

Big 4 He Sells Cheap

Lace Curtains at 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50 per pair.

Curtain Serim at 121-2, 15, 17 and 18c. per yard.

Bed Comforters, from \$1.85 to \$4.50 each.

White Bed Spreads, large size, \$2.25 each.

New Prints at 15c., 17c., 20c. yd.

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 store and is prepared to do all kinds of tinsmithing.

Undertaking receives special attention

EDWARD KRESS

Ford Car Prices

Effective August 1st, 1916 the prices of Ford Cars will be as follows:

| | |
|-------------|----------|
| Touring Car | \$495.00 |
| Roadster | 475.00 |
| Chassis | 450.00 |
| Couplet | 695.00 |
| Town | 780.00 |
| Sedan | 890.00 |

These prices are all F. O. B. Ford, Ontario.

These prices are guaranteed against reduction before August 1, 1917, but not against advance.

C. Smith & Sons Dealers, Durham

Grand Trunk Railway TIME-TABLE

Trains leave Durham at 7.05 a.m. and 3.45 p.m.

Trains arrive at Durham at 11.20 a.m., 2.30 p.m., and 8.45 p.m.

EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY

G. T. Bell, C. E. Horning, G. P. Agent, D. P. Agent, Montreal, Toronto.

J. TOWNER, Depot Agent
W. CALDER, Town Agent

Canadian Pacific Railway Time Table

Trains will arrive and depart as follows, until further notice:—

| P.M. | A.M. | A.M. | P.M. |
|------|-------|----------------|-----------|
| 5.25 | 8.10 | 11.35 | 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

The Time Lock

Then his vacillating will would cause a pendulum swing to the other extreme; he ought to go over to the Claremont and phone Flint where Willard was to be found; if the latter were really engaged in no dishonorable employment, then no harm could come to him. . . . But then, if he was to be believed, Tom would thus be lending himself to the defeat of justice and right.

And so on, round and round in a circle went his thoughts, with no hope of arriving at a solution of the many difficulties. If he could only talk to Della, alone, for half an hour, perhaps she could help him. But he did not see her again that day.

Friday evening brought a change. The male element of Willard's party became animated by an unusual activity. There was much going and coming between the Kohinur and the landing, and the girls retired before nine o'clock, as if to be out of the way.

And then, some time close to midnight, Max Willard and two of his young men boarded the launch; but now, instead of going over to the Claremont landing, the little craft flutered away down-stream and was soon lost in the night.

Tom retired to his cabin, but could not sleep. He was oppressed by a sense of anticipation, a conviction that something was about to happen. When he heard the launch returning after two o'clock in the morning, he was curious enough to go above to see if anything would transpire to account for the secret midnight excursion.

Willard came first up the ladder, issuing low-voiced directions to the two men. Then they came, with considerable difficulty by reason of their unwieldy burden.

As well as Tom could make out in the darkness, in shape and size what they carried was just such a box as is used as a container for a coffin. The three went quickly below with their burden, and quiet reigned over the Kohinur.

In point of fact, from that time on until the final terrible hour when despair and horror laid their icy clutch upon Tom Phinney's heart, an unnatural calm seemed to prevail. It was as if the yacht and all on board were subdued by an apprehensive dread of impending tragedy.

And still Tom could not make up his mind as to what he ought to do. But this intolerable high-tension mental stress was in a measure relieved by two occurrences of Saturday afternoon.

About three o'clock Max Willard instructed him to get up a full head of steam at sunset, and be in readiness during the night to drop down the river.

"Are we to clear tonight?" asked Tom with considerable eagerness. "I don't know positively yet," Willard replied in a lifeless tone. "When the signal comes to get under way, it will come in a hurry, and from then on until we are well out at sea speed will be a matter of considerable importance. You will know before morning."

"Everything is in readiness," Tom advised him. "That is very gratifying." The magnetic eyes rested searchingly upon the skipper for a moment.

"Captain Phinney," Willard asked after the pause, "do I appear composed?"

"Why, yes," returned Tom in surprise. "I shouldn't have thought otherwise."

Indeed, save for the burning brilliance of his eyes, Max Willard's mien was, if anything, dull and despondent. "Well, then," he said, "it will be difficult to make you believe that no man ever labored under a greater mental and nervous strain than I do at this moment. God help us all!"

With which cryptic and disquieting utterance he abruptly walked away. Tom had not yet ceased pondering the incident when Della approached, alone. She met him with a charming friendly smile which, in his estimation, fully compensated for all his hours of loneliness, and her first words made him forget his cares.

"Captain Phinney," she began, "do you know, it is downright selfish of you not to grant me at least a peep at that cozy room up forward, where you spend so much of your time."

"The chart-house?" he exclaimed. "Why, you can have it for a bondoir, if you want it. Come on."

Once inside, Tom instantly recognized what, no doubt, had been in the girl's mind from the beginning—that while they might talk with absolute assurance against being overheard, the numerous ports rendered them visible to any of the men forward who cared to look that way, and those of the watch who had occasion to pass on one side or the other.

"Oh, how comfy!" she exclaimed in a low voice as soon as they had entered. "If I was the Kohinur's skipper, you would always find me right here."

"And I'll spend a good part of my time here, once we're out at sea," Tom responded, "and I hope you'll want to find me often. But if you're judging by these comfortable quarters that my job's a sinecure, why, you—"

"Have another guess coming?" she finished for him.

He nodded dejectedly. "Mistaken was what I was trying to think of, though." Then, with an abrupt change of manner and tone, he went on:

"Della, no doubt you have noticed the past two or three days that I have been as worried as the dickens. It is bad enough to have charge of this boat and know that something secret is going on, without having an inkling of what that secret is; a fellow is bound to make all sorts of conjectures and be suspicious of Willard, you know. The certainty that you couldn't be mixed up with anything crooked is the one thing that's made me rather ashamed of my own suspicions."

"But I have reasons aside from all this for being worried, reasons you haven't the slightest idea of, that make my position about as devilish as one as a fellow ever got into. Until this week I never knew I had any nerves; now I'm nearly a wreck."

"Perhaps," said the girl slowly. "I know more about the real cause of your perturbation than you suspect."

"No," returned Tom, confidently. "You couldn't. Remember the chum I told you about whose cousin disappeared? Well, some way she's involved in whatever it is old Willard's plotting—What's the matter?"

His hearer had uttered a little cry, and was now looking at him with a shocked and puzzled expression.

"How in the world," she demanded, "did you reach such a conclusion?"

"I didn't," truthfully explained Tom. "But a detective and Ruddy—that's my chum—did because the missing girl's purse was found in that old house where Willard hung out so long."

There was a silent pause while the girl seemed to consider, and Tom watched her earnestly and fondly. At last the fine hazel eyes met his with a sober look.

"What is it you want to know?" she gravely asked.

"Della"—Tom's voice lowered perceptibly and a serious note crept into it—"you ought to know—you ought to see—where my chief interest lies. Hang it all! I wish I could express myself better. But if you can't see that my first concern is for you, it's going to be dashed hard for me to explain."

"Captain Phinney," returned the girl after a moment, "I sought this interview deliberately. I wanted to tell you that I have seen just how harassed with anxiety you have been, and that I have a deep appreciation of your fidelity to a project about which you know so little, and which at best you fear is irregular—dishonest, perhaps. But—please God—by this time tomorrow all cause for worry will have been removed; and if my word bears any weight, you have nothing to cause you any concern or misgivings."

"That," Tom interjected, "removes the last doubt. You're a brick!"

But she was not through; she continued, haltingly now and with slowly heightening color:

"I am telling you these things because it is not right that my influence should govern you, as it seemed to be doing, and you ignorant of my very identity."

In this mien the girl was so utterly sweet and charming that Tom could scarcely contain himself. He darted a scowling look at the uncurtained ports, at which her color all at once deepened still more, and she dropped her gaze with a nervous little laugh. It was just that easy to follow his train of thought.

"That's something soon remedied," he urged her eagerly.

And now the beautiful face took on a tantalizing expression, the lashes drooped and she regarded him quizzically.

"Captain Phinney, hasn't even the thinnest suspicion entered your head as to who I am," she asked.

"Why should there?" he returned. "And why is it 'Captain Phinney' today? Night before last I was 'Tom' easy enough."

"Well, then—Tom. I have no especial reluctance to calling you Tom; I have known you for years."

He stared at her in open-mouthed astonishment. And she watched him, smiling, mocking, altogether bewitching.

Gradually Tom recovered himself. "Come, now," he protested. "I really thought you were in earnest."

Of a sudden she dropped upon a locker-seat and motioned him to do likewise. Slowly and dazedly, he obeyed.

"Listen," she pursued. "I know a girl who has lived nearly all her life abroad. She has a man cousin of whom she has always been awfully fond; whom, as a very young girl, she looked up to and regarded as quite the personification of wisdom and every manly virtue."

"Now, that cousin had a dream which he thought so much that he had a habit of singing his praises to the girl cousin. She was fourteen years old, I believe, and very impressionable. Anyway, she became so interested in her cousin's chum—she had never seen him, mind—that he assumed in her fancy the place of a hero. She even stole one of his photographs and kept it hidden away where nobody else could see it, but where she could take a peep at it whenever she wanted to."

"The expression that was slowly overspreading Tom's visage was almost ludicrous. By degrees he was comprehending; but conviction had not yet come.

"Can't you guess?" she asked. He rose inertly to his feet. He spoke thickly, like a man stupefied. "You are that girl. You—you are—"

"Paige Carew," she said.

Continued next week.

AN AMERICAN TRIBUTE.

"My country has marvelled at the miraculous feat of Canada, a country with a population little exceeding that of the state of New York, in recruiting, training and transporting safely to Europe more than 400,000 men. For that, we take off our hats to Canada as a great, virile nation."

The words are those of a distinguished American citizen, Hon. Judge William McAdoo of New York, addressed to the Montreal Canadian Club the other day. When so many in Canada are engaging in the mean game of national depreciation, it is good to hear the more impartial and calmer viewpoint of observant outsiders. Judge McAdoo, like so many of his eminent countrymen, such as Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft, Nicholas Murray Butler, James M. Peck and Pauline Bigelow, has nothing but profound admiration for the part that Canada has played in this struggle for democracy.

The closing words of his Montreal address should be read and pondered by those among us who are never tired or ashamed of running down their country or of challenging the ability and the honesty of their countrymen:—

"If the supreme test comes to us, under the providence of God . . . I sincerely hope we shall make as good an exhibit as the people of this Dominion."

MARY'S HEN.

Mary had a little hen,
Its tufts were speckled grey,
And everywhere that Mary went,
That hen was sure to lay.

It followed her to school one day;
The principal was nice;
To raise the mortgage on his house
That hen did lay the price.

When Mary went to buy a hat,
The hen was at the door,
And when it cackled, madam cried:
"An egg, here, take my store."

It followed Mary to the bank,
It wasn't Mary's fault
When clerks by force obtained the
egg

And locked it in the vault.
Poor Mary wished to take a trip;
She didn't have the fare;
But Biddy huddled on her nest
As if she didn't care.

Then Mary sighed, "I cannot go.
The distance is too far."
But Biddy cackled sweet and low,
And Mary bought a car.

And Mary bought a thousand things
Her growing wealth she loosed,
To bring her joy—and for the hen
She built a marble roost.

And suitors came from far and near;
On Mary did they fawn,
She spurned them all—for she was wise;
Her wealth had egged them on.

GERMANY CONFISCATES CHURCH BELLS AND ALUMINUM UTENSILS

Germany is now drawing upon church bells for war requirements, according to a despatch from Copenhagen. An order appropriating bronze church bells after March 1 is published in the German press. One bell in a chime may be retained in default of other means for summoning the congregation to worship. A resolution covering the confiscation of aluminum cooking utensils is also published.

100 TRACTORS PRESENTED TO BRITAIN BY TORONTO MAN

Prime Minister Lloyd George received a cablegram from David J. Johnston, Canada Nitro Products, Toronto, presenting to the nation to aid in agricultural work 100 farm tractors of a type considered the most efficient yet designed. The gift includes harrows, binders and other implements. A skilled mechanic will accompany each tractor. Lloyd George replied, gratefully accepting the generous gift on behalf of the nation.

No matter what you do, there is a place for you in the

248th

A Soldier's life is not all forming fours and drilling. The 248th employs tradesmen at their own trades, and can find congenial employment for every man--no matter what is his present work.

If you can engage at your present work and at the same time serve your country, would you rather not do it than have your friends wonder why you have not enlisted?

Ask us where we can place you in the battalion so you will be employed at your own job.

The 248th Greys is your Battalion. There's a Recruiting Office near you.

248th GREYS
OFFICER COMMANDING
Lt.-Col. J. Hilliard Rorke

Advertisements of one line for each subsequent insertion double the above amount

Farms for Sale

BEING LOTS 62 AND 63 second concession of containing 122 acres: from Durham. The land buildings fair, Bell tower, two concrete hog house and poultry house, all well fenced wire and rails, with rails to implement house and pasture. Apply to Cauldwell, Box No. 1, Durham, Ont.

BEING LOT 53, CON.

Glenelg, containing on premises are new brick house, sheds and ings; running street property; about 10 acres wood bush, rest in cultivation. Possession Nov. 1st, 1913. For particulars, apply to Mrs. John Staples, Box No. 1, Durham, Ont.

Lots For Sale

NORTH PART OF LOT 10, street, and the north 5, Albert street. Apply Jackson.

For Sale

THE PROPERTY OF Philip Eva, in the town of Durham. For terms and apply to J.P. Telford.

LOTS 8, 9 and 10, K street, West. Apply to son.

Rink for Sale

THE DURHAM SKATING rink site, in the town of Durham, is offered for paying proposition; for selling. Apply J. Durham, Ontario.

House and Lot

PART OF LOT 1, G street, west; house in good condition; recently by James Morris and applied by Hugh McLeod. Particulars apply to J. Durham.

For Sale or

A COMFORTABLE cottage; good stone of land, more of less concession of Glenelg east of Durham. Frame barn on it. A Jackson, Durham.

Property for

THAT SPLENDID property in Upper Division of the late Mrs. B. sold on reasonable terms. Contains 1/2 acre in comfortable residence, hard and soft water, ing orchard and garden. Apply on D. Thos. Ritchie or D. executors.

Farm for

CONTAINING 100 acres or less; all cleared, acres cedar swamp and stone stables, ed house; well miles west of Durham and 65, 3rd con. B. Webber, Durham.

For Sale

One 14 h.p. tractor, erloo; one 36x48 stacker, dust collector, Waterloo; one No. 10 Blizard corn wagon and tank, and everything in good condition. Apply to R. J. McGillivray, R. brother somewhere.

From 5.25 p.m. to 10 p.m. is a long time to be in from Toronto, 10 miles. The C. P. R. snow-blocked on S. and this was the reason train Monday morning considerably delayed.

C. P. R. service to you one and one-half time in the city, question, therefore you Canadian Pacific will on business or pleasure and we will deliver residence or place. R. Macfarlane, town.

In a recent sermon Billy Sunday is reported to have said: "Lots of church members are wrong in their financial management."

For Sale

OYSTERS

E. A.