

# Big 4 He Sells Cheap

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

Curtain Serim at 12 1-2, 15, 17 and 18c. per yard.

Bed Comforters, from \$1.50 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 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.	A.M. P.M.
5.25	8.10 Lv. Toronto Un. Ar. 11.35
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 " 7.25 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, muslin 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

CHAPTER IX.

A Disappearance.  
If Miss Carew had planned to overwhelm Capt. Tom Phinney with amazement at her disclosure, she must have been eminently well pleased with the result; in point of fact, she made no effort to conceal her amusement; but in a moment a change came over him that at first startled and next dismayed her, for something had happened that she had not foreseen and could not comprehend now.

First of all it occurred to him, that if this was Paige Carew, then nothing whatever had happened to her, because there was no mistaking the fact that she was a free agent; there could be, therefore, no clash of inter-



"God! How I Do Love You!"

ests, or else—if the alternative were true—she was allied with Max Willard and against her uncle and guardian, and against her cousin and—her betrothed! This was the flash of memory that now crushed him.

But in any event, doubt of the regularity of Willard's enterprise was definitely removed, and the mystery became fraught with a deeper and a weightier significance than he had dreamed of. It was not for him to meddle with.

But, Ruddy—how narrowly Tom had escaped treachery to their friendship! It was an unspeakably bitter moment for him; but by degrees he assumed a certain dignity that was new to the girl, and it promptly dampened her merry humor.

"Captain Phinney—Tom!" she exclaimed. "What is it? What have I done?"

He smiled a bit wistfully.  
"You? Nothing. All that has happened is that I've made a natural born damned fool of myself—as I usually do where women are concerned."

She stared at him blankly, uncomprehendingly.  
"Honor bright," she presently declared, "I do not understand. I cannot see why you should be so affected."

He reached forward with a quick, impulsive motion and caught one of her wrists.  
"I suppose it means nothing to you that I have learned to love you. I suppose it means nothing to you that you are the fiancée of my best friend, and that I must give you up. I suppose it means nothing to you that I will keep right on loving you because I can't help myself, but must put on a grin to hide it from—him—from everybody. God! How I do love you! I have the satisfaction, anyhow, of knowing that you know it."

Her regard had remained steadfastly locked with his throughout this impassioned tirade, nor did it waver now. Gently she told him:  
"You are hurting me, Tom."

In a swift revulsion of feeling, he dropped her hand.  
"Forgive me!" he begged. "I am beside myself. A fellow can't get used to a thing like this all in a minute. But, believe me, Miss Carew, I'll never bother you again. It's all been like a fairy dream—from the second I first heard your voice as I stood blindfolded before you; when you came to me where I lay helpless in the dark, and yet could not see your face; when you led me out into the night and left me, still blindfolded; when we came face to face here—well, it seems that I have

been blindfolded all along until this moment; but I don't want to forget a single detail of my dream. Now, I am awake."

She surprised him with an abrupt cry of impatience, emphasized with a stamp of one foot. Her eyes were snapping.

"Tom Phinney! Stop that sort of talk. You make me tired!"  
"Pardon me." He bowed politely. "I have nothing more to say."

"Well, I have." All at once her voice broke. "You are the stupidest, most exasperating man I ever knew! And I—don't know whether to laugh or—cry!" And doing both, she darted suddenly from the room.

Miss Carew had not been gone a minute before the stranger he had posted the previous day appeared in the doorway.

"Can I have a word with you, captain?" said the man.

Tom was impatient of any interruption just at this juncture. He favored the intruder with a scowl and bluntly asked him what he wanted.

The man stepped inside and closed the door.

"I have learned," said he, "that no one is allowed to go ashore. I am particularly mind about that; but I came away rather hurriedly, and I would like to send a message to my—my people. Would there be any objection to that?"

The fellow's manner was furtive and clandestine, and Tom was a bit puzzled. Before he could reply, the other drew a sealed envelope from his pocket and laid it on the table, and upon this he laid a ten-dollar bill.

"Whoever takes that letter ashore," said the man, "and finds a trustworthy messenger who will deliver it right away, can split the ten-spot with him; a fiver's not picked up for an hour's easy work every day, but it's worth something to keep one's folks from worrying."

Sweeping aside the bill, Tom mechanically picked up the envelope and glanced at it.

He did not start or betray by any sign that the address gave him a distinct shock of surprise; his susceptibilities were become calloused to any fresh sensations of this nature; but nevertheless he was amazed to see that the name upon the envelope was none other than Mr. Phineas Flint's. The street number—which Tom could not identify—was police headquarters.

"My uncle," explained the man, glibly.

Very carefully Tom replaced the envelope and upon top of it the bill; then he leaned back and fixed the man with a look.

"See here," he demanded with abrupt authority, "just how do you come to be on this yacht, anyhow?"

The man's countenance expressed astonishment. "Hasn't Mr. Willard told you?" he asked.

"It makes no difference what Mr. Willard has told me—I'm asking you."

"Why, it was this way," he said sadly. "My uncle learned Thursday that Mr. Willard was in town, looking for a young man to take the place of somebody that had been hurt; I was wanting a job, and he put me wise to it. Mr. Willard was in something of a hurry, and it didn't take us long to strike a bargain."

This explanation was illuminating. It required but a second's reflection to array the whole thing clear in Tom's mind and at the same time definitely fix the man's status.

Flint at last had struck Willard's trail; the latter's urgent need to find a man to take Callis' place had in some manner come to the detective's ears, and he had been quick to take advantage of it. Flint knew in a general way what Willard wanted, and had hastily picked a Central office man that would fill the requirements. Manifestly there had been no time to post him; he was expected to communicate with Flint as soon as the quarry was located—hence the letter.

Tom was guided to a speedy decision by several considerations. To antagonize this man might mean the upsetting of Willard's plans at the very moment of their fulfillment; to retain his good will would leave a representative of the adverse interests on the premises, who could frustrate Willard if the latter's schemes really were to interfere. It would be the detective's role to wait and watch, and as John Callis' substitute he would be given excellent opportunities to learn what was going on.

"Sit down," said Tom presently. As the man obeyed, he stood up and, thrusting his hands into his jacket pockets, coolly surveyed the other.

"It happens," he went on, "that I know your uncle pretty well myself." The man gave him a quick, sharp glance, but said nothing. "I would advise you not to attempt to send that letter ashore. It's my opinion that you can serve Flint's ends better by doing just what Willard has employed you to do, and by trying not to excite Willard's suspicions. You will earn a thousand dollars, won't you?"

"So Willard promised," returned the man.

"You may depend on it," Tom assured him. "I have known for some time that Flint was looking for Willard—and more especially for John Callis—"

The detective sharply interjected: "He's on this yacht right now—disabled. That's why you happen to be here; you were hired to take his place. I'll see to it that he doesn't get away from you. Strikes me you have opportunities that old Flint would appreciate."

The man no longer tried to dissimble.

"I see that you have me spotted all right. Cornelius is my name. What's the game? Phineas had no time to put me wise."

"He couldn't have told you so much," replied Tom—"little more than I can myself. I am not in Willard's confidence, but I have the best of reasons for knowing that whatever it is he's up to, it is strictly on the level."

"H'm-m-m," Cornelius mused, "that makes my position a bit difficult, doesn't it?"

"Not particularly so. All you have to do is play fair. If anything crooked shows up you can count on my assistance. But the orders are strict about going and coming, and you couldn't expect me to make an exception of you, Flint or anybody else. On my side, I shall say nothing to Willard about you."

Cornelius picked up both bill and letter, returning the first to his pocket and tearing the second into tiny bits.

"Flint will be all up in the air over not hearing from me," he remarked; "but if I can't, I can't. You have the lead-wood on me now. Have you any idea what was in that box they brought aboard last night?"

"Not the slightest," returned Tom.

"It looked a whole lot like a coffin."

Tom filled and lighted his pipe, while Mr. Cornelius sat and watched him intently. As the same idea had occurred to the first-named, he could not disparage it now. Cornelius broke the silence:

"Coffins, you know, are only used when there are dead people to put in them. Any cadavers around here that you've noticed?"

"You're a nice cheerful chap, believe me," retorted Tom. "No, there are none. It can't be Callis, because he's getting well—saw him less than an hour ago."

"Just suppose," Cornelius went on meditatively, "that Willard is expecting somebody to die—at a given time, say—"

"Hang it all!" Tom cut in. "You don't think the man is plotting deliberate murder, do you?"

Cornelius did not say what he thought. He sat considering.

"Well," he said at last, rising, "I guess I'll have to take your word for it that everything is all right until I see different. But a coffin—he shook his head dubiously—"it don't look good to me." Whereupon he took his departure.

Shortly after nightfall Tom saw Willard and the man Cornelius board the launch and go ashore, and he watched them with a quickened sense of anticipation.

"If that sleuth is worth a darn," he reflected, "now is his chance to get word to Flint."

He did not witness their return, but about an hour later he had a glimpse of Cornelius and one of the other young men, garbed in soiled and worn overalls and jumpers, like a pair of stevedores.

Somewhere around half-past nine, the coffin-shaped box once more appeared.

But now, instead of two men, all four of Willard's retainers were carrying it. Indeed, it would scarcely be too much to say that they staggered with it, so heavy had it grown, and so marked was the contrast between the ease and indifference with which it had been brought aboard, and the extreme caution with which it was being handled now.

Willard's patent explosive flashed into Tom's mind. After all, was it not possible that he was about to perpetrate some appalling disaster, and that Paige and Jessie had been won over to whatever extreme mistaken principles he justified his conduct by, so that they believed them to be right and high-minded? With an imminent sense of the man's powerful individuality strong upon him, the idea, hideous as it was, was not altogether impossible.

Willard was himself superintending the box's conveyance with such anxious regard and solicitude that Tom's misgivings swept over him again, intensified a hundredfold.

With no clearly defined purpose in mind, he involuntarily stepped up to the gangway, as they began to negotiate the difficult descent of the accommodation-steps.

"You need more help there, don't you?" he demanded.

Willard barred his progress with a suddenly extended arm.

"No, no," he returned quickly, "These men have been carefully instructed; they know just what to do and how to do it."

Nevertheless it was with a disquieting feeling of apprehension that he watched the long box lowered carefully into the launch, which was immediately cast off and allowed to drift with the current into the darkness before the motor was started. None of the crew accompanied it on this trip, and as once before, it went down-stream instead of across to the landing.

What was the meaning of it all, anyhow? What strange operations were going on in his very presence that he should remain so ignorant of them? He walked aft to the taffrail, upon which he leaned and stared into the night at the point where the launch had vanished, until roused by a touch upon his arm and the voice of Jessie Willard. She spoke with an agitation that had an electrifying effect upon him.

Continued next week.

### A COSTLY MISTAKE

A Greenock township merchant, who ordered a barrel of salts for cattle had, it seems, a barrel of salt-peter shipped to him instead, and not discovering the mistake the merchant retailed it to his farmer patrons for the harmless salts, with the result that there is considerable destruction among the cattle in that section, no less than six head being reported killed to date. A quantity of the stuff has been sent away to be analyzed and an investigation is being made into the affair.

# It's always fair weather when good fellows get together

You'll find a lot of good fellows in the GREYS, and they'll be glad to have you as a pal.

Always together! You boys of the country, and you boys of the town, form your little groups and you'll be kept together in your own home battalion--to eat together, sleep together, work together, play together.

Pass the same local papers from hand to hand, share the same good things sent from home. Enjoy the same letters, and be a comfort to those you leave behind that you are not among strangers. Come with the GREYS and remain with friends and neighbors.

The 248th Greys is your own 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 telephone, two concrete hog house and poultry house, all well fenced wire and rails, with rails to implement house and pasture. Apply Caldwell, Box 10, Grey County.

BEING LOT 53, CO. 1, Glenc, containing on premises are new brick house, sheds, ings; running stream property; about 10 wood bush, rest in cultivation. Possession Nov. 1st, 1913. For particulars, apply on Mrs. John Staples, No. 1, Durham, Ont.

LOTS For Sale NORTH PART OF LO old skating rink site street, and the north 5, Albert street. Apply Jackson.

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

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

Rink for Sale THE DURHAM SKATING rink, in the ham, 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; received by James Morris applied by Hugh McCallister apply to Durham.

For Sale or A COMFORTABLE tage; good stone of land, more of land concession of Glen east of Durham; frame barn on it. A Jackson, Durham.

Property THAT SPLENDID property in Upper ing to the late Mr. be sold on reasonable terms; 4 acre comfortable residence; hard and soft water; orchard and garden. Apply on good Thos. Ritchie or D. executors.

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

For Sale One 14 h.p. tractor; one 36x48 stacker; dust collector; Waterloo; one No. 15 Blizard corn wagon and tank; everything in good condition. R. J. McGillivray, E.

Heading Warehouse 5000 Cords of basswood, not split 5 inches and up; \$2.25 per cord, delivered to Trunk stations, D. stein.—J. N. Murdoch.

HOUSE I am prepared for moving house buildings. Satisfactory prices made. R. W. 3 15 61pd

MUNICIPAL Applications for the undersigned for position of collector of town hall, San

For Sale OVST

E. A