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

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Footwear now. cannot now be at old prices, replace them are

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Sunlight Soap
5 cents

GUARANTEED TO CONTAIN NO IMPURITIES

A little of Sunlight goes a long way; every particle is pure; there is nothing to harm the clothes or impede the rapid progress of the wash. Every cake of Sunlight Soap carries a \$5,000 guarantee of purity.

FLESHERTON.
The Busy Workers society of S.S. No. 7, Durham Road, is true to its name, as shown by the good record of work done in behalf of the soldiers. To December 1, socks have been sent as follows: To Mrs. McPhedran, 144 pairs; to French fund, 32 pairs; to Red Cross, 25 pairs; to Secours National, 60 pairs; to Mrs. Col. McFarland, 70 pairs and to Red Cross hospital 58 shirts. The receipts of the society have been: Donations, \$52.80, socials \$18 membership and lunch fees \$67.90, sundries \$5.93; total \$144.63; Disbursements: Yarn \$100.04, sewing

material \$25.75, Christmas cheer to boys overseas \$4.90, sundries 30c; total \$130.99; balance on hand, \$13.69. A concert under their auspices will be given in the Durham road school house on Friday evening at which the admission will be 25c., and the proceeds in aid of Red Cross work.

Married.-At Niagara Falls, N.Y. on November 30, Mr. Robt. J. Thistlewaite, to Miss Clara E. Irwin of Niagara Falls, where the young couple will reside, and at home to their friends after January 1. The happy couple are on their honeymoon here this week visiting the groom's parents Mr. and Mrs. Alf. Thistlewaite

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

Ford Car Prices

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

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

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. A.M. P.M.

5.25 Lv. Toronto Un. Ar. 11.35

8.10 Lv. Toronto N. 8.10

9.13 11.55 Ar. Saugeen 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 " 7.23 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 " Hanger " 6.52 3.32

10.22 1.05 " Main " 6.43 3.23

10.35 1.20 " Walkerton " 6.30 3.10

R. MACFARLANE, Town Agent

HOLSTEIN. Dr. Ferguson and family left the village Saturday afternoon. They have gone to St. Marys. For a time, until they can locate elsewhere.

Miss Ina Marsh is improving nicely, and will soon be able to be out again.

R. M. Tribe has sold his farm to W. W. Lawrence. Mr. Lawrence gets possession March 1 next. Mr. Tribe intends going west, as his parents are not in good health.

Mrs. Geo. Deford of Rose City, Mich., is at present visiting friends in the village.

Ed. Hoy met with a somewhat serious accident on Monday. He had taken his Belgian stallion out for some exercise and allowed him to get too much lead. The animal kicked, striking Ed. on the right arm, breaking it between elbow and wrist. Dr. Mair reduced the fracture.

The scarcity of fuel has led many of the villagers to repair to the forest, and it looks now as if there will be no famine for wood for a time.

Bert. Eccles is home from the west.

Mr. H. Hiscok returned from the west Saturday last. He reports favorable weather there for the past few weeks, most of the threshing having been completed.

Mr. J. J. Wilson is engaged loading lumber at the G.T.R. yards here.

The TIME LOCK
By CHARLES EDMONDS WALK
Author of "The Silver Blade," "The Paternoster Ruby," etc.

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CHAPTER III

An Exit.

"Alexander!"

A page hastening cat-footed, after the manner of all well-trained pages, swerved abruptly from his course and bore down upon the window where the two friends were seated.

Van Vechten waved in the direction of Number 1313.

"Alexander," he said, "we are going to breakfast, and we want you to hold these two chairs for us. Keep an eye upon that house across the way—thirteen-thirteen. Observe whether anybody departs, or whether anybody arrives, and make careful note of them. If anything unusual happens, come to me immediately in the grill. Understand?"

Alexander signified that he understood, and that he was willing to wait and watch—for even the club's servants shared the general interest in the House of Mystery—and Alexander was already seated in one of the vacated chairs, his eyes glued to the doorway opposite.

There were only two other diners in the grill. Van Vechten and Tom sought a secluded corner, where the latter listened in blinking bewilderment to an account of the morning's happenings. But, after all, he was no more mystified than the narrator.

He was, however, all at once inspired.

"I have it!" he impetuously announced. "Let's hurry and eat—I'm not hungry now, anyway. What say to me walking up and ringing the bell at one o'clock?"

But Van Vechten's comment was not encouraging.

"Crude," was his word. "I fear you will never learn anything beyond squash, yachts and polo ponies. Those men are not wandering blindly into the house; the indications all point to a prearranged meeting. They may be the tenants themselves; some sort of secret society—"

"Anarchists!" Tom yelled. A thought had but to enter his head to emerge at his mouth. The other two diners looked up, startled; but perceiving the source of the outburst, they returned to their meals with expressions of patient endurance.

"Yes, anarchists," Van Vechten agreed; "even so. And you would have a nice, pleasant time getting in—or, once in, getting out again."

"Oh, well, we might try breaking in after dark—jimmy, you know, and all that sort of thing," a sarcasm which was frankly ignored.

"It has occurred to me," pursued Van Vechten, picking daintily at his omelette souffle, "that a person who has been at such pains to keep his identity hidden from the rest of the world, is stimulated to do so by some powerful motive. If he is a person of intelligence it will be no light matter penetrating his secret; it might be dangerous for the meddler. And it is no business of ours."

"Rats!" Tom Phinney exploded in disgust. "You're losing interest already."

The other elevated his brows and leaned comfortably back in his chair.

"Tommy," he returned wearily, "I am willing to try anything—once. And, as you know, whatever I undertake I see through to the end, whatever that end may be. Just now I am too depressed by this uncertainty about Paige—not to mention its disagreeable consequences—to become interested in anything."

"It is deuced queer you don't hear from her, isn't it?" Tom felt called upon to show a polite concern.

His friend sighed. "She's my cousin is a woman," he said, "queer is not the word. Her disregard for my and Uncle Theodore's plans is just what might have been expected; it is so thoroughly feminine, as you would know well enough if you had a willful, pretty cousin like Paige. But by the same token I am no more resigned to sit twiddling my thumbs in this bake-oven of a town until she chooses to come home—or at least let me know about when to look for her."

"Just the same," insisted Tom, "if she was my cousin I'd be worrying."

"I am, Tommy—for myself, though; not for her. . . . But I was going to say that we would better let this matter drop; the affair is none of ours."

But Tom Phinney, once his head was set, was not easily turned aside.

"No telling what devilish conspiracy is afoot, Ruddy," he urged; "it's our duty as good citizens to interfere if we have some reason to think that—"

"Shush!" remarked Mr. Van Vechten without feeling. "I am not a good citizen. According to Paige, I belong to the least desirable class of all—the spenders, the wasters of substance. And I tell you, neither do I spin."

Tom smothered his disgust at such sentiments.

"What bluffers girls are!" declared he from the lofty height of twenty-five years' accumulated wisdom. "I'll bet Miss Carew don't believe any such rot as that. Can't a man do as he pleases with his own money?"

"She says not. A man's money is not his own; he is merely holding it in trust."

Tom, however, had never met Paige Carew, who had lived most of her

twenty years abroad, and he had no more tolerance for her opinion than he had for anybody else's that did not agree with his.

"They may be plotting to rob a bank," he abruptly bent the talk back to the paramount topic.

Van Vechten regarded him with a far-away look.

"Or starting a dramatic school," he added, "or condemning vivisection or woman suffrage, or something equally ghastly. Drop it, Tom; that's my advice. Sitting comfortably at a window and waiting for whatever surprises our House of Mystery may have to disclose, is one thing; actively interfering with something that does not in the least concern us, is quite another. If there really is any mystery, and it is to be dealt with at all, it calls for a thin, keen blade, not a bludgeon."

"If that's some of your pink-tea wit," growled Tom, "a bludgeon is a mighty good thing to have when you are dealing with crooks."

"Doubtless—when the crooks do not fight with rapiers. I'll give you a chance to break even; you don't want to owe me a hundred, I suppose?"

The troubled look, result of unwonted mental effort, was instantly erased from the handsome boyish face.

"No, I don't. I'm on, if you're betting nobody will show up at one."

"Either end you like. A hundred says no man will enter thirteen-thirteen at one o'clock."

Which was very decent and accommodating of Van Vechten, considering that he would have been rather surprised than otherwise if one o'clock came and went without bringing a fresh arrival. And there was another arrival, and he was surprised—very much surprised. And Tom Phinney lost his second wager, too, which he could ill afford to do.

This was the way of it.

It was very close to one when they resumed their seats. Alexander, with patient disappointment, reported that nothing at all had happened. Then the clock struck the hour, and a taxi-cab whirled madly up and came to a skidding stop in front of Number 1313.

A lady hastily descended, a fashionably gowned lady, who fairly ran up the steps; and before she had time even to touch the bell the door swung open and she darted through the opening and was swallowed up.

Tom was indignant and disgusted.

"Now what do you think of that!"—giving the exclamation the stangest sort of intonation. He was, of course, thinking only of the outcome of the bet.

But Van Vechten had not heard. The instant the woman appeared at the top of the stoop—until then the cab had partially concealed her—he startled Tom into forgetfulness of his disappointment, by bounding from his chair. At the same time he smothered an exclamation which, although inarticulate, was a good deal more indicative of agitation and amazement than Tom's had been.

"What the dickens!" Tom cried.

Van Vechten slowly sank back into his seat again.

"I—I thought—for a moment," he muttered vaguely. "If I did not positively know to the contrary, I should say—"

He left it unsaid, however. The cab turned and departed, and the young man sat staring in a perplexed way at the closed door. It was as silent and illegible as it had been for months, the windows all as irresponsive, the sooty facade as sphinxlike.

Tom was still contemplating his friend in bewilderment.

"You didn't by any chance think it was Miss Carew, did you?" he asked.

The other bent a startled look upon him.

"Paige? Heavens, no! Don't be a blooming idiot. It was a young girl, though. I couldn't see her face, but for a second I thought she was some one I know—a much older woman—"

The words trailed off.

There followed a moment of silence, then he announced with quiet decision:

"Tom, I believe my interest is reviving. If you don't mind, my dear fellow, we shall see whether this is an occasion calling for an outsider's interference."

Tom chortled. "Enter, a girl, and the bludgeon is to be supplemented by a keen, thin blade."

"Just so, old man," drawled his friend.

But these two puzzled young men were not afforded much time to exchange views upon the newest development. Without the slightest forewarning of the gravity of what was about to happen, Number 1313 gave them the most startling episode so far of the day.

The door had been closed behind the girl a minute or such a matter, when Van Vechten and Phinney saw it jerked partially open and at once banged violently shut again. In truth, they both plainly heard the concussion. Van Vechten rose and pressed closer to the window, his gaze intently upon the door across the way.

"By Jupiter!" he exclaimed under his breath. "Tom, there's a scuffle going on over there, or I'm an Indian!"

And his surmise was promptly affirmed. The door flew open with a final jerk and a brawny man could be seen standing upon the threshold. He was so large that he fairly blocked the doorway; his back was to the street; but it was plain that he was struggling with somebody beyond.

Save for themselves, the room was now once more deserted (since the passage of the luncheon hour) and there was nobody else to witness the abrupt termination of the affair.

Suddenly the man drew back his right arm and struck a mighty blow straight from the shoulder.

"Bing!" shouted Tom in gleeful admiration. "Oh, my! Wouldn't I hate to get a punch like that!"

Whoever did, obviously had no time

her stomach for opposing the excellent one, for the latter (fore loose and ran down the steps. Van Vechten and Phinney recognised him as the man who had arrived at noon—Number Twelve, they afterwards called him, associating him with the hour. He was panting and considerably disheveled, though otherwise he appeared to be none the worse for the struggle.

However, there was no mistaking the fact that he was exceedingly wroth. Once on the walk, he turned and shook his clenched fist at the already closed portal, with a quivering flexing of the arm that signified a passion seething and surging for adequate expression. Then he apparently realised the futility of upbraiding an unresponsive door, for he swung round and made off at a rapid pace.

"Quick, Tom!" Van Vechten was up and dragging at his friend's arm. "Our hats! We must overtake that chap!"

With a speed that amazed Tom, Van Vechten led the way to the street. The man was walking rapidly, and as they emerged from the club entrance he was just rounding the corner into Lexington avenue. The gait of the pursuers was almost a run when they turned the same corner, in spite of which they had not gained upon their quarry. They saw him disappear eastward into Twenty-third street.

"He's not acquainted with the neighborhood," Van Vechten ventured; "he's making for the Twenty-third street L station. Hurry!"

But by the time they turned into Twenty-third street a good deal had happened. A small group of people were gathered at an alley mouth midway in the block, and others were to be seen running toward the same point.

"Wonder what's doing?" Tom exclaimed. Van Vechten's response was an increased forward pressure on the other's arm and a repetition of the injunction.

"Hurry!"

A second later they arrived at the alley, where a knot of excited people was tightly drawn around the object of interest. Tom unceremoniously forced his bulk through the press, being closely followed by Van Vechten.

In a moment they saw and understood. The young man who had acquitted himself so vigorously but a few short seconds previously, was lying at their feet—dead.

Continued next week.

TRAVERTON. The lightning was so close on Monday evening, and the thunder so heavy that it "shut our wind off" for a minute or two, and knocked R. E. Bryans off his feet. No serious results, though. 'Tis not often December favors us with a summer shower.

Mr. Albert McNally's baby boy was seriously ill last week, but is better again.

Messrs. Jos. McGrade and John Haley came over from Osprey last week end, and are busy fixing up stabling on the McGrade homestead.

All over the township the plows were going the early part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Summers leave on Thursday of this week for Bruce, Alta., where her husband has been appointed station agent for the G.T.P. We wish them a safe journey.

Despite the steady downpour of rain on Wednesday of last week, it didn't prevent a big crowd from gathering to Mr. John McNally's sale, and as the stock was in first class order they brought brisk bidding and high prices, while Auctioneer McPhail's ready wit kept everyone in good humor.

Reeve T. Nichol was with us one night lately and his genial personality and big-heartedness and sympathy, makes him a most companionable guest. We were wishing his county comrades would give him the warden's chair next year.
