

H A M MILLS

signed begs to residents of surrounding he has his and Factory and is prepared for

DOORS kinds of - Fittings

and Lath on Hand t Prices.

Sawing tly At- ted To

CLARK ONTARIO

BELL RTAKER

and Director ic Robes, and black for aged people.

g a Specialty

ing on short's lice.

Next to Swallow s RESIDENCE—Next W. J. Lawrence's shop.

High School

roughly equipped in chemical and elec- d fittings, etc., for full and Matriculation

Principal, 1st Class certificate in Phy- Subjects: Science, spelling.

B.A., Queen's Uni- in Art, Subjects; literature, Composi- Geography, Ancient

YDERMAN, B. A. city, also certificate literature, Subjects: En- French, British History, Composi-

nts should enter at the term if possible, tained at reasonable a healthy and at- taining it a most desir- ble.

School in past years e. The trustees are tionally and spare no t teachers and pupils vantage for the pro- and acquisition of

month in advance J. F. GRANT, Secretary

LEGRAPH SCHOOL

ough courses in and station work tudy plans or to attend Day or ons. Full particu- request. Write W. President, 3 st, Toronto.

BEST. IT PAYS

LIOTT College

Charles Sts., Toronto -d more than 240 depart- in two months this ny time. Catalogue LIOTT, Principal.

aved

footwear now. cannot now be at old prices, place them are

mostly small

o Hosiery and

Shoe Store

SOLDIERS ARE NEEDING

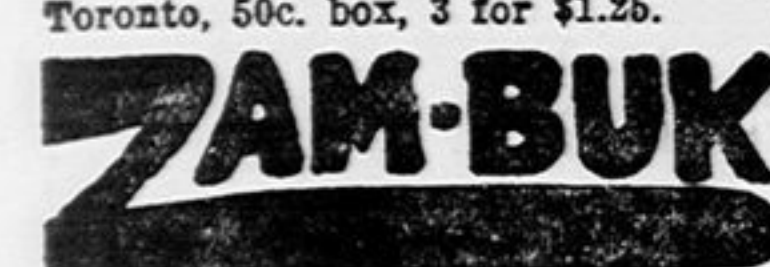
more Zam-Buk. They are asking for it in their letters home. They say that nothing takes the place of Zam-Buk for cuts, burns, blisters, sores, etc.

Pte. J. R. Smith of the "Princess Pats." writes: "Tell my friends, if they want to help me, to send some Zam-Buk. We find it very useful indeed, and we can't get too much of it."

Pte. Johnson, writing home, says: "Mrs. — has offered to send me a rug. Ask her to send some Zam-Buk instead. It will be of more use here than all the rugs in creation."

Nothing ends pain and heals so quickly as Zam-Buk, and being germicidal, if applied to a wound as soon as sustained, prevents all danger of blood-poisoning. The soldier who carries a box of Zam-Buk in his pocket will be saved much needless suffering. Don't let your friends go without.

All druggists, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, 50c. box, 3 for \$1.25.



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 11:2 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. P.M. A.M.

5:25 Lv. Toronto Un. Ar. 11:35 8:10

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

A Pugnacious Bug

Although the "devil's coach horse" has a bad reputation in bug circles, he stands very high indeed with gardeners, and women who plant flowers in their back yards.

The little "coach horse" who looks more like a war horse charging to battle than like any Satanic personage, is feared by even the stoutest hearted, and swiftest winged insects and bugs. In the garden where the "coach horse" stamps about, caterpillars are very scarce, and snails and slugs are not to be found at all. A caterpillar makes just one bite for "coach horse" and he has to catch a lot of them to make a good dinner.

A lady man wants to paddle his own canoe by proxy.

Ford Car Prices

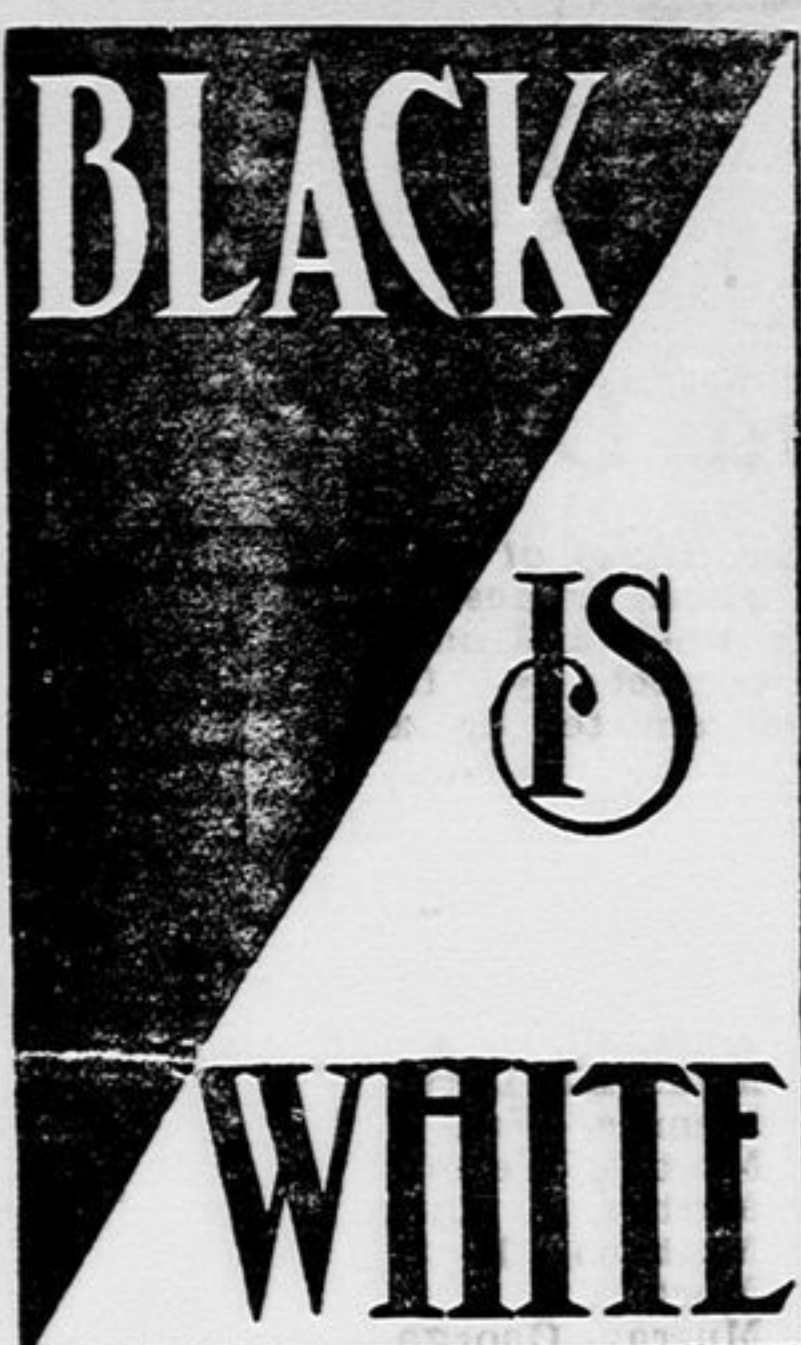
Effective August 1st, 1916 the prices of Ford Cars will be as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Car Model, Price. 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

"No, it is not Matilde who confronts you now, but one who would not spare you as she did up to the hour of her death. You are quite safe from ghosts from this hour on, my friend. You will never see Matilde again, though you look into my eyes till the end of time. Frederic may see, may feel the spirit of his mother, but you—ah, no! You have seen the last of her. Her blood is in my veins, her wrongs are in my heart. It was she with whom you fell in love and it was she you married six months ago, but now the curtain is lifted. Don't you know me now, James? Can your memory carry you back twenty-three years and deliver you from doubt and perplexity? Look closely, I say. I was six years old then and—"

Brood was glaring at her as one stupefied. Suddenly he cried out in a loud voice: "Heaven help me, you are—you are the little sister? The little Therese?"

She was standing now, leaning far over the table, for he had shrunk down into his chair.

"The little Therese, yes! Now do you begin to see? Now do you begin to realize what I came here to do? Now do you know why I married you? Isn't it clear to you? Well, I have tried to do all these things so that I might break your heart as you broke mine. I came to make you pay!" She was speaking rapidly, excitedly now. Her voice was high-pitched and unnatural. Her eyes seemed to be driving him deeper and deeper into the chair, forcing him down as though with a giant's hand. "The little, timid, heart-broken Therese who would not speak to you, nor kiss you, nor say good-by to you when you took her darling sister away from the Bristol in the Kartnerring more than twenty years ago. Ah, how I loved her—how I loved her! And how I hated you for taking her away from me. Shall I ever forget that wedding night? Shall I ever forget the grief, the loneliness, the hatred that dwelt in my poor little heart that night? Everyone was happy—the whole world was happy—but was I? I was crushed with grief. You were taking her away across the awful sea—and you were to make her happy, so they said—al—e, so said my beloved, joyous sister. You stood before the altar in St. Stephen's with her and promised—promised—promised everything. I heard you. I sat with my mother and turned to ice, but I heard you. All Vienna, all Budapest said that you promised naught but happiness to each other. She was twenty-one. She was lovely—ah, far lovelier than that wretched photograph lying there in front of you. It was made when she was eighteen. She did not write those words on the back of the card. I wrote them—not more than a month ago, before I gave it to Frederic. To this house she came twenty-three years ago. You brought her here, the happiest girl in all the world. How did you send her away? How?"

He stirred in the chair. A spasm of pain crossed his face. "And I was the happiest man in all the world," he said hoarsely. "You are forgetting one thing, Therese." He fell into the way of calling her Therese as if he had known her by no other name. "Your sister was not content to preserve the happiness that—" "Stop!" she commanded. "You are not to speak evil of her now. You will never think evil of her after what I am about to tell you. You will curse yourself. Somehow, I am glad that my plans have gone awry. It gives me the opportunity to see you curse yourself." "Her sister!" uttered the man unbelievably. "I have married the child Therese. I have held her sister in my arms all these months and never knew it is a dream. I—" "Ah, but you have felt even though—"

He struck the table violently with his fist. His eyes were blazing. "What manner of woman are you? What were you planning to do to that unhappy boy—her son? Are you a fiend to—"

"In good time, James, you will know what manner of woman I am," she interrupted quietly. Sinking back in the chair she resumed the broken strain, all the time watching him through half-closed eyes. "She died ten years ago. Her boy was twelve years old. She never saw him after the night you turned her away from this house. On her deathbed, as she was releasing her pure, undefiled soul to God's keeping, she repeated to the priest who went through the unnecessary form of ab-



"Do You Remember When You First Saw Me, James Brood?"

solving her—she repeated her solemn declaration that she had never wronged you by thought or deed. I had always believed her, the holy priest believed her, God believed her. You would have believed her, too, James Brood.



'I Was at the Edge of Oblivion More Than Once.'

She was a good woman. Do you hear? And you put a curse upon her and drove her out into the night. That was not all. You persecuted her to the end of her unhappy life. You did that to my sister!

"And yet you married me," he muttered thickly.

"Not because I loved you—oh, no! She loved you to the day of her death, after all the misery and suffering you had heaped upon her. No woman ever endured the anguish that she suffered throughout those hungry years. You kept her child from her. You denied him to her, even though you denied him to yourself. Why did you keep him from her? She was his mother. She had borne him, he was all hers. But no! It was your revenge to deprive her of the child she had brought into the world. You worked deliberately in this plan to crush what little there was left in life for her. You kept him with you, though you branded him with a name I cannot utter; you guarded him as if he were your most precious possession and not a curse to your pride; you did this because you knew that you could drive the barb more deeply into her tortured heart. You allowed her to die, after years of pleading, after years of vain endeavor, without one glimpse of her boy, with out ever having heard the word mother on his lips. That is what you did to my sister. For twelve long years you gloated over her misery. Oh, God man, how I hated you when I married you!" She paused breathlessly.

"You are creating an excuse for your devilish conduct," he exclaimed harshly. "You are like Matilde, false to the core. You married me for the luxury I could provide, notwithstanding the curse I had put upon your sister. I don't believe a word of what you are saying to—"

"Don't you believe that I am her sister?"

"You—yes, by heaven, I must believe that. Why have I been so blind? You are the little Therese, and you hated me in those other days. I remember well the—"

"A child's despairing hatred because you were taking away the being she loved best of all. Will you believe me when I say that my hatred did not endure for long? When her happy, joyous letters came back to us filled with accounts of your goodness, your devotion, I—I allowed my hatred to die. I forgot that you had robbed me. I came to look upon you as the fairy prince, after all. It was not until she came all the way across the ocean and began to die before our eyes—she was years in dying—it was not until then that I began to hate you with a real, undying hatred."

"And yet you gave yourself to me," he cried. "You put yourself in her place. In heaven's name, what was to be gained by such an act as that?"

"I wanted to take Matilde's boy away from you," she hurried on, and for the first time her eyes began to waver. "The idea suggested itself to me the night I met you at the comtesse's dinner. It was a wonderful, a tremendous thought that entered my brain. At

first my real self revolted, but as time went on the idea became an obsession. I married you, James Brood, for the sole purpose of hurting you in the worst possible way; by having Matilde's son strike you where the pain would be the greatest. Ah, you are thinking that I would have permitted myself to have become his mistress, but you are mistaken. I am not that bad. I would not have damned his soul in that way. I would not have betrayed my sister in that way. Far more subtle was my design. I confess that it was my plan to make him fall in love with me and in the end to run away with him, leaving you to think that the very worst had happened. But it would not have been as you think. He would have been protected, my friend, amply protected. He—"

"But you would have wrecked him—don't you see that you would have wrecked the life you sought to protect? How utterly blind and unfeeling you were. You say that he was my son and Matilde's, honestly born. What was your object, may I inquire, in striking me at such cost to him? You would have made a scoundrel of him for the sake of a personal vengeance. Are you forgetting that he regarded himself as my son?"

"No, I do not forget, James. There was but one way in which I could hope to steal him away from you, and I went about it deliberately, with my eyes open. I came here to induce him to run away with me. I would have taken him back to his mother's home, to her grave, and there I would have told him what you did to her. If after hearing my story he elected to return to the man who had destroyed his mother, I should have stepped aside and offered no protest. But I would have taken him away from you in the manner that would have hurt you the worst. My sister was true to you. I would have been just as true, and after you had suffered the torments of hell, it was my plan to reveal everything to you. But you would have had your punishment by that time. When you were at the very end of your strength, when you trembled on the edge of oblivion, then I would have hunted you out and laughed at you and told you the truth. But you would have had years of anguish—years, I say."

"I have already had years of agony, pray do not overlook that fact," said he. "I suffered for twenty years. I was at the edge of oblivion more than once, if it is a pleasure for you to hear me say it, Therese."

"It does not offset the pain that her suffering brought to me. It does not counter-balance the unhappiness you gave to her boy, nor the stigma you put upon him. I am glad that you suffered. It proves to me that you secretly considered yourself to be in the wrong. You doubted yourself. You were never sure, and yet you crushed the life out of her innocent, bleeding heart. You let her die without a word to show that you—"

"I was lost to the world for years," he said. "There were many years when I was not in touch with—"

"But her letters must have reached you. She wrote a thousand of—"

"They never reached me," he said significantly.

"You ordered them destroyed?" he cried in sudden comprehension.

"I must decline to answer that question."

CHAPTER XXI.

Revenge Turned Bitter.

She gave him a curious, incredulous smile, and then abruptly returned to her charge. "When my sister came home, degraded, I was nine years of age, but I was not so young that I did not know that a dreadful thing had happened to her. She was blighted beyond all hope of recovery. It was to me—little me—that she told her story over and over again, and it was I to whom she read all of the pitiful letters she wrote to you. My father wanted to come to America to kill you. He did come later on, to plead with you and to kill you if you would not listen to him. But you had gone—to Africa, they said. I could not understand why you would not give to her that little baby boy. He was hers and—"

She stopped short in her recital and covered her eyes with her hands. He waited for her to go on, sitting as rigid as the image that faced him from beyond the table's end. "Afterwards, my father and my uncle made every effort to get the child away from you, but he was hidden—you know how carefully he was hidden so that she might never find him. For ten years they searched for him—and you. For ten years she wrote to you, begging you to let her have him, if only for a little while at a time. She promised to restore him to you, God bless her poor soul! You never replied. You scorned her. We were rich—very rich. But our money was of no help to us in the search for her boy. You had secreted him too well. At last, one day, she told me what it was that you accused her of doing. She told me about Guido Feverelli, her music-master. I knew him, James. He had known her from childhood. He was one of the finest men I have ever seen."

"He was in love with her," grated Brood.

"Perhaps. Who knows? But if so, he never uttered so much as one word of love to her. He challenged you. Why did you refuse to fight him?"

"Because she begged me not to kill him. Did she tell you that?"

"Yes. But that was not the real reason. It was because you were not sure of your ground."

"I deny that!"

"Never mind. It is enough that poor Feverelli passed out of her life. She did not see him again until just before she died. He was a noble gentleman. He wrote but one letter to her after

that wretched day in this house. I have it here in this packet."

She drew a package of papers from her bosom and laid it upon the table before him. There were a half dozen letters tied together with a piece of white ribbon.

"But one letter from him," she went on. "I have brought it here for you to read. But not now! There are other letters and documents here for you to consider. They are from the grave. Ah, I do not wonder that you shrink and draw back from them. They convict you, James."

"Now I can see why you have taken up this fight against me. You—you know she was innocent," he said in a low, unsteady voice.

"And why I have hated you, al—e? But what you do not understand is how I could have brought myself to the point of loving you."

"Loving me! Good heaven, woman, what do you—"

"Loving you in spite of myself," she cried, beating upon the table with her hands. "I have tried to convince myself that it was not I but the spirit of Matilde that had come to lodge in my treacherous body. I hated you for myself and I loved you for Matilde. She loved you to the end. She never hated you. That was it. The pure, deathless love of Matilde was constantly fighting against the hatred I bore for you. I believe as firmly as I believe that I am alive that she has been near me all the time, battling against my insane desire for vengeance. You have only to recall to yourself the moments when you were so vividly reminded of Matilde Valeska. At those times I am sure that something of Matilde was in me. I was not myself. You have looked into my eyes a thousand times with a question in your own soul. Your soul was striving to reach the soul of Matilde. Ah, all these months I have known that you loved Matilde—not me. You loved the Matilde that was in me. You—"

"I have thought of her—always of her—when you were in my arms."

"I know how well you loved her," she declared slowly. "I know that you went to her tomb long after her death was revealed to you. I know that years ago you made an effort to find Feverelli. You found his grave, too, and you could not ask him, man to man, if you had wronged her. But in spite of all that you brought up her boy to be sacrificed as—"

"I—I—good God, am I to believe you? If he should be my son!" he cried, starting up, cold with dread.

"He is your son. He could be no other man's son. I have her dying word for it. She declared it in the presence of her God. Wait! Where are you going?"

"I am going down to him!"

"Not yet, James. I have still more to say to you—more to confess. Here! Take this package of letters. Read them as you sit beside his bed—not his deathbed, for I shall restore him to health, never fear. If he were to die, I should curse myself to the end of time, for I and I alone would have been the cause. Here are her letters—and the one Feverelli wrote to her. This is her deathbed letter to you. And this is a letter to her son and yours! You may some day read it to him. And here—this is a document requiring me to share my fortune with her son. It is a pledge that I took before my fa-

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 Sheeting, 2 yds. wide, 25c yard.

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

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

New goods coming in every week.

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

Geo. Wright, aged 50, was arrested at Windsor, charged with bigamy.

Hon. Mr. Rogers promised a delegation of the Canadian Automobile Association that he would support a transcontinental highway.

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.

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