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-THE-

DURHAM BAKERY

HAS

CHANGED HANDS -

the undersigned, wish to intimate I to the people of Durham and vicin ity that I have purchased from Mr. Peter Calder the Durham Bakery and am now ready to supply orders for all kinds of Bakery goods.

Having Twenty years experience in the business, the last 13 years in Cheboygan, Mich, I am in a position to satisfy all requirements and guarantee satisfaction.

I am here to stay and I want the people to know it. Ordered goods on short notice.

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Makes Your Skin Like Velvet

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Has a marvellous effect on rough skin. One or two applications will remove the roughness, and by its occassional use the skin acquires the smoothness and softness of a baby's.

CREAM OF WITCHAZEL is not sticky and gloves may be worn a few moments after using it.

Delightful after Shaving. PRICE, - 25 CTS.

See our Line of Tooth Brushes We can save you money on them. candle high above her head and looked

JNO. A. DARLING Chemist and Druggist.

Bread

going like a SHOT and we always hit the mark.



likes to have good Bread, and the Too young to be glad of her youth, she best Bread is to be had at Srinson's. went on her careless way, leaving the The whitest, sweetest and most poor little pincushion in tears. healthful made. No husband will Betty went to church on Sunday ever find fault with Stinson's Bread feeling in harmony with the day in We turn out a first-class article spite of the last pin jabbed into her. whether it's Bread, Pies or Cakes and give special attention to our customers.

FIRST-CLASS LINE of Bakery A Goods always on hand.

H. Stinson MODEL BAKERY.

VILLAGE PINCUSHION

By Sara Lindsay Coleman

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

One can't be comforted and deceived by any such pleasing epithet as bachelor maid when one lives in Arcady. Spinsterhood is a grim fact.

Betty dwelt in Arcady. She lived there with her aunt in a tiny two room house and sewed from morning until night, sometimes far into the night. Betty didn't mind work. There was something she did mind, though.

It never occurred to the Arcadiansfor their hearts are kind-that they made a pincushion of Betty and that the pins they eternally stuck into her, little pricks really meant for pleasant ries, were to a soft eyed, tender, sensitive, brown little thing like Betty actual stabs.

Betty tried so hard not to mind. On her twenty-eighth birthnight she did a courageous thing. At midnight she stole from the house to bury something very precious to her. In the blackness about her the wind shouted and jeered, the rain dashed in her face. Half laughing, half sobbing, she put the beautiful thing deep in a heaped up mound of wet, dead leaves. Groping, her hand touched something that she knew to be a late white rose, and with shaking fingers she laid it on the funeral pile.

She was never going to mind again. One couldn't mind after one's youth was dead. She was going to be a cheerful and philanthropic pincushion for the rest of her days. Jeering at spinsters had been in fashion in Arcady long before her birth and bade fair to remain popular for some time after her death.

When she had slipped back into the safeness and warmth of her tiny bedroom she stood long before the dingy, cracked mirror that never encouraged vanity and whispered:

"You're twenty-eight, and you've been to the funeral of your own youth. It would be mighty funny to folks if they knew-mighty funny-but they don't. they don't!"

Betty sighed. Beyond her barrier mountains were cities where youth did



"HOW DARE YOU SPEAK TO ME?" BETTY SAID FIERCELY.

not go so pitifully soon. She held the critically at the slender oval of a pale face, at the shadows under unsatisfied

Betty trembled, crept into bed and lay there, wide eyed. Her beart ached. At a bitter memory that crept out of an old past a fire of shame swept over

Arcady didn't know that a romance had almost come into Betty's life. It knew that she had kept steady company with a lad about her own age some twelve years before; knew that one afternoon they went buggy riding and that next day young Kimberly shook the dust of Arcady's main street from his shoes, but it attached no signifi-

cance to the fact. The winter went. Spring came. The earth sweetened with odors. It thrilled and quivered with expectancy. When the fresh little folded leaves burst their buds, Betty brought her machine out on her tiny porch. She sang as she

A girl sauntering past stopped just beyond Betty's doorstep and without a "By your leave" stooped to pluck a bunch of fragrant purple violets.

"Old maids don't need violets," she said. She fastened the violets under her firm young chin and came nearer. "Isn't it a lonely business getting old by yourself, Betty? I'd hate it awful; The good wife of the house always but, la, I'll never be an old maid!"

"Not married yet?" asked a young man who had been away from Arcady in a voice that thundered through the church. "Well, well, I'll swan! An' a good lookin' woman too!"

"She's still hopin'." It was a woman who spoke, and she fixed the pink ribbon about Betty's throat with a suspicious eye, the poor little luxury of a pink ribbon that Betty had sewed half the night to possess. Betty flung up her head angrily and that."-Chicago Tribune.

looked into a pair of eyes that had some years before been the very light of her own-the eyes of Henry Kim-

clasped themselves nervously. Tears altitudes in the Dominion of Canada, of distress gathered, but she drove has recently been issued by the Otthem back desperately.

berly, making his way through the on hilltops cannot fail to open the crowd and holding out his hand.

"Howdy do, Mr. Kimberly?" Betty flung back, disdaining the hand. She marched past him down the aisle

and turned toward home, looking neither to the right nor left. There was a murmur of laughter that grew as Kimberly strode after her. "How dared you speak to me?" said

Betty fiercely.

Kimberly had overtaken her in the quiet lane that led to her home. "Now, Betty"-his voice was firm-"I'm not goin' to put up with any of your tantrums. You've got to listen to me, an' by flingin' them crabapple blossoms in my face twelve years ago. I've come a good ways to find out. I was askin' about you. You know Jim Dale's come out our way. I was hopin' you were happily married, but you ain't. You might have married a better an' a wiser an' a richer man, but you haven't. I've come a long way to find out why you flung them blooms at me. They were so pretty, Betty, like your pink cheeks, an' as we drove under the trees-Lord, I couldn't talk! The words choked me, an' I couldn't get 'em out. Do you think it was a nice thing for

"Do you think it was nice to give them to me?" Betty's voice shook. Kimberly looked at her in amazement. "Didn't you mean it?" she asked.

"I meant every word of it, Betty. I mean it now." Betty stiffened.

Betty. I thought they would." "They did," Betty laughed shrilly. I hate the man that gave them-crab- feet (nearly) will show the extent of apple blossoms, that mean"-

"I wanted the flowers to tell you,

"What?" sternly. "As if you didn't know!" scornfully. "What?" more sternly.

"Don't you know," sobbed Betty, "that crabapples mean 'I wouldn't, wouldn't have you if I could?" Doubt went out of Betty's soul at sight of Kimberly's face, and a red

rush of joy leaped to her brow. Kimberly opened his arms. Betty was never to be a pincushion again. A little brown bird, sore pressed by the chasing hawk, she swept into shelter with a glad cry.

Early Glimpses of Greatness.

The Union at Oxford must have been fine school of debate for more than one student successful in after years as public speakers. William Charles Lake, formerly dean of Durham, says in his memoirs that he has heard Lord Coleridge say:

"Well, I have never heard better speaking anywhere than I heard at the Union."

which he heard there at different times. When he was president of the Union unknown gentleman commoner description of the Alps.

"Who is this?" asked Lake. Christ Church," was the answer. The Alps had already set fire to the imagination of the man who was to describe them as they never have been described by another man.

er, Lake heard a brilliant speech of means buying if you are in need. quite a different character. "Who was that?"

"A young gentleman commoner just come up to Christ Church, Lord Robert Cecil."

This was Lord Salisbury, who became the great figure in public life which on hearing that boyish speech Lake predicted he would be.

Music as a Study.

The study of music is equal to the study of literature and languages as a means of intellectual growth, superior

to the study of mathematics and in no way inferior to the study of the natural sciences. It is more available and adaptable than the study of psychology, because, while calling forth the intellectual powers, it engages the emotions and assures that condition necessary to the best development of thought-viz, genuine enjoyment of the means employed.

It strengthens the memory, calls reason into lively play, favors habits of exact thought, inspires the imagination, enhances the perceptive faculty, facilitates physical expression, arouses the emotional nature, cultivates the æsthetic principle and gives breadth of mental comprehension. In all these things music stands in the front rank of the sciences, if indeed it does not lead them all. Can any science do more as a factor in intellectual growth to develop the many sided nature of the HAVE COMFORT. man intellectual?

How She Moved Him. The little girl stood by the street letter box, weeping bitterly.

"What is the matter, my child?" asked the elderly philanthropist, who happened along.

"I-I wanted to mail a letter," sh sobbed, "and I hadn't any st-stamp. So I-I dropped two pennies in theslot at the top, and the-the stamp won't come out!" Here the elderly philanthropist burst

into tears. "Wh-what are you crying about?" CALL AND SEE ONE. "I weep, my child," he said, wiping his eyes, "to think that a nice little girl like you should try to work me for

2 cents with such an old chestnut as

Dictionary of Altitudes. (Toronto Globe.)

A somewhat unusual kind of Gov-The color left her face. Her hands ernment publication (a dictionary of tawa Department of the interior. "Howdy do, Miss Betty?" said Kim- Even a casual derusal of this volume eyes of many, including those of "the oldest inhabitant," The heights it need scarcely be said, are given in feet above the sea level, and the place names are arranged alphabetically in Province and territory groups

For our purpose we shall begin with Ontario, where we are a little; nonplussed to discover that the great- tively cure such troubles as Thin and est altitude is reached by Tip-Top Watery Blood, Pale and Sallow Comhill, which is said to be in Thunder plexion, Pimples and Eruptions, Nerv-Bay district, and the height of this ousness, Sleeplessness, Langour and Deappropriately-named, but, to wholly strange, hill is given at 2,120 feet. Next to it comes Thunder you've got to tell me what you meant | Cape, 1,950, thus soaring beyond Fort William's knoll, Mt. McKay, by bility, and all diseases and disorders 350 feet. This must prove gratifying arising from a run-down condition of to the good people of Port Arthur, the nervous system, or weak and imand correspondingly provocative to poverished blood those of the other burg. It may surprise some of us to learn

that next to these come Dundalk (South Grey,) 1,700; Corbetton (Dufferin,) 1,661, and Melancthon (in the same country,) 1,660, so that the elevation connecting these points forms the roofridge of the Western peninsula. It is now in order for the Dundalkians to take advantage of the situation by the election of a pillar or some other conspicuous monument at the railway station to inform the travelling public that "This is the highest point in Southern Ontario. 1,700 feet above the level of the sea."

There are some scores of places above the thousand feet mark, but by far the larger number are in the lower hundreds, the lowest possible level being that of Bainsville, in Lancaster | RADULATE of London, New "Oh, I hate crabapple blooms, and I township. Glengarry-174 feet, the T York and Chicago. hate the month that brings them, and difference between which and 245 fall in the St. Lawrence after it Will be at Knapp House, Durham, the 2nd Satu: dov in each month. Hours-1-6 p.m. leaves Lake Ontario.

> The agitation against the cigarette has deen revived and the good people are again up in arm against the little coffinnail. To our mind the worst Late Assistant Roy. London Ophthalmic Hos., feature of the cigarette is the awful oader it gives to the breath of the smoker. We would just as soon go Specialist: Eye, Ear, Throat and Nose up against a breath strongly charged with whiskey and onions as one tainted with cigarette.-Chesley Enterprise

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JNO. A. DARLING

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New and Second hand. Over twenty wheels to select from. Cushion frames and Coaster Brakes, which make wheeling a pleasure. Repair- Oil Cloths. ing wheels promptly attended to.

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2 yds. long, 27-in wide..... 25c a pair 1½ yds. long, 27-in wide..... 40c a pair 3 yds. long, 36-in wide..... 70c a pair 3 yds. long, 37-in wide75c a pair 3½ yds. long, 50-in wide\$1.00 a pair

All Curtains have taped edges except the 25c line.

ROLLER BLINDS. Roller Blinds, plain 35c each

Roller Blinds, with fringe 45c each Floor Oil Cloth, 1 yd. wide..... 25c yd Floor Oil Cloth, 2 yd. wide..... 50c yd Table Oil Cloth, 45-in wide..... 25c yd

Table Linen, 54-in wide. 25c yd Table Linen, 65-in wide. 50c yd Linen Table Cloths, 21 yds. long, \$1.40 Heavy Twill Sheeting, 72-in wide 25c yd

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