6.43 3.23 her body rigid.

10.35 1.20 " Walkerton 6 30 3.10 R. MACFARLANE,

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tion, Toronto Ont. W. Calder, Town Agent, Tel. 3 J. Towner, Stn. Agent, Tel. 1

Ford Car Prices

Effective August 1st. 1916 the prices of Ford Cars will be as follows:

\$495 00 Touring Car 475.00 Roadster - -450 00 Chassis - -695.00 Couplet - -780.00 Town - -890.00 Sedan - - -

Ford, Ontario.

These prices are guaranteed against reduction be- "Oh, Lord, Lyddy-it isn't that! fore August 1, 1917, but not the other—the promise to say nothing against advance.

C. Smith & Sons Dealers, Durham

Rev. Father R. T. Burke, head will be time enough." of St. Mary's parish ,Owen Sound to St. Basal's church, Brantford.



George Barr McCutcheon

CHAPTER XV.

A Mother Intervenes.

Long past midnight the telephone in the Desmond apartment rang sharply, insistently. Lydia, who had just either closed her eyes.

heard her mother's door open and then servant brought in her coffee and toast the click of the receiver as it was and received instructions not to awaklifted from the hook. Then she put en Miss Lydia but to let her have her her fingers to her ears and closed her sleep out. A few minutes later she she was sure of it. The blow had around the corner to Brood's home. fallen. The only thought that seared her brain was that she had failed him | she walked so rapidly that she was if she could only reclaim that lost the house. Mr. Riggs and Mr. Dawes hour of indecision and cowardice!

abhorrent sight.

in the open door "Oh, you are awake?" | chat Mrs. Desmond stared in amazemen at the girl's figure.

has happened? Is he-" "He wants to speak to you. He i on the wire. I-I- His voice sound

very queer-" The girl sprang out of bed and hur ried to the telephone.

"Don't go away, mother-stay here. she cried as she sped past the white clad figure in the doorway. Mrs. Des low, level tones. mond flattened herself against the wal and remained there as motionless as 8.10 a statue, her somber gaze fixed on he

"Yes, Frederic-it is I-Lydia. Wha

His voice came jerking over the wire, sharp and querulous. She closed

"I'm sorry to disturb you," he was Town Agent saying, "but I just had to call you up." The words were disjointed, as if he forced them from his lips one

by one in a supreme effort at coher "Yes, yes-it's all right. I don't mind. You did right. What is it?'

"I want you to release me from my "You mean-the promise-but, Fred

dy, I can't release you. I love you.



These prices are all F.O.B. For a Second or Two He Stood as it

will be your wife, no matter what has happened, no matter-"

to my father-" "O-oh!" she sighed weakly, a vasi

wave of relief almost suffocating her "He has made it impossible for me to go on without-"

"Where are you, Frederic?" she cried, in sudden alarm. "Oh, I'm all right. I shan't go home you may be sure of that. Tomorrow

"Where are you? I must know, and district, has been transferred How can I reach you by telephone-"Don't be frightened, dear. It's got of my sympathy, to help him if I can.

to be, that's all. It might as well be ended now as later on. The last straw was laid on tonight. Now, don't ask Good-night, sweetheart. I've-I've told you that I can't stick to my promise. You'll understand. I couldn't rest until I'd told you and heard your dear voice. Forgive me for calling you up. Tell your mother I'm sorry. Good-

"Freddy, listen to me! You must wait until I-Oh!" He had hung up the receiver. She heard tho whir of

the open wire.

There was little comfort or her in the hope held out by her mother as they sat far into the night and discussed the possibilities of the day so near at hand. She could see nothing but disaster, and she could think of nothing but her own lamentable weakness in shrinking from the encounter that might have made the present situation impossible. She tried to make light of the situation, however, prophesying a calmer attitude for Frederic after he had slept over his grievance, which, after all, she argued, was doubtless exaggerated. She promised to go with Lydia to see James Brood in the morning, and to plead with him to be merciful to the boy she was to marry, no matter what transpired. The girl at first insisted on going over to see him that night, notwithstanding the hour, and was dissuaded only after the most earnest opposition.

It was four o'clock before they went back to bed and long after five before

fallen asleep, awoke with a start and Mrs. Desmond, utterly exhausted, sat bolt upright in her bed. A clammy was the first to awake. She glanced perspiration broke out all over her at the little clock on her dressing-table body. She knew there had been a and gave a great start of consternation. It was long past nine o'clock. She sat there chattering until she While she was dressing, the little maid eyes. The very worst had happened, left the apartment and walked briskly

Fearing that she might be too late, failed him miserably in the crisis. Oh | quite out of breath when she entered were putting on their coats in the hall The light in the hallway suddenly preparatory to their short morning smote her in the face and she realized constitutional. They greeted her effufor the first time that her eyes were sively, and with one accord proceeded tightly closed as if to shut out some to divest themselves of the coats, announcing in one voice their intention "Lydia!" Her mother was standing to remain for a good, old-fashioned

"It's dear of you," she said, hurriedly, "but I must see Mr. Brood at "What is it, mother? Tell me wha once Why not come over to my apartment this afternoon for a cup of tea and-"

Mrs. Brood's voice interrupted her. "What do you want, Mrs. Desmond?" came from the landing above. The visitor looked up with a start, not so much of surprise as uneasiness. There was something sharp, unfriendly in the

Yvonne, fully dressed-a most un usual circumstance at that hour of the day-was leaning over the banister

"I came to see Mr. Brood on a very important-"

"Have you been sent over here by someone else?" demanded Mrs. Brood "I have not seen Frederic," fell from her lips before she thought.

"I dare say you haven't," said the other with ominous clearness. has been here since seven this morn ing, waiting for a chance to speak to his father in private."

She was descending the stairs slow ly, almost lazily, as she uttered the remark

"They are together now?" gasped Mrs. Desmond. "Will you come into the library?

Good morning, gentlemen. 1 trust you may enjoy your long walk." Mrs. Desmond followed her into the

library Yvonne closed the door almost in the face of Mr. Riggs, who had opened his mouth to accept the invitation to tea, but who said he'd "be d-d" instead, so narrow was his escape from having his nose banged. He emphasized the declaration by shaking his fist at the door. The two women faced each other.

For the first time since she had know Yvonne Brood Mrs. Desmond observed a high touch of color in her cheeks. Her beautiful eyes were alive with an excitement she could not conceal Notther spoke for a moment

"You are accountable for this, Mrs Brood," said Lydia Desmond's mothe sternly, accusingly. She expected a storm of indignant protest. Instead, Yvonne smiled slightly.

"It will not hurt my husband to discover that Frederic is a man and not a milksop," she said, but despite her coolness there was a perception

note of anxiety in her voice. "You know, then, that they arethat they will quarrel?"

"I fancy it was in Frederic's mind to do so when he came here morning. He was still in his evening clothes, Mrs. Desmond." "Where are they now?"

"I think he has them on," so Yvonne, lightly.

Mrs. Desmond regarded her for a moment in perplexity. Then her eyes flashed dangerously. "I do not think you misunderstood me, Mrs. Brood. Where are Frederic and his father?" "I am not accustomed to that tone

of voice, Mrs. Desmond." "I am no longer your housekeeper." said the other, succinctly. "You do not realize what this quarrel may mean. I insist on going up to them before it has gone too far." "Will you be so good, Mrs. Des-

mond; as to leave this house instantly?" cried Yvonne, angrily. "No," said the other quietly. "I suppose I am too late to prevent trouble between those two men, but I shall at least remain here to assure Frederic

to offer him the shelter of my home." I'll not treat him as you've treated questions. I'll see you in the morning, face. "Do you really believe it will the honor of being called father. You come to that?" she demanded, nerv. | don't deserve to have a son. I wish

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE.

he will not stay in this house another | did to my mother, but if you treated hour. He will go forth from it, curs her as-' Just then my husband found ing James Brood with all the hatred his voice. He sprang to his feet, and that his soul can possess. And now Mrs. Brood, shall I tell you what think of you?"

"No, it isn't at all necessary. Besides, I've changed my mind. I'd like you to remain. I do not want to mystify you any further, Mrs. Desmond, losing my courage. Don't ask me to tell you why, but-"

those who play with fire. They shrink when it burns them.

Mrs. Brood looked at her ster "Iv for a long time without speaking. The rebellious, sullen expression died out of her eves, She sighed deeply, almost

I cannot blame you for considering me to be a-a-I'll not say it. Mrs. Desmond, I-I wish I had never come to of calling out to Jones, but I-I had "Permit me to echo your words." "You will never be able to underhusband suddenly remained control of

stand me. And, after all, why should I care? You are nothing to me. You are merely a good woman who has no real object in life. You-" "No real object in life?"

here together, if you please. I-I am | have your wish. Come to my sta worried. I think I rather like to feel And they went away together, neith that you are here with me. You see, speaking a word to me-they did n the crisis has come."

"You know, of course, that he turned | went up the states I have the de one wife out of this house, Mrs. Brood," said Mrs. Desmond, deliber-

Something like terror leaped into the other's eyes. The watcher experienced an incomprehensible feeling of pity for her-she who had been despising her so fiercely the instant before. "He-he will not turn me out," mur-

mured Yvonne, and suddenly began

pacing the floor, her hands clinched.





"I'd Like You to Remain."

Stopping abruptly in front of the other woman, she exclaimed. "He made a great mistake in driving that other woman out. He is not likely to repeat

it. Mrs. Desmond.' "Yes-I think he did make a mistake," said Mrs. Desmond, calmly. "But he does not think so. He is a

man of iron. He is unbending." "He is a wonderful man-a great, splendid man," cried Yvonne, fiercely. "It is I-Yvenne Lestrange-who proclaim it to the world. I cannot bear to see him suffer. I-"

"Then why do you-" Mrs. Erood flushed to the roots of her hair. "I do not want to appear unfair to my husband, but I declare to you, Mrs. Desmond, that Frederic is fully justified in the attitude he has taken this morning. His father humiliated him last night in a manner that made forbearance impossible. That much I must say for Frederic. And permit me to add, from my soul, that he is vastly more sinned against than sinning."

"I can readily believe that, Mrs. Brood."

"This morning Frederic came into

the breakfast room while we were having coffee. You look surprised. Yes, I was having breakfast with my husband. I knew that Frederic would come. That was my reason. When I heard him in the hall I sent the servants out of the dining-room. He had spent the night with a friend. His first words on entering the room were these-I shall never forget them: 'Last night I thought I loved you, father, but I have come home just to tell you that I hate you. I can't stay in this house another day. I'm going to get out. But I just wanted you to know that I thought I loved you last night, as a son should love a father. I just wanted you to know it.' He did not even look at me, Mrs. Desmond. I don't believe he knew I was there. I shall never forget the look in James Brood's face. It was as if he saw a ghost or some horrible thing that fascinated him. He did not utter a word, but stared at Frederic in that terrible, awestruck way. 'I'm going to get out,' 'said Frederic, his voice rising. 'You've treated me like a dog all my life and I'm through. I sha'n't even say goodby to you. You don't deserve any more consideration from me than I've received from you. I hope I'll never see you again. If I ever have a son

A spasm of alarm crossed Yvonne's your son. By God, you don't deserve to God I had never been obliged to call ago. "If what I fear should come to pass | you father. I don't know what you I've never seen such a look of rage. I thought he was going to strike Frederic and I think I screamed-just a

little scream, of course. I was so terrifled. But he only said-and it was horrible the way he said it-'You foolyou bastard!' And Frederic laughed but I now confess to you that I am in his face and cried out, unafraid, 'I'm glad you call me a bastard! By God, I'd rather be one than to be your son. "I suppose it is the curtom with It would at least give me something to be proud of—a real father."

"Good heaven!" fell from Mrs. Desmond's white lips.

Yvonne seemed to have paused to catch her breath. Her breast heaved convulsively, the grip of her hands tightened on the arms of the chair. "I am sorry you think ill of me, yet | Suddenly she resumed her recital, but

her voice was hoarse and tremulous "I was terribly frightened. I thought no voice! Ah, you have never seen two angry men waiting to spring at ear other's throats, Mrs. Desmond. 1

himself. He was very calm. 'Come with me,' he said to Frederic. 'This is not the place to wash our fitth; family linen. You say you want some "Precisely Sit down. We will wait | thing to be proud of Well, you shall even glance in my direction. The

Continued on page 7.

Opposite the Old Stand

The health of Camp Borden, is showing steady improvement daily. There are only 188 cases in the camp hospital, as compared with 238 a little more than a week

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