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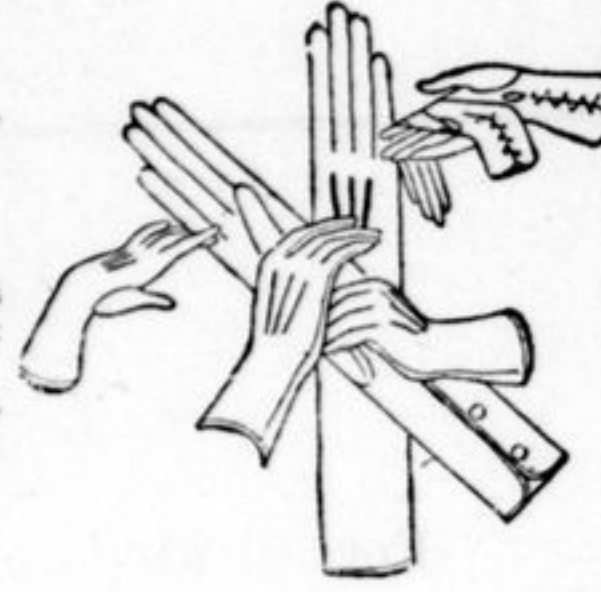
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Consisting of the \$1200 stock of W. E. Theobald, which we purchased at 55c on the dollar. This is one of the most complete stocks of men's furnishings, etc., that has ever been shown in Durham. Below we give a few of the particulars—

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The most complete and stylish line of hats and caps ever on sale. If you want a nice Fedora or a fur cap, here's where you will get what you want. Also some of New York's latest styles in Christies and Peak Caps.

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These are certainly the neatest coats you could want. They are of the best make, and you could not do better than take a look at our stock. We have them in all sizes and all prices, from \$1.00 up.

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These are all new, and are not included in Mr. Theobald's stock, as they have just arrived this week, and contain the newest styles for both men and women.

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For Men and Boys. If you want a good ready-made suit that will fit you like a suit made-to-order, try one of ours, as they are made in the best factories in Canada.

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One of the most complete stocks of men's underwear ever put on sale. All sizes and all qualities, containing some of the finest wool suits ever made, and all prices, to suit everybody.

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The famous Geo. A. Slater Shoe and the Imperial are the best lines, but we have any variety from the cheapest to the best.

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Girls and Misses' ready-made outing coats, in all the latest styles, and are made from the newest and best materials.

Hosiery, Gloves, Umbrellas and hundreds of other articles which space will not permit us mentioning.

Goods delivered to all parts of the town. Butter and Eggs wanted.

ROBERT BURNETT.

THE TEACHER'S DUTY TO SELF.

An Essay by Miss Forfar, B. A., of the Durham School, read before the South Grey Teachers' Convention in Markdale, Sept. 28, 1904.

It is needless to announce to an audience of this kind that the teacher's duties are manifold. We all know it only too well, and hear and read a great deal in our sphere, of duty to school, to pupils, to parents etc. etc. ad infinitum.

Duty to self, however, seems severely left alone in discussion, perhaps from the idea, that as human beings are prone to selfishness, we do not need any reminding along that line—that teachers as a class are quite capable of looking after themselves without being told to do so. But there are ways and ways of doing this very thing; therefore I have clarified this multiplicity of duties starting us in the face into two divisions—"Duty to self" and "Duty to others." This latter point I leave you to subdivide, disintegrate, or deal with as you wish, and shall endeavor to collect a few thoughts on the former—that if we don't already know how to look after the 'Ego' we may learn a little, and those who already know will be ready in waiting to offer suggestions or criticisms later, for our ways may not be your ways.

The subject does savor apparently of the 'Ego'—no wonder the criticism has already been passed—would you teach us how to be selfish? But the Egoism is only seeming, for after all, we are individuals are but a part and a small part of a great all—as Emerson says—and unless we do the duty towards the part, how can we expect to do the greater duty? And in doing our duty to self, realizing it and doing it, we shall find that altruism is, after all, the result. Carlyle says in "Sartor." "Do the duty which lies nearest thee and thy next will reveal itself." To put an interpretation which perhaps Carlyle himself did not intend, but nevertheless fits—the self is the nearest duty certainly—therefore see to it. Moreover what does Tennyson say in "Aeonae"—Pallas says to Paris, "Self Reverence, Self Knowledge, Self Control,—these three alone lead life to Sovereign power. This is not selfishness, not Egoism, yet places the self in pre-eminence—self with a new meaning—not the individual, but as with the eye of a Philosopher or Poet, seeing therein the Universal man.

And although we are a selfish race, yet we are apt in this strenuous life of 20th century experience to neglect this self which needs attention—the higher and better self—the germ of the Infinite in every man, for we are as Browning says, "Gods though in the germ." There is a spark of the Infinite in each individual however buried beneath the finite; therefore our first duty is to self—perhaps our greatest duty? What are the elements of worth in the individual which by cultivation and attention render him of value to Society?

Primarily our duty is concerned with the Physical self—the frame work which surrounds and houses this higher self. Health is the first element of worth to be looked after. Ideas are arrows, the body sends them home; the mind aims, the body fires. There seems to be rather a proneness among teachers to neglect this all important duty, and with what result? Many of the weaker sex in particular find themselves, after a short siege of professional work, physical wrecks, nerves shattered, strength gone, general break down. Like Jerome K. Jerome almost anything, except housemaid's knee. The reason is not far to seek but ventilation in the school room, neglect of the first rules of health, not sufficient bodily exercise to brace up the system and support the nerves etc. We all know them, for few of us have not at some time or other been victimized by our own carelessness. Not being an authority in medicine, we cannot prescribe, of course, but as an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and we know the ounce is largely made up of fresh air, exercise and rest we have thus much capital to work upon. Let us make the best of it.

It was when the gymnasium had made each Athenian youth an Apollo in health and strength that the feet of the Greek race ran most nimbly along the paths of Art, Literature and Philosophy. Moreover to neglect health the eye loses power and with what result? As Tennyson says, "Authority forgets a dying king Laid low by the power in his eye That bowed the will."

Therefore our first duty is to use every means possible to keep the health good, a reserve supply of strength and hence of nerve energy. Whatever else must go, health must not be sacrificed.

Our next follows plainly and is a result. It is the duty of the teacher above all others to be optimistic; to have a bright view of life—take life seriously but not sadly. Always look on the brightest side of every thing—even the dark clouds, for they are lined, as we find out after afterwards. Of course this is a coefficient of good health, as we all know. The world after all takes its coloring from the spectacles we wear. We make it whatever it is.

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone,
For the good old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has sorrow enough of its own.
If we believe with Tennyson that somehow good will be the final goal

of ill.—with Browning "God's in his Heaven, all's right with the world,"—we can face our vexations of the school room, (and elsewhere,) with better grace and even a smile. More than half of the pessimism in this world comes of worry and brooding. If there is one "Don't" in the teacher's vocabulary, it is "Don't worry," and an exertion of will goes far to fulfill this duty. To carry the burdens of the school room round on our shoulders is more than we can bear mostly more than those around us can bear. Don't talk shop and don't think shop any more than is absolutely necessary. Of course some fond parent may insist and then we are at his mercy—but avoid it if possible, for it is after business hours, not in them, that men break down. Having attended to this duty the fruits will be seen in the school room. It is very contagious, this bright cheerfulness, and thus you are accomplishing a two-fold purpose—perhaps a manifold.

But in order to meet these two obligations to self we must know ourselves, know our capacity, our capability and work therefrom. It is from lack of knowledge along this line that the misfits in this world arise. Carlyle says, "Yet of your strength there is no clear feeling, save by what you have prospered in, by what you have done. Between vague capability and fixed performance, what a difference? A certain inarticulate self-consciousness dwells dimly in us; which only our works can render articulate and discernible. Our works are the mirror wherein the spirit first sees its natural lineaments. Hence the folly of that precept 'Know thyself' until it be translated into a possible one 'know what thou canst work at.'" And the Carlylean doctrine of the blessedness of work is true to the core.

We must choose our work along the line of least resistance if we would be of value to society. Some of us may decide we are misfits as teachers. If such be true the sooner out, the better. But granted this is for the time being, at least, what we can work at.—we must know further what we are capable of, here in this sphere—physically and mentally. We must have an inventory of our stock in trade or we shall soon be bankrupt, and knowing, we cater accordingly. Self-knowledge is a prerequisite with every teacher as it is in every profession, and must be accompanied by self reverence. If we are doing our duty to ourselves.

Then realizing our position we must seek self realization. This is another important duty to self following from self-examination. Each man is given charge of his own body and life, and upon each individual rests the solemn obligation to make the most possible out of himself. History teaches us that the great contributions to civilization have come from isolated nations—the Hebrews—the Greeks—the Teutons—all living in a relatively secluded condition. All great men illustrate the same principle. The man who learns to depend upon himself, to develop his own resources, he who turns his thoughts inward and leads forth his own faculties, is the giant of the age. He is the man of character and it is that alone which counts. Homer wrote the Iliad when blind and thrown upon his own resources; Dante, the Inferno, because he was exiled. Those who are to be the great men of the future are to-day making the most of their talents. It was this self knowledge and idea of self-realization which inspired Ulysses to leave to his son the sceptre and the Isle, and to seek elsewhere for himself. "To follow knowledge like a sinking star, to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

This is one of the evils of the present age. We hear little of individualism, and much of the solidarity of society. Individuality is overwhelmed in the many things. The tendency of the 20th century is for Union and thus for material success. It is not our place here to discuss such, but let us ask the question "Are we neglecting the individual?" Is not the man becoming more and more a machine—one item of a great mechanical organism? We need but look at our Labor Unions to see this and yet men say, where are the men of genius? Where are the Poets, Philosophers etc?—when we are neglecting the very essentials that produce such. Time and thought are necessary. As Wordsworth says, "The world is too much with us," therefore if we would make the most of ourselves,—realize our best, and it is our duty to do so,—we must turn the eye inward upon the soul and develop the talents and resources we find there.

And in order to do this we must have aspirations and ideals. Aspiration—not contentment must be the law of our life. This does not mean we are to be dissatisfied but rather to constantly exert ourselves to the utmost to achieve further. It is only thus that life really means anything to us—that it is redeemed of drudgery, and that we count for anything in life. Darwin's "Survival of the Fittest" applies to life wonderfully. If we rest on our oars, so to speak, content with present achievements, not pressing onward to larger and nobler things, we shall soon find that there is a fitter than we for the position, and we must step back. Then too, these ideals grow as we grow— which leads to the belief that the ideal is never real.

All experience is an arch, where through gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades Forever and forever as I move.

But we must remember the juvenile classic—which is true however hackneyed—"Aim high, but wisely as well as high, never forgetting that the situation that has not its ideal was never yet occupied by man." Here in this poor, miserable, hampered despicable actual wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy ideal, work it out therefrom and working believe, live and be free."—Carlyle says "There is an inmost centre in us all where truth abides, however the gross flesh hems in it," as Browning puts it. If we as teachers do our duty in this respect we are not only fulfilling the higher law of life, but also, whether consciously or unconsciously, setting an example which pupils may follow. We cannot point others to ideals and have none ourselves. Altruistic after all, is it not?

This leads to the consideration of the dangers of a teacher's life—liable to become narrow minded, self assertive—and in many cases to stagnation. What a bugbear in society is the narrow minded man. He makes himself obnoxious to every one—except himself. (I presume the narrow minded woman is just as bad.) Nothing speaks the pedagogue more quickly. It is as good as a placard and yet he of all people should not be so. Moreover no man's career should be stagnant. Life is not to be a puddle but a running stream. Puddles gradually dry up—or if they don't they should. No man has a right to rust. He is bound to grow, to advance. "How dull it is to pause to make an end, to rust unburnished, not to shine in use," Ulysses says. Tenfeldt drockh's school master must not be repeated in us. "My teacher's he said, were hide-bound Pedants, without knowledge of man's nature or of boy's, or of aught save their lexicons and quarterly account books. Innumerable dead Vocables (no dead language for they themselves knew no language) they crammed into us, and called it fostering the growth of mind. How can an inanimate, mechanical gerund-grinder the like of whom will in a subsequent century, be manufactured at Nurnberg out of wood and leather, foster the growth of anything; much more of mind, which grows not like a vegetable, by having its roots littered with etymological compost, but like a spirit, by mysterious contact of spirit; thought kindling itself at the fire of living thought? How shall he give kindling in whose own inward man there is no live coal, but all is burnt out to a dead grammatical cinder? The Hinterslag Professors knew syntax enough; and of the human soul thus much: that it had a faculty called Memory, and could be acted on through the muscular integument by the appliance of Birch rods. We must have life—a soul—and that soul an ideal."

Now it is our duty to ourselves to avoid these pitfalls, which the very nature of our work and position seems to place in our path. What is to be the bridge to carry us safely over them? One plank, and a large one is the ideal. These we must cherish as the traveller cherishes the North star. Dwight Hillis says, "The soul is like a lost child. It wanders a stranger in a strange land. Full of it is heart sick, for even the best things content it but for a little while. Daily mysterious ideals throb within. It goes yearning for what it does not find. In its ideal hours it sees afar off the vision that tempts it on upward towards home and Heaven. The secret of man is the secret of his vision hours. These tell him whence he came and whither he goes. Then a divine teacher came as the soul's guide; God's heart became the Soul's home."

Another plank is society—acquiring the art of living with our fellow-men. This rubbing against others rubs off corners—makes us realize our relative position, and above all is an educative factor in our lives. "I am a part of all that I have met," Tennyson says. This meeting with men and interchange of ideas, is what takes us out of our narrow sphere—broadens our minds and our outlook upon life.

Education is not all in books,—as any student knows. One of the advantages of College life is meeting with men, some great now, others destined to be great. What is the value of Assemblies of any kind—church or Lay? And narrow this down to present circumstances—What is the aim of this Convention? Is it not to lay aside the every day duties by meeting and interchanging ideas seek to develop ourselves and the interests of our profession. Therefore it is the teacher's duty to himself to attend such for some little seed may fall, we have never thought to plant before.

Do not be a slave to work, even when at home. Your community needs you or you would not be there. It is your duty to yourself to let that light you have shine and in shining it will grow brighter.

Then another plank is reading—study—enlightening our minds by every source of information possible. If you already have not a taste for Literature, cultivate one. There is no greater factor in the formation of the good citizen than to know how and what to read. Books do more for us than we imagine. We are the heir of all the ages, therefore they save our time, strength and energy, for can we not get in a short time what it took the author years to fathom. They preserve for us the spirit of the great as well as their work; they become our real friend if we read them aright. As Mrs. Browning says: "No youth can be called friendless who has God and the companionship of good books. We have been bequeathed king's treasures, Ruskin says, and yet it is

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deplorable to say the least that man so slight the vast inheritance handed down to him. If it were money. What a difference! And is it not greater than riches? For although it cannot be used in commercial exchange, it is none the less valuable in the upbuilding of character, manhood and womanhood, which will count when commodities have become dust. Of what advantage is it to be 'heir of all the ages' if we neglect the inheritance? W. Irving says, when friends grow cold and the converse of intimates languishes into rapid civility and commonplace, these only continue the unaltered countenance of happier days and cheer us with that true friendship which never deceived hope nor deserted sorrow. And it is only when the teacher has accomplished this duty for himself can any love for Literature be given to pupils— which should be one aim of every teacher's work.

Is it not evident on every hand that the moral tone of every community needs elevating? Look at our Libraries. What kind of Literature is most popular? Look at our printing presses issuing in great numbers so called Literature, which should rather be termed trash. Look at the so called pleasures which engross the idle moments of men, and women. Prevention seems impossible. So since the temptation cannot be wholly removed men must be made strong enough to resist. Their energies and interests must be directed along other and more beneficial lines. For after all real philanthropy consists not so much in the "Don'ts" as in inspiring and enabling men to 'do' and direct that "Do," along proper and elevating lines. We can scarcely estimate the evil effects of pernicious Literature. Why not make the good counteract the evil? If we as teachers can awaken in our pupils a taste for reading—not the promiscuous devouring of books, but reading so that the mind may be cultivated thereby, the tastes elevated and the ideals ennobled. If such can be done, and why not? the moral tone of the whole community will be elevated and who shall say the teacher is not a benefactor to Society.

It is only thus by constant thought and reading that our reserve resources can be sustained,—which is after all the teacher's mainstay—makes him master of every situation and ready to face every problem; makes him self-confident and gives him the confidence of those with whom he meets whether in or out of school. The more we know the more we can save ourselves, and that which belongs to us, and do more work with less effort. Knowledge means economy.

Finally to thine own self be true, thou canst not then be false to any man. Just as we do our duty to ourselves can we do it to our school or to society. Though we are but minnows in the immeasurable all, yet we have influence, we know not how great, and are exerting it constantly whether or not we are conscious of it.

I know I have not exhausted the schedule of duties but fear I have, your patience: Let me leave with you some words of Carlyle's which will give us at least food for thought and drive home the importance of our duty to self. "It is a high solemn almost awful thought for every individual that his earthly influence, which had a commencement, will never through all ages have an end. What is done, is done, has already blended itself with the boundless, ever-living, ever-working Universe, and will also work there for good or for evil, openly or secretly, throughout all time. But the life of every man is but the well spring of a stream whose small beginnings are indeed plain to all, but whose ulterior course and destination, as it winds through the expanses of infinite years, only the omniscient can discern. Will it mingle with the neighboring rivulets as a tributary, or receive them as their sovereign? Is it to be a nameless brook and will its tiny waters among millions of other brooks and rills increase the current of some world river? Or is it to be itself a Rhine or a Danube whose goings forth are to the uttermost lands, its floods an everlasting boundary line on the globe itself? We know not; only in either case we know its path is to the Great Ocean."

A little silence may save a lot of trouble.

The Chron

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THE subject for next Sunday evening you know when y

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THE members of will give a grand music concert in their hall Oct. 28th, when Miss a number of musical der the program. F lars see small bills, enjoyment attend th

THE B. Y. P. U. Evening" in the church on Tuesday, the inclemency of goodly-sized audien listen to the excel choruses, duets, sol that was prepared. Mrs. Newton gave mental solo which mented upon. At program refreshment

The Furniture Fa over time to catch up. They work till nine leave the nightwade cleaning, and by the us that the complain lights going out tw every night after mid us to explain why it no explanation to off give the political c chance to do some st are supposed to ha service.

Miss Margaret We the late Hon. J. James for many years for trict, which then inel of Grey; and late H County of Wellington mother's residence in day evening. We ha when the obsequies. The deceased lady wa of Mrs. G. L. Mc who was with her well known in Durh cause much regret an at her decease.

ON Wednesday even Edward Cardwain Moffat were made man Rev. Mr. Farquharson ing parties had both rority many years t toled one another we heart and hand there just reason why they. They are both gey have lived together knowing each other presume they prefer bliss to single misery. opposite this office an after the tying of the Chronicle Corner was place in town. The b do honor to the event time there was rather ance. It was an old vuri, but with all th were unable to get a d new made groom. Ce was on the scene an wasn't wholly unqualo lads a stranger in te know Mr. Carson was act and transferred to soon released. A nu are known, but no g far been instituted. T dangerous one and s boys engaged will t actions. It is a specie that cannot be tolerat have evidently no inting till forced to do s arm of the law.