



Your daintiest blouse, Madame, wash it this way

Take, say a gallon of hot water, but not hotter than the hands can be placed in with comfort. Drop in 3 table-spoons of LUX and whisk into a lather. Stir the blouse about in the solution for a few minutes, then squeeze it well in the hands. Rinse in two or three relays of tepid water and hang to dry.

LUX

What's the result? A shining, shimmery, purely-clean garment with the color and life of newness—unshrunk and unfaded. Silk, crepe-de-chine, or any sheer fabric is cleansed with perfect safety.

You see, LUX is the purest essence of soap and cannot harm anything that pure water may touch, and it makes the hardest water as soft as summer rain. It won't shrink woollens.



All good grocers sell LUX, 10c.

British made, by

Lever Brothers Limited Toronto 33

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 flannels, blankets, woollen goods, men's underwear, ladies' underwear, men's pants and overalls, gingham, muslin 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

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. P.M. 5.25 Lv. Toronto Un. Ar. 11.35 8.10 Lv. Toronto N. 8.10 9.13 11.55 Ar. Sauguen J. 7.55 4.35

P.M. 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. MACBARNLANE, Town Agent

Ford Car Prices

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

Table with 2 columns: Car Model 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

WHY SHE ATE TACKS. Nellie—I wonder why that hen is eating tacks? Sarah—Maybe she is going to lay a carpet.—Farm Life.



The TIME LOCK By Charles Edmonds Walk Author of 'The Silver Blade', 'The Paternoster Ruby' Etc.

BOOK I. The Silent House. CHAPTER I.

Number 1313. As Rudolph Van Vechten entered the outdoor way of his club, the handsome mission clock in the hall was chiming the three-quarter hour after eight.

The young man's thin, sensitive lips assumed a rueful curve and his brow gathered in a scowl.

"Fifteen minutes yet until nine," he muttered in a tone of complaint, starting hard at the dial. "Whatever I shall do until night the gods alone know. Plague on such rotten luck!"

And having thus given audible expression of his feelings, he dismissed the temporary irritation with a resigned shrug and sauntered listlessly into the luxuriant but deserted lounge-room overlooking the street, where he dropped heavily into a huge, billowy leather chair which stood facing one of the windows.

He immediately discovered that the chair was insufferably hot, and bounding to his feet, glared round for an attendant.

None was to be seen; so he shoved the stuffy chair away—it was too heavy to kick—and jerked a cooler and more inviting willow one into its place, wherein he once more seated himself.

"Somebody ought to kick me for having come here," he feelingly remarked. Then he turned again to his incipient contemplation of the hot-empt street.

Van Vechten might have told you, if he had paused to analyze his feelings respecting the Powhatan, that his attachment to his club was based upon some sort of sentiment. His slender, modestly attired figure, and his finely chiseled, high-bred features (which were much paler than they should have been) were by no means strange to their present rich and elegant surroundings.

In point of fact, no member of the Powhatan more assiduously availed himself of the club's exclusive privileges than did he. Among the small coterie of his intimates and friends, and the much longer list of acquaintances who would have liked to share the closer relationship, nobody ever thought of calling for him at his own handsomely appointed bachelor apartments in the Kenmore until the Powhatan Club had first been tried, and even then not before noon.

Because, prior to that hour, all attempts to communicate with him so invariably had been frustrated by his diplomatic valet, Barnicle, that everybody had long since learned that he was not in the habit of rising before twelve o'clock.

Familiar, therefore, as his appearance was to the astonished and discomfited club attendant (in season), it was associated—reluctantly as the fact must be admitted—only with late hours, the poker or bridge table, and a multitude of cocktails whose number was known by no man save that intricate of divination, the Powhatan's steward. He carefully indexed and preserved all the checks which Van Vechten so promptly forgot.

Without spending too much time, or trying to interpret too many words, let us endeavor to make the situation clear; for it was all very strange, the manner in which the commonplace situation described interlaced with what immediately followed.

Here—and this is the point to be brought to the front and borne in mind—was a concurrence of time, place and individual which had never happened before, and in all likelihood would never happen again, but which would every outward aspect of one of those rare and inexplicable tricks on the part of Fate, as rare and mysterious as mushrooms, freshly contrived to land some poor mortal plump in the midst of a troublesome predicament, like Napoleon's star at Waterloo. Mercury blazed at mid-day on that memorable occasion, if you have not forgotten this apocryphal footnote to history.

Certain it is, at any rate, if Van Vechten had been anywhere else at this particular hour on this particular Sunday morning, he would have missed witnessing an incident which presently was to jar him from the lethargy of his ennui as effectively as if the rotation of the earth upon its axis were suddenly to be reversed.

And the incident, but one of a starting series, was not long in coming. Again from the hall floated the state-ly, melodious chime. Nine o'clock.

With the first dulcet note, Van Vechten's regard fell idly upon a man who was passing along the farther side of the street—the first human being he had seen since taking up his position at the window. He was not at all interested in the man, who was entirely unknown to him; but the stranger had

advanced within his field of vision, and it was much easier to follow him than it was to look away. So he continued to watch him, albeit but hazily conscious of the fact, because his thoughts were occupied with matters of vastly more importance to himself. That is to say, at the time he fancied they were of more importance; subsequently his opinions on this score underwent a decided change.

Only a few seconds later, in truth, he regretted that he had not given the man more of his attention—sufficient, at least, to recall something of his appearance. But even at that, he never dreamed how nearly the episode affected himself at the moment, nor did he have any premonition of the extraordinary events that were to ensue in the immediate future.

The man was walking with a certain halting, indefinite slowness, the while he studied the house numbers, as if in search of a particular one.

All at once he stopped stock-still. Van Vechten, as it chanced, failed to observe this, for his eyelids, heavy with loss of sleep, chose this precise second to curtain the scene. Nothing had yet occurred to prick his curiosity. His lids drooped only for an instant, to be sure; but within that brief space the strange man's bearing had suddenly altered. He had thrown off his irresolution, and had gone quickly up the steps of the house directly opposite. Van Vechten opened his eyes only just in time to see him disappearing through the doorway, and the door itself swing shut.

The Silent House! The House of Mystery! The house wherein nobody had ever been seen to enter!

There was no mistaking the fact that Van Vechten was galvanized into an alertness which, had it been almost anybody else under the same conditions, would have amounted to excitement.

"Say!" he demanded of himself under his breath. "Is this a pipe-dream? Or did somebody really go into that house?" And after a reflective pause: "No, I wasn't asleep," he deliberately settled the unwonted occurrence in his mind; "I saw the chap coming along the walk. Let's see—what did he look like? What was he doing? What the dickens does it mean, anyhow?"

There was nothing or nobody to answer these puzzled inquiries. He was convinced that he had remained awake, although drifting along the borderland of slumber, because he distinctly recalled having heard the clock in the hall strike nine. He glanced at his watch. Yes, only nine. So he could not have been asleep, even for a second.

All of which may seem a ridiculous, if trivial matter to be the occasion of so much concern; but anybody acquainted with the circumstances would not have thought so.

To begin with, there was something positively repellent in the very appearance of the house across the way. Even the number on the fanlight—by pure accident, 1313, for it was an old, old number and not the true one at all—was doubly and reiteratively uninviting to persons owning superstitious weaknesses. And who of us, to some extent, does not? Erected in the days when high, narrow brownstone fronts were accepted as the hall-mark of affluence, it still successfully resisted the encroachments of improvement which otherwise modernized and beautified the thoroughfare.

At the time the Powhatan Club moved into its new quarters Number 1313 was vacant, and had remained so up to something like three months prior to the opening of this story; that is to say, not quite two years. How long previously to that it had stood empty no club member could say. During all the period within their knowledge its begrimed facade had been an eyecore and an object of execration; somber and brooding, it was a sort of memento mori to the idlers behind the big plate glass windows of the lounge-room, a silent but perpetual rebuke to the folly of their lives; which attribute had more than once called forth a passionately resentful tirade from some member who had been unlucky at cards, or had consumed too much alcohol the night before.

SUPPOSED ORIGIN OF NAMES

The Collingwood Bulletin is featuring the post offices of the County of Grey, and from last issue we clip the following references to Lamplash, Landerkin and Louise.

LAMLASH.—The early history of this place is closely allied with pioneer Methodism. Shortly after it was settled the Episcopal Methodists held service in the school, built in 1860, and continued until 1870, when they withdrew, leaving the field to the Wesleyans, who designated it as Hopkins' Appointment, after James Hopkins, a pious, respected and honored settler, the only name it had before that now in use.

With the erection of the school came one John McNicol as teacher. On the request for a post office being made, Mr. McNicol was given the honor of naming it, and true Scotchman that he was, he selected that of his native place, Lamplash, a village in Arran Isle, Argyllshire, Scotland.

Mr. Hopkins was a member of the council and reeve of the township of Bentinck for a number of years in the sixties. He was also a local preacher.

LANDERKIN.—This was named after the late Senator George Landerkin, M.D., a son of James Landerkin, a native of Nova Scotia. Senator Landerkin was born in West Gwillimbury township, Simcoe county, in 1839, and after graduating in medicine in 1863 settled in Hanover. He entered the Dominion Parliament in the Liberal interests in 1872, was defeated in 1878, re-elected in 1882 and at each subsequent election until 1896, after which he was called to the Senate. He was known as the "Wat of the House." He died on October 4th, 1903.

LOUISE.—In September, 1878 the Duke of Argyll (then Marquis of Lorne) was appointed Governor-General of Canada, to the great delight of the Canadian people, and in the following November he and the Princess Louise landed at Halifax. The unique occasion of having a Princess as wife of the Governor-General was highly appreciated in the Dominion, and during the five years of her husband's tenure of office the Princess endeared herself to the people. This office is reputed to have been named in her honor.

"Our body is select, you must be aware, and we are proud of the quiet respectability of our neighborhood. There's enough influence in our membership to run out anything of a shady nature—we won't stand for it, in short."

The manager acknowledged the justice of this ultimatum, but merely said: "If you see or hear anything wrong, run 'em out; I don't care."

"We have a right to know who our neighbors are," insisted Tom. "Inquire of them," said the manager. "I can't tell you."

"Do you mean to say you don't know?"—incredulously. "Just that. The present tenant never applied to us at all—have never seen him, in fact. Occupancy of the house was arranged in quite another manner. Really, gentlemen, that is all I am at liberty to tell you."

And the Powhatan's committee was bowed politely out.

It was not for nothing that the house was called the House of Mystery.

Continued next week.

Good Farm for Sale

THE W. M. Groat Farm for sale: lots 7 and 8, con. 12, Egrement; 200 acres good land, good buildings, bank barn 55x67, hen house 12x40, good frame house; two good wells with windmill attached; good reason for selling; proprietor is going west; possession Mar. 1, 1917. This is a good farm, and will be sold cheap: 2 1/2 miles from Holstein. For terms, etc., apply to R. H. Fortune, Ayton, 11239

Everything must be sold, as the proprietor is giving up farming. TERMS—12 months' credit on approved joint notes, 5 per cent. off for cash. SALE AT ONE O'CLOCK, SHARP. There will also be offered for sale the East Half of Lot 13 on Concession 6, Glenelg. Terms made known on day of sale. JOHN McNALLY, D. McHAIL, Proprietors. Auctioneers.

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SEND OR BRING ALL ORDERS TO OFFICE OF THIS PAPER

OUT OF THEIR CLUTCHES. Convict—I'm in here for having five wives. Visitor—How are you enjoying your liberty?