



THE POPE'S PEACE PRAYER

The prayer for peace which the Pope has published and which will be recited all over America, is as follows: "Dismayed by the horrors of a war which is bringing ruin to peoples and nations, we turn, O Jesus, to Thy loving heart as to our last hope. O hope of Mercy, with tears we invoke Thee to end this fearful scourge. O King of Peace, we humbly implore the peace for which we long. From Thy sacred heart Thou didst shed forth over the world divine charity, so that discord might end and love alone might reign among men. During Thy love on earth Thy heart beat with tender compassion for the sorrows of men: in this hour made terrible with burning hate, with bloodshed, and with slaughter, once more may Thy divine heart be moved to pity. "Pity the countless mothers in anguish for the fate of their sons; pity the numberless families now bereaved of their fathers; pity Europe over which broods such havoc and disaster. Do Thou inspire rulers and peoples with counsels of meekness, do Thou heal the discords that tear the nations asunder; Thou who didst shed Thy precious blood that they might live as brothers, bring them together once more in loving harmony. "And as once before to the cry of the Apostle Peter: "Save us, Lord, we perish," Thou didst answer with words of mercy and didst still the raging waves, so now design to hear our trustful prayer, and give back to the world peace and tranquility. "And do thou, O most holy Virgin, as in other times of sore distress, be now our help, our protection, and our safeguard. Amen."

More than Soap Lifebuoy Soap is a perfect soap and a perfect antiseptic acting together in perfect unity. Its rich, abundant lather makes it a delight to use.

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Protect your health by washing your hands and face with it—by bathing and shampooing with it. The mild antiseptic odor quickly vanishes after use.



GETTING HER OWN BACK. "So the lawyers got about all of the estate Did Edith get anything?" "Ohm yes; she got one of the lawyers."

Multiplying her words seldom adds to a woman's popularity. Many a man who pretends to be looking for work looks the wrong way.

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 Durham, Ontario

Grand Trunk Railway TIME-TABLE

Table with 3 columns: Train Name, Time, Agent. Includes Grand Trunk Railway and Canadian Pacific Railway schedules.

Canadian Pacific Railway Time Table

Table with 3 columns: Train Name, Time, Agent. Includes Canadian Pacific Railway schedules.

Ford Car Prices

Table with 2 columns: Car Type, Price. Lists Touring Car, Roadster, Chassis, Coupé, Town, and Sedan prices.

These prices are all F.O.B. Ford, Ontario. These prices are guaranteed against reduction before August 1, 1917, but not against advance.

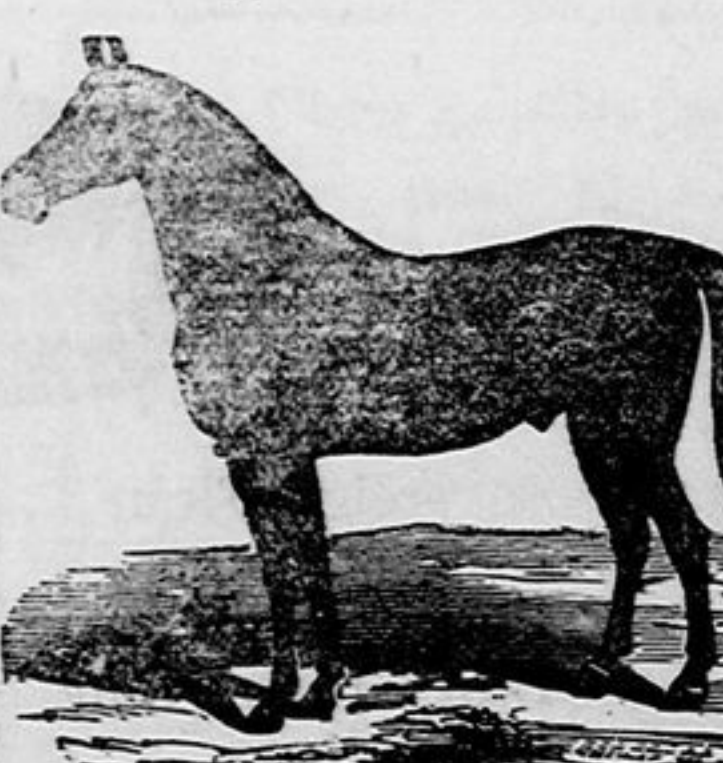
C. Smith & Sons Dealers, Durham

FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING

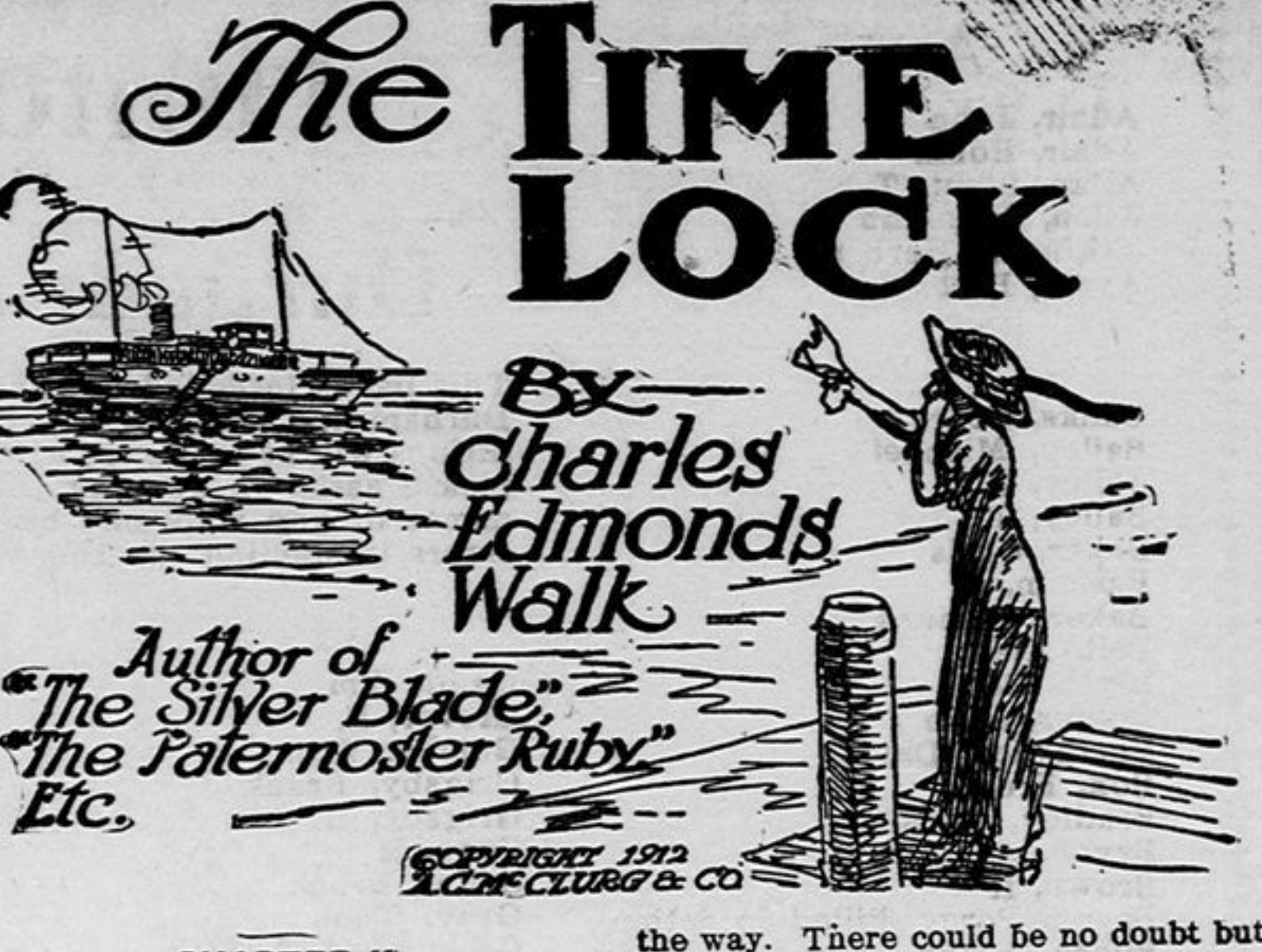
Rugs, Oilcloths Window Shades Lace Curtains and all Household Furnishings TINSMITHING Mr. M. Kress has opened a shop at the rear of the furniture show room and is prepared to do all kinds of tinsmithing.

Edward Kress

Horses Wanted Rising 5 to 9 Years

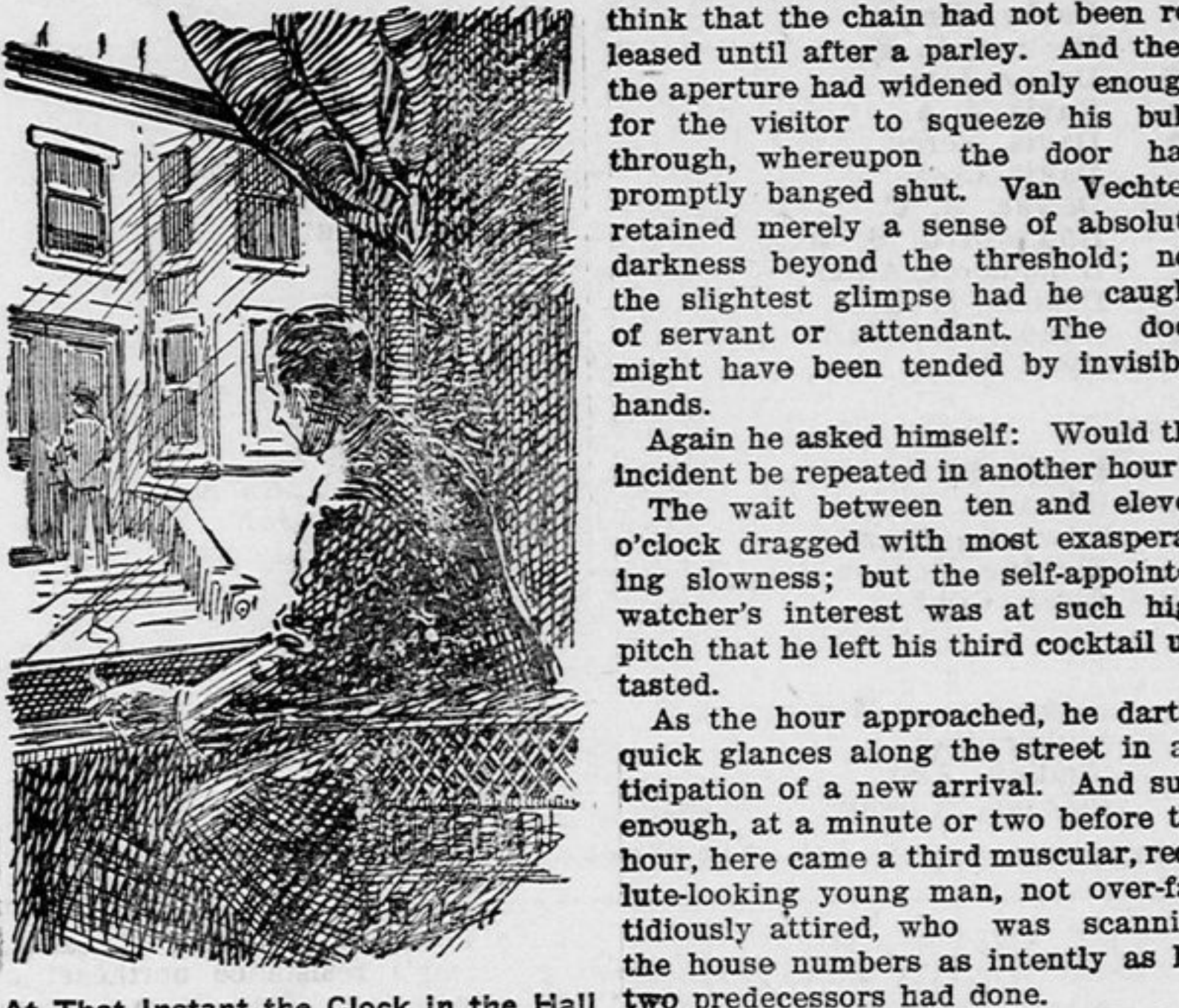


I will be in Durham on Monday Afternoon December 4, and All Day Tuesday for the purpose of buying horses as above HIGHEST PRICES PAID M. SEGAL Toronto



CHAPTER II On the Stroke of the Hour.

A perpetual mien of impassivity which effectively repulsed advances or familiarities on the part of the strangers and persons whom he disliked, was perhaps Rudolph Van Vechten's most noticeable physical characteristic; for an impassive face, and the ease of manner which customarily accompanies it, is due to one of two things: Either a set of sympathetic emotions that are sadly atrophied, or else an acquired self-control so habitual that every genuine feeling is perfectly masked. In either case habit is not long in asserting itself. And it has been shown that Mr. Rudolph Van Vechten was capable of being startled and astonished.



At That Instant the Clock in the Hall Began Striking Ten.

he did not long permit his amazement to flaunt itself. Quite soon he was the same unperturbed individual whose presence had surprised the club attendant a few minutes previously. It occurred to him by and by that while he had missed witnessing the stranger's entrance into the House of Mystery, it did not necessarily follow that he must fail to see him when he emerged. Sooner or later the man must depart. Van Vechten was eminently well qualified to wait, since all his energies, and such ambition as he possessed, were directed toward that most laborious of all tasks, "killing time," despite which, backed by a considerable fertility of invention, most of the minutes of each passing day flitted by, leaving him more bored than ever. So he resolved to keep his station at the window—all day if necessary—and satisfy his curiosity respecting the man's general appearance.

The first twenty minutes or so were alleviated by a lively anticipation that the door would open almost any moment, and the man come forth; but nothing of the kind happened. The house remained as still as it had been for months. Not a blind was raised; no sign of life was manifest.

Then the watcher began to grow restless. As the minutes ticked off and nothing occurred, he glanced at his watch with increasing frequency. Presently he rose and went over to a push-button, upon which he pressed with unnecessary violence, afterwards hastening back to the window under a sudden apprehension that the man might take advantage of his brief inattentiveness to vanish—as the fellow had caught him napping before.

A cocktail was presently set beside him upon a tabouret; he gulped it down, then lighted a cigarette which he began to smoke feverishly. But he tossed it away after a puff or two; he had smoked too much the night before, and the tempered spirits could not remove the furry taste from his tongue.

Another glance at his watch; nearly an hour had he waited for it was now ten minutes to ten. Would the fellow never appear?

And then Van Vechten's attention was all at once diverted. He had ordered and consumed a second cocktail, and was attempting a fresh cigarette, when he paused, the blazing match suspended in mid-air.

He saw another and quite different stranger approaching along the opposite walk. He knew instinctively that this could not be the first man, but his manner copied that worthy's so precisely that Van Vechten was constrained to watch him instead of maintaining his unprofitable vigil.

He lighted his cigarette, flipped the match away, and waited. This second individual was walking hesitantly, just as the other had done, and also seemed to be devoting his attention to the house numbers.

He paused before the house across

"Moss and green spectacles!" he yelled in astonishment. "You! Out of bed this time of day? Sunday, too!" He hurried to his friend's side and examined him critically. "Seen a doctor yet? You'd better. If you're not able I'll go fetch old Pottler—sleeps here, you know." These remarks were ignored. "Draw up a chair," was the response—"no, not that stuffy one; it makes me perspire only to look at it—the willow rocker."

Tom did precisely as he was directed. "Well?" he grunted, eyeing Van Vechten with a concern that was only half simulated. But in a moment he felt his gaze impelled to follow his friend's.

"What's up?" he demanded, staring hard—even belligerently—at the silent House of Mystery.

Van Vechten listlessly consulted his watch, stifled a yawn, and then said: "Twenty-two minutes to twelve. I'll lay you a hundred that while the clock's striking the hour a chap will go up that stoop, ring the bell and be admitted."

"What do you mean?"—bluntly. "Been tipped off to anything about our House of Mystery?"—the second question with kindling interest.

The other, however, shook his head. "The bet's a fair one," he said. And he repeated it. "You are always so devilish hard up that I thought you would like to pick up a hundred. You can take it or leave it."

"Oh, I'll take you fast enough," Tom made haste to agree. "Your money's as good as anybody's. But sit here till noon? I don't think! I haven't breakfasted yet."

"You pamper that gross appetite of yours. We'll breakfast together. There will be something to talk about, whoever wins; for, truly, something is happening across the way at last."

Tom was immediately all eager inquiry, but to his importunities Van Vechten opposed the one injunction—"Wait." So Tom grumbled and growled to no purpose, and was in and out of his chair a dozen times during the period of waiting, though he made it a point to settle himself there some minutes before the hour of noon. He sat glowering darkly at his friend and uttering sarcastic remarks which the latter apparently did not hear.

However, the alert watchfulness that lay behind Van Vechten's imperturbability was infectious, and as the pregnant moment drew nearer and nearer Tom himself fell to scanning the street, which was quiet and oppressively respectable, and never crowded with traffic of any sort, even on work-days. On Sundays it was practically deserted all day long—especially mid-summer Sundays.

There was no word from Van Vechten until he quietly announced: "Here he comes."

Tom Phinney craned forward. He beheld a stalwart, well set-up young man in a shabby suit, approaching on the opposite walk. He scrutinized him intently.

Excepting that it was so nicely timed, there was nothing dramatic about the man's advent. Tom even indulged in a disdainful "Huh!"—notwithstanding which he was sensible of a distinct thrill when, a few seconds later, the young man mounted the steps of Number 1313, rang the bell, and after the now familiar preliminary measures on the part of the unseen door-tender, was admitted.

And all the while the clock in the club hall was chiming the hour of noon.

Continued next week.

ABERDEEN.

The last meeting of the Red Cross society of this section was held at Mrs. John Lynn's. On account of unfavorable weather, only eleven members were present but as absentees, in most cases, sent fee, \$3.35 were realized. The next meeting will be held at Mrs. Clark's on Saturday, December 2. All members are requested to be present.

A Red Cross box social will be held in the school on Friday evening, December 15. By all reports from the literary committee the program promises to be exceptionally fine.

Mrs. Colonel Weir of Port Credit is visiting at the home of her brother, Mr. Dan McLean.

Mr. Archie Wilson visited last week with his friends in Egremont.

Mr. John McDonald has purchased Mr. Wm. Large's farm. The latter has moved, with his family, to Durham.

Misses Mae Grierson and Margaret McLean, who recently underwent operations in Toronto, are both quite improved.

Our teacher, Miss McGarrity, spent the week-end with Dornoch friends.

Sterling Lamb, Jack Smith and Huga McDonald have taken positions in the Durham furniture factory for the winter.

Santa Claus

has decided that the Children, big and little, must not be forgotten Christmas 1916, so he has sent his usual supply to The Big 4, "Santa Claus Headquarters" consisting of

- TOYS OF ALL KINDS Games Dolls Picture Books Paint Books Paints Toy Soldiers Blocks Purses Fancy Cups & Saucers Handkerchiefs China Sugar and Cream Sets, Etc.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY Shop early and miss the crowd

W. H. BEAN Big 4

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The Chronicle and The Daily Mail and Empire, the two together, 12 months for

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Still There Was Something About Her That Teased and Perplexed Him.