

### A MIS-NAMED BIRD

The Laughing Jackass is Doleful Rather Than Jolly

As a matter of fact, the laughing jackass cries more than he laughs, and, as he doesn't look much like a jackass and doesn't act like one at all, it's not easy to see why the Australians call this comical-looking bird the laughing jackass. But that's the best name he has and no one ever heard him complain about it.

As any Australian bushman can tell you, the laughing jackass is not a cheerful bird to meet in the "bush" on a dark night. As soon as he hears



a human voice he tries to imitate it, and he sets up such a dismal kind of cry that one thinks of yawning graveyards and ghosts. It's this braying, doleful cry, no doubt, that won him his name of laughing jackass.

But, in spite of his voice, the squatty little bird would be greatly missed if ever he left his happy home in Australia. They look to him there to eat up all lizards and other crawling pests that damage crops and do other harm. These squirmy things make the best kind of dinner for the laughing jackass. So even if his laugh does turn out to be a cry he has his uses in the world.

### 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 snow 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. Herring, G. P. Agent, D. P. Agent, Montreal, Toronto, J. TOWNER, D. pot Agent, W. CALDER, Town Agent

### Canadian Pacific Railway Time Table

Table with 4 columns: P.M. A.M., A.M. P.M., P.M. A.M., A.M. P.M. listing train times to Toronto and Montreal.

### Ford Car Prices

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

Table with 2 columns: Car Type and 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

#### CHAPTER XXII.

##### The Closed Door.

The doctor blinked for a moment. The two were leaning forward with alarm in their eyes, their hands gripping the table.

"Well, are we to send for an undertaker?" demanded Hodder irritably.

Brood started forward. "Is—is he dead?"

"Of course not, but he might as well be," exclaimed the other, and it was plain to be seen that he was very much out of patience. "You've called in another doctor and a priest and now I hear that a Presbyterian parson is in the library. Hang it all, Brood, why don't you send for the coroner and undertaker and have done with it? I'm blessed if I—"

Yvonne came swiftly to his side. "Is he conscious? Does he know?"

"For God's sake, Hodder, is there any hope?" cried Brood.

"I'll be honest with you, Jim. I don't believe there is. It went in here, above the heart, and it's lodged back there by the spine somewhere. We haven't located it yet, but we will. Had to let up on the ether for awhile, you see. He opened his eyes a few minutes ago, Mrs. Brood, and my assistant is certain that he whispered Lydia Desmond's name. Sounded that way to him, but, of course—"

"There! You see, James?" she cried, whirling upon her husband.

"I think you'd better step in and see him now, Jim," said the doctor, suddenly becoming very gentle. "He may come to again and—well, it may be the last time he'll ever open his eyes. Yes, it's as bad as all that."

"I'll go—at once," said Brood, his face ashen. "You must revive him for a few minutes, Hodder. There's something I've got to say to him. He must be able to hear and to understand me. It is the most important thing in the—"

He choked up suddenly.

"You'll have to be careful, Jim. He's ready to collapse. Then it's all off."

"Nevertheless, Doctor Hodder, my husband has something to say to his son that cannot be put off for an instant. I think it will mean a great deal to him in his fight for recovery. It will make life worth living for him."

Hodder stared for a second or two. "He'll need a lot of courage and if anything can put it into him, he'll make a better fight. If you get a chance, say it to him, Jim. I—I—if it's got anything to do with his mother, say it, for pity's sake. He has moaned the word a dozen times—"

"It has to do with his mother," Brood cried out. "Come! I want you to hear it, too, Hodder."

"There isn't much time to lose, I'm afraid," began Hodder, shaking his head. His gaze suddenly rested on Mrs. Brood's face. She was very erect, and a smile such as he had never seen before was on her lips—a smile that puzzled and yet inspired him with a positive, undeniable feeling of encouragement!

"He is not going to die, Doctor Hodder," she said quietly. Something went through his body that warmed it curiously. He felt a thrill, as one who is seized by a great overpowering excitement.

She preceded them into the hall Brood came last. He closed the door behind him after a swift glance about the room that had been his most private retreat for years.

He was never to set foot inside its walls again. In that single glance he bade farewell to it forever. It was a hated, unlovely spot. He had spent an age in it during those bitter morning hours, an age of imprisonment.

On the landing below they came upon Lydia. She was seated on a window ledge, leaning wearily against the casement. She did not rise as they approached, but watched them with steady, smoldering eyes in which there was no friendliness, no compassion. They were her enemies, they had killed the thing she loved.

Brood's eyes met hers for an instant and then fell before the bitter look they encountered. His shoulders drooped as he passed close by her motionless figure and followed the doctor down the hall to the bedroom door. It opened and closed an instant later and he was with his son.

For a long time, Lydia's somber, pitious gaze hung upon the door through which he had passed and which was closed so cruelly against her, the one who loved him best of all. At last she looked away, her attention caught by a queer clicking sound near at hand. She

was surprised to find Yvonne Brood standing close beside her, her eyes closed and her fingers telling the beads that ran through her fingers, her lips moving in voiceless prayer.

The girl watched her dully for a few moments, then with growing fascination. The incomprehensible creature was praying! To Lydia this seemed to be the most unnatural thing in all the world. She could not associate prayer with this woman's character; she could not imagine her having been in all her life possessed of a fervent religious thought. It was impossible to think of her as being even hypocritically pious. Somehow the girl began to experience a strange feeling of irritation. She turned her face away, unwilling to be a witness to this shallow mockery. She was herself innately religious. In her secret soul she resented an appeal to heaven by this luxurious wording; she could not bring herself to think of her as anything else.

Prayer seemed a profanation on her scarlet lips.

Lydia believed that Frederic had shot himself. She put Yvonne down as the real cause of the calamity that had fallen upon the house. But for her, James Brood would never have had a motive for striking the blow that crushed all desire to live out of the unhappy boy. She had made of her husband an unfeeling monster, and now she prayed! She had played with the emotions of the two men and now she begged to be pardoned for her folly!

An inexplicable desire to laugh at the plight of the trifter came over the girl, but even as she checked it another and more unaccountable force ordered her to obey the impulse to turn once more to look into the face of her companion.

Yvonne was looking at her. She had ceased running the beads and her hands hung limply at her side. For a full minute, perhaps, the two regarded each other without speaking.

"He is not going to die, Lydia," said Yvonne gravely.

The girl started to her feet. "Do you think it is your prayer and not mine that has reached God's ear?" she cried in real amazement.

"The prayer of a nobler woman than either you or I has gone to the throne," said the other.

Lydia's eyes grew dark with resentment. "You could have prevented all—"

"Be good enough to remember that you have said all that to me before, Lydia."

"What is your object in keeping me away from him at such a time as this, Mrs. Brood?" demanded Lydia. "You refuse to let me go in to him. Is it because you are afraid of what—"

"There are trying days ahead of us, Lydia," interrupted Yvonne. "We shall have to face them together. I can promise you this: Frederic will be saved for you. Tomorrow, next day, perhaps, I may be able to explain everything to you. You hate me today. Everyone in this house hates me—even Frederic. There is a day coming when you will not hate me. That was my prayer, Lydia. I was not praying for Frederic, but for myself."

Lydia started. "For yourself? I might have known you—"

"You hesitate? Perhaps it is just as well."

"I want to say to you, Mrs. Brood, that it is my purpose to remain in this house as long as I can be—"

"You are welcome, Lydia. You will be the one great tonic that is to restore him to health of mind and body. Yes, I shall go further and say that you are commanded to stay here and help me in the long fight that is ahead of us."

"I—I thank you, Mrs. Brood," the girl was surprised into saying.

Both of them turned quickly as the door to Frederic's room opened and James Brood came out into the hall. His face was drawn with pain and anxiety, but the light of exaltation was in his eyes.

"Come, Lydia," he said softly, after he had closed the door behind him. "He knows me. He is conscious. Hodder can't understand it, but he seems to have suddenly grown stronger. He—"

"Stronger?" cried Yvonne, the ring of triumph in her voice. "I knew! I could feel it coming—his strength—"

There was no longer a symptom of rancor in the heart of Lydia Desmond. She realized that her sweetheart's recovery was due almost entirely to the remarkable influence exercised by this woman at a time when mortal agencies appeared to be at a standstill. Her absolute certainty that she had the power to thwart death, at least in this instance, had its effect, not only on the wounded man but on those who attended him. Doctor Hodder and the nurses were not slow to admit that her magnificent courage, her almost scornful self-assurance, supplied them with an incentive that otherwise might never have got beyond the form of a mere hope. There was something positively startling in her serene conviction that Frederic was not to die. No less a skeptic than the renowned Doctor Hodder confided to Lydia and her mother that he now believed in the supernatural and never again would say "there is no God." With the dampness of death on the young man's brow, a remarkable change had occurred even as he watched for the last fleeting breath. It was as if some secret, unconquerable force had suddenly intervened to take the whole matter out of nature's hands. It was not in the books that he should get well; it was against every rule of nature that he should have survived that first day's struggle. He was marked for death and there was no alternative. Then came the bewildering, mystifying change. Life did not take its expected flight; instead it clung, flickering but indestructible, to its clay and would not obey the laws of nature. For days and days life hung by what we are pleased to call a thread; the great shears of death could not sever the tiny thing that held Frederic's soul to earth. There was no hour in any of those days in which the bewildered scientist and his assistants did not proclaim that it would be his last, and yet he gave the lie to them.

Hodder had gone to James Brood at the end of the third day, and with the sweat of the haunted on his brow had

whispered hoarsely that the case was out of his hands! He was no longer the doctor but an agent governed by a spirit that would not permit death to claim its own! And somehow Brood understood far better than the man of science.

The true story of the shooting had long been known to Lydia and her mother. Brood confessed everything to them. He assumed all of the blame for what had transpired on that tragic morning. He humbled himself before them, and when they shook their heads and turned their backs upon him he was not surprised, for he knew they were not convicting him of assault with a deadly firearm. Later on the story of Therese was told by him to Frederic and the girl. He did his wife no injustice in the recital.

Frederic laid his hand upon the soft brown head at his knee and voiced the thought that was in his mind.

"You are wondering, as I am, too, what is to become of Yvonne after today," he said. "There must be an end, and if it doesn't come now, when will it come? Tomorrow we sail. It is certain that she is not to accompany us. She has said so herself, and father has said so. He will not take her with him. So today must see the end of things."

"Frederic, I want you to do something for me," said Lydia, earnestly. "There was a time when I could not have asked this of you, but now I implore you to speak to your father in her behalf. I love her, Freddy, dear. I cannot help it. She asks nothing of any of us, she expects nothing, and yet she loves all of us—yes, all of us. She will never, by word or look, make a single plea for herself. I have watched her closely all these weeks. There was never an instant when she revealed the slightest sign of an appeal. She takes it for granted that she has no place in our lives. In our memory, yes, but that is all. I think she is reconciled to what she considers her fate and it has not entered her mind to protest against it. Perhaps it is natural that she should feel that way about it. But it is—oh, Freddy, it is terrible! If he would—would only unbind a little toward her. If he—"

"Listen, Lydia, dear. I don't believe it's altogether up to him. There is a barrier that we can't see, but they do—both of them. My mother stands between them. You see, I've come to know my father lately, dear. He's not a stranger to me any longer. I know what sort of a heart he's got. He never got over loving my mother, and he'll never get over knowing that Yvonne knows that she loved him to the day she died. We know what it was in Yvonne that attracted him from the first, and she knows. He's not likely to forgive himself so easily. He didn't play fair with either of them, that's what I'm trying to get at. I don't believe he can forgive himself any more than he can forgive Yvonne for the thing she set about to do. You see, Lydia, she married him without love. She debased herself, even though she can't admit it even now. I love her, too. She's the most wonderful woman in the world. She's got the finest instincts a woman ever possessed. But she did give herself to the man she hated with all her soul, and—well, there you are. He can't forget that, you know—and she can't leave me out of the question also."

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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.

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

When the gossips are busiest the conversation usually is idlest. It is a fine thing to be able to say you are decent, but it is finer not to consider it necessary to say it. It is a poor excuse for a crook to say that he is good to his own people; if he really were he wouldn't be a crook.

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, woolen 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. Phones: Day No. 4 Night No. 26

She Did Not Rise as They Approached. even out here, James. Yes, go in now, Lydia. You will see a strange sight, my dear. James Brood will kneel beside his son and tell him—"Come!" said Brood, spreading out his hands in a gesture of admission. "You must hear it, too, Lydia. Not