

DO YOU IMAGINE

that your skin trouble is incurable because ordinary treatments have failed? If so get Zam-Buk and prove, as thousands of others have, that Zam-Buk is capable of healing after everything else has failed!

Mrs. Horgan, of 183 Manning Ave., Toronto, writes: "For eight months my little son's face was simply covered with eczema. The pain and irritation were so intense that he could not sleep. He received treatment at a hospital, but it did him no good. Then I heard of Zam-Buk and commenced using it. It really worked wonders. The pain and irritation soon disappeared, and I could notice a decided improvement. I persevered with the treatment until now his face is quite free from sores and his skin is perfectly clear. I cannot be grateful enough for what Zam-Buk has done, and I shall never be without it."

Zam-Buk is equally good for ringworm, salt rheum, blood-poisoning, ulcers, old sores, piles, burns, scalds, cuts and all skin injuries. 50c. box, 3 for \$1.25, all druggists or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.



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, D. P. Agent,
Montreal, 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	11.55	8.10
9.13	11.55	Ar. Sarnia 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

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

A MOTORING TRAGEDY.

When ye editor was out motoring the other day with a friend, the reckless driver, speeding at the rate of eight and three-quarter miles an hour, ran over a hen and killed it. An action for damages loomed up in our mind's eye, and we urged top speed from the scene of the accident. Now it has been decided that animals roam on the highways at their own risk. At Hamilton, before Judge Monck, an action for compensation for loss of a cow killed by an automobile was dismissed. "It is common knowledge that cattle while grazing along the public highway are likely to step in front of passing vehicles, and careful drivers are always on the watch for such action," said Judge Monck. "The evidence does not prove any person to have been in charge of the animal, and I therefore dismiss the case."—Collingwood Enterprise.



By
George Barr McCutcheon

CHAPTER XIX.

The Voice of the Wind.

Hours afterward Brood sat alone in the room where the tragedy occurred. Much had transpired in the interim to make those hours seem like separate and distinct years to him, each hour an epoch in which a vital and memorable incident had been added to his already overfull measure of experience. Underneath all was an ever-present sense of insecurity, as if the whole order of life had been suddenly deprived of foundation or support. No matter where he looked, there was not the slightest ray of light in the darkness that enveloped his understanding. Something tremendous had happened, aside from the visible, physical incident that had stunned him temporarily at the outset of the tragic era, something that was beyond comprehension and intangible and which continually loomed up before him as a specter that had neither shape nor substance and yet was as completely positive as anything else that had transpired. He could account for the shooting, the emotions preceding that unhappy occurrence, the intervention of fate that saved Yvonne from death and laid low the substitute, the sense of horror that ensued, the sudden revelation that came to him as he looked into Frederic's face with its closed eyes, and the agony of suspense that now consumed him, but a cloud still hung over him that his intelligence could not penetrate nor his physical being dispel, no matter how hard he struggled to clear a way to the open.

He had seen a vision. Its effect on him had been overpowering. The fortitude of a lifetime had been shattered in a single instant of contact with the influence that had at last made itself felt in physical manifestation after all these years of spiritual attendance. He had never been completely free from the vague notion that Matilde was near him in spirit, that there was an actual identity to the presence that filled his dreams and denied him the boon of forgetfulness for a single instant of the years when he was awake. He had never tried to banish her from his memory. He wanted to forget her, to put her out of his thoughts altogether, for obvious reasons, but the fact that she remained the dominant figure in his present despite the past was proof, even to him, that she was and always would be the controlling force in his mind if not in his heart.

Now he was ordering himself to face new complexities. He was confronted by the most improbable of hallucinations. It was not an intangible shadow that he now had to contend with but something definite, something that took shape and mocked him. In his bitter indictment against circumstances, he argued that his brain was momentarily unbalanced following the shock caused by the shooting, and that in its disordered state he had pictured things that did not exist. It was only reasonable to assume that he had suffered from the effect of a startling, vivid hallucination, and yet there was a strange, insistent voice somewhere in his clearing mind that persuaded him against his will that he had actually seen the face of Matilde.

Admitting that he had been deceived by a trick of the imagination, there still remained certain indisputable facts to confound him. First of all, the absolute conviction that Yvonne had the power to preserve the life that hung so precariously in the balance.

He could not overcome the amazing belief that she, and not the skilled surgeon, would check the sure progress of death. Something told him that she represented a force even mightier than death and that she would prevail, no matter what betide.

He had refused to see the newspaper men who came. Doctor Hodder wisely had protested against secrecy. "Murder will out," he had said fretfully, little realizing how closely the trite old saying applied to the situation. He had accepted the statements of Yvonne and Ranjab as to the accidental discharge of the weapon, but for some reason had refrained from asking Brood a single question, although he knew him to be a witness to the shooting.

Yvonne saw the reporters and later on an inspector of police. Ranjab told his unhappy story. He had taken the weapon from a hook on the wall for the purpose of cleaning it. It had been hanging there for years, and all the time there had been a single cartridge left in the cylinder unknown to any-

one. He had started to remove the cylinder as he left the room. All these years the hammer had been raised; death had been hanging over them all the time that the pistol occupied its insecure position on the wall. Somehow, he could not tell how the hammer fell as he tugged at the cylinder. No one could have known that the revolver was loaded. That was all that he could say, except to declare that if his master's son died he would end his own miserable, valueless life.

His story was supported by the declarations of Mrs. Brood, who, while completely exonerating her husband's servant, had but little to say in explanation of the affair. She kept her wits about her. Most people would have made the mistake of saying too much. She professed to know nothing except that they were discussing young Mr. Brood's contemplated trip abroad and that her husband had given orders to his servant to pack a revolver in his son's traveling bag when the time came for his departure. She had paid but little attention to the Hindu's movements. All she could say was that it was an accident—a horrible, blighting accident. For the present, it would not be possible for anyone to see the heart-broken father. Doubtless, later on, he would be in the mood to discuss the dreadful catastrophe, but not now, etc., etc. He was crushed with the horror of the thing that had happened.

The horse was in a state of subdued excitement. Servants spoke in whispers and tip-toed through the halls. Nurses and other doctors came. Two old men, shaking as with palsy, roamed about the place, intent only on worming their way into the presence of their friend and supporter to offer consolation and encouragement to him in his hour of tribulation. They shuddered as they looked into each other's faces, and they shook their heads without speaking, for their minds were filled with doubt. They did not question the truth of the story as told, but they had their own opinions. In support to the theory that they did not believe there was anything accidental in the shooting of Frederic it is only necessary to speak of their extraordinary attitude toward Ranjab. They shook hands with him and told him



Two Old Men, Shaking as With Palsy, Roamed About the Place.

that Allah would reward him! Later on, after they had had time to think it all out for themselves—being somewhat slow of comprehension—they sought out James Brood and offered to accept all the blame for having loaded the revolver without consulting him, their object having been to destroy a cat that infested the alley hard by. They felt that it was absolutely necessary to account for the presence of the unexploded cartridge.

Brood, coming between them, laid his hands on their shoulders, shaking his head as he spoke to them gently. "Thank you, old pals. I understand what it is you are trying to do. It's no use. I fired the shot. It isn't necessary to say anything more to you, I'm sure, except that, as God is my witness, I did not intend the bullet for Frederic. It was an accident in that respect. Thank you for what you would do. It isn't necessary, old pals. The story that Ranjab tells must stand for the time being. Later on—well, I may write my own story and give it to the world."

"Write it?" said Mr. Dawes, and Brood nodded his head slowly, significantly. "Oh, Jim, you—you mustn't do that!" groaned Mr. Dawes, appalled. "You ain't such a coward as to do that."

"There was one bullet left in the revolver. Ranjab advised me to save it—for myself. He's a thoughtful fellow," said Brood. "It has been removed, of course, but—"

"Jim," said Mr. Riggs, squaring himself, "it's too bad that you didn't hit what you shot at."

"Jim," interrupted Mr. Riggs, ignoring his comrade, "I see she's going to nurse Freddy. Well, sir, if I was you, I'd—"

Brood stopped him with an impatient gesture. "I must ask you not to discuss Mrs. Brood, Joe—or you, Dan."

"I was just going to say, Jim, that if I was you I'd thank the Lord that she's going to do it," substituted Mr. Riggs, somewhat hastily. "She's a wonderful nurse. She told me a bit ago that she was going to save his life in spite of the doctor."

"Ain't got a chance in a million," said Mr. Dawes. "They were surprised to see Brood wince. He hadn't been so thin-skinned in the olden days. His nerve was going back on him, that's what it was. poor Jim! Twenty years ago he would have stiffened his back and taken it like a man. It did not occur to them that they might have broken the news to him with tact and consideration."

"But you can depend on us, Jim, to pull him through," said Mr. Riggs quickly. "Remember how we saved you back there in Calcutta when all the fool doctors said you hadn't a chance? Well, sir, we'll still—"

"If any feller can get well with a bullet through his—" began Mr. Dawes encouragingly, but stopped abruptly when he saw Brood put his hands over his eyes and sink dejectedly into a chair, a deep groan on his lips.

"I guess we'd better go," whispered Mr. Riggs, after a moment of indecision and then, inspired by a certain fear for his friend, struck the gong resoundingly. Silently they made their way out of the room, encountering Ranjab just outside the door.

"You must stick to it, Ranjab," said Mr. Riggs sternly.

"With your dying breath," added Mr. Dawes, and the Hindu, understanding, gravely nodded his head.

"Well?" said Brood, long afterward, raising his haggard face to meet the gaze of the motionless brown man who had been standing in his presence for many minutes.

"Miss Lydia ask permission of sahib to be near him until the end," said the Hindu. "She will not go away. I have heard the words she say to the sahibah, and the sahibah as silent as the tomb. She say no word for herself, just sit and look at the floor and never move. Then she accuse the sahibah of being the cause of the young master's death, and the sahibah only nod her head to that, and go out of the room, and up to the place where the young master is, and they cannot keep her from going in. She just look at the woman in the white cap and the woman a step aside. The sahibah is now with the young master and the doctors. She is not of this world, sahib, but of another."

"And Miss Desmond? Where is she?" "She wait in the hall outside his door. She wait to have speech with her. She does not believe Ranjab. She look into his eye and his eye is not honest—she see it all. She say the young master shoot himself and—"

"I shall tell her the truth, Ranjab," said Brood stolidly. "She must know—she and her mother. Tonight I shall see them, but not now. Suicide! Poor, poor Lydia!"

"Miss Lydia say she blame herself for everything. She is a coward, she say, and Ranjab he understand. She came yesterday and went away. Ranjab tell her the sahib no can see her."

"Yesterday! I know. She came to plead with me. I know," groaned Brood, bitterly.

"She will not speak her thoughts to the world, sahib," asserted Ranjab. "Thy servant have spoken his words and she will not deny him. It is for the young master's sake. But she say she know he shoot himself because he no can bear the disgrace."

"Enough, Ranjab," interrupted the master. "Tonight I shall tell her everything. Go now and fetch me the latest word."

The Hindu remained motionless just inside the door. His eyes were closed. "Ranjab talk to the winds, sahib. The winds speak to him. The young master is alive. The great doctor he search for the bullet. It is bad. But the sahibah stand between him and death. She hold back death. She laugh at death. She say it no can be. Ranjab know her now. Here in this room he see the two woman in her, and he no more will be blind. She stand there before Ranjab, who would kill, and out of the air came a new spirit to shield her. Her eyes are the eyes of another who does not live in the flesh, and Ranjab bends the knee. He see the inside. It is not black. It is full of light—a great big light, sahib. Thy servant would kill his master's wife—but, Allah defend! He cannot kill the wife who is already dead. His master's wives stand before him—two not one—and his hand is stop."

Brood was regarding him through wide-open, incredulous eyes. "You—you saw it too?" he gasped.

"The serpent is deadly. Many time Ranjab have take the poison from its fangs and it becomes his slave. He would have take the poison from the serpent in his master's house, but the serpent change before his eye and he become the slave. She speak to him on the voice of the wind and he obey. It is the law. Kismet! His master have of wives two. Two, sahib—the living and the dead. They speak with Ranjab today and he obey."

There was dead silence in the room for many minutes after the remarkable utterances of the mystic. The two men, master and man, looked into each other's eyes and spoke no more, yet something passed between them.

"The sahibah has sent Roberts for a priest," said the Hindu at last.

"A priest? But I am not a Catholic—nor Frederic."

"Madam is. The servants are saying that the priest will be here too late. They are wondering why you have not already killed me, sahib."

"Killed you too?"

"They are now saying that the last stroke of the gong, sahib, was the death sentence for Ranjab. It called me here to be slain by you. I have told them all that I fired the—"

"Go down at once, my friend," said Brood, laying his hand on the man's shoulder. "Let them see that I do not blame you, even though we permit them to believe this lie of ours. Go, my friend!"

The man bent his head and turned away. Near the door he stopped stock-still and listened intently. "The sahibah comes."

"Ay, she said she would come to me here," said Brood, and his jaw hardened. "Hodder sent for me, Ranjab, an hour ago, but—he was conscious then. His eyes were open. I—I could not look into them. There would have been hatred in them—hatred for me and I—I could not go. I was a coward. Yes, a coward after all. She would have been there to watch me as I cringed. I was afraid of what I might do to her then."

"He is not conscious now, sahib," said the Hindu slowly.

"Still," said the other, compressing his lips, "I am afraid—I am afraid. God, Ranjab, you do not know what it means to be a coward! You—"

"And yet, sahib, you are brave enough to stand on the spot where he fell—where his blood flowed—and that is not what a coward would do."

The door opened and closed swiftly and he was gone. Brood allowed his dull, wondering gaze to sink to his feet. He was standing on the spot where Frederic had fallen. There was no blood there now. The rug had been removed and before his own eyes, the swift-moving Hindu had washed the floor and table and put the room in order. All this seemed ages ago. Since



Brood Allowed His Dull, Wondering Gaze to Sink to His Feet.

that time he had bared his soul to the smiling Buddha, and receiving no consolation from the smug image, had violently cursed the thing. Since then he had waited—he had waited for many things to happen. He knew all that took place below stairs. He knew when Lydia came and he denied himself to her. The coming of the police, the nurses and the anesthetician, and later on, Mrs. John Desmond and the reporters—all this he had known, for he had listened at a crack in the open door. And he had heard his wife's calm, authoritative voice in the hall below, giving directions. Now for the first time he looked about him and felt himself attended by ghosts. In that instant he came to hate this once-loved room, this cherished retreat, and all

Continued on page 7.

Big 4 He Sells Cheap

New Spring Goods

Lace Curtains

31 in. wide, 2 1/2 yds. long, 50c pr.
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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.

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New goods coming in every week.

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WE have received some nice Tweed and Sealette

COATS for Ladies

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STANFIELD'S
Unshrinkable Underwear
for Men for Women

Will be pleased to have you Call and Inspect

Lieut.-Col. Wm. Hendrie will be in command of the troops to be quartered in Hamilton this winter. Jos. Montgomery, aged 48, of Maloc township, who was under arrest on suspicion of murdering his brother, is dead as a result of self-inflicted wounds.

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, gingham, muslins and ladies' and gent's sweaters.

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