At the close of the recital Van Vech-

"To think," he said finally, "that

"Then listen to this," Van Vechten

His friend stared at him blankly.

"How the dickens did it get there?"

"To be sure. And what has hap-

questions that I am extremely anx-

Tom nodded.

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

W. H. BEAN Big 4

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.

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 on 'is mind, so 'e 'as, yet 'e is a-sleepin against advance.

C. Smith & Sons could not find an opportunity to call 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 11.20a.m. 2.30 p.m., and 8.45 p.m. EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY C. E. Horning, G. T. Bell,

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

Canadian Pacific Time Table

Trains will arrive and depart as follows, until urther notice:-P.M A.M.

Lv. Toronto Un. Ar. 11.35

8.10 Lv. Toronto N. 9.13 11,55 Ar. Saugeen J. " 7.55 4.35 recipient. P.M. 9.24 12.07 " Priceville 9.34 12.17 " Glen 9.38 12 21 " McWilliams" 7.26 9.50 12.33 " Durham 10.04 12.47 " Allan Park 7.01 10.14 12.57 " Hanover " 6.52 3.32

10.35 1.20 " Walkerton R. MACFARLANE.

6 30

you to see for yourself.

ladies' and gent's sweaters.

Opposite the Old Stand

3.10

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

The stock consists of Dry Goods including, flannellets,

blankets, woollen goods, men's underwear, ladie's under-

wear, men's pants and overalls, ginghams, muslins and

ALL MUST BE SOLD

Call and get our Moving sale prices. There's money in it

S. SCOTT

Eggs and Butter taken as Cash.

Durham, Ontario

The young man regarded his aged valet a trifle sardonically.

"You old satyr. Go to bed at a decent hour, and to sleep-mark that, Barnicle?-and you will find it no great hardship to rise before seven o'clock."

"Oh, it's no 'ardship at all, sir; just -er-beggin' your pardon, sir-just a bit unusual, if I may be allowed to say so, sir."

"Well," Van Vechten announced, "I am going to turn in now. And I want to be up by seven."

An hour later, satisfied that his master actually was in a sound slumber, Barnicle blinked at the bedroom door in a bewildered way, then at the cellarette. Next he produced a key, opened the richly carved door and poured himself a stiff peg of brandy. Having consumed this with evident relish, glass and bottle were replaced, the door was closed and locked, and then Barnicle moved with an air of stealth to the desk telephone.

Cautiously he seated himself and noiselessly took down the receiver, calling for a number in a voice so low that he was obliged to repeat it. Muffling the mouth-piece with one hand, he held a long conversation—all in a mysterious undertone-in the course of which he replied to numerous questions on the part of his unseen inter-

Followed several minutes of intent listening by Barnicle, then he said:

"Mr. Rudolph is not a gentleman that shows 'is feelings, don't y'know, and that is what makes me sure that whatever is bothering him is serious. can tell when anything is a-worryin' him." And, in a resentful tone: "'E called me a satire. 'E 'as something



"Where Is Paige Carew?"

like a 'ealthy hinfant."

Another pause.

"I understand—some time tomorrow night. I was afraid for a while that I you tonight; his coming 'ome so early and unexpected like, don't y'know, and his being that concerned quite took me breath away."

Barnicle replaced the receiver as noiselessly as he had taken it down, and after switching off the lights stole away to regions best known to him-

Next morning, bright and early, Rudolph Van Vechten was seated at his writing-table, while Barnicle, tall, white-haired, cadaverous of countenance, but extraordinarily efficient. moved quickly about his morning tasks, and so quietly that the young man was not aware of his presence.

Van Vechten was compiling a list of his friends and acquaintances in Railway London, together with such names of Paige's friends as he could recall. Having completed this to his satisfaction, he next directed his attention to the composition of a cablegram which, he trusted, would elicit news of Paige or Mrs. Devereaux without occasioning 8.10 too much comment on the part of the

lation that you are at last-in love! It was well after ten o'clock when Tom, my dear fellow, I feel as if I 7.40 4.20 he finished his labors and departed. were participating in a miracle. Tell The instant the door closed Barnicle left off what he happened to be doing me frankly all about her." at the time, and stood listening to the sical voice in the world," said Tom footfalls growing fainter in the hall. 10.22 1.05 " Maple Hill " 6.43 3.23 Presently he heard his master's voice fervently. utter a sharp "Down!" an ensuing said his friend. "And her hair?-her Town Agent clank and clatter of the elevator door.

and Barnicle broke into activity again. cluding this stage of his adventure Hastening over to the writing-table, with an account of the motorboat and he went deftly through a number of its occupants. papers. Van Vechten had left several rough drafts of the cablegram and vant, Van Vechten started violently, also one or two complete, but badly but managed to restrain the ejaculascratched list of names. One each of tion that leaped to the tip of his these Barnicle selected, carefully fold- tongue. His interest was now doubled, ed and placed in his pocket.

In the meantime a taxi cab con- the narrative, which he followed veyed Van Vechten to the nearest thenceforward to the end with a contelegraph office, where he filed the ception that inspired Tom to genuine following message, directed to each eloquence. person on his list:

"Have lost my Cousin Paige Carew's ten remained a long time absorbed in address. She will not write until she thought. hears from me. Fear she is ill. Can you supply her present address?" you-of all persons-should have blundered into an adventure like that!

He left instructions that all replies be delivered at the Powhatan, whither But, Tommy, it is unfortunate that you he betook himself to wait.

Barely had he made himself comfort- house. I suppose it occurred to you able in front of one of the windows that these people are the same who overlooking the street, when the hall occupied thirteen-thirteen?" door again opened. He looked round and beheld Tom Phinney. Reserving his greeting until Tom drew nearer, he pursued. "During your absence, Paige's was about to turn away again, but silence has assumed a really disquietsomething in Tom's appearance and ing aspect; I am now deeply conbearing abruptly struck him as being cerned about her-even now am awaita bit cold. He gave the truant a sharp ing replies to a dozen or more cable-

For one thing, Tom's noiseless on- gold purse was found yesterday in that trance was in marked contrast to his house." customary boisterous arrival; a grave and thoughtful cast now sat upon his usually good-humored countenance, he exclaimed. and he was contemplating Van Vechten with a preoccupied stare which plain- pened to my cousin? Those are two ly took no note of his surroundings. Seeming all at once to become aware ious to have answered as soon as pos-

of the figure over by the window, Tom sible; questions that must be anhalted, uttered a faint "Hullo, Ruddy," swered, in fact. Do you not see how then proceeded to a chair beside Van your promise to the unidentified young Vechten's into which he sank delib- lady has tied our hands at a vital moerately. He sat gazing dreamily into ment? the street, as inert as protoplasm. Van Vechten surveyed him from ed you from the Rocky Cove house, in-

time to time, growing more and more timated that you might indeed see her puzzled, as the minutes passed with- -soon-under some strange condiout sound or movement from his com- tions. Have you any idea what she

"Well?" he dryly broke the silence at last. "It was an invigorating show- wish I did. But she was mighty serier we had last night."

"Great Scott!" cried the other im-

patiently. "What's the matter with

you? Are you ill? Or is it money-

be a marvelously healthy animal, and

that neither of the other two possibili-

ties had power to disturb him in the

Tom now slowly revolved his head

and looked at Van Vechten, glassily.

Without replying, he absently fell to

caressing one wrist, which appeared to

his companion to be somewhat swol-

len and bruised. Van Vechten's curi-

"Where have you been?" he de-

Tom answered with poorly assumed

carelessness: "Over at Rocky Cove."

ing the other wrist, which also was

discolored and swollen, Van Vechten

"Rocky Cove-h'-m. What's hap-

Tom flushed and tried to hide the

"A laudable ambition," commented

his friend, still eyeing him curiously.

"I never had a job myself, nor any

desire for one; which, as has been

pointed out to me more than once, is

nothing whatever to my credit. What

do you purpose doing, may I inquire?"

ing. "I mean just what I say. I in-

tend to go to work. Think of all the

years I've squandered in idleness-"

friend. "I can imagine only one thing

that could set you to reflecting upon

the desolate, dreary waste of your mis-

spent life. And, mirabile dictu et visu,

it has come at last! Who is this para-

gon of her sex that has quickened

growled sulkily. "A fellow might as

well try talking seriously to an idiot."

"She has the tenderest, most mu-

was an ass for coming here; I might

have known that you'd screw every-

thing out of me. When I say I don't

know what she looks like, I mean just

that, but it makes me out a blooming

haven't the least idea what she looks

like. Yet I want to find her worse

than ever I wanted anything in my

The other's aspect grew grave enough

now. It was plainly manifest that,

since they had parted Sunday, Tom

had undergone an experience of some

"Suppose," said his friend sympa-

And Tom did. He began with his

day upon the waters of the sound, con-

thetically, "you tell me all about her."

lunatic. But I haven't seen her.

Diana? Hebe, or Hippolyta?"

in his chair.

life."

Tom colored again. "Shucks!" he

"Heaven forbid!" broke in his

"I'm serious," returned Tom, scowl-

telltale wrists, but finding this impos-

"Uh-huh," from Tom.

least.

osity mounted.

manded.

observed.

you?"

pened to your wrists?"

mean to find a job."

A grunt from Tom was the sole re- that." sponse. He didn't even trouble to look After much more consideration of the difficulties confronting them. Van around. Then Van Vechten injected a note of cheerfulness into his next "But it has turned delightful today."

meant?"

Vechten offered the following pro-"Although you are bound not to

"Not the least," replied Tom: "only

ous and solemn about it, I can tell you

search for the Rocky Cove house, I am not under any such restraint. There is no reason why Flint and I should not run over there and have a try at or debts?"-although he knew Tom to # "Ruddy, I can't stand for it," Tom

quietly, but none the less firmly, ob-

"Look here, Tom." Van Vechten all at once grew very grave, and there was a new tone in his voice that caught Tom's attention. "I am as interested in one of those girls as you are in the other. Perhaps"-hesitantly-"we are both interested in the same one."

This was the most astonishing disclosure that Tom had yet heard. 'You?" he almost shouted

Then unconsciously he began caress-Van Vechten nodded. "I saw her in the crowd at the alley, Sunday, and again at a window across the street while we were returning here. Whether she is the girl in the dark or Jessie, I do not know; but—"

"Describe her." Tom eagerly inter-

sible he came suddenly back to earth. "She is slender, her hair and eyes "Ruddy," he abruptly announced, "I are dark. She is very beautiful."

But Tom was emphatically shaking his head. "That-except for the beautiful part of it-could not be the girl who came to me in the dark. I don't know why I know it, but I do. But go on with what you started to say."

"I was going to say that I am confident of this girl's innocence of any wrongdoing, or even a suspicion of wrongdoing. Such being the case, no harm can befall either of them from

anything Flint and I do. "It's the sandy-haired chap that I want to get at; I suspect he's the mainspring of the whole affair, and indubitably Flint thinks so too. Flint's a pretty clever chap; I respect him more every time we talk. I believe he port of Alexander's message, but apis thoroughly dependable.

"At any rate if that hulking bruiser knows anything about Paige, he must be made to tell it; Flint can do whatever he pleases with regard to the

"Believe me," said Van Vechten earnestly, "I never was in a more Their talk wandered far into the sober mood in my life. Mayn't I be realm of speculation, carrying them permitted some vent for my stupefacover the luncheon hour and back to tion? You appear here, utterly unlike their seats in the lounge. It was profitthe chap I know, and sit for minutes, less, and the entry of a messenger about as garrulous as a corpse, then with a sheaf of cablegrams for Van overwhelm me with the amazing reve-Vechten came as a welcome diversion. although anticipation lent the inci-

dent an unwonted excitement. He took them with trembling hands. The first proved to be from Bobby Massinger, who made it a point to propose to Paige every time he met her.

"Why did you not tell me that Miss "That's the genuine poetic touch," Carew was in England?" complained Bobby, regardless of the number of eyes? Is she tall or short-Psyche, or words. "Do not know her present address, but will find it without fail be-"I-I don't know," stammered Tom. fore night."

"I hope so," sighed Van Vechten, Tom twisted and squirmed uneasily hastily tearing open the other en to Broadway, and down that busy velopes. "Dash it all!" blurted he at last. "I

read. "No use. If she was now or had ping the messages, "would be sure to male know it. I shall try a cable to her Paris address and see if it is forwarded. And I shall also instruct Mr. Flint to get busy. I believe he will want to take a run over to Rocky Cove. failts, is not the only one subject to What is it, Alexander?"

The page had approached during the engraved wedding announcement was speaker's concluding words, holding recently sent to a copperplate engraver ostentatiously in his hand a newspakind, that had affected him profound- per.

The name startled him.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Van Vechten," over the telephene. When the work said Alexander, "but I saw you wasn't was finished and delivered it was disreading a paper this morning. Have covered that the announcement read you seen today's Sphere?"

"The Sphere? No. Let me nave it. He flung the sheet open. And, there in glaring headlines extending clear across the front page, was a question At mention of the white-haired serthat struck him like a blow between the eyes:

"WHERE IS PAIGE CAREW? TAL-ENTED VIOLINIST MYSTERIOUSLY and he settled himself to harken to MISSING."

And below this was a smudged, twocolumn half-tone portrait, which may have been made from a photograph c' is cousin.

CHAPTER VI.

£500 Reward.

When Rudolph Van Vechten rallied from the staggering blow of the brutal scarehead, he contrived by a mighty pledged yourself not to hunt for the effort to focus his attention upon the sensational news story that lay below, and which shrieked as loud as a lavish use of black ink and red ink and double leads could make it. There were smaller headlines-but visible enough, heaven knows-which bore his uncles's name and his own, and most inconspicuously of all-doubtless as being the least important factor-Mrs. Devereaux's. grams I sent off this morning. Her In the first place, it was made un

mistakable that everybody who knew or should have known where Paige Carew was, either would not tell, or else they did not know, and it was demonstrated how this reticence was conclusive evidence that she had encountered some untoward fate. Every possible change was rung upon the excited query in the hectic headline: "Where is Paige Carew?"

"You said that the girl who conduct-It appear as if he were at the time dis- a. m. tressed to the verge of insanity. A recent celebrated abduction case

-the deliberate intention of course bewith a like outrage.

way committed itself; and however have nothing to retract.

heated expression of his feelings.

Alexander was upon the scene al- the event. most as if by magic, his mien one of childlike innocence. Van Vechten instructed:

"Telephone the Kenmore garage and have Ramley fetch my touring car here immediately—the largest one."

Ensconced in one of the club's booths, Alexander soon got the garage and next Ramley, whom he thus addressed:

wants his biggest buzz-wagon at the drew and Peter, and said to him, "Fol-Powhatan, C. Q. D. J'get it? . . . W'at's that? . . . Who? Me? Well, I'd rather be a fresh kid than a pickled mutt. Beat it, youse, and don't get pinched on the way, else youse'll be chasin' annuder job." Whereupon he forestalled further re-

partee by speedily hanging up and resuming his occupation of lurking, unobserved but strictly vigilant, in the

preciated its urgency as well, was proved by his prompt appearance. "This beats hunting taxis every

minute or so," Van Vechten explained to Tom, "and Ramley might as well be earning his wages. I'll just keep him at hand for emergencies."

machine than listen to you talk, anyhow," returned Tom, candidly. "A fellow might have a chance to think."

and, to Tom's satisfaction, favorably. "Perhaps," Van Vechten returned, "it might be as well not to have too many witnesses in case anything very private occurs; even the best of servants-including Barnicle, of course -can be made to talk, if cleverly manipulated."

Alexander went to fetch Tom's motoring gear from the cloakroom locker, and Ramley was dismissed.

Under Tom's expert guidance the huge machine glided silently over to Fourth avenue, across Union square channel, as if it were held within the But his spirits steadily fell as he speed limits only with the utmost difficulty. Arrived at the New street ofbeen at any of the places I have in fices, Tom remained with the motor mind, some one of these persons," tap- while Van Vechten hastened to his

Continued next week.

Ye poor compositor with all his typographical errors. An order for an

A proof was taken and sent to the customer. A verbal O. K. was given

Mr. and Mrs. -have the horror to announce the marriage of their daugh-

Lesson III.-First Quarter, For Jan. 21, 1917.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, John i, 35-51. Memory Verses, 36-37-Golden Text. John i, 43-Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

One of the wonderful and most interesting things in this first chapter of John is the many different names of the Lord Jesus. In this respect it is somewhat like Rev. i. He is called the Word of God, the Word made flesh, the Son of God, the Son of Man, the Lamb of God, the Messiah, the King of Israel. Jesus of Nazareth and other names. and each one bears a different revelation of Him to our souls. Let our heart cry ever be, "That I may know Him!" until we can say from the heart, "Yea, He is altogether levely; this is my Beloved and this is my friend." (Phil. iii, 10; Song v. 16). When we are fully occupied with Him all else will seem different. As John cried the next day, "Behold the Lamb of God!" two of John's disciples followed Jesus. and when He turned and said, What seek ye? they replied. Where dwellest Rudolph Van Vechten, prominent | thou? To which He answered, Come clubman and well-known society fa- and see! This led to probably many vorite, the missing girl's fiance, had hours with Him, for it was about the been signally evasive in his replies. | tenth hour (verses 35-39), which was The interview with him was quoted in | not, as in the margin, two hours befull, and the allusive comments made fore night, but, as we count time, 10 It is easily proved by John xix, 14,

where, at the sixth hour, which must was summarized, and certain similari- have been our 6 a. m., Jesus was still ties between it and Miss Carew's before Pilate, that John uses Roman evanishment were "played up strong" time as we still do. Matthew, Mark and Luke use Jewish time, counting ing to insinuate that the girl had met from 6 a. m. (Roman time) as the beginning of the day, so with them the In short, so adroitly was the whole third hour would be our 9 a. m., the thing worded that the Sphere in no sixth hour our 12 noon, and so on. Jesus was crucified at the third hour Miss Carew might reappear, and what- Jewish time, or 9 a. m. Roman time ever the subsequent explanation, it and our time. The darkness began at would be good for another "front the sixth hour and continued till the yage" story, and the Sphere would ninth (Jewish time) or noon till 3 p. m. our time, when He died (Mark Van Vechten, white with rage, xv, 25, 33, 34; Matt. xxvii, 45, 46; gnashed his teeth. Glancing up to Luke xxiii, 44). He met the woman ascertain whether he was the target at the well at 6 a. m. or 6 p. m. (John of too many curious eyes, and discov- iv, 6), not at noon. Just remember ering that he and Tom were once more that John counts the hours of the day alone, he gave vent to a hushed but as we do. What our Lord talked about in this interview we may imagine from "That," gritted he, mutilating the the previous chapter (Luke xxiv), sheet with a vicious jab of his fist, "is where we read of His conversation on damnable. If that meddling little re- the way to Emmaus, and in the upper porter were here I'd thrash him within room that same evening. We know an inch of his life. Lord, won't Uncle that one of the two men on this occa-Theodore rage and tear his hair sion was Andrew, and we may safely when he sees it? Believe me, old chap, conclude that the other was John himthere'll be something doing now. self (verses 40-42), for the evangelists . . . Alexander! Where did that have a way of not mentioning their own names when they are specially in

We may also easily imagine that John found his brother James as quickly as Andrew found Simon. Are we as eager to bring others to Him, and does our talk about Him lead others away from ourselves to Him, as John's "Behold the Lamb of God!" did? Is our motto "He must increase, but I must decrease?" (John iii, 30.) The next day Jesus went Himself to find "Say, you Ramley hick, your boss Philip of Bethsaida, the city of Anlow me." I cannot tell you why He sought Philip and went Himself to do it, but I am glad that He ever sought me, though I fear that He has occasion to say to me, as He did to Philip after those three years, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known Me?" (John xiv. 9.) We all seem to become acquainted with Him so slowly. Oh, how patient He is with us. His "Follow Me" to Phil-That Ramley not only got the im- ip (verses 48, 44) makes us think of His resurrection word to Peter in chapter xxi, 19, 22, and the application to us is so helpful.

Philip soon found a friend, saying to

him. "We have found Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write." With a disdainful word concerning Nazareth Nathaniel was per-"Let Ramley go; I'd rather run the suaded to come and see for himself, and soon he was heard exclaiming. "Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God; Thou art the King of Israel" (verses 45-49). The offer was considered seriously. Perhaps the word of Jesus, "Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree. I saw thee." had something to do with his confession. Only He who knoweth our downsitting and uprising and all our ways could say such things to any one (Ps. cxxxix, 1-4). It will help us greatly if we remember that we have to do with Him who knows us so thoroughly and to whom all things are naked and open. Our Lord's next word to Nathaniel. "Thou shalt see greater things than these," I have often taken to myself as I have seen many of the wonderful things He has wrought for us and through us, and then have I pleaded again His words in Jer. xxxiii, 8. The last verse in our lesson, which

is an evident reference to Jacob's dream and vision at Bethel (Gen. xxviii, 12), makes me think that perhaps under that fig tree Nathaniel had been meditating upon this very thing, else why should our Lord refer to it? If my supposition is right, it is a confirmation of Ezek, xi, 5, "I know the things that come into your mind, every one of them." Only in this gospel is this man mentioned by this name, but he is supposed to be the Bartholomew of the other gospels, as he is always mentioned as such with Philip (Matt. t, 8; Mark iii, 18; Luke vi, 14). The ast mention of him is in John xxi, 2, where he is seen as one of the seven.

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