

# 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

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 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. 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. 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. MACFARLANE, Town Agent

## 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

Opposite the Old Stand

Durham, Ontario

# The Time Lock

The Man of Iron, it was quickly learned, had already seen the Sphere's article. And something was already doing, too. Outwardly entirely unmoved, ironlike, inflexible, showing nothing of the annoyance that stirred beneath his adamant crust, he had pulled this wire and that one, with the result that the Sphere's entire local staff, from the city editor on down to the newest cub, were solicitously speculating upon the chances of landing new jobs in the extremely likely event that their present ones would terminate next pay-day. A striking tribute, this to the Man of Iron's far-reaching power; for in all the wide world no other authority could so have shaken the apparently impregnable strength of this great journal.

Moreover Uncle Theodore had already very explicitly cabled his principal Paris and London representatives, who had means of gathering intelligence beyond the scope either of



"Send Me Typewritten Bulletins Containing All Facts, but Pared to the Bone. Now Get Out."

police or news bureaus. All of which he succinctly and unemotionally laid before his nephew. "I am beginning to fear," he tersely concluded, "that something very serious has happened to Paige and Jo; what I can't imagine. But no more can be done than we are doing. I am a busy man; I can not afford to have my plans upset or interfered with; I must delegate this matter to you until active interference by me will accomplish some definite result. Then I shall act promptly. Draw on me for necessary funds; but don't fail to keep an accurate account of every cent spent—both exact amount and specific purpose for which expended." Rudolph drew a long face. "How can you expect me to do that?" protested he, "when, where my own expenditures are concerned, I am unable even to arrive at an estimate?"

"Then," dryly, "you need not draw on me at all; for once you may direct your money to some useful and profitable end. But I must be kept fully informed of every step of progress made. Send me typewritten bulletins containing all facts, but pared to the bone. Now, get out."

But if the Man of Iron believed that he had succeeded in muzzling the press, for once in his life, at least, he was blameworthy of an error of judgment. The story was become public property, and the early afternoon editions, instead of observing restraint, ran to license in their amplification of its sensational possibilities. Rudolph, during the ride back to the club, winced more than once when some newsboy's shrilly shouted slogan assailed his hearing.

"Where is Paige Carew?" Tom asked himself under his breath. "What's the answer? They'll be pulling gags from that on the roof gardens tonight. It's the catchword already. Poor old Ruddy!" They stopped at a telegraph office, where Van Vechten filed a cablegram to Paige's last known Paris address. When he returned to the car—"Let us hurry back to the club," said he. "I mean to phone Flint, and—" He paused and looked questioning up at Tom. "I suppose you wouldn't mind taking us over to Rocky Cove?" he asked.

"Steady, old man," Tom murmured sympathetically. "Try a little nerve tonic. Brace up."

"I don't want anything to drink," Van Vechten declined the offer, "but I will gladly smoke a big black cigar. Perhaps it will clear away some of the cobwebs."

Tom, ever a model of abstemiousness, contented himself with a mild and ladylike tinkle of curacao.

Then they took up the subject of the cablegram again. Van Vechten flattened the paper upon the table, propped his elbows at either end and grasped his hair firmly with both

hands, the cigar smoke forming a blue halo about his head. He gave himself up to the serious business of interpreting and assimilating the disquieting, unfathomable information from overseas.

The operation, manifestly, was not very satisfactory, for by and by he uttered another groan, tossed away his half-smoked cigar and once more sat upright.

"What—" he began, but his companion promptly checked him. "Now you stop right there," commanded Tom. "If you want to fire any more questions, suppose you try 'em out on Uncle Theodore. Ring him up."

The other smiled wanly, and a spark of his customary sprightly humor flashed again.

"Bright boy," he said. "If I possessed your practical mind I would not be so woozy over this thing. But you are an inspiration, Tommy—why didn't I think of it before? Fotheringill must be one of Uncle Theodore's agents."

After some delay, Uncle Theodore's voice came over the wire. He also had received the cryptic message, but certain portions of it obscure to Rudolph were more or less clear to him.

The surmise respecting Fotheringill had been a pretty shrewd one. That gentleman, it appeared, was a member of the firm of Hirschfeld & Sons, bankers, the Man of Iron's principal British representatives. He had been instructed to send all messages in duplicate—one for the elder Van Vechten's information, the other for Rudolph's guidance. The latter learned further that all other information likewise was to be sent to him.

"Lord, Uncle Theodore!" Rudolph lamented into the mouthpiece, "the newspapers will now be justified in stirring up whatever scandal they may conceive!"

"Are you afraid of them?" demanded his uncle sharply. "No, no; of course not. It's Paige I'm thinking of. Think what her feelings must be when she sees all the rot that's being printed about her."

He heard the older man grunt. "A precious lot of consideration she has shown for our feelings," he said. "But you are mistaken; the newspapers may be our best allies, and it is not good policy to antagonize them at this stage."

"Frankly," the incisive voice went on, "I am now exceedingly worried; if there were not so many vital business matters exacting my personal attention—things I can't neglect because they involve the welfare of others—I would drop everything and take up the search myself. But I must leave that part of it to you; I know you will be diligent."

Rudolph assured him on this point, adding: "But my hands are so hopelessly tied by the utter absence of a starting-point; there is nothing to take hold of, nowhere to begin. Why, I haven't evolved even a tentative theory yet. What the devil does it all mean anyway? Have Paige and Josephine both lost their minds?"

No answering oracle came over the wire, and the Man of Iron uttered his parting injunction: "Use your best judgment; spare no expense."

Van Vechten emerged from the stuffy booth and shook his head like a swimmer far out at sea, while pot sighting land, despairs not but struggles bravely on. The entrance of Mr. Flint at this critical period had the soothing effect of a balm. His manner was so quiet and unobtrusive, so methodical and unruined, and without so confident, that one's plight must be desperate indeed for one not to respond to the insipid influence of his presence.

"Well, so you have turned up at last," Van Vechten greeted him sourly. "Good heavens, man! Why don't you keep in touch with civilization when you efface yourself from the world?"

"This is the first opportunity I have found for communicating with you since we parted last," was the calm response. "Don't fear but that I shall keep in touch with you, for the way matters are shaping it begins to look as though I shall need your assistance pretty constantly."

Van Vechten bent eagerly across the table. "Have you learned anything?" he demanded.

"Yes—and no. Nothing definite about Miss Carew. But I have unbarred a good many facts which may or may not have a bearing on our investigation—for I am including the mystery of your cousin's disappearance with the mystery of Sunday's murder. There's a connecting link somewhere, although I haven't hit upon it. The dead man's identity has been established."

Both young men looked an interrogation, and Mr. Flint proceeded. "Now that we have learned who he is, the facts tend to confuse rather than to enlighten; there is no hole where he fits in. It would seem that he was rather a worthless sort, an expert mechanic, but at odds with his union and discredited generally by industrious members of his trade. His name was O'Neill. He never worked anywhere long, and his quitting of a job was invariably the culmination of trouble of one sort or another. The speaker's manner abruptly altered. He asked curiously:

"Has Scotland Yard's sudden activity in Miss Carew's behalf anything to do with your present perturbation?" Van Vechten smiled feebly. "My shattered nervous system so ruthlessly exposed?" he asked. "But, truly, I don't comprehend your question."

"They have cabled Central Office," Mr. Flint explained, "a half-dozen times today for information. The at-

temptation of the reward—twenty-five hundred dollars—being offered in London for information of Miss Carew. That would account for their sudden interest."

By way of answer the young man handed him the cablegram from Fotheringill. Mr. Flint glanced at it, then he sat up with a jerk and his eyes narrowed to mere slits. He pondered the text for some time while the two young men watched him in silent curiosity.

"Well," he breathed at last, returning the message, "here is one more link in the chain—not a very definite one, but an additional small detail that associates Miss Carew directly with your house of mystery."

Van Vechten stared in wonder at the slip of paper. Tom abruptly exclaimed: "How the dickens do you make that out?"

But Mr. Flint was not to be hurried. "While there may be nothing so very mysterious about the house itself," he pursued evenly, "nevertheless it is by way of promising us a very pretty problem indeed. Does the name 'Withypool' signify anything in particular to you?"

"Nothing definite; it is familiar, that is all."

"Withypool," repeated Mr. Flint, musingly. "I have had occasion to look it up."

"You have!" shot from Van Vechten in his surprise. "What do you know, Flint? Tell it!"

"It's a little village in Somerset—on the edge of Exmoor forest—perhaps one of the prettiest regions in rural England. Still does the name convey nothing to your mind? Think!"

Here Tom Phinney interjected: "Ruddy thought it was confoundedly familiar when he read the message."

While Van Vechten tried his best to recall the associations which the name all but evoked, Mr. Flint sat shrewdly contemplating him.

"I give it up," declared the young man at length. "Go on and tell it, why you jumped so when you read the message. What's the answer?"

"I said that it was a pretty spot"—the man's deliberation was provoking—"an ideally desirable location for a home—regular old-fashioned English country home, you know—gables, chimney-pots, ivy, deer-park, hedges, and all that sort of thing. For instance—"

"Confound you, Flint! Out with it!" Mr. Temple Bonner's.

"For a moment the two young men sat staring speechlessly at the unmoved detective. Then Van Vechten smote the table with his fist.

"By George!" ejaculated he, vehemently but not loudly. "That's it! The very thing that's been chasing round in my skull!" He proceeded more calmly.

"But, Flint, admitting that one of the two ladies mentioned here is my cousin"—tapping the cablegram—"the fact that you found her purse in a house which happens to belong to Temple Bonner, and that also she has been mysteriously sojourning near his home in England, presents only a coincidence—curious, perhaps, but immaterial."

"Maybe so; but do not lose sight of the other lady—her companion. She was a Schuyler, I believe."

"True."

"Do you know that before Number 1313 came into Mr. Bonner's possession it belonged to Compton Schuyler, Mrs. Devereaux's father?"

The expression that now flitted across Van Vechten's face was one of bewilderment. He had no comment to make.

"Furthermore," continued Mr. Flint, "instead of the present owner being ignorant that such a shabby parcel of property is a part of the estate, its purchase was prompted by a sentimental growing out of a romance more than thirty years old. So, you see, the coincidence begins to assume proportions that must signify something—something that would be of value to us if we could only grasp its meaning. There is where I hope you may help me."

"This is rather staggering, Flint," said Van Vechten, as soon as he had collected his wits, "but still the circumstances are merely coincidence to me. I can read no meaning into them, nor are they informative. I fail to see where I can render the slightest help. Tom here is in a position to supply you with something much more to the point, for by the purest accident he stumbled upon our sandy-complexioned man—to say nothing of a flipping adventure. His name is John Callis."



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## SUNDAY SCHOOL

Lesson IV.—First Quarter, For Jan. 28, 1917.

### THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, John ii, 13-22 Memory Verses, 15, 16—Golden Text Matt. xxi, 13—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

As in our last lesson, our thoughts were carried back to Jacob's dream and that which it pointed onward to, so in this marriage at Cana, where He wrought His first miracle and manifested forth His glory (chapter ii, 11), we are taken back to the first marriage in Eden and onward to the marriage of the Lamb (Rev. xix, 6-9), after which will come the kingdom, when He will drink again the fruit of the vine and others shall eat and drink at His table in His kingdom (Luke xxii, 18, 30). If these earthen vessels of ours, these mortal bodies, were as full of the water of the word as the vessels at the marriage were full of literal water up to the brim, He could easily change the water to wine and we would be filled with the Spirit and with joy and peace in believing, and perhaps be counted drunken, as the disciples were at Pentecost (1 Cor. iv, 7; Col. iii, 16; Rom. xv, 13; Acts, ii, 13-15). As this marriage was at Cana and that was Nathaniel's home (ii, 1; xxi, 2), if it is of interest to you to think of this as being the marriage of Nathaniel you are at liberty to do so until you can see him and ask him about it.

But it is the Lord Jesus and not Nathaniel in whom we are especially interested. Let us not forget Mary's word to the servants, "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it" (verse 5). After a brief stay of a few days at Capernaum with His mother and His brethren and His disciples, we next find Him at Jerusalem at Passover time (verses 12, 13). We think of the first Passover to which He went with His mother and Joseph when He was twelve years old, and when, after three days' search for Him they found Him in the temple, and when they asked Him why He had so dealt with them He replied, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" or, as in the revised version, "In my Father's house" (Luke ii, 42-51). We now find Him again in the temple and again He calls it "My Father's house" (verses 13-17). In verses 18-22 He speaks of His own body as the Temple, for both the tabernacle and the temple were typical of Him as the true tabernacle and temple, in whom God dwelt (Heb. viii, 2). When God gave Moses instructions to build the tabernacle in the wilderness He said, "Let them make me a sanctuary that I may dwell among them" (Ex. xxv, 8).

The temple was for the same purpose that God might dwell in the midst of His people—Israel; an house for the name of the Lord God of Israel that all the people of the earth might know that the Lord is God and that there is none else (1 Kings viii, 20, 26). The body prepared in the womb of Mary was for the same purpose, as it is written, "A body hast thou prepared me" (Heb. x, 5). As we had it in a recent lesson, "The word was made flesh," "God manifest in the flesh" (John i, 14; 1 Tim. iii, 16). Every redeemed person is now a temple or mansion, in which the Father, Son and Spirit come to dwell (1 Cor. vi, 19, 20; John xiv, 17, 23), and all the redeemed are living stones built upon the foundation of Jesus Christ, the chief cornerstone, in whom all the building, fitly framed together, groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord, an habitation of God through the Spirit (Eph. ii, 19-22; 1 Pet. ii, 4, 5).

The tabernacle and the temple might be desecrated and defiled, and they were; the individual believer also and the whole company of believers called the church may be defiled, but He who was the true tabernacle and temple, was never defiled by a sinful thought or word or act; He was without sin. He knew no sin. He did no sin. He was the Lamb of God without blemish and without spot. Therefore He could as such bear our sins by dying in our stead. "His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Pet. ii, 24). It is His own death and resurrection which He refers to in verses 18-22. They asked Him for a sign, and He told them that this would be the sign, just as at a later date He spoke of Jonah's experience as typical of His death and resurrection (Matt. xii, 39-40). In connection with the temple as a type of Himself it is most interesting and suggestive to note that in the thirty-fourth year after its completion it was desecrated and plundered by the king of Egypt (1 Kings, vi, 37, 38; xiv, 23). It was probably in His thirty-fourth year that He was crucified.

As to His cleansing the temple, He did it again at the end of His ministry, as recorded in Matt. xxi, 12, 13, when He told them that they had made His house a den of thieves instead of a house of prayer. May He cleanse us from all that hinders and make us as individual believers, all prayer. I like to think of His two dwelling places, heaven and the lowly heart of every penitent sinner (Isa. lvii, 15), and here is another answer to the question in last week's lesson, "Master, where dwellest thou?" The last two verses of our lesson chapter tell us that He did not believe in all who said they believed in Him. He knoweth them that are His. The word translated "commit unto" in verse 24 is the same word translated "believed" in verse 23. He considers our hearts and sees whether we are real and true or merely professors. Words only amount to nothing (1 John ii, 4).

Continued next week.

MISPLACED SYMPATHY. Benevolent Old Gent—I am sorry, Johnny, to see you have a black eye. Promising Youth—You can go home and be sorry for your own little boy—he's got two!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Advertiser for each su double the

Farm

BEING LOT second con containing from Durh buildings 4 house, two hog house, The farm wire and rails to in and pastu Caldwell, Grey Cou

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