

# Go to E. A. ROWE'S for Oysters Oyster Stews, Fried Oysters Lunches, Etc.

Also Christie Brown's PLUM PUDDING for sale for Christmas Dinner. We have a large assortment of Candy and Bon Bons for the Christmas Trade.

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**E. A. ROWE** : Confectioner and Grocer

## Great Mid-Winter Clean Up McGrath's Shoe Announcement

Here's a chance worth taking advantage of. Never in the history of Durham has there been such a shoe offer as we are giving in the next two weeks.

### WONDER HOW WE DO IT

Well, we have a \$3,000 stock of all kinds of footwear that we must have cleared out in the next two weeks, and in order to do so we will almost have to give it away.

### TWO WEEKS SALE

Buy now, as you will never get such an offer again.

#### LADIES' AND GENT'S HOCKEY SHOES

- 20 pair of ladies' celebrated Mik-Mak Hockey Shoes in black calf \$2.50 for **\$1.75.**
- 24 pair of men's Mik-Mak Hockey Shoes in black and tan calf. \$3.50 for **\$2.75.**
- 12 pair of boys' Mik-Mak Hockey Shoes \$2.50, for **\$1.75.**
- 12 pair boys' Hockey Shoes, black and tan trimmings, regular \$2.25 for **1.50.**
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- Ladies' Fur-trimmed Felt Slippers \$1.25 for **75c.**
- Ladies' All-Felt Slippers 75c. for **35c.**
- Ladies' Carpet Slippers 65c. for **35c.**
- Ladies' Leather-fox Felt Shoes \$2.25 for **1.35.**
- Ladies' Patent Button Shoes, high heel, short vamp, regular \$4.00 for **3.40.**
- Ladies' Gun Metal Calf Button Shoes, high heel, Goodyear welt, short vamp, \$4.00 for **3.50.**
- Ladies' K id in button and blucher style. \$3.50 for **2.75.**
- Men's Felt Blucher \$3.00, for **2.15.**
- Leather-fox Felt Blucher \$3.75, for **2.75.**
- Leather-fox Felt Blucher \$2.75, for **2.00.**
- Patent Colt Blucher in laced and button, \$5.00, for **4.15.**
- Box Calf Blucher \$4.50, for **3.75.**
- Gun Metal Calf Blucher \$5.00, for **4.00.**

**RUBBER FOOTWEAR.**—We have a full stock of all kinds of Rubbers on hand for Ladies, Men, Boys, Misses and Children at the lowest prices in town.

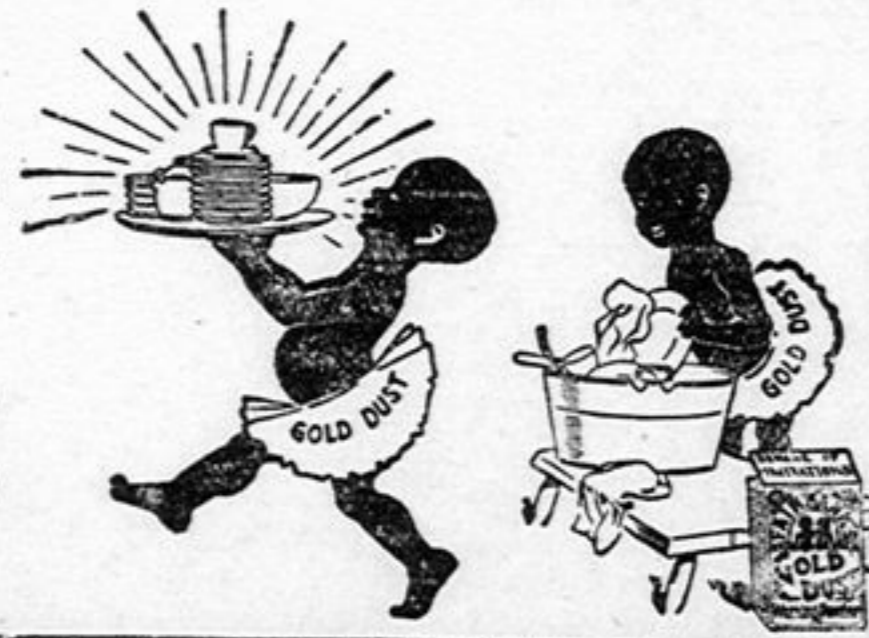
### TERMS—CASH.

Come to the **THOS. McGRATH** Near the Big Shoe Store Bridge

## You wash dishes about two hours every day. That's one hour wasted!

Dishes get dirty, greasy and sticky, and soap will not clean them. Soapy dish water merely cleans the surface; it doesn't dig out the corners and drive out the decayed food particles. Moreover, soap leaves your dishes with a soapy, animal fat smell that is far from inviting. **GOLD DUST** is the sanitary dish washer. It not only cleans the surface, but digs deep after hidden particles of dirt and kills the germs of decayed food which ordinary dish-water overlooks. **GOLD DUST** sterilizes, as well as cleanses.

Besides doing the work better than soap or any other cleanser can, **GOLD DUST** will save just half the time you spend in washing dishes. "Let the **GOLD DUST** Twins do your work."



Made by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY Makers of FAIRY SOAP, the oval cake.



**IT'S COMING**  
What's coming? Why Seedtime, then the Harvest but the Harvest depends very largely on the quality of the Seeds you sow. Our Catalogue for 1912 is bigger and better than ever. Tells you all about over 1,500 kinds of Field Roots, Grains, Vegetables, and Flower Seeds, Small Fruits, Flowering Shrubs, Plants, Implements, etc. If you cut this out sending it to us with your name and Post Office Address our Catalogue will be sent you and a present with it. Do it to-day. ADDRESS, **Darch & Hunter Seed Co., Limited, Dept. 32 London, Ont.**

## THE SECRET of PAUL FARLEY

Continued from page 6.

He said it jestingly, with no other design or motive than to rally his desponding friend, but Paul, watching him over the grass, knew that the gist of his innocent remark was the essence of truth, soon to be an embodied fact, and he groaned aloud in his impotence to do aught save wait on events.

He looked up at the firmament, and as he did so a star shot across it and appeared to drop into the misty swamp of the marshes. Presently another followed suit, and then another in quick succession. He sat watching the sky and musing, when suddenly the phenomena presented a simple soothing suggestion, a way to settle a point that had teased him for the last ten minutes.

"If I see another shooting star before Felix returns I'll take it as a good omen, and tell him now to-night without troubling to think the matter out first. If not I'll keep it to myself."

Felix touched him before he was aware of his approach. The phenomena had not had time to repeat itself, and the few spare stars in the dark heavens twinkled palely as if assuring him the yhad no intention of falling from their high estate.

"You've been quick," he said. "I meant to be," Felix rejoined briskly. "Get up, that vapory moisture hovering above the marshland will wet you to the skin in no time."

He rose somewhat stiffly, and swayed as if he were not quite sober. "I don't think there's much amiss with you beyond a touch of vertigo," Felix said in a casual way, helping with his coat, "but, I say, my dear fellow, if ever you are in any trouble, if ever you should need any sort of help—I don't care whether it is pecuniary or otherwise—or any advice, where an older man can trot out his experience for the benefit of the younger, you know where to look for a staunch friend who'll be proud and gratified to do his level best for you."

"Thank you," he said huskily, "I know you would," he groped about a moment, found and wrung his hand.

"Would you like me to walk back with you?" Felix asked.

"No, thanks; I would rather be alone," he said, withdrawing his hand a trifle forcibly from the Squire's detaining clasp and turning on his heel. "Good-night, and thank you."

"Better so," he said himself, twisting a silk wrapper round his throat, "better tell Agnes first, a woman's wit—I'll think it out carefully, sleep on it, and see what sort of an aspect the wretched business wears to-morrow. The mischief take the crazy jade!"

### CHAPTER XII.

The Paragraph in the Papers  
It was eight o'clock, the breakfast hour at the Manor House.

Felix sat in his accustomed place at the foot of the table, the Morning Post propped against the silver dish cover in front of him. Four hours back they were dancing at The Larches, and now the October sunlight streamed into the parlor, putting the Squire's cheerful fire to the blush. Agnes was not yet at her post behind the cosy sofa Felix had poured out a cup of coffee, helped himself to a couple of rashers of bacon and one or two fine mushrooms. Two letters lay beside his plate, which he turned over with some curiosity, opened, and read while he ate.

The first was rather a humble, but withal a manly, honest, straightforward epistle from Dr. Hunter, asking permission to pay his addresses to Agnes. The second was an anonymous one, ill-spelt and curiously worded. It informed him that young Mr. Farley, up at the Hall, was courting a certain gent's sister, that they did their billing and cooing under the eaves of a disused mouldy summer-house, reeking with dry and damp rot, and moreover, it was possible, nightly probable, the little love-birds would chirrup there on the next evening but one.

"A droll idea that!" he muttered, as the door opened to admit Agnes. He smiled to himself, and threw a fine glance of trustful affection to wards her as she seated herself at the breakfast table.

"You're a sensible girl, Aggie, and generally able to bring things into their proper focus. Read that, and tell me your opinion of it," he said, tossing Dr. Hunter's letter into her lap.

The other, whose skulking author was hitting in the dark, and for the nonce hitting harmlessly, he smoothed out, put carefully and deliberately into its flimsy envelope, slipped it into his breast pocket, and went on with his breakfast, resuming his perusal of the leading article from where he left off at the last break.

"Hum!" he remarked, sotto voce, for no one's special benefit, "these daily records of casualties and series of mishaps, the lack of foresight and inability on our side, present the uncomfortable suggestion that the British army is degenerating into merely a home profession for our wealthier

classes."

He took a piece of toast from the rack, buttered it, turned the paper, and leaned it back again in its former position upon the cover. He beat forward, crunching the crisp, dry crust, running a keen, quick eye over the fresh page, until a paragraph containing several familiar names caught his attention and arrested further progress.

A sharp, short exclamation and a low peculiar whistle, indicative of dismay or astonishment, caused Agnes to lift a flushed face and eyelashes fringed with suspicious moisture.

"Why, Felix," she said, surprised, "how funny you look! I mean you look flabby, liverish, out of sorts."

"Caught Farley's complaint, no doubt," he said, with an uneasy laugh. "He was a bit bowled over last night, or rather this morning. By the way, Agnes, I don't think I've heard you express an opinion one way or the other about that young man. How do you like him? What do you think of him?"

"I like him very much," she said, heartily and naturally. "I took to him the first time I saw him."

"You thought him a well-behaved, clever fellow, cultivated manners, and all that sort of thing; no humbug, eh?"

"Yes, I did, and I think so now," she said, smiling.

"Did it ever strike you there was anything between him and Mrs. Wycherly?"

"Never. He has told me more than once he disliked her. If there had been I'm certain you would have known of it."

## A WOMAN'S GOOD LOOKS

Depend on her general health and freedom from pain. Many a woman looks old before her time because of those irregularities which are essentially feminine, that upset her womanly health. If she be beautiful she grows into that mellow age without wrinkles and crowfoot about the eyes or the blue circles underneath. It is invariably the rule that such women suffer little, or not at all, from womanly derangements which sap the health and leave in the face the tell-tale story of pain and suffering. Dr. R. V. Pierce, the famous specialist in the diseases of women, found a prescription in his early practice that soothed the organism peculiar to womanhood—oiled the machinery, as it were, of the human system—and helped the woman to pass those painful periods that scar-lined and aged her face. This remedy became the well-known Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, that has benefited thousands of women and saved them from misery and suffering at different periods in life.



"Mrs. HARKELY E. PIERCE, of 244 Bright Street, Sarnia, Ont., writes: 'I am now a well woman after suffering for three years and doctoring with several different doctors, each one saying it was something different, and the last one, after putting me through a thorough examination, said I was suffering from a growth, which, in time, would result in cancer, and said I would not live more than two years if not operated on to the operation as I was too weak and too much afraid, but after using two bottles of the Favorite Prescription I immediately felt a change. I also used two boxes of the Favorite Prescription and two boxes of the Healing Suppositories, and Dr. Pierce's medicines to all the suffer from any female disease; for these medicines are all they are claimed to be, and I hope will help others as they have helped me.'"

While, laying aside the paper, "that Sir Thomas wants us to dine to-night, to meet Graham—see?"

"Oh, we'll go," she said, brightening; "perhaps we shall hear something comprehensible, have some light thrown upon this mysterious engagement."

"Perhaps," he remarked, indifferently.

"Now, Felix," she said coaxingly, going round behind his chair and laying a soft, eager hand on his blond hair, "after all the protestations of regard and liking I've listened to, you're surely not going to desert that poor boy in his trouble? It's his first false step; you will help him to recover it, won't you, dear?"

"Is it a false step? Does he need assistance? You must not lose sight of the temptation, Agnes. Wealth and beauty are too powerful, all sufficient factors to enlist against poverty and hard work. However clean a man's mental and moral slate may be, the daily knowledge that he has merely to raise his little finger to possess that and much more can only serve to besmirch his whitest impressions, to steep his senses in an unwholesome fascination, and feed his lustful passions. It's not an easy matter to lift a man once he is on his knees before Mammon."

"Yes," she said, sitting on the arm of his chair and slipping a hand around his neck, "I dare say that's true enough, but Felix, dear, it does not apply in this case. By some means which I can't understand or conceive, Mr. Farley has been drawn into a silly, stupid admission which a woman like Mrs. Wycherly would know exactly how to twist into a genuine proposal without a loophole for escape."

Felix remembered his warnings on that head, and impatiently flung the paper on the table.

"Then, if he's been such an unmitigated young fool he must shake himself free as best he can. Besides, Agnes, if the fellow won't tell me of his own accord, I'm not going to take upon myself to ferret out his private affairs, why should I?"

"Because he is your friend and you are fond of him; we are both fond of him, and should be sorry enough if harm came to him, if we stood aloof and let him walk deliberately into that lioness's den without a word to hinder him."

"By Jove! he'd get nicely mauled if he wanted to retreat now," he laughed; "but perhaps he has no desire to figure as an apostate lover."

"Felix," she said, slipping over the chair's arm into his lap, "Mr. Farley had no more intention of committing himself with Rowena Wycherly than you had, I am certain of it, as sure as I shall one day lie in my grave."

He looked at her long and closely. He had never known her to be so tenaciously positive about anything in her life, and as he gazed at her sweet, winsome face a great light burst in upon him.

"Agnes," he said, taking her by the arms and sitting her straight up on his knee, facing him, "there is a reason why Farley should not of his own free will have sought Mrs. Wycherly, and you know it. Will you tell me the reason? Agnes, is there anything, however slight, between you and Paul?"

"Nothing," she said, with a straight open honest glance; "we are only friends—real good comfortable friends, nothing more. Felix, if you could strip both our hearts bare and look in and through them, you would find nothing there but what you could approve and sanction. Why, I would rather wed Jack Hunter than Paul Farley, and that's saying a good deal."

"Then what is the cause of your implicit faith in Farley? How is it you are so sure of his motives, so sure that his tone of mind is properly set in a moral, orthodox direction?"

"It's because I'm a woman," she said, leaning towards him with a caressing smile, "and endowed with a woman's unerring instinct. I don't believe I've ever yet asked you a real, a huge favor, Felix, but I'm going to ask one now. Will you, just for this once, trust a woman's quick wit in reading between the lines, her unerring ability to solve a riddle set by another woman, and put aside all prejudice in order to help a friend in trouble?"

"If he or anyone else were in real, unmistakable trouble I think I should be the last man to hang back or refuse help."

"He is in trouble," she exclaimed, jumping up and clasping her hands. "Oh, Felix, don't be obstinate; I am convinced that the situation is quite too serious to be trifled with."

"I'll promise you this, Agnes," he said, rising and brushing the crumbs from his waistcoat, "if Farley appeals to me for advice or help in any way, I'll give it him ungrudgingly. I can't say more than that, can I?"

"And if you saw him in any danger, I suppose you wouldn't put out a finger to help him unless he implored you on his bended knees?" she said, half laughing, half irritated.

"If I saw him tumble in the river, I'd rescue I should jump in and pull him out without waiting for a very pressing invitation from him," he returned, quizzingly, and with something.

Continued on page 8.

## Mr. Land Hunter Look Here H. H. MILLER

The Hanover Conveyancer OFFERS

325 ACRES close to Proton Station brick dwelling, fine large out-buildings windmill &c.; hay, 2 tons to acre, only \$5,500. Knocks the sunshine off Alberta bargains.

538 ACRES near Proton Station and Saugeen 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.

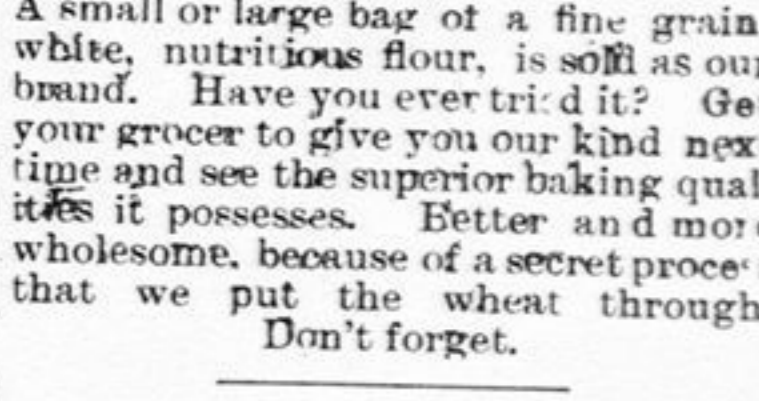
GENERAL COUNTRY STORE five miles from Durham; very cheap.

Large number of cheap farm properties Money to Lend at Low Rates. Lands bought and sold. Debts collected. All kinds of writings drawn.

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A small or large bag of a fine grain, white, nutritious flour, is soft 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

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

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

Special Reduction on Flour in 5 and 10 Bag Lots. Goods delivered anywhere in town.

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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 your right. Call us up by telephone No. 8. All kinds of Grain bought at Market Price

**John McGowan**

## MIDDAGH HOUSE FOR SALE



That valuable Hotel property in Durham—the Middagh House. A snap to quick buyer. For further particulars, apply on premises to **George Ryan, Sr., Proprietor**

## IT WAS STONE IN THE BLADDER GIN PILLS PASSED IT

"Five years ago, I was taken down with what the doctors called inflammation of the Bladder—intense pains in the back and loins, and difficulty in urinating, and the attacks, which became more frequent, amounted to unbearable agony. I became so weak that I could not walk across the floor. My wife read in the papers about GIN PILLS and sent for a box. From the very first, I felt that GIN PILLS were doing me good. The pain was relieved at once, and the attacks were less frequent.

In six weeks, the Stone in the Bladder came away. When I recall how I suffered and how now I am healthy and able to work, I cannot express myself strongly enough when I speak of what GIN PILLS have done for me". JOHN HERMAN, Hamilton, Ont. Regular size, 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50—at all dealers. You can try them free by writing for a free sample to National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Dept. A Toronto. 88