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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

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. Sauguen J. 7:55 4:35

The Time Lock

For one thing, she was younger than he had believed; she could not have been more than twenty—nineteen, he



"I—Believe Me—I Have Not Been Trying to Find You."

decided. Her complexion was of the velvety, creamy sort, tinted high upon the cheeks with the faintest rose pink, that matches nothing as well as hazel eyes and that beautiful shade of hair that is too dark to be red and too light to be brown, and which novelists have so frequently described as Titian that the word has almost ceased to have a meaning.

But without character the most flawless features in the world are like unto a hollow mask; the girl's face was instinct with character, with courage and resolution, the fine hazel eyes aglow with intelligence under their long dark lashes. In short, her whole vivid personality was full of a charm and witchery that might well transform to wine the blood in Youth's veins.

This vision, it must be understood, burst upon Tom all at once; he had no time to linger over details, for in a flash her expressive countenance mirrored a multitude of emotions, and he was looking not only into the finest eyes that had ever met his, but into a pair of extremely startled eyes as well. Next the girl's lips parted, and she recoiled with a gasp of sheer astonishment.

And now must be recorded of Tom one of the nicest things it has been privileged thus far to say of him; it was really a pity that Van Vechten could not have been present to applaud. He looked uncommonly handsome and natty in his fresh white-cloth uniform; and his cap, with the anchors and the words "Kohinur" and "Captain" thereon all in heavy gold braid, was very becoming to him. All at once he became acutely aware of the boldness and ardor of his gaze, and lowering his eyes, he whipped off the cap and bowed low to the astonished young lady.

"I told you," said he exultantly, "that I would know you anywhere."

And that one little speech, when she came to ponder over it, would be found to contain more of genuine compliment than he might ever hope to impress upon her in a lifetime of assurances.

She was still too dumfounded, however, to note his words. Her regard darted from his face to his cap and uniform and back to his face again. Then, mechanically, she half-turned away as if she would flee.

But Tom checked this impulse. He was now standing erect, his arms folded across his broad chest, one hand still holding the cap. He smiled and said easily:

"Seems as though I'm always to scare you. Please don't run away. Anyhow, stay long enough to tell me what's so fierce about my looks. Won't you?"

For a moment longer their eyes held one another's, hers still alive with bewildering amazement; but quickly these expressions died away, and she recovered her poise as quickly as it had been routed. Her cheeks flushed prettily, and she laughed.

"You!" she exclaimed. "Of all persons! Captain—Captain Phinney! If it isn't the strangest thing—but, no," she broke off, "it is not so very remarkable after all. You—"

She stopped with an abruptness that

passed unnoticed by Tom. Unable longer to repress some expression of his joy, however veiled it might be, he said:

"It is remarkable, though. It's the ripplingest thing I ever heard of—that I should have found you again, you know—that I should be standing here talking to you, like this."

"But," he went on quickly, seeing that this aspect of the matter was not altogether acceptable, "I believe me—I have not been trying to find you. Not that I didn't want to—I mean, I had no idea you were to be here. My presence is perfectly legitimate—"

"Implying," she interrupted, every spark of amusement vanished from face and eyes, "that my presence is not?"

"Say!" Tom earnestly protested. "Please don't talk like that. It's hard enough for me to make myself clear under the best conditions; if you go to taking me up sharp that way I'll make a mess of it."

"Here's the way of it. Old Brownlow—know him? Rum old sport—Brownlow wanted a skipper for his yacht; I applied for the job—he grew more and more nervous as he proceeded under the level regard—he hired me; and here I am. Do you get me?"

For a long moment she studied his face; then her lashes lowered a trifle, her cheeks dimpled, and she replied with a delightful low-voiced demureness:

"I get you."

Tom indulged in a tremendous sigh of relief. For the first time hope mounted high in his bosom that, after all, their relations were going to start upon a friendly footing.

But before he had time to ask a question that rose to his lips, an interruption came. Turning at the sound of a footstep, he was in a measure prepared to confront the supposititious old servant of Number 1313.

The man's face, shot and crosscrossed with a network of fine wrinkles, was beardless and as lifeless as a death-mask. But not so the piercing black eyes; here at once the younger man recognized an extraordinary personality, one that affect him powerfully, even to forgetting his resentment at the intrusion.

The man handed him an envelope with an uttered word or two of explanation: "From Mr. Brownlow. I am the charterer."

And then Tom all at once remembered where he had previously heard this familiar voice. Last Monday night, when he stood blindfolded in the mysterious Long Island house, he had met the man Callis' insolent catechism with a profane retort, and the bearer of Brownlow's note had cautioned him that there were ladies present.

The contents of the sheet, which Tom had open in a jiffy, were brief and were taken in by him at a glance. His immediate stupefaction at their purport he voiced in tones of awe.

"Well—I'll be—" he began, but quickly checked himself and looked up to find the piercing eyes steadily regarding him.

"And so," he concluded, "you are Max Willard!"

CHAPTER IV.

An Interlude.

As Tom thus voiced his astonishment at the disclosure of the old man's identity, there was a sudden swish of skirts, and the girl disappeared down the companionway. She left with a marked haste that might have been significant to the skipper, had he been in any state of mind to be impressed by such suggestive occurrences. In a moment a series of feminine exclamations, indicative of surprise, came dully to his hearing; but his attention was still held by the penetrating regard.

"Your manner, Captain Phinney," remarked Willard in a quiet voice, "implies that you are familiar with my name?"

The statement concluded with a note of interrogation; but Tom stood tongue-tied. What should he say? He could not tell this man that at the present moment a detective was exceedingly anxious to find him—at least not without entering into Van Vechten's concern in the search. So he moodily shook his head.

After a pause— "Have you any place we may retire to for a quiet talk?" Willard inquired in the same tone.

"The chart-house," vouchsafed Tom, uneasily moving in that direction.

Once seated, there followed a long silence in the course of which Tom grew more and more restive beneath the keen look of the magnetic eyes. Never had he been more uncomfortable in his life. By and by Willard spoke, deliberately, but none the less earnestly.

"Look here, captain, frankly, are you spying on me?"

"Moses and green spectacles, no!" blurted Tom. His astonishment at the question was so unmistakably genuine that the other continued for a time to watch him in silence. It would have been plain to an outsider that the older man was deeply perplexed and troubled, and was trying to hit upon a means of coming to some sort of understanding. Presently he drew a sigh and leaned back in his chair.

"I can believe that," he said wearily. "You are not the sort of which spies and eavesdroppers are made. You are too transparent. And yet—" He fell silent again, and for a space pondered; then abruptly leaning forward, he once more fixed Tom with his keen look.

"You thought—last night," he began, "that I didn't recognize you. But I did; I possess certain unusual powers, an ability to see distinctly in the faintest light being one of them. You are the young man who followed Callis at Rocky Cove Monday night. Now why did you do that? I have a right to

know."

In the face of the older man's direct manner, Tom's nervousness left him. The powerful personality was not without its influence; but Tom was not the sort of chap that any man could overawe, and his discomposure was chiefly owing to his ticklish position, and his ready recognition of the fact that it was not the sort of situation that he was equipped to cope with.

However, he was strongly attracted toward Willard; there was something in spite of his oddity, distinctly likable about the man.

"Look here, Willard," he began, meeting the other's regard with a level look and addressing him with a plain bluntness, "your name is not at all familiar to me. I'll tell you just why I followed that chap Monday night, and why I was surprised when you handed me Brownlow's note. You'll see then that there are some things I'm entitled to know as well as yourself. So we'll understand one another right here and now."

Willard nodded, but said nothing. "Do you know the Powhatan club?"

Another silent nod; but the eyes betrayed a light of dawning comprehension.

"I'm a member," pursued Tom, "and the mysterious way in which you people acted in that old house across from us made us all curious. Why shouldn't it? We talked about it and wondered, time and time again—who the tenants were; what they were up to, and all that sort of thing. Candidly, it didn't look right."

"Now, I've seen you come and go at that house; I knew that you belonged there. I saw the chap who was killed last Sunday come out of the same motorboat. I recognized you in the motorboat Monday evening, and when I afterwards saw the fellow you call Callis, why, of course I followed him. Anybody would."

All the time Tom had been speaking Willard sat watching him with disconcerting intendment. He now said:

"Then your love of justice overbalances your sense of caution?"

"I like to see a square deal, if that's what you mean."

Willard now rose to his feet. "Thank you for your frankness, captain Phinney," said he with an air of relief. "That explains matters. I am sorry I can not be so frank with you in return. But I can't just at present; too much is at stake." With a tired gesture, he brushed back a lock of white hair that had fallen upon his forehead.

"My undertaking has been too often jeopardized, the forces opposed to me are too powerful and too alert, for me to chance any unnecessary risk at this critical juncture. Will you take my word for it that it is entirely honorable and proper?"

"The truth is, Captain Phinney, if right and justice do not for once miscarry, a great wrong soon will be corrected. If you betray me, if you disclose anything you may discover on board this yacht, you will be the instrument of such a miscarriage. I must remind you that you deliberately accepted the unusual conditions of your employment, and that as a man of honor you can not do otherwise than remain loyal to your employer."

Tom himself was now standing. "Dashed if I don't believe you!" responded he in his impulsive fashion. "But—say—Mr. Willard—hang it all! That poor chap who was killed: that sort of thing, you know, sticks in a fellow's crop."

The jet eyes were as steady as jewels upon the masks of a graven idol.

"Again I shall have to ask you to take me on faith for the time being," responded Willard, unmoved. "I'll give you my word—should you ask me one week from tonight, I shall tell you exactly how that regrettable affair happened. You will hold me blameless."

"Did you do it?"

"I did not."

"That's enough as far as you and I are concerned. Now then, on my part, I haven't the least desire to meddle in your affairs. I know my place and my duties, and I have enough to keep me pretty busy without bothering about anything else. But if I can't help seeing that things are not strictly straight—wrong, you know—it will be a part of my duties to interfere. Satisfactory?"

"Perfectly so. It's good that we had this talk. Good morning."

Tom had only begun stoking his pipe when the Kohinur's charterer reappeared in the doorway. Said he:

"By the way, I forgot to say that I do not want anybody to come aboard



"Then Your Love of Justice Overbalances Your Sense of Caution?"

to go ashore. I have to go down into the city myself. Will you give the necessary orders for the launch to take me to the landing?"

"I understand, sir. I'll have the launch manned at once."

"It's uncertain when I shall return—late this afternoon or evening, probably."

"The watch will keep a look-out for you, sir," explained Tom; "when they see you the launch will come to take you off."

Whereupon Max Willard took his lifeless face away for good, and Tom, after telling Phil Mercer to get the launch ready, returned to the chart-house, where he sat smoking and ruminating.

Reflection prompted action, and action made him forget his own dejection. He walked forward, and in a moment his regard fell upon the ungainly form of John Callis sprawled against the rail, motionless, his eyes staring sullenly cityward.

There was something in the fellow's attitude that made Tom eye him narrowly. He too seemed dejected; in his bearing there was nothing bellicose now; he suggested to Tom the idea of a prisoner gazing upon the freedom that is not for him. Three other men, identified as members of Willard's party, were mingling with the crew in a friendly fashion and enjoying themselves; but John Callis seemed apart, isolated, utterly oblivious—perhaps scornful—of his surroundings.

Wondering not a little at this circumstance, Tom would have passed him by without a word; but just as he got behind the man, Callis stood upright with a sudden movement and struck the rail a resounding blow with his clenched fist, at the same time spluttering an oath. He favored Tom with a baleful glare.

"How far," he remanded rudely, "is it to that landing?"

Tom coolly looked him over. He had no reason to be favorably disposed toward the fellow, and he frowned at his present manner; but he had a measure of dignity to maintain and could not afford to quarrel with him now. So he replied curtly:

"Not over a hundred fathoms."

Then all at once he understood. "If you're thinking of swimming it, don't try," he added. "Orders are that nobody's to leave the boat without Mr. Willard's consent."

"I know it cursed well," he snarled. "But I'd show you what his or anybody else's orders amount to if I could swim."

Whereupon he slouched back to his former attitude, completely ignoring Tom's presence, who merely remarked: "Good thing you can't then," and continued on his way.

The three other men—all husky young chaps—were civil enough and respectful of his authority. He spoke to them only briefly and in a general way.

He sought out his first officer, who, save for his one falling, was not only a first-class navigator, but decidedly a companionable fellow. Of an excellent and wealthy family, his idea of making amends for the wretched episode that had occasioned his disgrace, was to foster and encourage its cause in secret. Phil Mercer's life was a tragedy, for he had a heart-broken mother and two sisters who sorrowed for him mightily.

There was very little to be done now save observe the regular routine of changing watches and keeping everything on board in shipshape order, so time hung heavily upon the skipper's hands when the Girl was not visible. While he talked with Mercer he gave the latter only a divided attention, for he was alert and watchful to note the first sign that she was once more stirring on deck.

But presently he said: "By the way, Phil, looks like the order that no one's to go ashore or come aboard is more than—"

"Perfunctory?" the first mate supplied.

"Yes. But I didn't mean just that either. It looks as though we'd have to be strict in enforcing it. We'll have to keep our eyes open—bear it in mind."

Mercer favored him with a questioning stare. Tom explained:

"There's at least one chap aboard who wants to get on dry land powerfully bad."

"Big, husky, sandy-haired fellow, isn't he? Thought so. Sulky brute."

"You've noticed him then. His name's Callis. He can't swim, so you only have to keep tab on the boats as far as he's concerned. Picked on a likely man yet for second officer?"

"Winnard will do."

"O. K. Break him in."

They talked in a desultory way until the steward announced luncheon.

Once seated at table, and immediately he was given an illustration of the general fickleness of feminine nature. Smilingly, half-timidly, Delia, the name by which the Girl had asked Tom to address her, came forward, and Tom sprang to his feet, brushing aside Hewitt, who was holding a chair for her, and performing the office himself.

"I was waiting for you," she told him brightly.

Instantly Tom soared from the depths of his gloom up to another absurdly vain pinnacle of joy.

"Were you?" he cried ecstatically. "Now I call that bully! Where are the other ladies?"

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VIII.—First Quarter, For Feb. 25, 1917.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, John v, 1-15—Memory Verses, 8, 9—Golden Text, John ix, 4—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

While the lesson assigned to us today covers only fifteen verses, we must consider, as far as possible, the whole of this wonderful chapter concerning Him who is the fountain of living waters and the only Judge of all mankind. These feasts were all originally "feasts of the Lord" (Lev. xxiii, 2, 4, 44), but they had degenerated into mere religious formalities as feasts of the Jews. Jesus attended them because there He found opportunities to teach and to heal, and it was His custom to go everywhere preaching the gospel of the kingdom and healing all sickness and disease (Matt. iv, 23). The scene of the healing of our lesson was at a pool in Jerusalem called Bethesda, which was by the sheep market or, as in the margin and the Revised Version, the sheep gate. Bethesda means house of mercy, but mercy can only be found in Him of whom the sheep gate is so suggestive, the Lamb and the sheep of Isa. lili, 6, 7, on whom all our iniquities were laid, the Lamb of God, who taketh away sins. It is interesting to note that the building of the wall by Nehemiah began and ended at the sheep gate (Neh. iii, 1, 32).

This pool, with its troubled waters, was as useless for a really impotent person as were the feasts of the Jews to help any one, for he must needs be a lively impotent who would get in first. The poor, hopeless impotent of our lesson had his infirmity thirty-eight years, and we remember that the infirmities of Israel in the wilderness lasted just thirty-eight years (Deut. ii, 14), and only the Lord Himself could and did deliver Israel. Without help from any mortal man or without ever touching the pool this poor impotent was made whole, for surely the fountain is better than the pool, and there is none other who can do aught for the really impotent, and such we all are, for the whole world is guilty before God, and there is not one thing that we can do, not one step that we can take toward the righteousness which God requires.

We can only plead our guilt and utter helplessness, and then come from Him the word of life and health, and we become justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus (Rom. iii, 19-24). As it is stated in verse 24 of our lesson chapter, hearing His word and receiving Him we have everlasting life, have passed from death to life, and shall not come into judgment for our sins. The Judge Himself says so (verse 22), and that settles it. This is the life that is given to all the dead in sins who now receive Him, and the hour still continues, though it has already lasted nearly 1,900 years (verse 25). The other hour of verses 28, 29, will last 1,000 years and will begin with the resurrection of the righteous at the coming of Christ (I Thess. iv, 16-18; Luke xiv, 14) and will end with the resurrection of the rest of the dead for the great white throne judgment (Rev. xx, 5, 6, 11-15). Note some of the testimonies of Him who alone can give life, before whom all sickness flees and to whom all judgment has been committed: The Son can do nothing of Himself; the Father loveth the Son and sheweth Him all things that Himself doeth; the Father hath committed all judgment unto the Son; he that honoreth not the Son honoreth not the Father which hath sent Him; I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me; I am come in my Father's name; had ye believed Moses ye would have believed me, for He wrote of me (verses 19-23, 30, 37, 43, 46). Yet this is the man whom they sought to kill, accusing Him of breaking their Sabbath and of making Himself equal with God.

One would think that His words and His works would have convinced them (verse 36). But when people allow themselves to be blinded by the devil he does his work very thoroughly. When the truth is rejected God allows lies and strong delusion to grasp the heart (II Thess. ii, 9-12). One great hindrance to believing God is the temptation to seek honor from men rather than from God only (verse 44), the desire to be held in esteem by our fellows because of learning and scholarship, the unwillingness to be wholly for God and seek in all things only His approval. Jesus Christ came in His Father's name seeking in all things to glorify Him, and all His words and works were the Father's through Him. But there is one coming in His own name, and it may be soon, who will exalt himself and whom all the world will worship except those whose names are in the book of life (verse 43, with Dan. xi, 36; II Thess. ii, 3, 4).

Israel's trouble and that of the whole world can only be remedied by Him who healed the impotent man at Bethesda, and He will come in His power and glory to do it. But the other man, the man of sin, the devil's man, must get in his work first. Before this wicked one shall be fully manifested the church, the hindrance to the full manifestation of the devil's power, must be taken away (II Thess. ii, 7, 8).

Advertisements of one inch for each subsequent insertion double the above amount.

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MAIL CONT
SEALED TENDERS to the Postmaster received at Ottawa on Friday, the 16th of the conveyance of Mails, on a proposed four years, six times on the route Chatsworth (via Desboro) from master General's pleasure. Printed notices containing information as to proposed Contract and blank forms of bids obtained at the Chatsworth and Desboro office of the Post Office Inspector, Toronto, January 21 1917. A. SUTHER Post Office

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