

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE

for the health of the family? The mother, of course! She is naturally particular to give her children only the purest of internal medicines, but she may not always know that a remedy applied to the skin enters the child's system, by absorption, just as surely as a medicine that is swallowed. This is a fact, and the mother should, therefore, use only the purest ointment obtainable.

Scientific analysis has proved Zam-Buk to be absolutely pure. The great English Chemist, Mr. W. Lascelles Scott, says: "I have made an exhaustive analysis of Zam-Buk and have no hesitation in certifying its purity and its inestimable value for skin ailments and injuries."

Although the healing powers of Zam-Buk are beyond those of other ointments, it is at the same time so refined that it agrees with the most sensitive skin—even the skin of a baby. Mothers who have once used it say they cannot do without Zam-Buk.

It is best for eczema and all skin diseases, ringworm, blood-poison, scalp sores, ulcers, boils, pimples, piles, burns, scalds, cuts, etc. All druggists or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, 50c. box, 3 for \$1.25.



Encourage Home Garden

Horticultural societies and other local organizations can do no better work than encourage the cultivation of the home garden. It not only adds to the beauty of the home, but the cumulative effect upon a municipality spurs the chasm between civic pride and civic neglect.

New Motor Fuel

Experiments with a mixture of benzol and kerosene as fuel indicate that some little trouble is likely to arise from the partial separation of the two liquids after standing all night. The kerosene goes to the bottom and makes starting the automobile a difficult matter. On the road vibration keeps the fuels well mixed.

FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING

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 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
G. P. Agent, Montreal.	D. P. Agent, Toronto.
J. TOWNER, 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	8:10 Lv. Toronto Un. Ar. 11:35
8:13	11:55 ar. Saugeen J. " 7:55 4:35
9:24	12:07 " Pricerville " 7:40 4:20
9:34	12:17 " Glen " 7:30 4:10
9:38	12:21 " McWilliams " 7:25 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

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 guaranteed against reduction before August 1, 1917, but not against advance.

C. Smith & Sons Dealers, Durham



By George Barr McCutcheon

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Shot That Failed.
Transfixed, they watched him take two or three steps into the room. At his back was the swarthy Hindu, his eyes gleaming like coals of fire in the shadowy light.

"James!" fell tremulously from the lips of Yvonne. She swayed toward him as Ranjab grasped his arm from behind. Frederick saw the flash of something bright as it passed from the brown hand to the white one. He did not at once comprehend.

"It happened once," came hoarsely from the throat of James Brood. "It shall not happen again. Thank you, Ranjab."

Then Frederick knew! The Hindu had slipped a revolver into his master's hand!

"It gives me great pleasure, Yvonne, to relieve you of that damned, rotten worthless thing you call your life." As he raised his arm, Frederick sprang forward with a shout of horror. Scarcely realizing what he did, he hurled Yvonne violently to one side.

It was all over in the twinkling of an eye. There was a flash, the crash of an explosion, a puff of smoke and the smell of burnt powder.

Frederic stood perfectly still for an instant, facing the soft cloud that rose from the pistol barrel. An expression of vague amazement in his face. Then his hand went uncertainly to his breast.

Already James Brood had seen the red blotch that spread with incredible swiftness—blood red against the snowy white of the broad shirt bosom. Glaring with wide-open eyes at the horrid spot, he stood there with the pistol still levelled in a petrified hand.

"Good God, father, you've—why, you've—" struggled from Frederick's writhing lips, and then his knees sagged; an instant later they gave way with a rush and he dropped heavily to the floor.

There was not a sound in the room. Suddenly Brood made a movement quick and spasmodic. At the same in-



"Sahib! Sahib!" He Hissed.

stant Ranjab flung himself forward and grasped his master's arm. He had turned the revolver upon himself! The muzzle was almost at his temple when the Hindu seized his hand in a grip of iron.

"Sahib! Sahib!" he hissed. "What would you do?" Wrenching the weapon from the stiff, unresisting fingers, he hurled it across the room.

"My God!" groaned Brood. His tall body swerved forward, but his legs refused to carry him. The Hindu caught him as he was sinking limply to his knees. With a tremendous effort of the will, Brood succeeded in conquering the black unconsciousness that was assailing him. He straightened up to his full height, and with trembling fingers pointed to the prostrate figure on the floor. "The pistol, Ranjab! Where is it? Give it me! Man, man, can I live after that? I have killed my son—my own son! Quick, man!"

"Sahib!" cried the Hindu, wringing

his hands. "I cannot! I cannot!"

"I command you! The pistol!" Without a word the Hindu, fatalist, slave, pagan that he was, turned to do his master's bidding. It was not for him to say nay, it was not for him to oppose the will of the master, but to obey.

All this time, Yvonne was crouching against the table, her horrified gaze upon the great red blotch that grew to terrible proportions as she watched. She had not moved, she had not breathed, she had not taken her hands from her ears where she had placed them at the sound of the explosion.

"Blood! It is blood!" she moaned, and for the first time since the shot was fired her husband glanced at the one for whom the bullet was intended.

An expression of incredulity leaped into his face, as if he could not believe his senses. She was alive and unhurt! His bullet had not touched her. His brain fumbled for the explanation of this miracle.

"Blood!" she wailed again, a long, shuddering word that came not from her lips but from the very depths of her terror-stricken soul.

Slowly Brood's mind worked out of the maze. His shot had gone straight, but Frederick himself had leaped into its path to save this miserable creature who would have damned his soul if he had been spared to him.

Ranjab crawled to his side, his eyes covered with one arm, the other extended. Blindly the master felt for the pistol, not once removing his eyes from the pallid figure against the table. His fingers closed upon the weapon. Then the Hindu looked up, warned by the strange voice that spoke to him from the mind of his master. He saw the arm slowly extend itself with a sinister hand directed straight at the unconscious figure of the woman. This time Brood was making sure of his aim—so sure that the lithe Hindu had time to spring to his feet and grasp once more the hand that held the weapon.

"Master! Master!" he cried out. Brood turned to look at his man in sheer bewilderment. What could all this mean? What was the matter with the man?

"Down, Ranjab!" he commanded in a low, cautious tone, as he would have used in speaking to a dog when the game was run to earth.

"There is but one bullet left, sahib," cried the man.

"Only one is required," said the master hazily.

"You have killed your son. This but let is for yourself!"

"Yes! Yes! But—but she! She lives! She—"

The Hindu struck his own breast significantly. "Thy faithful servant remains, sahib. Die, if thou wilt, but leave her to Ranjab. There is but one bullet left. It is for you. You must not be here to witness the death Ranjab, thy servant, shall inflict upon her. Shoot thyself now, if so be it, but spare thyself the sight of—"

He did not finish the sentence, but his strong, bony fingers went through the motion that told a more horrible story than words could have expressed. There was no mistaking his meaning. He had elected himself her executioner.

A ghastly look of comprehension flitted across Brood's face. For a second his mind slipped from one dread to another more appalling. He knew this man of his. He remembered the story of another killing in the hills of India. His gaze went from the brown fanatic's face to the white, tender, lovely throat of the woman—and a hoarse gasp broke from his lips.

"No! No! Not that!" he cried, and as the words rang out, Yvonne removed her horrified gaze from the blot of red and fixed it upon the face of her husband. She straightened up slowly and her arms fell limply to her sides.

"It was meant for me. Shoot, James!" she said, almost in a whisper.

The Hindu's grasp tightened at the convulsive movement of his master's hand. His fingers were like steel bands.

"Shoot!" she repeated, raising her voice. "Save yourself, for if he is dead I shall kill you with my own hands. This is your chance—shoot!"

Brood's fingers relaxed their grip on the revolver. A fierce, wild hope took all the strength out of his body—he grew faint with it.

"God, he—he can't be dead! I have not killed him. He shall not die—he shall not—" Flinging the Hindu aside he threw himself down beside the body on the floor. The revolver as it dropped, was caught in the nimble hand of the Hindu, who took two long, swift strides toward the woman who now faced him instead of her husband. There was a great light in his eyes as he stood over her and she saw death staring out upon her.

But she did not quail. She was past all that. She looked straight into his eyes for an instant and then, as if putting him out of her thoughts entirely, turned slowly toward the two men on the floor. The man half raised the pistol, but something stayed his hand—something stronger than any mere physical opposition could have done.

He glared at the half-averted face, confounded by the most extraordinary impression that ever had entered his incomprehensible brain. Something strange and wonderful was transpiring before his very eyes—something so marvellous that even he, mysterious seer of the Ganges, was stunned into complete amazement and unbelief. That strange, uncanny intelligence of his, born of a thousand mysteries, was being tried beyond all previous exactions. It was as if he now saw this woman for the first time—as if he had never looked upon her face before. A mist appeared to envelop her and through this veil he saw a face that was new to him—the face of Yvonne and yet not hers at all. Absolute won-

der crept into his eyes.

As if impelled by the power of his gaze, she faced him once more. For what seemed hours to him, but in reality only seconds, his searching eyes looked deep into hers. He saw at last the soul of this woman and it was not the soul he had known as hers up to that tremendous moment. And he came to know that she was no longer afraid of him or his powers. His hand was lowered, his eyes fell and his lips moved but there were no words, for he addressed a spirit. All the venom, all the hatred fled from his soul. His knees bent in sudden submission, and his eyes were raised to hers once more, but now in their somber depths was the fidelity of the dog!

"Go at once," she said, and her voice was as clear as a bell.

He shot a swift glance at the prostrate Frederick and straightened his tall figure as would a soldier under orders. His understanding gaze sought hers again. There was another command in her eyes. He placed the weapon on the table. It had been a distinct command to him.

"One of us will use it," she said monotonously. "Go!"

With incredible swiftness he was gone. The curtains barely moved as he passed between them and the heavy door made no sound in opening and closing. There was no one in the hall. The sound of the shot had not gone beyond the thick walls of that proscribed room on the top floor. Somewhere at the rear of the house an indistinct voice was uttering a jumbled stream of French.

Many minutes passed. There was not a movement in the room. Brood, beside the outstretched figure of his unintended victim, was staring at the gray face with wide, unblinking eyes. He looked at last upon the features that he had searched for in vain through all the sullen years. There was blood on his hands and on his cheek, for he had listened at first for the beat of the heart. Afterward his agonized gaze had gone to the bloodless face. There it was arrested. A dumb wonder possessed his soul. He knelt there petrified by the shock of discovery. In the dim light he no longer saw the features of Matilde, but his own, and his heart was still. In that revealing moment he realized that he had never seen anything in Frederick's countenance save the dark, never-to-be-forgotten eyes—and they were his Matilde's. Now those eyes were closed. He could not see them, and the blindness was struck from his own. He had always looked into the boy's eyes—he had never been able to seek farther than those haunting, intriguing eyes—but now he saw the lean, strong jaw, and the firm chin, the straight nose and the broad forehead—and none of these were Matilde's! These were the features of a man—and of but one man. He was seeing himself as he was when he looked into his mirror at twenty-one!

All these years he had been blind, all these years he had gone on cursing his own image. In that overpowering thought came the realization that it was too late for him to atone. His mind slowly struggled out of thrall that held it stupefied. He was looking at his own face—dead! He would look like that! Matilde was gone forever—the eyes were closed—but he was here, going gray and grayer of face all the time.

He had forgotten the woman. She was standing just beyond the body that stretched itself between them. Her hands were clasped against her breast and her eyes were lifted heavenward. She had not moved throughout that age of oblivion.

He saw her and suddenly became rigid. Slowly he sank back, his eyes distended, his jaw dropping. He put out a hand and saved himself from falling, but his eyes never left the face of the woman who prayed—whose whole being was the material representation of prayer. But it was not Yvonne, his wife, that he saw standing there. It was another—Matilde!

"My God, Matilde—Matilde! Forgive! Forgive!" Slowly her eyes were lowered until they fell full upon his stricken face.

"Am I going mad?" he whispered hoarsely. As he stared, the delicate wan face of Matilde began to fade and he again saw the brilliant, undimmed features of Yvonne. "God in heaven, it was Matilde! What accursed trick of—"

He sprang to his feet and advanced upon her, actually stepping across the body of his son in his reckless haste. For many seconds they stood with their faces close together, he staring wildly, she with a dull look of agony in her eyes, but unflinching. What he saw caused an icy chill to sweep through his tense body, and a sickness to enter his soul. He shrank back.

"Who—who are you?" he cried out in sudden terror. He felt the presence of Matilde. He could have stretched out his hand and touched her, so real, so vivid was the belief that she was actually there before him. "Matilde was here—I saw her, before God, I saw her. And—and now it is you! She is still here. I can feel her hand touching mine—I can feel—no, again. I—"

The cold, lifeless voice of Yvonne was speaking to him, huskier than ever before.

"Matilde has been here. She has always been with him. She is always near you, James Brood."

"What—are you—saying?" he gasped.

She turned wearily away and pointed to the weapon on the table.

"Who is to use it, you or I?" He opened his mouth but uttered no sound. His power of speech was gone. She went on in a deadly monotone. "You intended the bullet for me. It is not too late. Kill me, if you will. I give you the first chance—take it, for

if you do not I shall take mine."

"I cannot kill you—I cannot kill the woman who stood where you are standing a moment ago. Matilde was there! She was alive, do you hear



"Matilde Had Been There."

me! Alive—and—ah!" The exclamation fell from his lips as she suddenly leaned forward, her intense gaze fixed on Frederick's face.

"See! Ah, see! I prayed and I have been answered. See! God in heaven, see!"

He turned. Frederick's eyes were open. He was looking up at them, with a piteous appeal in their depths—an appeal for help, for life, for consciousness.

"He is not dead! Frederic, Frederic, my son—" He dropped to his knees and frantically clutched at the hand that lay stretched out beside the limp figure. The pain-stricken eyes closed slowly.

Someone knelt beside Brood. He saw a slim white hand go out and touch the pallid brow.

"I shall save your soul, James Brood," a voice was saying, but it seemed far away. "He shall not die. Your poor wretched soul may rest secure. I shall keep death away from him. You shall not have to pay for this—no, not for this. The bullet was meant for me. I owe my life to him, you shall owe his to me. But you have yet to pay a greater debt than this can ever become. He is your son. You owe another for his life—and you will never be out of her debt, not even in hell, James Brood."

Slowly Frederick's eyes opened again. They wavered from one face to the other and there was in them the unsolvable mystery of divination. As the lids dropped once more, Brood's manner underwent a tremendous change. The stupefaction of horror and doubt fell away in a flash and he was again the clear-headed, indomitable man of action. The blood rushed back into his veins, his eyes flashed with the returning fire of hope, his voice was steady, sharp, commanding.

"The doctor!" he cried in Yvonne's ear, as his strong fingers went out to tear open the red shirt bosom. "Be Continued on page 7."

Big 4 He Sells Cheap

New Spring Goods

Lace Curtains

31 in. wide, 2 1/2 yds. long, 50c pr.
40 in. wide, 2 1/2 yds. long, 75c pr.
47 in. wide, 3 yds. long, \$1.00 pr.

All Lace Curtains have finished tops.

New Curtain Drapery, 36 in. wide, double border, cream or white, 15c per yard.

Twilled Sheetting, 2 yds. wide, 25c yard.

Heavy Bleached Sheetting, 2 yds. wide, 40c yard.

Bleached Table Linen, 70 in. wide, 50c yard.

New goods coming in every week.

W. H. BEAN Big 4

Grant's Ad.

WE have received some nice Tweed and Sealette

COATS for Ladies

also Raincoats in Tweed

STANFIELD'S

Unshrinkable Underwear for Men for Women

Will be pleased to have you Call and Inspect

Many a man on the road to fortune doesn't know at what station to get off.

When compared with the patience of a mother, all other brands of patience are counterfeit.

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, woollen goods, men's underwear, ladies' underwear, men's pants and overalls, ginghams, muslins 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.

S. SCOTT

Opposite the Old Stand Durham, Ontario

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.

Day No. 4
Phones: Night No. 26