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DURHAM

STOCK ALWAYS ON HAND

JUNE

is the month for

WEDDINGS

Cut Glass AND Fancy China

are always acceptable presents. We have a large assortment at prices cheaper than elsewhere.

ICE CREAM and all kinds of Fountain and Soft Drinks in our Ice Cream Parlor. Store open 7.30 a.m. to 10 p.m.

The CENTRAL Drug Store

Calder Block - Durham

DURHAM PLANING MILLS

The undersigned begs to announce to residents of Durham and surrounding country, that he has his Planning Mill and Factory completed and is prepared to take orders for

SASH, DOORS and all kinds of **House Fittings**

Also a limited amount of iron work and machine repairs. A call solicited. Ask for quotations on your next job.

All persons owing us an account are requested to call and settle by cash or note on or before the 15th of April.

ZENUS CLARK DURHAM - ONTARIO

THE People's Mills



A small or large bag of a fine grain, white, nutritious flour, is sold as our brand. Have you ever tried it? Get your grocer to give you our kind next time and see the superior baking qualities it possesses. Better and more wholesome, because of a secret process that we put the wheat through. Don't forget.

ECLIPSE

A blend of Manitoba and Ontario wheat and is a strictly first class family flour

SOVEREIGN

Our pure Manitoba flour, made from No. 1 Manitoba wheat cannot be beat the either bakers or domestic use

PASTRY FLOUR

Is made from selected winter wheat and is a superior article for making pastry, etc.

Special Reduction on Flour in 5 and 10 Egg Lots.

Goods delivered anywhere in town.

Chopping Done Every Day

All up-to-date flour and feed and grocers keep our flour for sale. If your grocer does not keep it come to the mill and we will use you right. Call us up by telephone No. 8.

All kinds of Grain bought at Market Price

John McGowan

THE QUEST OF KATE.

The Result of the Search in Which Rena Assisted.

By MARIAN W. WILDMAN.

He stooped and picked it up—a lace edged cobweb handkerchief, elusively fragrant and marked with a daintily embroidered "Kate."

Harper watched the couples gliding by him. "Jane—Madys—Anne," he murmured—"Dorothy—Isabel—Ruth. Now, which of the hundred I don't know is Kate? Kate?" he repeated musingly.

The music stopped with a crash, and the young lawyer mingled with the promenading throng, a frowning, preoccupied expression in his eyes. "Look at that coat of Ted Harper's, Miss Cavanaugh," drawled a glided youth to his companion. "He cares as little for clothes that fit as I!"

"For anything else, Reggie," she completed. "He's too good looking to need to care. He's like the lilies—not that he doesn't toil and spin," she added quickly. "He's worth a dozen of you lazy society boys—is Theodore Harper?"

Her voice was low, but the passing owner of the name turned suddenly and came back with outstretched hand.

"Rena! I was afraid you hadn't come. Can't I have this dance?"

"I saved it for you, Ted. And we'll talk—I know you'd rather."

"Good girl!" he replied gratefully as he escorted her to the moonlit piazza. There, with the music softened by distance, he was content. He even forgot the mystery of Kate while he and Rena laughed and chatted.

"Now that you are getting rich and famous, Teddy, you ought to marry. You're plenty old enough. I know your age to a minute."

"And I yours, my dear. I haven't forgotten being dragged to see you when you were three weeks old nor how I cried when our mothers made me kiss you."

"Poor boy! It has been a long friendship, Ted. It would have broken my heart if you had taken whittled fingers and love affairs to any other girl."

"Oh, by Jove, that reminds me—I'm in love again, Rena!"

Rena's silvery laugh was anything but credulous.

"I am honestly. Aren't you interested this time?"

"Profoundly! Who is the happy lady?"

"Her name is Kate."

"Kate what?"

"I don't know."

"Well, really, Teddy, what do you know about her?"

"This!" said Harper, laying something in her soft hand. Rena held the handkerchief up to the moonlight.

"You always were susceptible, Ted, but to fall in love with a bit of linen and lace!"

"I haven't. It's the suggestion, the atmosphere, the—the—"

"The violet perfume?" suggested Rena helpfully. "We all use it, you know."

"Rena, you're heartless! I'd counted on your help."

"Teddy, what is it you want me to do?"

"To tell me, all the Kates who may possibly have been in this jam to-night. Then I'll devote myself between briefs to narrowing the inquiry."

"Kate Simpson, Kate Ray, Kate—" "Hold on, Rena! One at a time, please."

"Very well, Kate Simpson you ought to know. You went to dancing school with her. She has dimples."

"She's not the Kate I'm after. I remember her now. Dimples in a baby are all right, but how about Kate Ray?"

"Engaged to Reggie Van Dyke. You knew that, of course."

"Of course I didn't. Who next?"

"Kate Delemater, a new girl in town, handsome, tall, black eyes, awfully clever. Shall I take you in and introduce you?"

"Thanks; I can wait. I'll have some one of the fellows get permission to take me around for a call. If she doesn't prove to be the real Kate I'll come to you, say, Friday for more clues."

"You might come in any case. I shall be wild to know. Yes, really," in reply to his protest as she arose, "I must go in now."

Harper offered a reluctant arm, and they passed from the freshness of the June night to the glare and gayety within.

The October evening was cool, and Harper found Rena by a fire of snapping hickory.

"I'm too delightfully weary to rise," she said. "I've been in the country all day. Look," with a comprehensive wave of her hand. The library was aglow with lavish masses of color—the orange and scarlet of maple, the crimson of sunae, the purple and russet of oak and beech. "This is my October carnival. I always celebrate when the autumn gets into my blood. Oh, the glory of the woods today, Teddy!" She leaned forward to lay a fagot on the coals. The seasoned wood burst into a whirl of blue and yellow flame. Harper watched her face curiously as she talked. "All summer these leaves have been quiet, contented little dreamers. Today they are new creatures, glorious. It's the transfiguration of their lives—what they have been waiting for all these tranquil weeks."

"The autumn has gone into your

blood, Rena. I hardly know you to-night."

Her thoughtfulness vanished.

"What of Kate?" she laughed.

"Oh—Kate! I'm tired of this folderol about Kate."

"Ungrateful—when I've spent my whole summer finding you Kates!"

"You have been very good. The fault is in the Kates." He took a notebook from his pocket and laid it open in her lap, leaning against the back of her chair to look over her shoulder as she ran her finger down the neat list.

"Kate Simpson—dimples; Kate Ray—engaged to Reggie Van Dyke; Kate Delemater—I hardly dare mention her, Teddy."

"You have reason to blush. You know how I abominate the bohemian girl who smokes cigarettes and is always stopping on the verge."

"Didn't you find her clever and handsome?"

"Oh, very! Who next?"

"Kate Randall. Mother suggested her. You did like her a bit, I remember."

"I liked her a great deal. She's a sensible, modest, well behaved young woman. But she's not Kate."

Rena sighed patiently.

"What was the matter with Kittle Pomeroy? There isn't a dearer, sweeter, prettier little girl in—"

"I'm not looking for a dear, sweet, pretty little girl."

"What sort of girl are you looking for, Ted?"

Harper mused in smiling silence, his eyes idly watching a trembling silver butterfly in her hair.

"I think she's tall and has dark eyes. She's well bred, but not conventional. She's honest and kind. She has brains and a sense of humor. She—" He broke off suddenly. "I have it, Rena! Find me a Kate just like you, and I surrender the handkerchief."

"And your heart?"

The light words had an unfamiliar tremor in them, like that of the butterfly's fillgree wings. Something sweet and sudden and unforeseen swept over Harper's heart. He was looking down at the leaves in her lap, and fragments of what she had said of them came back to him—"All summer contented dreamers—today new creatures—the transfiguration of their lives—what they have been waiting for all these tranquil weeks."

"Rena," he whispered, bending lower over the silver butterfly, and then as she looked up into his face with startled eyes, "I believe it is you I love!" he added simply.

"And Kate?" Her eyes smiled, though her lashes were still wet.

"Kate was an airy nothing."

"Dear, stupid boy!" Rising, she crossed the room and brought back a great Bible, which she laid on his knee, perching on the arm of his chair, she opened the volume at the pages of family record and laid a finger on one of the names.

"Katherine, daughter of James and Katherine Cavanaugh, born June —"

"Rena, is it you?"

"Who else? But Rena I've been from my cradle save to one person."

"And he?" jealously.

"And she"—reassuringly—"is a college friend who dislikes my poor nickname. I can show you dozens of letters from her addressed to Miss Kate Cavanaugh. The only other proof I could have offered—her gift to me last Christmas—I unfortunately lost."

"At a ball?"

"At a charity ball last June."

"I don't believe you're my Kate, after all. I told you my Kate was honest and kind."

"And had a sense of humor. Teddy, do you regret the prosaic end of your romance?"

"Prosaic?"

"Do you?" she insisted.

"I should be an ungrateful fool if I did."

"Then forgive your Cinderella and give back her glass slipper, dear prince!"

From the pocket nearest his heart Theodore drew a crumpled bit of linen and lace still faintly fragrant. He laid it in her hand, and his own fingers closed over it.

The Widow's View of It.

Briggins in wily ones—No, I shall never marry. I loved a girl once and she made a fool of me. The Widow (disappointed of her prey)—What a lasting impression she seems to have made!—Illustrated Bits.

Pleasant Rehearsal.

Fair Amateur—The curtain will rise in a few minutes. Are you quite sure you know your words? Hero—Yes; all except the part where I kiss you. We'd better rehearse that again.

No man is really beaten until he beats himself admits it.

No Superstition.

First Roommate (uneasily)—Say, do you believe in spirit noises? I declare there is a sound in this room like a watch.

His Comrade (sleepily)—That's nothing. It's probably only the bed tickler.—Baltimore American.

The C. O. F. will celebrate Decoration Day on July 24th next, by a memorial service at the cemetery which will be conducted by Rev. Dr. Farquharson. The Band will also be in attendance. A full attendance of the brethren is hoped for, and they are also requested to meet at the lodge room at 1.30 p.m.

Handy in the house as a clock. Davis' Menthol Salve cures quickly a great many of the simple ailments such as cuts, skin injuries, insect bites, and stings. 25c a tin at druggists.

MOVING SALE

In Order to Reduce Our Stock as Much as Possible

We have decided to offer our entire stock of Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, hats, Caps, Clothing, etc., at such prices as will warrant a quick sale. Note the following prices:—



DRY GOODS

- Lustres, worth 25c to 30c, for.....20c
- Lustres, worth 40c, for.....30c
- Poplins, worth 50c, for.....40c
- Striped Satin Cloths, worth 60c, for.....45c
- Plain Cloths, worth 50c, for.....40c
- Serges, worth \$1.15 for.....89c
- Serges, worth 50c, for.....40c
- Diagonal Serges, worth 80c. for.....65c
- Diagonal Serges, worth \$1, for.....75c
- Diagonal Serges, worth 1.15.....85c
- Broadcloths, worth 1.65, for.....1.30
- Broadcloths, worth 1.50, for.....1.25

All other Dry Goods at Same Reductions These Are No Old Goods, But All New

Boots and Shoes

- Men's and Womens' Boots, worth 5.00, for.....\$4.00
- Men's and Womens' Boots, worth 4.50, for..... 3.75
- Men's and Womens' Boots, worth 4.00, for..... 3.25
- Men's and Womens' Boots, worth 3.00, for..... 2.35



ALL CLOTHING WILL BE SOLD AT COST

Hats and Caps

SELLING AT BELOW COST Further Bargains Will be Noted later

Don't miss this opportunity as this is a bona-fide sale, and we stand behind this announcement and guarantee our goods.

C. L. GRANT

Calder Block :: :: Durham

Mrs. (Rev.) Newton left Monday morning. She intends visiting in Cleveland, Detroit, Alpena and Guelph before going to Toronto, where she will spend the winter. In the early spring she will leave for Hartney, Man., to join Mr. Newton, who is stationed there

BORN
CLEMAS.—In London, on June 27, to Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Clemas, a daughter.

DIED.
WATSON.—At Priceville, on Thursday, July 7th, Wm. Watson, aged 57 years, 9 months.

For Sale
THE PEEL RESIDENCE ON LAMBton Street. Apply to G. H. Stinson, Durham. 714tf

A SOW AND LITETR OF SEVEN pigs, about a week old. Apply to Adam Watson. 714tf

Teachers Wanted
Qualified teacher for S.S. No. 5, Glenelg, Apply, stating salary, experience, if any, qualifications, enclosing testimonials. Duties to begin August 15th. Applications received to July 23rd.
R. T. EDWARDS, Secy-Treas., Ebdorale.

For S.S. No. 11, Bertinck, Hutton Hill school. Experienced preferred. Duties to commence after holidays. Apply, stating salary, qualifications, etc., to Chas. Lawrence, CHAS. LAWRENCE,

Tenders Wanted
TENDERS will be received up to Monday, July 25th, 1910, for the erection of the sidewalks on the west side of Main Street, between Sharpe's Hardware Store and the livery stable, and also for the erection of a cement arch across the said street at the place heretofore mentioned. Plans and specifications may be seen at C. Drumm's Hardware Store.
—Police Village of Holstein, C. Drumm, Secy

MARKET REPORT

DURHAM, JULY 14, 1910

Fall Wheat.....	85 to 85
Spring Wheat.....	85 to 85
Oats.....	30 to 32
Peas.....	45 to 45
Barley.....	45 to 48
Hay.....	10 00 to 12 00
Butter.....	18 to 18
Eggs.....	17 to 17
Potatoes, per bag.....	50 to 50
Flour, per cwt.....	2 00 to 2 75
Oatmeal, per sack.....	2 40 to 2 50
Chop, per cwt.....	1 25 to 1 25
Live Hogs, per cwt.....	8 85 to 8 85
Hides, per lb.....	8 to 8
Sheepskins.....	40 to 40
Wool.....	18 to 18
Tallow.....	5 to 5
Lard.....	12 to 17
Turkeys.....	13 to 14
Geese.....	10 to 11
Ducks.....	10 to 11
Chickens.....	10 to 11