

CREDIT AUCTION SALE of Valuable Farm Stock

The undersigned Auctioneer will sell by public auction at the premises of the undersigned proprietress Lot 6, Concession 7, Glenelg, on Wednesday, April 4th, 1917, the following stock:

1 mare rising 6 yrs., in foal; 1 horse rising 3 yrs.; 1 horse rising 4 yrs.; 1 spring colt; 1 cow rising 6 yrs., due in April; 1 cow rising 7 (farrow) milking; 1 cow rising 5 (farrow), milking; 1 heifer rising 3, due in April; 1 heifer rising 2 yrs.; 1 steer rising 2 yrs.; 4 calves 1 yr. old; 3 sheep, 2 pigs 4 months old, 40 Black Minorca hens.

No reserve. Everything must be sold, as the proprietress is going west.

SALE AT TWO O'CLOCK SHARP

Terms:—All sums of \$10.00 and under, cash; but that amount 12 months' credit on furnishing approved joint notes. Six per cent. will be allowed off for cash in lieu of notes.

Mrs. Martha Smith, D. McPhail Proprietress Auctioneer

Big 4 He Sells Cheap

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

Curtain Strips at 12 1/2, 15, 17 and 18c. per yard.

Bed Comforters, from \$1.55 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

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. Hornung, G. P. Agent, D. P. Agent, Montreal, Toronto.

J. TOWNNER, 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

9.13 11.55 Ar. Saugeen J. 7.55 4.38 P.M.

9.24 12.07 " Priceville " 7.40 4.28

9.34 12.17 " Glen " 7.30 4.18

9.38 12.21 " McWilliams " 7.26 4.14

9.50 12.33 " Durham " 7.15 3.58

10.04 12.47 " Allan Park " 7.01 3.44

10.14 12.57 " Hanover " 6.52 3.32

10.22 1.05 " Maple Hill " 6.43 3.22

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, woolen 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

"Captain Phinney, do you know where Miss Carew is?"

"Why, I haven't seen her all evening," he returned. "I supposed she was in her room—or with you?"

The girl all at once seemed to shrink with a sudden unnerving fear.

"She's not in her room!" she cried. "I thought she was, but she has not been. Neither have I seen her—not since dinner." There was a pause.

"Didn't she go ashore?" Jessie presently faltered.

"No," Tom replied. How long the ensuing silence lasted, while they stood staring helplessly into each other's eyes, and by degrees realized the significance of the girl's absence, neither of them afterwards ever knew.

They first looked into every likely place that might conceal a girl, terror and dread growing with each step that brought nothing to light. Tom scarcely noted an elderly lady who joined them and in a soothing manner, tried to compose the almost hysterical girl.

As for Tom, he was from the very first torn with an awful, unspeakable fear, but he acted with a dispatch and directness that left no possibility neglected.

Their own hurried but nevertheless quite thorough search proving ineffective, all hands were called, and the Kohinur had such a fine-combing as must have brought to light the smallest of lost articles, to say nothing of a young lady.

Then, in disregard of express instructions, both search-lights were brought into play, which explored with fingers of dazzling light every inch of the river's surface for miles downstream, while all the Kohinur's boats piled hither and thither in the quest.

But it was all of no use; not the slightest trace of the missing girl was to be found. Yet Jessie, with her elderly companion, hoping in the face of despairing certainty, watched and waited until the last boat returned.

The girl's overwrought nerves gave way as Tom, haggard and almost frenzied, approached. Clinging to the other woman, she sank weakly into a deck-chair, her body convulsed with sobs.

"Aunt Jo," she gasped, "we must tell Mr. Phinney—everything."

"Yes, yes, we must tell him—take him fully into our confidence," she returned. "But you must try to compose yourself, my dear. Captain Phinney will assist you to your room."

"Oh, Aunt Jo! Aunt Jo!" moaned Jessie. "We shall never see her again! I can't stand it! Papa, oh, why—"

The words were lost in a sudden uncontrollable fit of weeping.

At this juncture Tom was awakened from his hopeless lethargy, by a hail from the river. He ran to the head of the accommodation-steps, where Mercer was parleying with some one in a boat.

"Who is it?" demanded Tom brushing his first mate aside.

"That you, Phinney?" a familiar voice came up out of the darkness.

"This is Flint."

BOOK IV.

A Specter at the Feast.

CHAPTER I.

What the Box Contained.

Jessie Willard's visit to Rudolph Van Vechten partook more of the nature of a visitation—as of some healing shrine's patron saint; for by Saturday night he had so far recovered that, at his uncle's repeated urgent solicitations, he was able to attire himself in the habiliments of formality and attend the directors' meeting, of which already he had been notified.

In the gallery of the dining-room—modeled after Thane Cedric's banquet-hall—an orchestra discoursed syn-copated melody in blissful ignorance of anachronism. The president of the Continental Union Banking and Trust company and the head of the Atlas Safe company occupied seats of honor, and their long laudatory responses put the finishing touch to Rudolph's impatience to be up and away.

Midnight approached like the termination of a sentry's winter vigil, and as he determined to slip from his

seat near the long table's root and find his hat and top-coat, there came a diversion that stayed him. By contrast, any interruption to the oratory was interesting.

The butler noiselessly approached the head of the table and held a whispered colloquy with the host. After a minute or two the Man of Iron nodded, the butler stole away, and the man who was speaking at the time, realizing that something extraordinary was impending, paused, faltered, stopped, and sat down.

Four men, clad in overalls and jumpers, entered, carefully bearing among them a large oblong box. They halted and upheld it with patent effort while Mr. Van Vechten arose and, in his impassioned manner, addressed his guests.

"Gentlemen," said he, "some of our friends have not forgotten the occasion we are assembled here tonight to celebrate. We have here, I am assured, something that will commemorate this happy event in a most remarkable and fitting way. . . . And much more to the same effect.

Then a space was cleared in the center of the long table, a few of the diners were disturbed, and the box was deposited thereon. The porters withdrew.

Everybody eyed the innovation curiously—and a bit distrustfully, too. The box, suggesting as it did the end of human endeavor, was not an inspiring center-piece, nor was it in harmony with the temper of the evening; but after much jocose speculation respecting its likely contents, at the host's command servants appeared with screw-drivers, and amid an expectant hush, the lid was removed.

The disclosure, coming as it did into the very heart of the company's good humor, was realized only reluctantly; for the box did not belie what it suggested. It really contained a coffin—one distinguished by its elegant cream-colored silk-plush covering and pure rose-gold ornamentation. The long extension handles were of the same metal, as was also the name-plate. Upon this latter was a single engraved line:

"THE TIME LOCK."

With the injection into the banquet of an element so sensational and startling, Rudolph Van Vechten's desire to depart vanished; he was not unaffected by the excitement that stirred the rest of the company. But presently he observed that the incident conveyed a special meaning to certain of those present—particularly to his uncle.

Was the whole thing a huge practical joke?

The Man of Iron pointed out that if it was, it must have been an expensive one for the perpetrator. Then came the suggestion of an infernal machine, and once more a hush fell upon the gathering.

These men, however, were not lacking in courage. Very cautiously the casket was removed from the box, the box was taken away, and the former was given the place of honor, where it reposed like a beautiful but unattractive epergne.

In the silence that accompanied this operation a distinct ticking sound, emanating from the casket, was plainly audible, and the diners, some of them overturning chairs in their haste, recoiled to the walls, where they stood staring in horror at this unwelcome prefiguration of the grave.

At this moment a quiet voice was heard to say:

"Carefully, gentlemen; a slight jar might prove disastrous."

The company turned to behold a man of impressive appearance. He might have been one of them, though none had seen him previously that night. His white hair, his smooth-shaven, finely wrinkled face, his magnetic eyes, were all a part of a commanding personality, and it was no more than natural that he should be looked to for an explanation of the episode.

Perfectly composed, there was no mistaking the fact that he completely dominated the situation.

Van Vechten noted that his uncle recognized the man, and that the Man of Iron's attitude all at once became one of tense, alert watchfulness.

With an air that impelled many to follow his example, the stranger consulted his watch; an average declaration of all the watches would have fixed the time at twelve minutes till midnight.

He advanced to the table, from which everybody else shrank as far as the confines of the vast room permitted, and laid a hand upon the casket. Glancing once more at the watch which he still held in the other hand, he quietly remarked:

"Gentlemen, this coffin contains enough willardite to wipe New York off the map. It is connected with one of my time-locks, set to detonate the explosive at midnight precisely." His commanding regard met Theodore Van Vechten's, as he added:

"No one better than you knows how likely it is to work without a hitch."

In the ensuing quiet, the ticking, as of a clock, which he plainly heard. After a moment he went on:

"I shall not take the time to apologize for this interruption of your festivities, because"—another glance at the watch—"only ten minutes stands between this moment and midnight."

"But, as briefly as possible, I want to make it clear to you that I am responsible for the occasion that has brought you together here. With my perfected time-lock and permanganate steel—the only metal that will withstand the oxyhyric flame—combined with Theodore Van Vechten's business talent and his commanding position, wherefrom he can persuade every one of the country's financial institutions to purchase an Atlas safe, whether they want it or not, the concern's in-

itial year has been a phenomenally prosperous one.

"You gentlemen who are fortunate to be among the stockholders, and Theodore Van Vechten, are reaping the harvest; I get nothing—the inventor's portion."

"Through my lack of business acumen I was frozen out of the company, and it did not take long to discover that every avenue of legal redress was closed to me. Please bear in mind that fact."

"Then what remained for me?" The brilliant eyes swept the wondering audience. "Why, either to accept the situation as Theodore Van Vechten willed it, or recover my rights by force."

"Now, gentlemen, virtually I have been robbed of a fortune. I am not seeking vengeance—no, no; nothing of that kind—only justice and compensation. I have spent months in preparing for tonight; more than once my secret operations have nearly met with shipwreck, and you must realize that I come here fully determined to exact the uttermost farthing of my dues, or else not one of you will live to enjoy them. Call it blackmail, call it a hold-up, call it whatever you will, the fact is that I am here to enforce—not to beg or ask, mind you—but to enforce a distribution of my share of the profits of the Atlas Safe Company, and my reinstatement into the position of superintendent of which I have been unjustly deprived."

Theodore Van Vechten had gradually returned to the head of the table, and he now stood with his hands on the back of his chair, composedly regarding the speaker. The latter's eyes met the Man of Iron's intent look, and he added:

"—or else I shall annihilate every one of you and myself." He looked at his watch again.

"You all understand. You have just six minutes within which to make up your minds."

The Man of Iron was not of the stuff that is easily frightened—else he would not have been the Man of Iron. He was taken unawares and rendered bewildered—as who would not have been?—but he was first to recover himself. His voice rang out with an authoritative command that the casket be removed.

The intruder, with one hand still lying lightly at an end of the handsome casket, the other still holding his watch, calmly interposed:

"Just a moment—if you please. I have only to press a trifle harder upon this bit of ornament and the explosion will be precipitated. I trust—for your sakes; I don't care so much for myself—that you will not force me to such an extreme."

"However, I have come here prepared for any turn. If my rights are not to be recognized, then it is a matter of indifference to me whether I destroy myself along with the rest of you. I prefer not to do so, of course; but I give you my word, at the first movement of opposition I shall terminate this unpleasant scene."

An impulsive movement of Theodore Van Vechten's was followed by a gasp of horror; for the stranger was so self-possessed and determined that nobody doubted his dispassionate declaration. It was only too obvious that he would do to the last extreme exactly what he said he would.

The Man of Iron's fists suddenly clenched, and he took a step toward the speaker. The man's magnetic eyes turned upon him with a steady, inscrutable look.

"Theodore Van Vechten," the quiet voice went on, "it lowers the high feeling of respect and admiration which I entertain for your genius to see you choose the role of fool now."

"Max Willard," retorted Van Vechten evenly, "you know me well enough to recognize that I can not be coerced; so it is you who are playing the part of fool. Can't you see that this means your utter ruin?"

Said the other: "Everything that human agency can accomplish toward that end has been done—by you, Theodore. And now, just one more chance. Your niece has been missing for some time, has she not?"

Theodore Van Vechten started. The inventor went on:

"I merely want to add that—in addition to a well-calculated charge of willardite—she too is in this casket—alive at this moment." Again he glanced at his watch. "It is precisely two minutes until twelve."

Nothing was to be heard save the regular ticking, each pulsation marking off one more fateful second. The two men—Max Willard, cool and steadfast in his purpose; Theodore Van Vechten, an image of power and indomitability—looked long into each other's eyes.

With a quick movement, Willard's hand slid to another part of the casket. It could be seen that he pressed a trifle harder. The whole thing fell apart into the shape of a davenport lounge.

In the midst of the creamy cushions thus disclosed, clad in a white yacht-clothes costume which, in its present setting might well have been the ceremonies of the dead, her hands clasped lightly and naturally upon her bosom, reposed a beautiful young girl. Her glowing hair afforded the one mark of vivid color against the ivory and dull gold of the casket and the pallor of the huge table's spotless napery.

The ticking still continued.

Continued next week.

Good nature is a key that fits many locks.

Religion must soak in before it can float out.

Man may be the architect of home but woman is the builder.

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 inch for each subsequent insert double the above amount.

Farms for Sale BEING LOT 53, CON. 3, E. Glenelg, containing 100 on premises are new frame brick house, sheds and ings; running stream property; about 10 acre wood bush, rest in good cultivation. Possession Nov. 1st, 1917. For particulars apply on premises Mrs. John Staples, Rural No. 1, Durham, Ont.

Lots For Sale NORTH PART OF LOT 10 old skating rink site of street, and the north part of Albert street. Apply to Jackson.

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

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

Rink for Sale THE DURHAM SKATING one of the best in Westario, is offered for sale paying proposition; good for selling. Apply J.A. Durham, Ontario.

For Sale or to A COMFORTABLE BRIDGE; good stone ceiling of land, more or less; concession of Glenelg, east of Durham; has frame barn on it. Apply Jackson, Durham.

Property for THAT SPLENDID RING property in Upper Toronto to the late Mrs. W. be sold on reasonable terms. Contains 1/2 acre more comfortable residence, hard and soft water; ing orchard and garden. Apply on premises Thos. Ritchie or Danes executors.

Farm for Sale CONTAINING 100 ACRES or less; all cleared 4 acres cedar swamp; and stone stables; brick house; well water miles west of Durham and 65, 3rd con. Bent Webber, Durham.

For Sale One 14 h.p. traction engine; one 36x48 separator; dust collector; Waterloo; one No. 3 Blizard corn wagon and tank, nearly everything in good order. R. J. McGillivray, R.R.

HOUSE MOVING I am prepared to move for moving houses, buildings. Satisfaction and prices moderate. Wm. I. R. R. No. 3 15 61 p.d.

MUNICIPAL NO Applications will be the undersigned up for position of constable of town hall, sanitary collector of all taxes.

FOR SALE BY Mrs. Wm. Falkingham for sale by public a residence in Durham the 7th day of April. Closes of household goods of beds, bedding, china, and several. Terms cash.—R. Brice.

FOR SALE OR The second and third lot 16, Con. 1, E.G.R. containing 100 acres. McKinnon farm. Telford, Durham.

SHINGLES FOR Ontario Cedar Shingles load just in. If you speak now.—J. N. Mr. John Murdoch Sound Monday and business.

For a Cod OYSTER E. A.