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W. IRWIN EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

Sydenham.—H. McKay, H.Y. Fulford.

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Branch Manager HARRISTON.

Come! Come!! To the Big Mid-Winter Clearing - Out SALE

The next two weeks will see the greatest display of bargains ever seen in town. We have a large stock of winter shoes on hand which we must clean out so as to make room for our new spring stock just coming in. It is a joke to sell shoes at the prices we have made for this Clearing-out Sale, but they must go and go they will at the following prices:—

- Sale Commences Wed., Jan. 19**
- 15 pair Ladies' All-felt Shoes, regular \$2.00, for **\$1.39**
 - 18 pair Ladies' Felt Shoes, leather foxed, regular \$2.25, for **\$1.49**
 - 20 pair Ladies' Vici Kid, pat. tip, regular \$2.50, for **\$1.75**
 - 20 pair Misses' Felt Shoes, leather back strap & toe cap, reg. \$1.50, for **\$1.29**
 - 18 pairs Misses' Vici Kid, pat. tip, regular \$2.00, for **\$1.69**
 - 18 pair Men's All-felt Shoes, regular \$2.25, for **\$1.49**
 - 18 pair Men's Felt-lined, Good Year Welt felt sole, rub'r heel, \$3.75, for **\$2.99**
 - 6 pair Men's Felt Congress, for **\$1.25**

A number of pairs of Men's Box Calf, Pat. Leather and vici kid at greatly reduced prices.

18 pair Boys' Felt Shoes, leather toe cap, regular \$1.75, for **\$1.59**

A number of pairs of Boys' Box Calf, Oil Tan and Vici Kid at greatly reduced prices.

- 50 pairs Boys' Over Rubbers, regular 85c, for **69c**
- 35 pair Youths' Over Rubbers, regular 65c, for **54c**
- 20 pair Children's Rubbers, regular 50c, for **39c**
- 60 pair Ladies' Rubbers, regular 75c, for **59c**
- 20 pair Ladies' Button Over-shoes, 10 inch leg, regular \$1.85, for **\$1.49**
- 15 pair Men's Buckle Over-shoes, regular \$1.85, for **\$1.49**
- 60** pair Men's Over Rubbers, regular \$1.10, for **89c**

These are but a few of the bargains Don't forget the date, Jan. 19

A large number of Felt Slippers at greatly reduced prices.

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G. T. Bell, J. D. McDonald, G. P. Agent, D. P. Agent, Montreal, Toronto

J. Townner, Local Agent Durham.

HIS COURTSHIP

By HELEN R. MARTIN,
Author of "Tillie: A Mennonite Maid."

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CHAPTER VIII.

YOUR mother wouldn't leave me go, Abe, you know that, even if I wanted to."

"Yes," said Abe bitterly, "even if you wanted? That's the way you put it, ain't? And you don't want. If you'd make your mind up, Eunice, that you wanted to go, don't you know that mom she wouldn't have the dare to stop you? Because you're got your age, and if mom tries to boss you you have the right to up and tell her, 'I don't have to.' It's time you knew that once!"

Eunice looked at her foster brother and would be lover with sudden attention. They were in the spring house, he standing in the doorway and barring her exit, and she, with her daily burden of butter, cheese and milk for the dinner table, waiting anxiously to be allowed to pass.

"Have I the right, Abe, to follow my own will?" she asked, with a repressed eagerness, which Abe instantly interpreted as referring to his invitation to her to go with him next day to the circus in town. "I didn't know that, Abe!"

"You're your own boss when you're eighteen a'ready."

"But your mother and father support me," she reasoned, repeating the lesson which had been ground into her ever since she could remember anything, "and so have a right to control me, haven't they?"

There was an anxious wistfulness in her eyes which thrilled her baffled and discouraged suitor with hope.

"Don't you earn your keep and a good bit over where [which] you don't get? If they had a hired girl do half what you do, still they'd have to give her two a week."

"But, then, I am working for them now to pay for the years they supported me when I was too little to work."

"Och, Eunice, you was always wonderful dunn! There ain't no time since you was five years old a'ready that you ain't earned all it cost to keep you, and them couple years before that when you was too little—well," he said mysteriously, "I could tell you somepin if I wanted—somepin where would make you say to mom and pop pretty quick, 'I don't have to.' They had ought to be payin' you wages. It ain't right they don't."

"Tell me what you mean about those two years of my childhood."

Abe hesitated. "Pop would jaw me somepin turrible if I tole you. You just wait. Some time I'll tell you mebbe. But now," he urged, "if you're got any spunk you up and tell 'em you're goin' along with me to the circus in. Ain't you will, Eunice? Och, go on!"

He attempted a clumsy caress, but she drew back. Abe scowled angrily.

"Look at here, Eunice. You might be glad I wanted to keep comp'ny with you!"

"Why?" she asked, with a childlike wonder, as though the proposition were a curious one.

"Ain't I goin' to be well fixed till pop's deceased a'ready?" he demanded. "And look at the good times you could have off of me, buggy ridin' Sundays and goin' to circuses and all. When does a girl ever get any fun without a gen'man friend to run with her? And it ain't everybody fixed like me would want to keep comp'ny with you, neither—with pop and mom so down on my rumm'n with a girl where won't have no ausstener. You won't bring me nothin'," he said ruefully. "Nothin' but my pop's and mom's spite! Yes, you might be glad, anyhow, I want you!"

Eunice regarded him thoughtfully, but made no answer.

"Can't you see it that there way?" he persisted.

"But I could not let any man sacrifice so much for me, even if I did want to marry him."

"There you go ag'in!" he exclaimed indignantly. "Even if you did want you say! I can't see why you don't want. Say!" he said, his discouraged tone changing to hopeful, "is it mebbe because you don't like to get pop and mom down on you? But," he reasoned, "you see, all I'd be givin' up for you don't weigh ag'in what I'd be gettin'. And, you see, I'd reason with pop and mom like this—I'd say, 'Eunice, she ain't been raised to go much or spend any at the clothes like some, and she's used to hard work and in the end she'd mebbe save me more'n if I married another one where had money, but where wasn't contented not to be spendin' and goin'. I've spoke them arguments to myself, still, a'ready, when I thought of your not bringin' me any ausstener—and them same reasonings would weigh with pop and mom, Eunice," he urged coaxingly.

"I do not doubt it, Abe."

"Then you'll go with—to the circus?" he pleaded. "Ain't?"

"No."

"I'll take your part ag'in pop and mom. Ain't you got any spunk? Or don't you like circuses—or what?"

"I'm not afraid of your mother and father, though your mother's loud complainings often weary me—when I go-

look the cemetery? We're here for our health."

Mrs. Morningstar looked at her in surprise. "But I don't think," she said reassuringly, "any of 'em would come over."

The entrance of Ollie at the kitchen door carrying a basket of apples checked Daisy's answer.

"Ollie," her mother turned to her complainingly, "where was you at? Come, hurry and help make the dinner on the table. What you waste time pickin' them apples fur? I got apples plenty."

Ollie pouted as she removed her sun-bonnet and hung it on a nail. "I'm to be out, too, by this nice weather," she said, with a resentful glance at the two young ladies of leisure on the settee.

"Well, don't leave pop know you threw away your time," warned her mother. "You know how it displeases him—that there. Here, Eunice, dish up the cornstarch in these here saucers," she ordered as the girl came in with two steaming dishes. "Use the common saucers for all, only Doc and the two ladies not. Do you hear?" she said threateningly, looking at the girl's absent countenance. "I want to have it right done!"

Daisy took up her notebook. "A Pennsylvania Dutch farmand," she repeated as she wrote, "is treated as an honored guest. Curious custom, Peter, you have a cluck of it here, haven't you? Now, if you married Ollie and became one of the family"—

"Daisy!" Georgiana protested.

"I was only going to say, Georgiana, he'd be up against it then. He couldn't lay off when he had headaches, and he wouldn't have his evidently dainty and fastidious appetite catered to. So I wouldn't advise you, Peter, to marry Ollie. And," she added, lowering her voice for Peter's ear alone, "she has an awful figure, hasn't she? She looks like a yard of pump water. But why Ollie isn't gone on you, Peter, I can't understand, for you're certainly the least woozy looking!"

She was checked by the entrance of Abe and his father, who now came into the kitchen and took their places at the table, where the boarders joined them. Abe looked half sulky, half shamefaced, with a scowl for his mother's overtures to him and furtive glances at Eunice as she moved about the table setting cups of coffee and saucers of cornstarch at each place.

Kinross looked on at this little by-play with sympathetic interest.

"The fellow will marry that dowderness girl," he confidently thought. "Trust a quiet girl like that to play her cards cleverly! She has Abe where she wants him! No doubt she's a cat, like all other women, and is working that youth as much to 'spite' his mother as to make a good market for herself. Women are all alike fundamentally."



Without an instant's hesitation Abe tore the sheet.

and them pie ain't good baked all. I have only twelve fur over Sunday, too, that ain't enough for the size of pie we eat."

"I'm sorry you find it so troublesome to cater for us, Mrs. Morningstar," said Georgiana. "But take comfort—there are some essentials of diet that one can never find so good in town as on a farm—butter, for instance."

"Yes, well, but," Mrs. Morningstar shook her head doubtfully, "the butter ain't good on the farms all. Not like ourn. Eunice," she called shrilly to the outer kitchen, "make over the coffee now and put an extra spoonful yet in and use the big pot—the little one is yet so soon full. You towners," she explained to the young ladies, "likes your coffee so strong that way. Well, I like it when it tastes good, too—especially by the such cold winter weather. But," shaking her head, "not so strong like yours take it. Yes, it makes me a difference, too, if my wittles don't suit me. Now here one day," she related as she placed a white crusted pie on either end of the table, "we had a boarder here fur a week from out west, and she said how they fried their sauerkraut. Well, I says, that would be a big surprise to me to eat fried sauerkraut yet! Eunice," she again called, "take watch once when the meat car comes; Doc—Pete—he says he'd now like steak once."

"You are very indulgent to your farmand," remarked Georgiana as Peter at that moment walked into the room and sat down in a huge painted rocking chair directly in front of the settee.

"Och, Doc," warned Mrs. Morningstar, "that chair 'll fall together if you set on it before Mister makes it new rockers at."

Pete removed himself to the edge of the settee beside Miss Ellery, who, with apparent willingness, made room for him by drawing away the skirt of her remarkably pretty pink summer gown. Kinross liked her taste in dress; her costumes were simple to the point of distinction and, he thought, exactly suited her style of beauty.

"I guess you think such a old chair would as soon be thrown on the wood pile," said Mrs. Morningstar, "but I'm used to it some thirty years, and I'd have homesick fur it if it went."

"By the way, Mrs. Morningstar," said Daisy plaintively, "would you mind having the porch chairs moved to the

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Read down	Read up
A.M. 6.45	P.M. 9.40
6.55 3.00 Lv. Walkerton	Ar. 9.40 12.55
7.06 3.23 " Maple Hill "	" 9.27 12.43
7.14 3.33 " Hanover "	" 9.19 12.34
7.28 3.52 " Allan Park "	" 9.11 12.26
7.38 4.03 " Durham "	" 8.57 12.13
7.50 4.17 " McWilliams "	" 8.47 12.02
8.00 4.30 " Priceville "	" 8.35 11.50
	8.00 4.30 " Saugon Jct. "

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