

HOLSTEIN.

Rev. Robt. Rogers of Arthur preached on the Holstein circuit last Sabbath. His discourse in the morning was on the subject of "human sympathy," and in the evening "the new birth."

Mrs. Fawcett of Toronto is the guest at the parsonage this week.

The teachers are attending the convention at Dundalk this week.

The patriotic society of this vicinity is still active. It is now a little over a year since it was organized. A reorganization meeting will be held in the hall next Thursday evening. A good program is being provided. The services of Pte. Hugh Fleming of London have been secured. Pte. Fleming has been twice wounded, and can give an interesting account of his experiences. No charge will be made, but a silver collection will be taken to defray expenses.

Our Canadian boys are certainly doing their bit at the front. We noticed in the Honor Roll the name of Forbes Amos, who had been recently wounded, but since has died of his wounds. Forbes was born in the village, but enlisted with Chatham Battalion.

Mrs. Ibbott went to Arthur on Tuesday to visit friends. Mr. De Guerre of Guelph visited over Sunday with his daughter. Miss Libbie Hamilton is seriously ill at present and but little hope is entertained of her recovery.

Mr. John Waddell paid a flying visit to the burg Saturday.

Mr. A. R. Hurshey has been a little incapacitated for a few days, as has also J.M. Matthews. Both are recovering.

Mrs. J. B. Hunt has so far recovered as to be able to go out nearly every day.

TRAVERTON.

Threshing is nearly all done, corn all housed, potatoes in their little cellar bins, the apple crop half plucked, and this week will see the mangel necks twisted. 'Tis fun to be a farmer and be kept on the jump.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred McClocklin and Miss Zeta of Holstein, motored up to the old McClocklin homestead on Sunday and attended Zion's service. Though in her 80th year, Grandma McClocklin, since New Year's, has knit 50 pairs of socks for the soldier boys, and takes a care and pride in seeing that every sock is free from any knots or loose ends. "I take as much pleasure in knitting them," she says, "as I used to do for my own boys." And the dark brown eyes of the dear old mother grow moist and tender as she smooths out her work.

Last budget night we were too tired to write. The O'Neil Bros. were threshing our harvest crop and kept the big blower piling the straw up so fast that when we came we were glad to roll in without penning a word. They cleaned up 12 barns in the week. There were a lot of items we would like to have recorded, too. Here are some of them in brief: Mr. Lorne McNally of Stratford spent the week end at the old home; Mr. and Mrs. R. McFadden and Master Reggie of Rob Roy visited the Martie homestead; Mr. and Mrs. T. Cook and Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Wilson of Markdale, Mr. and Mrs. D. Hamilton and Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McFadden of Egrement, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W.J. Cook; Mrs. Jas. Lavelle of Stratford visited the O'Neil farm, and with the members of the family motored up to Owen Sound to visit kindred.

Zion's re-opening and thanksgiving service was one of the brightest and best days in its history. Rev. E. S. Moyer had a splendid message.

The Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. John McNally on Thursday and a very profitable afternoon was spent. Miss Mary McArthur had a thoughtful paper on "Why I am proud I am a Canadian." Miss Jennie Cook gave a humorous reading, a rousing patriotic selection was sung by the younger members, the monthly collection added to the funds for Red Cross supplies. Mrs. McNally and Miss Ena furnished a dainty lunch at the close.

Misses Clara Nelson and Mina Edwards and her brother, Joe, spent the first of the week with Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McFadden at Wilder's Lake.

One of the most helpful, active and clever young fellows ever reared in this neighborhood leaves on Tuesday of this week for Detroit, where a lucrative position awaits him. R. T. Cook has been a good son, a most obliging neighbor, a ready and willing Sunday school, Epworth League and church worker, and a most progressive youth. Tom will be sorely missed in the social circle as well. The old neighborhood wishes him every success.

We had the pleasure of the company of R. J. Ball, M.P., his son, Milton, Mr. Telford of Hanover, and Mr. H. Brigham of Allan Park, for a hour or two the evening of Markdale fair, and a jolly quartette they proved.

CORNER CONCERNS.

Inspector Campbell paid an official visit to our school Tuesday, and we presume found things progressing favorably under Miss Ritchie's instructions. A thanksgiving service will be conducted in St. Paul's church on Sunday, the collection to go for

missionary purposes.

At a congregational meeting held in St. Paul's church last week it was resolved that the envelope system of raising church funds be adopted.

The grain threshing is about completed for this fall, but the sweet clover, of which there is considerable here, has to be done yet. Mr. Patterson has threshed his, and has over 300 bushels, and Mr. Jacques, when finished, will have much more.

Our S. S. entertainment will be held on the evening of November 1st. An excellent program is being prepared, and we expect it to be a great success. Admission 15c. or 25c. a couple.

Thanksgiving day was spent by some of our citizens in the swamp hunting rabbits, while others took advantage of the children being home from school to hunt potatoes and, by the way, potatoes are not very plentiful. Some have very little more than they planted.

Mr. Fred. Noble has Pratt Bros. drilling a well for him. It was tried before by others, who gave it up, but the effort this time will be successful, we imagine.

EDGE HILL.

Miss Maggie Firth is spending this week with her sister, Mrs. Thos. Moore of McWilliams.

Miss Mary McFadden is visiting friends in Mt. Forest.

Messrs. E. Greenwood and Victor Williams spent the beginning of the week in Orchard.

Miss Lawson of Owen Sound and Miss Smith of Allenford were the guests of Miss Valerie Edge on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Atkinson of Toronto were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Adam Anderson.

The Bell Telephone Co. men have been making some changes in our line. Messrs. Weir, Aljoe and Jos. Atkinson have been transferred to line 95, while two new subscribers are to be added to line 98. These are Messrs. Thos. Ritchie and Arthur Edge, who have the wires into their homes, and expect to have the instruments installed in a few days.

The Edge Hill beefring concluded another very successful season at their annual meeting held in Mr. Ector's house on Thursday evening. The average for the season just closed was 435 lbs., and the quality of the beef was the very best. The ring was organized again for 1917 and is to commence the second week in June. The officers elected for 1917 were: President, Wm. Weir; secy-treas. C.H. Moffat; inspectors, F. Staples and E. Greenwood; auditors, Jos. McAlly and T. Glenross; butcher, Thos. Turnbull.

FLESHERTON.

The annual convention of the East Grey Teachers' Association was held in Flesherton high school on Thursday and Friday and was largely attended, there being 86 members present.

The teachers' concert on Thursday evening was a great success and the proceeds were in behalf of the Red Cross. The program was patriotic in character, and highly pleasing. As on former occasions Mr. Elwood Genoa, elocutionist, and Miss Hulse, violinist, delighted the audience, and were recalled in every number. Local talent assisted with piano duets by Misses Boyd and Buskin, vocal duet by Mrs. Blackburn and Miss Trimble, solos by Miss Wilson, and choruses by the Boy Scouts, all receiving hearty accolades. Mr. R.J. Ball, M.P., an ex-teacher, presided, and in his address, lofty in tone, pointed out to the teachers their privileges and responsibilities in the education and training of the young. In closing, the National Anthem was heartily sung.

Rev. J. W. Stewart of Owen Sd. preached edifying sermons at the anniversary services in the Methodist church on Sunday. Splendid music was given by the choir.

Mrs. D. McLeod of this place received official word last week that her son, Herb., at the front, had been wounded. Harry Frost, formerly in The Advance office here, is also reported wounded.

Rev. G. W. Rose of Corbetton, who is always appreciated here, supplied the Presbyterian pulpit on Sunday, in exchange with Mr. McVicar, who conducted anniversary services at Corbetton.

Mr. Thos. Bentham, Mr. John Stewart, Mrs. W. Wilcock, Mrs. G. Cairns and Mrs. Mark Stewart motored to Silver Creek, N.Y., to visit relatives there.

Mrs. Andrew Bentham of Toronto, visited the past few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. Quigg, and other relatives.

Mr. Ed. Jamieson of Porcupine visited over the week end with his mother here.

Rev. A. McVicar attended the annual meeting of the Presbyterian synod in Toronto last week.

Mr. W. H. Hemphill and brother have returned from a month's visit with friends in the west.

Mrs. D. Strachan is spending a week with friends in the city.

Mr. Will Teeter, Miss Jean Teeter, Miss L. A. Teeter and Mr. and Mrs. John Flynn attended the Erin fair and visited friends for a few days.

Rev. J. W. Stewart of Owen Sd. was the guest of Mr. M. K. Richards over the week end here.

Mrs. F. G. Karstedt has been ill for a week with pneumonia, but her friends are pleased to learn she is now on the mend. Word has been received that Mrs. (Rev.) Thom, ill with typhoid fever in Barrie hospital, is improving.

Black is White

my own good time. I think you would better sit down."

He looked at her fixedly for a moment, as if striving to materialize a thought that lay somewhere in the back of his mind. He was vaguely conscious of an impression that he could unravel all this seeming mystery without a suggestion from her if given the time to concentrate his mind on the vague, hazy suggestion that tormented his memory.

He sat down opposite her, and rested his arms on the table. The lines about his mouth were rigid, uncompromising, but there was a look of wonder in his eyes.

She leaned forward in her chair, the better to watch the changing expression in his eyes as she progressed with her story. Her hands were clenched tightly under the table's edge.

"You are looking into my eyes—as you have looked a hundred times," she said after a moment. "There is something in them that has puzzled you since the night when you looked into them across that great ballroom in London. You have always felt that they were not new to you, that you have had them constantly in front of you for ages. Do you remember when you first saw me, James Brood?"

He stared, and his eyes widened. "I never saw you in my life until that night in London, I—"

"Look closely. Isn't there something more than doubt in your mind as you look into them now?"

"I confess that I have always been puzzled by—by something I cannot understand in— But all this leads to nothing," he broke off harshly. "We are not here to mystify each other but—"

"To explain mysteries, that's it, of course. You are looking. What do you see? Are you not sure that you looked into my eyes long, long ago? Are there not moments when my voice is familiar to you, when it speaks to you out of—"

He sat up, rigid as a block of stone. "Yes, by heaven, I have felt it all along. Today I was convinced that the unbelievable had happened. I saw something that—" He stopped short, his lips parted.

She waved her hand in the direction of the Buddha. "Have you never petitioned your too solid friend over there to unravel the mystery for you? In the quiet of certain lonely, speculative hours have you not wondered where you had seen me before—long, long before the night in London? In all the years that you have been trying to convince yourself that Frederic is not your son, has there not been the vision of—"

"What are you saying to me? Are you trying to tell me that you are Matilde?"

"If not Matilde, then who am I, pray?" she demanded.

He sank back, frowning. "It cannot be possible. I would know her a thousand years from now. You cannot trick me into believing— But, in God's name, who are you?" He leaned forward again, clutching the edge of the table. "By heaven, I sometimes think you are a ghost come to haunt me, to torture me. What trick, what magic is behind all this? Has her soul, her spirit, her actual being found a lodging place in you, and have you been sent to curse me for—"

She rose half-way out of her chair, leaning farther across the table. "Yes, James Brood, I represent the spirit of Matilde Valeska, if you will have it so. Not sent to curse you, but to love you. That's the pity of it all. I swear to you that it is the spirit of Matilde that urges me to love you and to spare you now. It is the spirit of Matilde that stands between her son and death. But it is not Matilde who confronts you here and now, you may be sure of that. Matilde loved you. She loves you now, even in her grave. You will never be able to escape from that wonderful love of hers. If there have been times—and heaven knows there were many, I know—when I appeared to love you for myself, I swear to you that I was moved by the spirit of Matilde. I—I am as much mystified, as greatly puzzled as yourself. I came here to hate you, and I have loved you—yes, there were moments when I actually loved you."

Her voice died away into a whisper. For many seconds they sat looking into each other's eyes, neither possessing the power to break the strange spell of silence that had fallen upon them.

Continued next week

The 160th (Bruce) Battalion left London Sunday for the east.

North Bay plans to raise \$25,000 for the Red Cross.

The government aeroplane factory and training school, to be located at Toronto will cost about a million dollars.

The 186th (Kent) Battalion is the first to leave Camp Borden for winter quarters, leaving Sunday for Chatham.

seized with a paralytic stroke, which resulted in his death. The funeral will take place here on Wednesday afternoon. The Dr. was for many years a resident of this place, and will be greatly missed. Many friends deeply sympathize with Mrs. Carter in her loss.

Mr. A. Munshaw received word on Friday of the death of his sister, Mrs. Elizabeth White, who died at her late home in Toronto, aged 85 years. The funeral took place at Thornhill on Monday.

PERSONAL

Rev. E. S. Moyer and family are visiting friends this week in the vicinity of Hensall.

Mr. and Mrs. Grafton, son and daughter, motored from Barrie and were the guests of Mrs. McAuley for a few days.

Miss Florence McCoskery returned home last Friday, after a month's absence with friends in Toronto and Buffalo.

Mrs. (Rev.) Herbert, (nee Frankie Hignes), is now on her way to England to join her husband, who is chaplain of an overseas battalion.

Mr. W. C. Rean of Toronto, provincial Liberal organizer, was here Monday at the Liberal convention.

Mr. Frank Vickers of Renfrew was in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott, and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, of Toronto, Mrs. Grier of Holstein, and Mrs. Halliday of Mt. Forest, were guests of Mrs. S. Scott over Sunday.

Mrs. Beggs and daughter, Miss Kearney, are spending a few days with friends at Chatham.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hunter returned last week from the west, where they have spent the past couple of months visiting friends and relatives.

Mrs. S. Arrowsmith is spending a week with Mrs. Meldrum in Flesherton.

Mrs. Simons and Mrs. Collings, two sisters, from St. Lawrence

county, New York, are guests of their uncle, Mr. Chas. Brown. It is now about 22 years since Mr. Brown last met them.

BORN.

HAY.—In Durham, on September 27, to Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Hay, a daughter.

MURDOCK.—In Durham, on October 18, to Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Murdock, a son.

LLOYD.—In Durham, on October 14, to Mr. and Mrs. John Lloyd, a son.

DIED.

VAUSE.—In Artemesia, on October 17, James Vause, aged about 75 years.

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