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A MIS-NAMED BIRD

Laughing Jackass is Doieful Rather Than Jolly

As a matter of fact, the laughing tackass cries more than he laughs, and, as he doesn't look much like a tackass 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 jacass. So even if his laugh does turn out to be a cry he has his uses in the world.

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> Rugs, Oilcloths Window Shades Lace Curtains

and all Household Furnishings

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Undertaking receives special attention

EDWARD KRESS

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Trains arrive at Durham at 11.20a.m. 2.30 p.m., and 8.45 p.m. EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY C. E. Horning, G. T. Bell. D.P. Agent,

G.P. Agent, Montreal. J. TOWNER, Depot Agent W. CALDER, Town Agent

Canadian Pacific Time Table

Trains will arrive and depart as follows, until arther notice:--Lv. Toronto Un. Ar. 11.35 S.10 Lv. Toronto N. 9.13 11.55 Ar. Saugeen J. " 7.55 4.35 10.14 12.57 " Hanover " 6.52 3.32 curiously. He felt a thrill, as one who 10.22 1.05 " Maple Hill " 6.43 3.23 is seized by a great overpowering ex-10.35 1.20 " Walkerton 6 30 3.10

Ford Car Prices

Town Agent

R. MACFARLANE,

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 |

Ford, Ontario.

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

C. Smith & Sons Dealers, Jurham



George Barr McCutcheen James Brood would never have had a

CHAPTER XXII.

The Closed Door.

The doctor blinked for a moment. The two were leaning forward with ping the table.

taker?" 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. believe there is. It went in here, all-" 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-"

whirling upon her husband. 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,

lit's as bad as all that." 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 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 Railway 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 A.M P.M Mrs. Brood's face. She was very erect, and a smile such as he had never seen 8.10 before was on her lips-a smile that puzzled and yet inspired him with a positive, undeniable feeling of encour-

"He is not going to die, Doctor Hod-" 7.15 3.55 der," she said quietly. Something 7.01 3.41 went through his body that warmed it

citement. 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 pri-

vate 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 These prices are all F.O.B. and then fell before the bitter look they encountered. His shoulders drooped as he passed close by her motionless figure and followed the dcctor 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, piteous 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 "You must hear it, too, Lydia. Not - Constanting

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 be to stay out until I give the word all her life possessed of a fervent re- for you to re-enter. Go now and put ligious thought. It was impossible to spirit into him. That is all that I ask think of her as being even hypocritical. of you." ly 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 luxuri. his knee. ous wordling; 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, motive for striking the blow that crushed all desire to live out of the unhappy bey. She had made of her husband an unfeeling monster, and now! she prayed! She had played with the emotions of two men and now she begged to be pardened for her felly! An inexplicable desire to laugh at the 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 resent-

"I'll be honest with you, Jim. I don't ment. "You could have prevented "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 be-

cause you are afraid of what-" "There are trying days ahead of us, "There! You see, James?" she cried, Lydia," interrupted Yvonne. "We shall have to face them together. I can "I think you'd better step in and see 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 com-"I'll go-at once," said Brood, his ing when you will not hate me. That was my prayer, Lydia. I was not pray-

ing for Frederic, but for myself." Lydia started. "For yourself? I might have known you-"

"You hesitate? Perhaps it is just as "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

"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!



She Did Not Rise as They Ap preached.

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, Therese! You are not to come

"I grant you ten minutes, James," she said, with the air of a dictator. "After that I shall take my stand beside him and you will not be needed." She struck her breast sharply with her clinched hand. "His one and only hope lies here, James. I am his salvation. I am his strength. When you come out of that room again it will

He stared for a moment and then lowered his head. A moment later Lydia followed him into the room and Yvonne was alone in the hall. Alone? Ranjab was ascending the stairs. He came and stood before her, and bent

"I forgot," she said, looking down upon him without a vestige of the old dread in her eyes. "I have a friend, after all."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Jay of June. On a warm morning toward the middle of the month of June Frederic and Lydia sat in the quaint, old-fashioned courtyard, in the grateful shade of the south wing and almost directly beneath the balcony off Yvonne's boudoir. He lounged comfortably, yet weakly, in the invalid's chair that had been wheeled to the spot by the dogalarm in their eyes, their hands grip. plight of the trifler came over the girl, like Ranjab, and she sat on a pile of but even as she checked it another and cushions at his feet, her back resting "Well, are we to send for an under- more unaccountable force ordered her: against the wall. Looking at him, one would not have thought that he had passed through the valley of shadow of death and was but now emerging into the sunshine of security. His face was pale from long confinement, but there was a healthy glow to the skin and a clear light in the eye. For a week or more he had been permitted to walk about the house and into the garden, always leaning on the arm of his father or the faithful Hindu. Each succeeding day saw his strength and vitality increase and each night he slept with the peace of a care-free child. He was filled with contentment; he loved life as he had never dreamed it would be possible for him to love it. There was a song in his heart and there was a bright star always on the edge of his hori-

As for Lydia, she was radiant with happiness. The long fight was over. She had gone through the campaign against death with loyal, unfaltering courage; there had never been an instant when her stanch heart had failed her; there had been distress but never despair. If the strain told on her it did not matter, for she was of the fighting kind. Her love was the sustenance on which she throve despite the beggarly offerings that were laid before her during these weeks of famine. Her strong young body lost none of its vigor; her splendid spirit gloried in the tests to which it was subjected, and now she was as serene as the June day that found her wistfully contemplating the results of victory.

Times there were when a pensive mood brought the touch of sadness to her grateful heart. She was happy and Frederic was happy, but what o the one who actually had wrought the miracle? That one alone was un happy, unrequited, undefended. There was no place for her in the new order of things. When Lydia thought of her-as she often did-it was with an indescribable craving in her soul. She longed for the hour to come when Yvonne Brood would lay aside the mask of resignation and demand tribute; when the strange defiance that held all of them at bay would disappear and they could feel that she no longer regarded them as adversa-

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 - vail. 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 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 unbend a little toward her. If he-"

"Listen, Lyddy, 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 love. She debased herself, even though she can't admit it even now.

see. Lyddy, she married him without 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 for get that, you know-and she can't Leaving me out of the question alto-

Continued on page 7.

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