

For
Machine Oil, Harness Oil,
Axle Grease and Hoof
Ointment, go to
S. P. SAUNDERS
The Harnessmaker

ELLIOTT
Business College

Yonge and Charles streets, Toronto has a well earned reputation for superior business and shorthand education and for assisting students to choice positions. Commence now. Catalogue free.
W. J. ELLIOTT, Prin., 734 Yonge St.

WANTED

One Dozen from Durham to train for a good, paying position by enrolling at the

Mount Forest Business College

Three Courses—Shorthand, Commercial and Civil Service.
All graduates are in positions. Our free catalogue tells you why. Write to-day and get it.
D. A. McLACHLAN, G. M. HENRY,
President, Principal.

THE FIRST STEP

Often means so much. It has meant success to thousands of young people who wrote for our Catalogue as the first step toward a good salaried position. Take the step to-day. Address Central Business College, 365 Yonge St., Toronto.
W. H. SHAW, President

Durham High School

The school is thoroughly equipped in teaching ability, in chemical and electrical supplies and fittings, etc., for full Junior Leaving and Matriculation work.

J. HOS. ALLAN, Principal and Provincial Model School Teacher 1st Class Certificate.

Intending Students should enter at the beginning of the term if possible. Board can be obtained at reasonable rates. Durham is a healthy and attractive town, making it a most desirable place for residence.

The record of the School in past years is a flattering one. The trustees are progressive educationally and spare no pains to see that teachers and pupils have every advantage for the proper presentation and acquisition of knowledge.

FEES: \$1 per month in advance
REV. W. H. HARTLEY, J. F. GRANT,
Chairman, Secretary

BIG 4 He Sells Cheap

New Spring Goods

LACE CURTAINS

2 1/2 yds. long 40 ins. wide 50c pair
2 1/2 yds. long 42 ins. wide 75c pair
3 yds. long 47 ins. wide \$1.00 pair
3 yds. long 47 ins. wide \$1.50 pair
All curtains have the new finished top.

Fine English Crepes, white and fancy 15c per yard

Table Linens at 25c, 50c and 60c

Grey Cotton Sheetting 2 yards wide at 25c per yard.

Heavy Bleached Sheetting, 2 yds. wide at 40c per yard.

Heavy 11-4 Flannelette Blankets white and Grey \$1.50 pair

Heavy 12-4 Flannelette Blankets white only \$1.85 pair

Our New Spring Prints are now in. Call and See Them.

W. H. BEAN Big 4

HOMESEEKERS' SPECIAL TRAIN LEAVES TORONTO 10.45 P.M. EACH TUESDAY.

For the accommodation of homeseekers and general tourist traffic to western Canada, train carrying tourist sleepers and colonist cars will leave Toronto 10.45 p.m. each Tuesday until further notice, running through to Winnipeg.

Attention is directed to the remarkable low round trip fares in connection with Homeseekers' Excursions to western Canada via Canadian Pacific Railway. Tickets are on sale each Tuesday until October 26, and are good to return within two months from date of sale.

Apply to any C. P. R. Agent for full particulars, or write M. G. Murphy, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.



NOVEMBER JOE
The Detective of the Woods
by Hesketh Prichard.

Copyright, 1913, by Hesketh Prichard

"You're right! He hates me because Virginia won't marry Schelberg of the combine. He hasn't let us meet for months. And more than that, he's ruined me and my partner in business. It was easy for a rich man to do that," added Calvey bitterly.

"You go and start into business again," advised Joe. "I'll send you word first thing I know for certain." But it was some time before he could induce Calvey to leave us. After he had gone I wondered whether Joe suspected him of having a hand in spiriting away Virginia. Presently I asked him.

Joe shook his head. "He couldn't have done it if he wanted to. He's a good young chap, but look at his boots and his clothes—he was bred on a pavement, but he's Miss Virginia's choice for all that. We'll start now, Mr. Quaritch, just where I found that bit of gold caught in a branch that hangs over the little stream up above there. You see, she lost her hat, and she has a splendid lot of hair, and so when I could find no tracks, for they came down the bed of the stream, I searched 'bout as high as her head. I guessed she'd be liable to catch her hair in a branch."

But we had hardly started when we heard the voice of Planx roaring in the wood below us. He was coming along at an extraordinary pace in spite of his ungainly, rolling stride.

"You were right, Joe; Virginia is alive! It is a case of abduction. See what I have here."

He held a long stick or wand in his hand. The top of the wand was roughly split, and a scrap of paper stuck in the cleft.

"Ed's just found this in the canoe on the lake," he went on. "These blackguards must have come back in the night and put it there."

"What have they said in the paper?" asked November.

"You must pay to get your daughter back. If you want our terms come to the old log camp on Black lake tomorrow night. No tricks. We have you rounded up sure. Don't try to track us or we will make it bad for her."

Joe touched the ends of the wand. "Green spruce wood, cut near their camp," said he.

"There's plenty of spruce like that right here," objected Planx; "why do you say it was cut near their camp?"

"It's cut and split with a heavy ax, such as no man ever carries about with him. Well, we'd best do no more tracking till we see the chaps that has Miss Virginia. It's Black lake tonight, then?"

On the way Planx made known to us his plan of campaign. It was a simple one. He would get the men into the hut and speak them fair till a favorable moment presented itself, when he would demand the surrender of his daughter under threat of shooting the kidnapers if they refused or demurred.

"There are three of us, and we can fix them easy," said Planx.

November Joe shook his head. "They're not near such big fools as you think them," he remarked.

We had stopped on some high ground in the shelter of the woods, from which we could see the fishing hut. Joe vanished with his silent, Indian-like glide, his movements as inaudible as those of a ghost. In about five minutes a light suddenly sprang up in the hut, and Joe's voice called us.

As we entered the door I saw Joe was pointing to a piece of paper which lay on the rough hewn table. "The same writing as before. Listen to this: 'If you will swear to give us safe conduct we will come to talk it out. If you agree to this we have the lantern three times on the lake shore, and that will mean you give your oath to let us come and go freely.'"

"I told you they were not fools," said Joe. "What's the orders now, Mr. Planx?"

Planx handed Joe the lantern. "Go and wave the lantern."

From the door of the hut we watched November as he walked down to the lake. At the third swing of the light a voice hailed him.

"You hear? They were waiting in a canoe," said Planx to me.

Then followed the splash of paddles and the rasp of the frosted rubies as the canoe took the shore. Joe had returned by this time and hung up the lantern so that it lit the whole of the hut. Then the three of us stood together at one side of the table.

CHAPTER IX. "Come in, dear Joe."

OUR visitors hesitated outside the door. "There are only two of them," whispered Planx.

As he spoke a short, bearded man in a thick overcoat stepped into the light, followed by a tall and strongly built companion. Both wore black visor masks, with fringe covering the mouth. I noticed they were shod in moccasins.

"Evenin'," said the tall man, who was throughout the spokesman. "My partner and me is come to make you an offer, Mr. Planx. We've got your daughter where you'll never find her, where you'd never dream of looking for her."

"Don't be too sure of that," growled Planx.

"If we agree on a bargain she shall be returned to you unharmed three days from the time the price is paid over, and that price is \$100,000."

"Those are our terms. The question for you is do you want your daughter or do you not?"

The next incident was as swift as it was unexpected.

"I conjecture that is something of an easy question to answer," said Planx in his slow tones. "In fact, I!"

On the word he slipped out a revolver. But quick as was Planx's hand to carry out the impulse of his brain, Joe's was quicker. He knocked the revolver from Planx's grasp.

"You treacherous dog, Planx!" cried the kidnaper. "Is that how you keep faith? Well, we have a reply to that too. We offered to give up the girl for \$100,000, now we make the price \$150,000!"

"I'll never pay a cent of it!" shouted Planx.

"When you come to change your mind," replied the kidnaper quietly, "just hang a white handkerchief on one of the trees at the edge of this wood. Then out the money in notes in

my hand."

"I'll never pay a cent of it!" shouted Planx.

"When you come to change your mind," replied the kidnaper quietly, "just hang a white handkerchief on one of the trees at the edge of this wood. Then out the money in notes in

my hand."

"I'll never pay a cent of it!" shouted Planx.

"When you come to change your mind," replied the kidnaper quietly, "just hang a white handkerchief on one of the trees at the edge of this wood. Then out the money in notes in

my hand."

"I'll never pay a cent of it!" shouted Planx.

"When you come to change your mind," replied the kidnaper quietly, "just hang a white handkerchief on one of the trees at the edge of this wood. Then out the money in notes in

my hand."

"I'll never pay a cent of it!" shouted Planx.

"When you come to change your mind," replied the kidnaper quietly, "just hang a white handkerchief on one of the trees at the edge of this wood. Then out the money in notes in

my hand."

"I'll never pay a cent of it!" shouted Planx.

"When you come to change your mind," replied the kidnaper quietly, "just hang a white handkerchief on one of the trees at the edge of this wood. Then out the money in notes in

my hand."

"I'll never pay a cent of it!" shouted Planx.

"When you come to change your mind," replied the kidnaper quietly, "just hang a white handkerchief on one of the trees at the edge of this wood. Then out the money in notes in

my hand."

"I'll never pay a cent of it!" shouted Planx.

happened. It was a subdued but still a very resentful Planx whom we escorted through the dark woods. On our way back to our camp Joe made a detour to examine the tracks of the kidnapers by the light of the lantern which he had carried with him.

As had been the case by Moosesbank lake, so now we found the trails very clear near the waterside. Joe studied them for a long time.

"Well, you're out of it now, at any rate," said I.

"And what about my promise to Calvey?" he rejoined. "I'm deeper in it than ever. I've got to find Miss Virginia sure."

"You can't track her because of that threat in the letter to Planx?"

"That's so, but I'll be speaking to Miss Virginia before tomorrow night," said Joe quietly, nor, having made this dramatic announcement, would he say more.

The next morning Joe was early astir.

"What are you going to do today?" said I.

"I'm going to find out the name of the man that has Miss Virginia hid away. If you'll wait here, Mr. Quaritch, I'll come back as soon as I've done it. You've got your rod and there's plenty of fish in the lake."

With that I had to be content. Before starting Joe had laid a bet with me that he would come back with the name of her abductor, and I was wondering what clew he had to go upon. Hardly any that I could think of—the trail of the two men and the golden hair, very little more.

About 2 o'clock I heard November hail me.

"What about the bet?" I called on sight of him. "Who pays?"

"You pay, Mr. Quaritch," said Joe. "Why, who is it, then?"

"A fellow called Hank Harper."

"Why, I've heard of him. He passes for a man of high character."

Joe laughed. "All the same, he's the chap who done it," said he. "I expect he's got her up at his cabin on Otter brook."

"Look here, November," I said. "You tell me Hank Harper is in the kidnaping business and I believe you, because I've never known you speak without solid facts behind you. But I think you owe me the whole yarn."

Joe pulled out his pipe. "All right, Mr. Quaritch. To begin at the beginning. There are two of them. One's this man Harper. I don't know who the other is, and it don't much matter. If we find Harper we find his partner. Well, Miss Virginia was fishing when they stole down upon her and carried her off. I've already told you what happened until they took to the canoe. They paddled across the lake and the two men got out, leaving Miss Virginia in the canoe to paddle herself round and land elsewhere."

"But surely she could have escaped!" I cried.

"She was under their rifles and had to do exactly what she was ordered. I found where she'd landed and followed her tracks to that little waterfall stream, and it was there I found the golden hair. So far, you see, everything fitted in together as good as the jaws of a trap, and the message on the bit of paper about a ransom carried it further on. So did the talk we had with Harper—it must have been him did the speaking—at Black lake. When I knocked up Planx's revolver I was wonderful sorry to have to do it, but a promise is a promise, and he'd passed his word for a safe conduct. After, when my eyes fell upon the trail left by Harper's partner, I knew I never done a better act in my life. It give me a start. I can tell you, Mr. Quaritch! You see, all the weight was in the middle of the moccasin. The heels and toes were hardly marked at all."

November looked at me as if expecting me to see the meaning of this peculiarity, but I shook my head.

"It meant that the foot inside the moccasin was a very little one, a good bit shorter than the moccasin."

"You can't mean"—I began.

"Yes," said Joe. "The second person at Black lake wasn't a man at all, but just Miss Virginia herself."

"Well, if that was so, why, she had the game in her hands then. She had only to appeal to us—to speak."

Joe interrupted me. "Hers was another sort of game. You see, I'm pretty sure that Miss Virginia has kidnaped herself, or, at any rate, consented to be kidnaped. She had just paddled round and joined the two men later, and then when I come to think over it careful I saw how I might raise the name of the man that was helping her. I lit out for Wilsbere's camp and asked the woman if there was anything of Miss Virginia's missing from her room. She said there wasn't. Then I saw my way a bit. I was in the woods with Miss Virginia last year, and I know she's mighty particular about personal things. I don't believe she could live a day without a sponge and a comb and, most of all, without a tooth-brush. None of them high toned gals can. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, that is so, but"—

"Well," went on November, "if she went of her own free will, as I was thinking she did—or else why did she come to Black lake?—If, as I say, I was right in my notion and she'd made out the plans and kidnaped herself, the man who was with her would be only just her servant, in a manner of speaking. And I was certain that one of the first things she'd do would be to send him to some store to buy the things she wanted most. She couldn't get her own from Planx's camp without giving herself away, so she was bound to send Hank to like out new ones from somewhere."

"What happened then?"

Continued next week.

COMFORT SOAP
IT'S ALL RIGHT
POSITIVELY THE LARGEST SALE IN CANADA

One year's sales of Comfort Soap means enough soap to build a wall 15 feet high and 29 miles long. Think of it! Enough to completely surround The City of Toronto.

The People's Mills



Eclipse, Sovereign and Pastry Flour and Rolled Oats Breakfast Cereal

Bran, Shorts, Low Grade Flour, Chop of All Kinds, No. 1 Hay, etc., kept constantly on hand.

We have a quantity of the celebrated

Molassine Meal

on hand. Farmers and Stock Owners should lay in a quantity of this Excellent Conditioner for Spring and Summer Feeding. Nothing equals it for Young Pigs, Calves, Etc. Makes Milch Cows Milk and puts Horses in prime condition for seeding; in fact it makes everything go that it's fed to.

Although it advanced \$2.00 per ton wholesale we are selling it at the same old price, \$2.00 per single sack, \$1.00 per sack in half ton lots and \$1.85 in ton lots.

Everything in our line at lowest prices for Cash.

JOHN MCGOWAN

TELEPHONE No. 8 (Night or Day)

Important to Householders

Having purchased the stock of W. J. McFadden and moved my stock in with his, the store is now filled with Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines and Musical Instruments of all kinds in the highest and best grades.

We are crowded for room and the stock must be moved out, and moved quickly. This is important news to all Householders in need of any of the goods we handle. The prices are right.

H. J. Snell

McFadden's Old Stand - Durham

ATTENTION!

SPECIALS SPECIALS

This week we are offering three only 97 piece English China Dinner Sets at prices that have no comparison.

See Them Before They Are Gone

Here's a List of Specials that Demand Consideration

- Glass Tumblers 6 for 25c
- Glass Nappies 6 for 25c
- Glass Berry Bowls 15c each
- China Berry Bowls 25c each
- China Nappies 5c each
- China Bread and Cake Plates 15c
- China Cups and Saucers 2 for 25c
- Mercurized (no hot Cotton 10c per spool.
- Thread that's Guaranteed, three spools for 10c
- Nail Brushes 2 for 5c
- Leather Half-Soles 20 and 25c pr
- Rubber Heels for Ladies' or Gent's 15c pair
- 14 quart Granite Dish Pans 25c
- 20 quart Tin Dish Pans 25c
- 14 quart Granite Preserving Kettles 25c
- "Little Darling" Hose any size 25c pair

See our New Stock of Stationery including Boxed Papeteries, Patriotic Pads and Envelopes.

The Variety Store

A PATRIOTIC TOWNSHIP.

Some ratepayers in Bruce county may think the extra mill and a half just voted by the county council for the Canadian Patriotic Fund is pretty heavy, but these ratepayers should cast their eyes upon the little township of Wallace, in Perth county. Besides the

regular county grant of two mills this township is adding another two mills.—Port Elgin Times.

Rev. Wm. Wallace of Chesley will be made rector of Thornbury and Clarksburg parish about October 1.