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Mill and Factory
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Catholic Robes, and black
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shop.

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Large class already
Individual instruc-
ter any day. A card
you full informa-
Mount Forest Busi-
lege. D. A. McLach-
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ELLIOTT
College

Charles Sts., Toronto
First-class in all depart-
ment more than 240 posi-
ions in two months this
any time. Catalogue

ELLIOTT, Principal.

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through one of Shaw's
Schools, Toronto.
our descriptive
It is free. W. H.
resident, Head Of-
fice and Gerrard Sts.,
Ontario.

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Footwear now.
cannot now be
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replace them are

es, mostly small

Also Hosiery and

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HAVE YOU

tried Zam-Buk for those disfig-
ing pimples and blackheads? Others
have used it with great success,
and we are confident you will not
be disappointed.

Mr. J. B. Wagner of New Canada,
N.S., writes: "For a considerable
time I suffered with pimples and
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very unsightly and I suffered a
good deal. Someone recommended
Zam-Buk and I commenced using
it. To my delight the pimples and
blackheads gradually began to dis-
appear, until now my face is en-
tirely cleared of them. I am, in-
deed, grateful for what Zam-Buk
has done for me, and should like
all others who are troubled as I
was, to know of this wonderful
ointment."

Zam-Buk is just as good for ec-
zema, salt rheum, ulcers, abscesses,
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box, 3 for \$1.25, all druggists or
Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. Send 1c
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**FURNITURE
AND
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Rugs, Oilcloths
Window Shades
Lace Curtains
and all Household Furnishings

TINSMITHING
Mr. R. 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
attention

EDWARD KRESS

**Grand Trunk Railway
TIME TABLE**

Trains leave Durham at 7.05 a.m.,
and 3.45 p.m.
Trains arrive at Durham at 11.20 a.m.,
2.30 p.m., and 8.45 p.m.
EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY
G. T. Bell, C. E. Horning,
8 G.P. Agent, D.P. Agent,
Montreal, Toronto.
J. TOWNER, Depot Agent
W. CALDER, Town Agent

**Canadian Pacific Railway
Time Table**

Trains will arrive and depart as fol-
lows, until further notice:—
P.M. A.M. Lv. Toronto Un. Ar. 11.35 8.10
5.25 8.10 Lv. Toronto N. 8.10
9.13 11.55 Ar. Saugeen J. 7.55 4.35
P.M.
9.24 12.07 " Princeville " 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**

**THANKSGIVING
DAY**

SINGLE FARE.—Good going and
returning Monday, October 9.

FARE AND ONE-THIRD.—Good
going October 7-8-9; return limit
October 10, 1916.

Between all stations in Canada
east of Port Arthur and to Detroit
and Port Huron, Mich., Buffalo,
Black Rock, Niagara Falls and
Suspension Bridge, N.Y.

Tickets on sale at Grand Trunk
ticket offices.

G. B. Dingman, Durham Town Agt.
Telephone No. 3.

Ford Car Prices

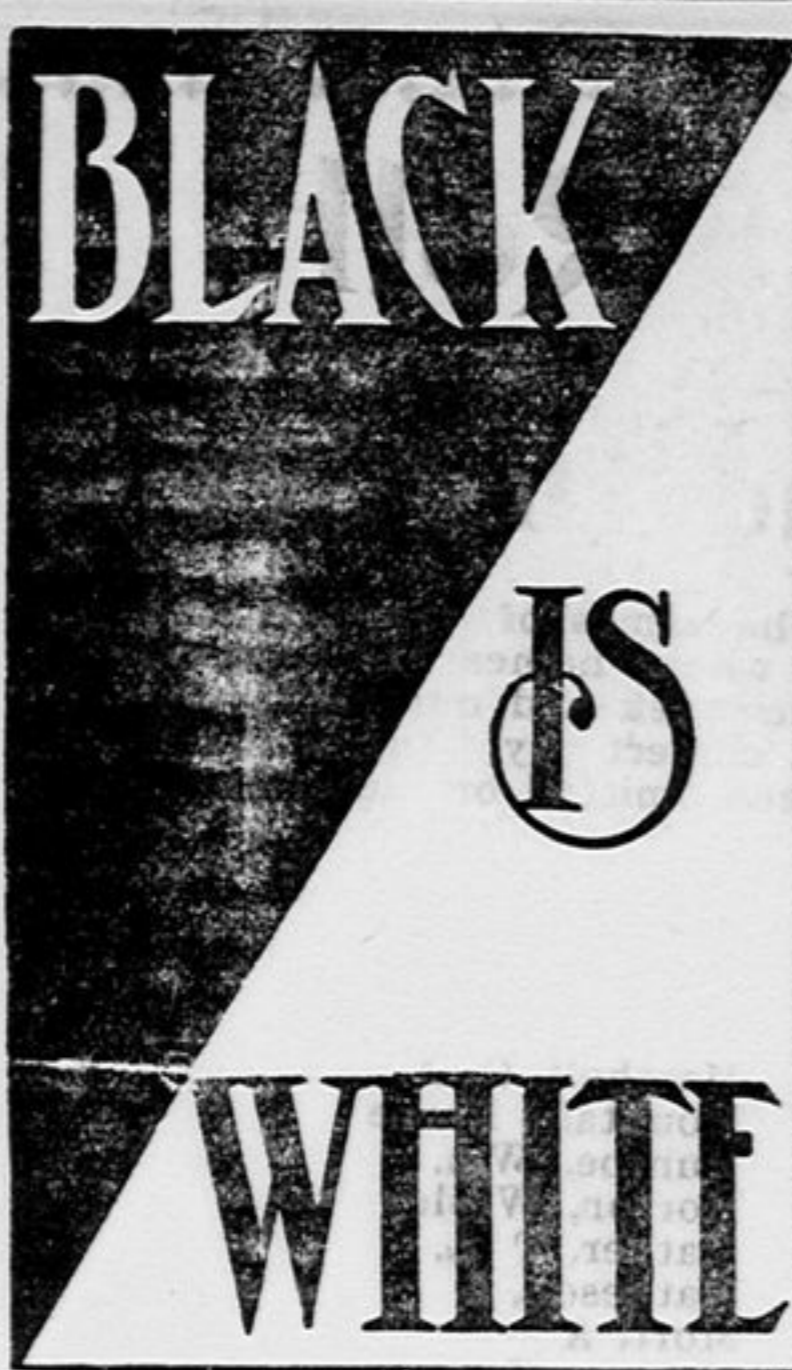
Effective August 1st, 1916
the prices of Ford Cars will
be as follows:

Touring Car	\$495.00
Roadster	475.00
Chassis	450.00
Couplet	695.00
Town	780.00
Sedan	890.00

These prices are all F.O.B.
Ford, Ontario.

These prices are guaran-
teed against reduction be-
fore August 1, 1917, but not
against advance.

C. Smith & Sons
Dealers, Durham



By
George Barr McCutcheon

CHAPTER XVII.

Foul Weather.

To Brood's surprise, she came half
way down the steps again, and, lean-
ing over the railing, spoke to him with
a voice full of irony.

"Will you be good enough to call on
your spy, James?"

"What do you mean?" He had start-
ed to put on his light overcoat.

"I think you know," she said, briefly.

"Do you consider me so mean, so
infamous as—" he began hotly.

"Nevertheless, I feel happier when
I know he is out of the house. Call
off your dog, James."

He smothered an execration and
then called out harshly to Jones. "Ask
Ranjab to attend me here, Jones. He
is to go out with me," he said to the
butler a moment later. Yvonne was
still leaning over the banister, a
scornful smile on her lips.

"I shall wait until you are gone. I
intend to see Frederic alone," he said
with marked emphasis on the final
word.

"As you like," said he, coldly.

She crossed the upper hall and dis-
appeared from view down the corridor
leading to her own room. Her lips
were set with decision; a wild, reck-
less light filled her eyes, and the smile
of scorn had given way to one of ex-
altation. Her breath came fast and
tremulously through quivering nos-
trils as she closed her door and hur-
ried across to the little vine-covered
balcony.

"The time has come—the time has
come, thank God," she was saying to
herself, over and over again.

She turned her attention to the win-
dow across the court and two floors
above her—the heavily curtained win-
dow in Brood's "retreat." There was
no sign of life there, so she hurried to
the front of the house to wait for the
departure of James Brood and his man.
The two were going down the front
steps. At the bottom Brood spoke to
Ranjab and the latter, as imperturb-
able as a rock, bowed low and moved
off in an opposite direction to that
taken by his master. She watched
until both were out of sight. Then she
rapidly mounted the stairs to the top
floor.

Frederic was lying on the couch
near the jade-room door. She was
able to distinguish his long, dark fig-
ure after peering intently about the
shadowy interior in what seemed at
first to be a vain search for him. She
shrank back, her eyes fixed in horror
upon the prostrate shadow. Suddenly
he stirred and then half raised him-
self on one elbow to stare at the figure
in the doorway.

"Is it you?" he whispered, hoarsely,
and dropped back with a great sigh on
his lips.

Her heart leaped. The blood rushed
back to her face. Quickly closing the
door, she advanced into the room, her
tread as swift and as soft as a cat's.

"He has gone out. We are quite
alone," she said, stopping to lean
against the table, suddenly faint with
excitement.

He laughed, a bitter, mirthless,
snarling laugh.

"Get up, Frederic. Be a man! I
know what has happened. Get up!
I want to talk it over with you. We
must plan. We must decide now—at

once—before he returns." The words
broke from her lips with sharp, stac-
catolic emphasis.

He came to a sitting posture slowly,
all the while staring at her with a dull
wonder in his heavy eyes.

"Pull yourself together," she cried,
hurriedly. "We cannot talk here. I
am afraid in this room. It has ears,
I know. That awful Hindu is always
here, even though he may seem to be
elsewhere. We will go down to my
boudoir."

He slowly shook his head and then
allowed his chin to sink dejectedly into
his hands. With his elbows on his
knees he watched her movements in a
state of increasing interest and bewil-
derment. She turned abruptly to the
Buddha, whose placid, smirking coun-
tenance seemed to be alive to the situa-
tion in all of its aspects. Standing
close, her hands behind her back, her
figure very erect and theatrical, she pro-
ceeded to address the image in a voice
full of mockery.

"Well, my chatterbox friend, I have
pierced his armor, haven't I? He will
creep up here and ask you, his won-
derful god, to tell him what to do
about it, ai—e? His wits are tangled.
He doubts his senses. And when he



She Watched Until Both Were Out
of Sight.

comes to you, my friend, and whines
his secret doubts into your excellent
and trustworthy ear, do me the kind-
ness to keep the secret I shall now
whisper to you, for I trust you, too,
you amiable fraud." Standing on tip-
toe, she put her lips to the idol's ear
and whispered. Frederic, across the
room, roused from his lethargy by the
strange words and still stranger ac-
tion, rose to his feet and took several
steps toward her. "There! Now you
know everything. You know more
than James Brood knows, for you
know what his charming wife is about
to do next." She drew back and
regarded the image through half-
closed, smoldering eyes. "But he will
know before long—before long."

"What are you doing, Yvonne?" de-
manded Frederic, unsteadily.

She whirled about and came toward
him, her hands still clasped behind her
back.

"Come with me," she said, ignoring
his question.

"He—he thinks I am in love with
you," said he, shaking his head.

"And are you not in love with me?"
He was startled. "Good Lord,
Yvonne!"

She came quite close to him. He
could feel the warmth that traveled
from her body across the short space
that separated them. The intoxicat-
ing perfume filled his nostrils; he
drew a deep breath, his eyes closing
slowly as his senses prepared to suc-
cumb to the delicious spell that came
over him. When he opened them at
instant later, she was still facing him,
as straight and fearless as a soldier,
and the light of victory was in her
dark, compelling eyes.

"Well," she said, deliberately, "I am
ready to go away with you."

He fell back stunned beyond the
power of speech. His brain was filled
with a thousand clattering noises.

"He has turned you out," she went
on rapidly. "He disowns you. Very
well; the time has come for me to
exact payment from him for that and
for all that has gone before. I shall
go away with you. I—"

"Impossible!" he cried, finding his
tongue and drawing still farther away
from her.

"Are you not in love with me?" she
whispered softly.

He put his hands to his eyes to shut
out the alluring vision.

"For God's sake, Yvonne—leave me.
Let me go my way. Let me—"

"He cursed your mother! He curses
you! He damns you—as he damned
her. You can pay him up for every-
thing. You owe nothing to him. He
has killed every—"

Frederic straightened up suddenly,
and with a loud cry of exultation
raised his clenched hands above his
head.

"By heaven, I will break him! I
will make him pay! Do you know
what he has done to me? Listen to
this: he boasts of having reared me
to manhood, as one might bring up a
prize beast, that he might make me
pay for the wrong that my poor
mother did a quarter of a century
ago. All these years he has had in
mind this thing that he has done to-
day. All my life has been spent in
preparation for the sacrifice that came
an hour ago. I have suffered all these
years in ignorance of—"

"Not so loud!" she whispered,
alarmed by the vehemence of his re-
awakened fury.

"Oh, I'm not afraid!" he cried, sav-
agely. "Can you imagine anything
more diabolical than the scheme he
has had in mind all these years? To
pay out my mother—whom he loved
and still loves—yes, by heaven, he still
loves her!—he works to this beastly
end. He made her suffer the agonies
of the damned up to the day of her
death by refusing her the right to
have the child that he swears is no
child of his. Oh, you don't know the
story—you don't know the kind of
man you have for a husband—you
don't—"

"Yes, yes, I do know," she cried, vio-
lently, beating her breast with clinched
hands. "I do know! I know that he
still loves the poor girl who went out
of this house with his curses ringing
in her ears a score of years ago, and
who died still hearing them. And I
had almost come to the point of pity-
ing him—I was falling—I was weaken-
ing. He is a wonderful man. I—I
was losing myself. But that is all
over. Three months ago I could have
left him without a pang—yesterday I
was afraid that it would never be pos-
sible. Today he makes it easy for me.

He has hurt you beyond all reason, not
because he hates you but because he
loved your mother."

"But you do love him," cried Fred-
eric, in stark wonder. "You don't care
the snap of your finger for me. What
is all this you are saying, Yvonne?
You must be mad. Think! Think
what you are saying."

"I have thought—I am always think-
ing. I know my own mind well enough.
It is settled: I am going away and I
am going with you."

"I cannot listen to you, Yvonne,"
cried Frederic, aghast. His heart was
pounding so fiercely that the blood
surged to his head in great waves, al-
most stunning him with its velocity.

"We go tomorrow," she cried out,
in an ecstasy of triumph. She was
convinced that he would go! "La
Provence!"

"Good God in heaven!" he gasped,
dropping suddenly into a chair and
burying his face in his shaking hands.

"What will this mean to Lydia—what
will she do—what will become of her?"

A quiver of pain crossed the wom-
an's face, her eyelids fell as if to shut
out something that shamed her in
spite of all her vainglorious protesta-
tions. Then the spirit of exaltation re-
sumed its sway.

"You cannot marry Lydia now," she
said, affecting a sharpness of tone that
caused him to shrink involuntarily. "It
is your duty to write her a letter to-
night, explaining all that has hap-
pened today. She would sacrifice her-
self for you today, but there is to-
morrow! A thousand tomorrows, Fred-
eric. Don't forget them, my dear.
They would be ugly after all, and she
is too good, too fine to be dragged
into—"

"You are right!" he exclaimed, leap-
ing to his feet. "It would be the vilest
act that a man could perpetrate.
Why—why it would be proof of what
he says of me—it would stamp me
forever the bastard he—No, no, I could
never lift my head again if I were to
do this utterly vile thing to Lydia. He
said to me here—not an hour ago—that
he expected me to go ahead and
blight that loyal girl's life, that I
would consider it a noble means of
self-justification! What do you think
of that? He— But wait! What is
this that we are proposing to do? Give
me time to think! Why—why, I
can't take you away from him,
Yvonne! God in heaven, what am I
thinking of? Have I no sense of
honor? Am I—"

"You are not his son," she said,
significantly.

"But that is no reason why I should
stoop to a foul trick like this. Do—
do you know what you are suggest-
ing?" He drew back from her with a
look of disgust in his eyes. "No! I'm
not that vile! I—"

"Frederic, you must let me—"

"I don't want to hear anything
more, Yvonne. What manner of wom-
an are you? He is your husband, he
loves you, he trusts you—oh, yes, he
does! And you would leave him like
this? You would—"

"Hush! Not so loud!" she cried, in
great agitation.

"And let me tell you something
more. Although I can never marry
Lydia, by heaven, I shall love her to
the end of my life. I will not betray
that love. To the end of time she shall
know that my love for her is real and
true and—"

"Wait! Give me time to think," she
pleaded. He shook his head reso-
lutely. "Do not judge me too harshly.
Hear what I have to say before you
condemn me. I am not the vile crea-
ture you think, Frederic. Wait! Let
me think!"

He stared at her for a moment in
deep perplexity, and then slowly drew
near. "I do not believe you mean to
do wrong—I do not believe it of you.
You have been carried away by some
horrible—"

"Listen to me," she broke in, fier-
cely. "I would have sacrificed you—ay,
sacrificed you, poor boy—for the joy
it would give me to see James Brood
grovel in misery for the rest of his
life. Oh! She uttered a groan of
despair and self-loathing so deep and
full of pain that his heart was chilled.

"Good Lord, Yvonne!" he gasped,
dumfounded.

"Do not come near me," she cried
out, covering her face with her hands.
For a full minute she stood before him,
straight and rigid as a statue, a tragic
figure he was never to forget. Sud-
denly she lowered her hands. To his
surprise, a smile was on her lips. "You
would never have gone away with me.
I know it now. All these months I
have been counting on you for this
very hour—this culminating hour—and
now I realize how little hope I have
really had, even from the beginning.
You are honorable. There have been
times when my influence over you was
such that you resisted only because
you were loyal to yourself—not to
Lydia, not to my husband—but to
yourself. I came to this house with
but one purpose in mind. I came here
to take you away from the man who
has always stood as your father. I
would not have become your mistress
—pah! how loathsome it sounds! But
I would have enticed you away, be-
lieving myself to be justified. I would
have struck James Brood that blow.
He would have gone to his grave be-
lieving himself to have been paid in
full by the son of the woman he had
degraded, by the boy he had reared
for the slaughter, by the blood—"

"In God's name, Yvonne, what is
this you are saying? What have you
against my—against him?"

"What! I shall come to that. I
did not stop to consider all that I
should have to overcome. First, there
was your soul, your honor, your in-
tegrity to consider. I could see noth-
ing else but triumph over James
Brood. To gain my end it was neces-
sary that I should be his wife. I be-

came his wife—I deliberately took that
step in order to make complete my
triumph over him. I became the wife
of the man I hated with all my soul,
Frederic. So you can see how far I
was willing to go to—ah, it was a hard
thing to do! But I did not shrink. I
went into it without faltering, without
a single thought of the cost to myself.
He was to pay for all that, too, in the
end. Look into my eyes, Frederic. I
want to ask you a question. Will you
go away with me? Will you take me?"

He returned her look steadily. "No!"

"That is all I want to hear you say.
It means the end. I have done all
that could be done and I have failed.
Thank God, I have failed!" She came
swiftly to him and, before he was
aware of her intention, clutched his
hand and pressed it to her lips. He
was shocked to find that a sudden
gush of tears was wetting his hand.

"Oh, Yvonne!" he cried miserably.
She was sobbing convulsively. He
looked down upon her dark, bowed
head and again felt the mastering de-
sire to crush her slender, beautiful
body in his arms. The spell of her
body upon him again, but now he real-

ized that the appeal was to his spirit
and not to his flesh—as it had been all
along, he was beginning to suspect.

"Don't pity me," she choked out
"This will pass, as everything else
has passed. I am proud of you now,
Frederic. You are splendid. Not many
men could have resisted in this hour
of despair. You have been cast off,
despised, degraded, humiliated. You
were offered the means to retaliate
You—"

"And I was tempted!" he cried bit-
terly. "For the moment I was—"

"And now what is to become of
me?" she wailed.

His heart went cold. "You—you
will leave him? You will go back to
Paris? Good Lord, Yvonne, it will be
a blow to him. He has had one fear-
ful slash in the back. This will break
him."

"At least, I may have that consol-
ation," she cried, straightening up in
an effort to revive her waning pur-
pose. "Yes, I shall go. I cannot stay—"

Continued on page 7.

"Ah, it was a Hard Thing to Do!"



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