

# Big 4 He Sells Cheap

We wish our customers and friends A Happy and Prosperous New Year.

W. H. BEAN Big 4

## FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING

Rugs, Oilcloths Window Shades Lace Curtains and all Household Furnishings

### TINSMITTING

Mr. M. Kress has opened a shop at the rear of the furniture store and is prepared to do all kinds of tinsmithing.

Undertaking receives special attention

EDWARD KRESS

## Ford Car Prices

Effective August 1st, 1917 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. and 8.45 p.m. EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY

### Canadian Pacific Railway Time Table

Trains will arrive and depart as follows, until further notice: P.M. A.M. 5.25 Lv. Toronto Un. Ar. 11.35

# The Time Lock

## CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Flint Advances a Theory. Mr. Flint's voice dissipated Rudolph Van Vechten's bewilderment; but the young man remained completely non-plused over the seemingly inexplicable manner in which his Cousin Paige's purse had appeared. He met the detective's narrow regard with a long, questioning stare; then he abruptly dropped into a chair.

"Flint," he said, "you took my breath away. Sit down, man, sit down. Think I'll let you go until you have told me all about this?" So slowly did Mr. Flint obey, that the other could not restrain his impatience.

"Is my cousin in New York?" he questioned peremptorily. "Have you seen her? This is a terribly serious matter, Mr. Flint, as you would appreciate if you were acquainted with all the circumstances."

"Suppose," returned the quiet voice, "you first answer my question—do you know where your cousin is?"

"No—bluntly, 'I don't. Until today I imagined I had some idea of her whereabouts, but"—he weighed the shining purse in his hand, contemplating it soberly—"here is the second reason I have been given within the last hour to feel a good deal of anxiety respecting her."

"Will you tell me the other reason?"

Briefly Van Vechten related the encounter with T. Jenkins, of the Sphere, and at the close of the recital the listener nodded understandingly.

"It is beginning to look as though my search for a murderer was opening up something a bit more serious," began Mr. Flint; but the other sharply interrupted.

"What do you mean? It can't be that anything has happened to Paige?" Before replying, Mr. Flint regarded him a moment doubtfully.

"Do not become unnecessarily alarmed, Mr. Van Vechten, but it is possible—barely possible, understand—that we have run upon a kidnapping plot."

Van Vechten groaned and sank limply back, staring a horror he could not voice.

"Flint! Do you really know what you are saying?"

"Tut, Mr. Van Vechten. I said 'barely possible.' I meant no more. If you can't control yourself it will be useless for me to talk further. I believe your help would be valuable, and I had hoped to enlist it; but I might as well leave you if you cannot give your attention to the chances of Miss Carew being involved."

"You have as much feeling as a jellyfish, Flint," the other broke in. "I am stunned. Give me a moment to grasp this hideous suggestion."

And he did succeed, gradually, in pulling himself together. The very idea was so shocking, so far beyond the pale of any possible experience that he might within reason expect, that his admirable imperturbability was for the moment shaken. He finally said:

"What have you to support your belief?"

"Not much. And I have no positive belief. I simply want to present a theory for your consideration, suggested by such few unsatisfactory facts as we have, in the hope that, together, we may arrive at one more plausible."

"But Paige—kidnaped!" exclaimed Van Vechten, aghast.

Mr. Flint ceased trying to disabuse his mind of its fears, by unsupported assurances.

"Let us go back to yesterday," he resumed. "The episode of the four men you saw enter the house over yonder was not mystifying to me. Even while you were relating it I was pretty certain that they were responding to an advertisement of some description. The only peculiarity lay in the fact that they arrived precisely an hour apart."

"But that circumstance also is easily explained. The advertiser had need for more than one man, and he wanted to interview them one at a time without meeting one another. Upon run-

ning through the files of the daily papers for a fortnight back, I found a confirmation of my conclusions. Here it is." And he handed Van Vechten a newspaper clipping, which the latter studied long and intently before returning.

"WANTED—A young man who will exchange unreservedly one week of his time for \$1,000 cash. Must be muscular and willing to risk an adventure involving an element of danger. If imposed conditions are implicitly obeyed, payment will be made immediately upon successful outcome. If you are confident you are the young man, Address X720, Tribune."

"Now," Mr. Flint went on, "certain obvious conclusions may be drawn from this advertisement, and certain things concerning it may be pretty confidently inferred.

"Whatever the enterprise, it involves some danger; it requires young men of physical strength and daring; and it is of sufficient importance to the advertiser for him to expend a considerable sum of money in putting it through—say four or five thousand dollars. There is an army of young men answering the description, employed as well as unemployed, for whom the little ad. would hold an irresistible appeal; undoubtedly Mr. X-720 was deluged with applications.

"Then what is his next obvious step? Why, he puts the mass of letters through a process of selection and rejection. From the lot he chooses the few which strike him the most favorably, and makes appointments with the writers. The house across yonder was secured as a base of operations."

"It was not rented from the agent," Van Vechten suddenly interposed, remembering a feature of the Powhatan committee's call on that individual.

Mr. Flint raised his brows. "So?" said he. "Well come back to that later. I was going to say, the mere fact of the advertiser having selected so respectable a neighborhood to operate from was no less than a stroke of genius. Nobody to pry into his affairs; nobody to suspect him—it was only by accident that suspicion was attracted to him at all."

Mr. Flint's visage assumed a satisfied expression, as he remarked:

"His ingenuity commands my admiration; I apprehend that the case will prove interesting—most interesting, indeed."

"Don't tell me," protested Van Vechten, "that you can find any satisfaction in the difficulties you are expecting to encounter. It will be bad enough if we have to deal with common crooks, but a criminal prodigy? Lord defend us!"

"I'm afraid, Mr. Van Vechten, that you have no very keen relish for an intricate problem."

"Relish!" the young man barked. "With my cousin at the mercy of a gang of unprincipled knaves? I guess not!"

"Oh, well," the detective conceded, "I can't, of course, expect you to view the affair from a professional standpoint; but I assure you, this case is exceedingly promising, and my enthusiasm and determination mount as it grows more baffling."

"That's something, at any rate," Van Vechten admitted with a show of reluctance. "Your zeal will lose you nothing, I promise you. But where did you find the purse?"

The sharp gray eyes swept Van Vechten's earnest face. Mr. Flint replied soberly:

"Now you have hit upon the circumstance that connects Miss Carew with the affair. I found it hanging from a nail, in a dark corner of an upstairs closet, across the street—in your precious house of mystery."

The young man's blank immobility alone betrayed his stupefaction. After a pause:

"Easy, easy, Flint," said he, unsteadily. "Kindly repeat that; this infernal snarl is dulling my faculties."

The other did so, adding: "Of course it was left there—overlooked by somebody; whether by Miss Carew or somebody else, I am not prepared to say."

Van Vechten sat a long time deep in thought. The occasional glance he directed at the detective was eloquent—in contrast with his impassive features—of the doubts and fears and anxieties that were assailing his

"Well, you have all the details that suggest a possible kidnapping conspiracy—first, the uncertainty as to the young lady's whereabouts; second, the advertisement; third, the secrecy and extreme caution observed throughout by the unknown conspirators; fourth, the callers at Number 1313; fifth, the purse."

Van Vechten breathed another sigh, one of relief.

"Mystifying it all is, to be sure," he said; "but that array might sound more formidable if it were more certain and positive. At the same time, my anxiety about my cousin has by no means abated."

"On reflection," Mr. Flint meditatively continued, "I was scarcely justified in asserting that the facts suggest the possibility of Miss Carew having been kidnaped; it would be more accurate to say: If it turns out that she has been, why, then the facts we now have would dovetail with the crime."

"I was thinking of Mrs. Devereaux," cut in the other—"you know who she is?"

The detective nodded. Van Vechten asked:

"Could she have been kidnaped also?"

"Dismiss Mrs. Devereaux for the present," returned Mr. Flint; "she is an item against the possibility. I want first to mention the most serious aspect of the whole affair, for there is one circumstance that makes its criminality almost self-evident."

"Assuming that the man who was killed went to the house in answer to the advertisement—and there is no reason to believe otherwise—in all likelihood he was a stranger to the advertiser; then, where shall we look for a motive?"

"This strikes me as the most probable one: his scruples balked at the enterprise; he denounced the criminals, who were thus threatened with exposure and arrest if they did not immediately silence the intractable individual. They chose the second alternative, which would indicate that they are desperate enough."

"Now let us consider the facts supporting the improbability that Miss Carew has been kidnaped."

"First of all, there is the extreme difficulty of doing such a thing in any event—the lack of opportunity. But with your cousin the difficulty is even greater: she is in Europe with a trustworthy companion, and a number of unlikely assumptions must be materially strengthened before the kidnapping hypothesis can be accepted as a working theory."

"If the deed was committed abroad, how was the young lady conveyed to America? If she was first lured to this country, how was she persuaded to make such an important move without notifying her relatives? And always there is Mrs. Devereaux to be considered. If Miss Carew was separated from her, how is her silence to be explained? If she was not separated from Mrs. Devereaux, then the older lady either must be regarded as a confederate, or it must be assumed that she was forcibly taken also—either assumption being extremely improbable."

"There is one other idea that occurred to me, but a pretty far-fetched one, I'm bound to admit; we may have stumbled upon a rendezvous of international thieves. The purse may have been stolen from Miss Carew, in Europe, weeks or even months ago."

But Van Vechten decisively shook his head. "It has not been out of her possession a week," asserted he; the significance of which the detective seemed to understand.

"Well," said he, "I have been candid with you, Mr. Van Vechten; suppose you return the compliment."

"What do you mean? I have nothing to tell."

"Nothing to tell," the other echoed musingly—"precisely." The contracted eyes favored Van Vechten with a penetrating look.

"Mr. Van Vechten," he began quietly after a pause, "I have not followed my profession for a score of years without acquiring more or less facility in certain directions. For example, I know almost intuitively when anybody is keeping something back from me. I knew that you were not entirely open and frank while I was talking with you yesterday."

The young man regarded him with an amazement not entirely free from discomposure.

"Of course," Mr. Flint went on, without the least emotion, "I can't imagine what your reason may be for reticence; but I do know that if you persist in remaining silent upon any point of this case, you are adopting a most unwise course. I am not trying to force your confidence; I am merely inviting it, leaving the decision with your good judgment. Bear in mind that I haven't the slightest personal interest in finding Miss Carew; she is merely incidental to an investigation I am pursuing."

For a long time Van Vechten pondered. At last he said, very soberly:

"You are right, Flint; I haven't been perfectly frank with you. My conception of detectives and police generally has been the haziest, but I believe I can trust you"—with stress upon the "you." "I am going to, at any rate."

And then he recounted the episode of the veiled lady in the taxicab, the incident of the girl and the sandy-haired man in the crowd, and of his subsequent view of the former at a window in Number 1313.

"My impulse toward reserve is so difficult to account for," he said in conclusion, "that I had determined to keep the matter to myself."

"I am glad you didn't," was the low-voiced rejoinder.

"Flint," said Van Vechten earnestly, "do you believe that I am qualified to form a fairly accurate estimate of a

person's character, from a study of that person's features?"

"You should be, Mr. Van Vechten," was the reply. "Your habits of life, your daily associations, naturally would develop a certain skill in that direction. I would attach considerable weight to your opinion in such a case."

"Then," with much positiveness, "nothing in the world could be more absurd than to imagine the girl I saw being engaged in anything criminal, or even entertaining a suspicion that she is surrounded by a criminal atmosphere. She is young, she is beautiful, she is refined and gentle; the stamp of purity and adherence to right ideals is unmistakable in her face. Whatever comes of your investi-

gations, you will find that I was unquestionably true all that I now assert respecting her."

"I do not question your judgment, for it is more than probable that your estimate is correct. But the fact is of less importance than the circumstance that the young lady seems to entertain a very cordial dislike for you."

"But," expostulated the other, "she doesn't know me, Flint. I never saw her in my life before yesterday. Why should she dislike me? God knows I never intentionally harmed anybody in my life."

"She unquestionably thinks she knows you—which, as far as her conduct is concerned, amounts to the same thing."

"I have racked my brain over it," Van Vechten announced, "until I am utterly befogged. I have heretofore accredited myself with some slight degree of perspicacity, but her unmistakable animus completely mystifies me. I am positive, Flint—absolutely positive—that our destinies have never crossed before in any way."

"Queer enough," was the other's comment. "But the veiled lady; are you certain she could not have been Miss Carew?"

"Oh, no, she was not Paige. There was no detail of resemblance. I have a fancy, based upon nothing, that she and the girl at the window are the same."

"But of whom did she remind you?" The detective fastened him with a shrewd regard.

"That," returned Van Vechten, "is the one point concerning which I feel that I ought to know something definite, but which persistently eludes me. In fact, the conviction never crystallized."

Mr. Flint fell into a brown study, from which the other had no inclination to disturb him. During their conversation the afternoon had passed, and now the detective sat motionless and silent while the dusk gathered and deepened.

Presently he roused himself with a little shake. No one had intruded upon their privacy; save for themselves the lounging-room was now empty. He rose and went over to one of the windows, taking his hat with him. Van Vechten followed.

In the shadowy twilight the silent house across the way loomed somber and forbidding; its lifeless darkening front might have been Mystery and Secrecy personified. The two stood abstractedly contemplating it, each immersed in his own reflections, while the pall of night lowered, blurring and distorting the shabby outlines.

Mr. Flint broke the silence.

"I am glad we had this talk," said he in his quiet way. "But dear me, dear me, what is it leading us to? I trust we are not going to stir up any mud." He abruptly changed the subject, asking:

"May I inquire whether you intend making any move to locate Miss Carew?"

"It was my intention to call upon my uncle immediately, lay the case before him, and then set the cables to working."

"That's right. I was going to suggest something of the kind."

After Mr. Flint had gone, Van Vechten did not pause to dine. He ascertained by telephone that his uncle would be at home, then summoned a cab and sped through the stifling night—a night that augured storm—to Theodore Van Vechten's huge, dreary Fifth Avenue palace.

## CHAPTER V.

### Tom Phinney Returns.

During this ride it occurred to Van Vechten that he had seen nothing of Tom Phinney since he had sent him away brusquely the day before. He wondered not a little at his friend's prolonged absence, hoped that Tom was not huffy, and finally concluded that he had tired of waiting upon an uncertainty and had gone off upon some jaunt of his own.

The Man of Iron harkened attentively to what Rudolph had to say, but if the narration prompted any misgivings, he showed them not at all. He considered a moment, after the younger man had finished, then said:

"One woman might drop from sight in a number of ways, but it is too improbable to believe that both Paige and Josephine could have been made away with without a ripple reaching the shore. Both merit a stern rebuke, although I apprehend that nothing serious has happened."

And Theodore Van Vechten dismissed the subject, nor would he discuss it any further during Rudolph's stay.

A furious thunderstorm was raging when the latter was ready to depart, so he perforce dined with his uncle, and instead of returning to the Powhatan, went directly to the Kenmore, where he surprised Barnicle with an explicit injunction not to be permitted to sleep a minute later than seven o'clock.

"Seven, did you say, sir?" asked Barnicle, too thunderstruck to believe his own ears.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson II.—First Quarter, For Jan. 14, 1917.

### THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, John i, 19-34 Memory Verses, 32, 33—Golden Text John i, 25—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

When John the Baptist was questioned as to who he was he said that he was not the Christ, nor Elijah, nor the expected prophet, but simply a voice crying in the wilderness. ("Make straight the way of the Lord" (verses 19-23). His commission is found in Isa. xl, 3-8, where it is said that he was to prepare the way of the Lord and make straight in the desert a highway for our God and to cry, "All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field. . . . the grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the Word of our God shall stand forever. The Spirit through Malachi said of him, as well as of the real Elijah, yet to come. "Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord" (Mal. iv, 5, 6). The angel Gabriel said of him to his father Zacharias, "He shall be great in the sight of the Lord. . . . and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost even from his mother's womb; he shall go before the Lord in the spirit and power of Elijah . . . to make ready a people prepared for the Lord." His father Zacharias, being filled with the Holy Spirit, said of him, "And thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Highest, for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare His ways" (Luke i, 13-17, 67-79). The Lord Jesus said of him, "Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist" (Matt. x, 11).

When questioned further by the Pharisees as to why he baptized if he was not some great one, he said that there was one standing among them whom they knew not, the latchet of whose shoes he was not worthy to unloose, and that while he (John) baptized with water the unknown one would baptize with the Holy Ghost (verses 24-27, 33). He is ever the same Jesus. Trust Him to baptize you with the Holy Spirit now and hear Him say, "Be it unto thee, even as thou wilt. . . . Whatever things ye desire them ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them" (Mark xi, 24). The cry of John the next day as he saw Jesus coming unto him, "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world," was one of the greatest cries that one mortal could make to another.

It would be worth while to go into all lands with that one cry and its associated truths. It takes us not only to the foundation of the world, but before that (Rev. xiii, 8; I Pet. i, 19, 20), for as the Lamb of God He was foreordained before the foundation of the world. It takes us to Gen. iii, 21, where we see Him with His own hand, by the shedding of blood, providing redemption clothing for Adam and Eve. It takes us to Gen. xxii, where we see the lamb dying in the stead of Isaac. It takes us to Ex. xii and that is said of the Passover Lamb; also to the lambs of the daily morning and evening sacrifice; to Isa. lli and to passages without number concerning His being a sacrifice for our sins; then on to the Revelation, where He is called the Lamb just twenty-eight times, redeeming by His precious blood, enabling us to overcome by the same, conquering all His enemies and ours and finally associated with the Father on the throne (Rev. v, 9, 10; vii, 14; xii, 11; xvii, 14; xxii, 1, 3).

As His redeemed ones we are lambs in the midst of wolves, and when we think of all He has borne for us as the Lamb of God and all the glory that awaits us as His associates we might well be willing to be killed all the day long for His sake, if only He can be glorified in us. John says that it was his commission to manifest Christ to Israel, and it is our commission to manifest Him to the world, that the world may know Him through us. Always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life of Jesus may be made manifest in our mortal flesh (John xvii, 21, 23; II Cor. iv, 10, 11), it would seem that John did not know Him personally until the day of the baptism at Jordan, but he had been told, "Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending and remaining on Him the same is He who baptizeth with the Holy Ghost." John bare record saying, "I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon Him, and I saw and bare record that this is the Son of God" (verses 31-34).

There must have been a knowing of Him in some sense before the baptism, for when He came to John to be baptized that day John said to Him, "I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me." So there must have been some increased revelation of Him to John after the baptism, when the heavens were opened, the Spirit descended like a dove and lighted upon Him, and the Father said from heaven, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased" (Matt. iii, 13-17). What a contrast between John who bare record "This is the Son of God" and the devil who said so soon afterward "If thou be the Son of God" (Matt. iii, 17; iv, 3). When we are well pleased with Him in whom the Father is well pleased then the Father is pleased with us, but if we do not receive Him as Son of God we cannot be saved. Him.



"E Called Me a Satire. 'E 'as Something on 'is Mind, so 'e 'as."

mind, and of a conflicting hope that things were not so black as they were being painted. At last, with a slight gesture that signified his helplessness to cope with the situation, he leaned back and sighed.

"I pass," he said resignedly. "The thing's utterly beyond me; it's up to you, Flint. Go on."

## 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 Hannels, blankets, winter goods, men's underwear, ladies' and wear, men's pants and overalls, mufflers and ladies' and gent's sweaters.

### ALL MUST BE SOLD

Call and get our Moving prices. There's money in it for you. Eggs and Butter taken as Cash.

S. SCOTT

Opposite the Old Stand Durham, Ontario

Advertisements for each sub double the a Farm BRING LOT, 60 on premises brick house 1000; run property; 2 wood bush, cultivation, Nov. 1st, 1917. Mrs John No. 1, Dur Lot NORTH PARK old skating street, and 5. Albert Jackson. THE PROPE Philip Evansham. For apply to LOTS 2, 3 street, West son. Rin THE DUR one of the tario, is of paying pro for selling Durham, C Housea PART OF L street, west of road, owned by James good cond by Hiculars ap Durham. For Sa A COMFOR tage; good of land, m concession east of I frame bar Jackson, I Prop THAT SPI property ing to the be sold contains comfortab hard and ing orchard. At Theor. Rite executors. Register Bu FROM 12 T roan and milking d Ramsden champion Canada.- Durham. Spi SPIRELLA STORES) boned w Spiella and resill world; g or rust wear. At telephon tion.—M Durham. Good THE W. M sale; lot remon; good bou hen hou win?m for sell west: This is sold Holstein to R. H EAST HA Con. 7, 100 acre good fr give gr Duncan Elmwood ham. Bu Thorou Angus B payable Crutchle "He av "That she keep himself