

**Bakery**  
Bakery Goods  
**OYSTERS**  
and, we are fully stocked with a large selection at close prices.

groceries, Cook-ways on Hand

CONFECTIONER AND GROCER... Durham

**Spring Sale**  
Stock-taking Sale of The Bargains

of Felt Shoes, all sizes, in, and we are cutting the surprise to the whole town

ay, January 21st for Three Weeks

of the many lines that we

pair Misses' Kid Bluch- 1.00  
pair Men's All Felt, with rubber over, reg. \$3.25, for 2.59  
pair Men's Goodyear 2.50  
felt, felt lining, felt soles, \$4

Cal and Kid Shoes for greatly reduced prices before going elsewhere. Now is the neatly and quickly attended to.

**OR EGGS**  
**McGRATH**

**gain Sale**  
on, Friday, March 10th

ock of Dry Goods, consisting Prints, Cottons, Flannelettes, in an up-to-date Dry Goods and LESS THAN COST.

Right Prices  
Garafraza St. DURHAM

**& COOPER**  
Bakery Goods  
d Oysters.....

made Taffy. We have a all kinds of hot drinks, coffee and cocoa. Don't a good hot drink like this

at all hours

**COOPER**

RE YOU LOOKING FOR **BOOT BARGAINS**

Some broken lines in Children's, Boys', Ladies' and Men's, at greatly reduced prices to clear them over on the counter next you are in.

Custom Work and Repairing as usual at the Store

Your Plumbing, Furnace Work and Tinsmithing will be Done in a First-class and Up-to-date Manner if You Leave it to Us.  
Special prices on Eavetroughing until April 1st after which it will advance in price. Leave your order now with

**N. H. STERNALL**

**Matthews & Latimer**  
For Four  
Feed Seed  
Fresh Groceries  
New Fruit and Nuts  
Choice Confectionery  
Pure Spices and Vinegars  
No. 1 Family and Pure Manitoba Flours  
Fine Salt. Farmers Produce Wanted

**THE DURHAM FOUNDRY**  
Iron and Brass Castings and general Repairing. Feed boilers. Steam fitters supplies. Engines and Thrashers. Sash and Doors, Planning and General Wood Work.  
**C. SMITH & SONS, DURHAM, ONT.**

**PATENTS**  
60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE  
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**MUNN & CO.**  
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

**W. D. CONNOR**  
Manufacturer of A & D Dealer in  
**Pumps of all kinds.**  
Galvanized and Iron Piping; Brass, Brass Lined and Iron Cylinders.  
Pumps from \$2 upward.  
SHOP open every afternoon  
ALL REPAIRING promptly and properly attended to.

**Just to Hand**

Three styles of Ladies' Black Satene Underskirts at \$1 each.

Clean Bleached and Unbleached Sheeting and Pillow Cottons. Genuine Russia Coach Fancy Toweling.

White, Black and Scarlet 4 ply Yarn.

Some nice Wrapperettes at 9c per yard.

Two Ladies' Fur Coats, were \$37.50, to clear out at \$25.00.

Some Ruffs at equally low prices.

Bias Filled Corsets always in stock.

**C. L. GRANT**  
ARE YOU GOING WEST THIS SPRING? If so, there are abundant opportunities to do so, via Grand Trunk Railway System to Chicago and thence connecting Lines. Low rates every day to Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Exceedingly low rates each Tuesday, March 14th to April 25th inclusive, to principal points in Saskatchewan and Alberta, including points on Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. Reduced rates for one-way tickets. March 10th to April 10th inclusive to Vancouver B.C., Spokane Wash., Seattle, Wash., Portland, Ore., San Francisco, Cal., Los Angeles, Cal., Mexico City etc. Before deciding on your trip, consult any Grand Trunk Agent, or address A.B. Duff, District Passenger Agent, Toronto, Ont.

**BEARING DOWN PAINS**  
What woman at sometime or other does not experience those dreadful bearing down pains. Mrs. E. Griffith, of Main street, Hepworth Ont., says: "A heavy bearing down pain had settled across my back and sides. I was often unable to stoop or straighten myself up. Many times each night I would have to leave my bed with the irregular and frequent secretions of the kidneys, and just as done out in the morning as on retiring. I was languid and would have to let my housework stand. Nothing I had tried would benefit me. I learned of Booth's Kidney Pills and concluded I would try them and soon found the long-sought relief. My back strengthened and I began to feel better and stronger. I now enjoy my sleep without being disturbed and feel grateful to Booth's Kidney Pills for what they did for me." Booth's Kidney Pills are a boon to women. She would know less of backaches if she took more of these wonderful pills. They are nature's greatest specific for all diseases of the kidneys and bladder. All druggists, 50c. box, or postpaid from The R.T. Booth Co., Limited, Fort Erie, Ont. Sold and guaranteed by Macfarlane & Co.

**Booth's Kidney Pills**

**DEPARTMENT OF THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL OF ONTARIO**  
**Registration of Births and Deaths**  
The attention of the Municipal Clerks and Medical Practitioners throughout the Province is called to the defective returns of Births and Deaths, which are being sent in to the Registrar-General.  
It is the intention of the Registrar-General to commence a series of Prosecutions with a view to remedying the following breaches of the Vital Statistics Act.  
1. In regard to births. These must be registered by the parents within 30 days.  
They must also be reported forthwith by the Medical Practitioner in attendance.  
Any violation of the above must be promptly reported by the Division Registrar to the Registrar-General.  
2. In regard to Deaths. The cause of death must be fully stated as required by the schedule, either by the Medical Practitioner last in attendance or in case of no Physician being present by the Coroner who viewed the body or held an inquest.  
All other information regarding the deceased shall be fully given by the occupant of the house in which the death occurred.  
3. On the first days of January, April, July and October the quarterly returns must be promptly made by the Division Registrar to the Department, otherwise the County Crown Attorney will be notified to take summary proceedings.  
For a breach of this latter requirement a Municipal Clerk was recently fined the sum of fifty dollars and costs.  
**J. W. McCULLOUGH,**  
Deputy Registrar-General.  
Toronto.  
Dated at Holstein.  
This 17th March, 1911.  
**DAVID ALLAN,**  
Division Registrar.

**THE RED YEAR**

Continued from page 6  
rived at the left bank. Then he took an oar and Mayne and Chumru tackled the other. The three men pulled manfully afloat the stream. They could not tell what progress they were making, and the Ganges ran swiftly in mid-channel, being five times as wide as the Thames at London Bridge. Yet they toiled on with desperate energy. They had crossed the swirl of deep water when a low, straight-edged barrier appeared on the starboard side, and, before they could attempt to avert the calamity, the budgerow crashed against a pontoon and drove its bows under the superstructure. It was locked there so firmly that a score of men had to labor for hours next day ere it could be cleared away. Nevertheless, that which they regarded as a misfortune was a blessing. The shock of the collision alarmed the horses and one of them climbed like a cat on to the bridge. Frank sprang after him and caught the reins before the startled creature could break away. And that which one horse could do might be done by seven. Bidding Chumru arrange some planks to give the others better foothold, he told Winifred and Mayne to join him and help in holding the animals as they gained the roadway. A couple of natives who ran up from the Lucknow side were peremptorily ordered to stand. Indeed, they were harmless coolies and soon they offered to assist for the deadly work in Cawnpore that night was scarcely known to them as yet. In a couple of minutes the fugitives were mounted, each of the men leading a spare horse, and advancing at a steady trot; though the bridge swayed and creaked a good deal under this forbidden pace, they soon found by the upward grade that they were crossing the sloping mud bank leading to the actual highway.

Thirty-five miles of excellent road now separated them from Lucknow. The hour was not late, about half past ten, so they had fully six hours of starlit obscurity in which to travel, because, though the month was June, India is not favored with the prolonged twilight of dawn and eve familiar to other latitudes.  
They clattered through the outlying bazaar without disturbing a soul. Probably every man woman and child able to walk was adding to the din in the great city beyond the river. A horse cart drawn across the road caused a momentary halt, and a herd of untended buffaloes lying patiently near their byre told the story of the excitement that had drawn their keeper across the bridge.  
Soon they were in the open, and a fast canon became permissible. They passed by many a temple devoted to Kali or elephant-headed Buddha, by many a sacred mosque or tomb of Mohammedan saint, by many a holy tree decorated with ribbons in honor of its tutelary deity. Now they were flying between lanes of sugar-cane or tall castor-oil plants, now traversing arid spaces where the efflorescent salt of the earth, had killed all vegetation and reduced a once fertile land to a desert.  
Five miles from Cawnpore they swept through the hamlet of Mungulwar. They saw no one, and no one seemed to see them, though it is hard to say in India what eyes may not be peering through wattle screen or heavy barred door. In the larger village of Onao they met a group of chowkidars, or watchmen, in the main street. These men saluted them, and the three men saluted in return. It was probably on account of the stir created by the horses. Without drawing rein, they pushed on to Buseerungne, crossing the river Sai, and neared the village of Bunnee.

If only men could read the future, how Malcolm's soldierly spirit would have kindled as Mayne told him the names of those squalid communities! Each yard of that road was destined to be sprinkled with British blood, while its ditches would be choked with the bodies of mutineers. But these things were behind the veil, and the one dominant thought possessing Malcolm now was that unless Winifred and her uncle obtained food of some sort they must fall from their saddles with sheer exhaustion. He and his servant had made a substantial meal early in the evening, but the others had eaten nothing owing to the alarm and confusion that reigned at Bithoor.  
Winifred, indeed, in response to a question, said faintly that she thought she could keep going if she had a drink of milk. Such an admission, coming from her brave lips, warned Malcolm that he must call a halt regard- less of loss of time. Assuredly, this was an occasion when the sacrifice of a few minutes might avoid the grave risk of a breakdown after day-break. So when they entered Bunnee they pulled up, and discussed ways and means of getting something to eat.  
It was then that Malcolm gave evidence that his devotion to the soldier's art had not been practised in vain. Mr. Mayne thought they should rouse the household at the first reputable looking dwelling they found.  
"No," said Frank. "Mounted, and in motion, we have some chance of escape unless we fall in with hostile cavalry. On foot, we are at the mercy of any prowling rascals who may be on the warpath. Let us rather look out for a place somewhat removed from the main road. There we do not court observation, and we are sufficiently well armed to protect ourselves from any hostile move on the part of those we summon."

The older man agreed. Rank and wealth count for little in the great crises of life. Here was a Judicial Commissioner of Oudh a fugitive in his own province, and ready to obey a subaltern's slightest wish!  
Chumru quickly picked out the house of a zemindar, or land-owner, which stood in its own walled enclosure behind a clump of trees. A rough track led to the gate, and Frank knocked loudly on an iron-studded door.  
He used the butt end of a revolver, so his rattar was imperative enough, but the garden might have been a graveyard for all the notice that was taken by the inhabitants. He knocked again, with equal vehemence and with the same result. But he knew his zemindar, and after waiting a reasonable interval he said clearly: "Unless the door is opened at once it will be forced. I am an officer of the Company, and I demand an entry."  
"Coming, sahib," said an anxious voice. "We knew not who knocked and there are many budmashes about these nights."  
The door yielded to the withdrawal of bolts, but it was still held on a chain. A man peeped out, satisfied himself that there really were sahiblog waiting at his gate, and then unfastened the chain, with apologies for his forgetfulness. Three men servants, armed with lathis, long sticks with heavy iron ferrules at both ends, stood behind him, and they all appeared to be exceedingly relieved when they heard that their midnight visitors only asked for water, milk, ghee, and chapatties, on the score that they were belated and had no food.  
The zemindar civilly invited them to enter, but Frank as civilly declined, fearing that the smallness of their number, the absence of a retinue, and the cavalry accoutrements of the horses, might arouse comment, if not suspicion.  
Happily the owner of the house recognized Mr. Mayne, and then he bestirred himself. All they sought for, and provided, was brought. In native dwellings at that date—and, this being a Mohammedan family, some excellent cooked meat was added to the feast. Before long Winifred was able to smile and say that she had not been so disgracefully hungry since she left school.

The zemindar courteously insisted that they should taste some mangoes on which he prided himself, and he also staged a quantity of litchis, a delicious fruit, closely resembling a plover's egg in appearance, peculiar to India. Nor were the horses forgotten. They were the nature of the cavalcade had been recognized, there was no change in the man's hospitable demeanor.  
Not for an instant did Frank's watchful attitude relax. While Mr. Mayne and the zemindar discoursed on the disturbed state of the country he snatched the opportunity to exchange a few tender words with Winifred. But his eyes and his ears were alert, and he was the first to hear the advent of a large body of horses along the main road.  
He stood up instantly, blew out a lantern which was placed on the ground for the benefit of himself and the others, and said quietly: "A regiment of cavalry is approaching. We do not wish to be seen by them. Let no man stir or show a light until they have gone."  
He had the military trick of putting an emphatic order in the fewest and simplest words. A threat was out of the question, after the manner in which the party had been received, but it is likely that each native present felt that his life would not be of great value if he attempted to draw the attention of Europeans at the door of that secluded zemindar.

The tramp of horses' feet and the jingle of arms and trappings could now be distinguished plainly. At first Winifred feared that they were troops sent in pursuit of them by the Nana, and she whispered the question: "Are they from Cawnpore, Frank?"  
"No," he answered, placing a reassuring hand on her shoulder. "I cannot see them, but their horses are walking, so they cannot have come our way. They are cavalry advancing from the direction of Lucknow."  
"Perhaps they are marching to the relief of Cawnpore?"  
"Let us hope so. But we must not risk being seen."  
"Your words are despondent, dear. Do you think the whole native army is against us?"  
"I scarcely know what to think, sweetheart. Things look black in so many directions. Once we are in Lucknow, and able to hear what has really happened elsewhere, we shall be better able to judge."

The ghostly squadrons clanked past, unseen and unseeing. When the road was quiet again Winifred and her small bodyguard remounted, and the zemindar was so Mr. Mayne gave his servants some money. It may be that this Mohammedan gentleman wondered if he had acted rightly when the emissaries of the Nana scoured the country next day for news of the missahib and two sahibs who rode towards Lucknow in the small hours of the morning. Being a wise man he held his peace. He had cast his bread upon the waters, and did not regret it, though he little reckoned on the return it would make after many days.

Reinvigorated by the excellent meal, the travellers found that their horses had benefited as greatly as they themselves by the food and brief rest.  
They had no more adventures on the way. Winifred did not object to riding astride while it was dark, but she did not like the experience in broad daylight, and when they met an Eurasian in a tilka-garry, or hired conveyance, in the environs of Lucknow, he was almost as delighted to secure the vehicle as to learn that the city, though disturbed, was "quite safe from mutiny."

That was the man's phrase, and it was eloquent of faith in the genius of Henry Lawrence.  
"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they were only escaped by a detachment of rebel cavalry by the merest fluke three hours earlier.  
They were standing opposite the gate of a great walled enclosure known as the Alumbagh, a summer retreat built by an old nawab for a favorite wife. And that was in June! In six short months Havelock would be lying there in his grave, and men would be talking from pole to pole of the wondrous things done at Lucknow, both by those who held it and those who twice relieved it.  
"Quite safe!"  
It was high time men ceased to use that phrase in India.

**SATURDAY NIGHT SERMONS**

**REV. SAMUEL W. PURVIS, D.D.**  
BY  
**THE ANIMAL IN US.**  
Text, "I was as a beast before thee."—Ps. lxxiii, 22.

Here science and religion agree. Of all the animals man came last. Of course when you run back over his genealogical line you are likely to find some mighty poor strains. For all I know in the list somewhere you may strike the wolf, the tiger or the ape. But earlier than wolf, tiger or ape, earlier than fire, mist or protoplasmic jelly, you'll find the first ancestor of the race—God. Man is not a degraded animal, but a degraded spirit. He is not body born of beast, but soul sprung of spirit. He has a body; he is a soul. Between him and the animal there's an immeasurable space. Between animal instinct and human intelligence, with its written language, science, art and invention, there's an impassable gulf. Nevertheless the Psalmist says, "I was as a beast before thee." Compared to God, right. Very superficial observation convinces that many human beings have animal-like traits. It will not do to say that animals have human-like traits, because animals were created first. You wouldn't say a father had a son's traits. The priority would be wrong. Each of the twelve passions seems to have its prototype in some animal. Remember the puzzle pictures of childhood? The head of a cat could be placed on the shoulders of a woman, the head of a monkey on a boy. How we shrieked with delight! Our grandfathers nodded their wise heads. Queer monstrosities resulted. But there you have us—the man and the animal.

**The Likeness of a Beast.**  
The medical journals tell of strange prenatal impressions stamping animal resemblance on human face. Fortunately it's rare. But think of the possibility it suggests. What if our animal-like sins could work out on us such actual grotesque and monstrous transformations? How do we describe each other? Sly as a fox, eats like a pig, treacherous as a snake, stubborn as a mule, surly as a bear, mischievous as a monkey. When a wolf falls wounded he is pounced upon and rended to pieces by his fellows. I've known when a woman fell through weakness those of her own sex to turn and tear her to pieces. Ever read Hawthorne's "Roderick Elmore" carrying in his bosom an enormous green reptile? Doesn't Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and Poe's "William Wilson" seem startlingly familiar? You almost exclaim, like the disciples, "Lord, it is I!" Character and habit do leave their lines on the face. I've seen a pugilist resemble a bulldog, a certain barrister a fox. Gluttony and drunkenness will leave a swinish face, passion and idleness a brazen, feline face, guile and malice the serpent's features—the likeness of God giving way to the likeness of the brute.

**Feed or Fight the Animal?**  
In America we see the humiliating spectacle of a great, cultured, bright witted people spending many times more to feed the animal than the intellectual and spiritual. Cost of living high? Ask the digestive tablet and patent medicine man about it. "They stuff like pigs." That's flattering. Have you any idea of the volume of traffic in the Tenderloin districts? Ever hear the national drink bill? They're something fierce! We're feeding the animal. And the animal responds, as animals always do when fed on human flesh—becomes a man eater! But the problem's also individual. Within us is devourer and devoured. Destroyer and destroyed. Man is a tamer of wild beasts. To trim claws, muzzle jowls, tame, confine, domesticate, is his task. "I keep my body under," says Paul. "Why not destroy the animal, preacher? Men have tried that. Monastery walls could tell the story of faithful souls starving, whipping, torturing, cutting themselves, trying to kill out the animal. Cutting off the sore spotted hand removes only the symptom. The poison's still running in the blood. Redemption, not destruction, of erring faculties is best. Scripture tells that "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, the leopard shall lie down with the kid; the calf and the young lion and the fatling together." May not human animal faculties be also harmonized? "Bringing every (wild) thought into captivity, unto obedience of Christ."

**More Human Than Animal?**  
We are classified as in the animal kingdom. The evolutionist claims we are a composite animal, like the "composite photographs," wherein the outlines of many different faces are superimposed so that features and expressions of each are common to all, while the individual faces are lost. In unguarded moments I've seen the beast slip out—a loving man do a hateful thing, a generous man a selfish act, a truthful man smart under his own lie. As animal he is not equal to jungle creature; as man he is superior. His motor outstrips horse. His telescope sees thirty million suns; the eagle one. With duller ear than deer, he hears whispers thousand miles away. He outspins the spider, outdams the beaver, outtunnels the gopher. Lacking instinct of homing pigeon, he feels the call of a country whose shore he has never trod. Like the robin in bleak March, with no sign of bud or leaf, he sings of the evidence of things not yet seen.

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538 ACRES near Proton Station on Saugueney Junction, fine brick residence, splendid barns, splendid soil, good water, orchard &c. Will sell less than \$25 an acre. A bargain surely.  
A HARDWARE and Tinsmith Business, Grey County, post office in connection. Less than \$10,000 will buy 40 acres of land, store and dwelling, barn, other frame dwelling and \$4,000 stock.  
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No man who does business with H. H. Miller is ever satisfied to go elsewhere. Our methods seem to please.  
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2 yds. long, 27 in. wide, 25c pair  
2 1/2 yds. long, 30 in. wide, 50c pair  
3 yds. long, 30 in. wide, 70c pair  
3 1/2 yds. long, 30 in. wide, 90c pair  
3 1/2 yds. long, 60 in. wide, \$1 pair  
Large White Counterpane.....  
" " " " " \$1.40 each  
Best Quality, large 11-4, Flannellette Blankets..... \$1.50 pair  
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Axminster Rugs, 27 by 54..... \$2.00 each  
Floor Oilcloth, 1 and 2 yards wide..... 30c square yard  
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A. wool Fawnina Dress Goods 42 in. wide in black, navy, grey, (a snap)..... 50c yard  
See our Dress Goods at 25c and 50c yard. They cannot be beat.  
New Prints and Gingham  
**CALL AND SEE US**  
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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 1/2 Manitoba and 1/2 Ontario wheat and is a strictly first class family flour  
**SOVEREIGN**  
Our pure Manitoba flour, made from No. 1 Manitoba wheat cannot be beat or other 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 Bag 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.

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FLOUR  
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