

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

CALL AND SEE US BEFORE BUYING ELSEWHERE

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.

Mr. Reader, it will pay you to read every item in this advertisement.

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.
- 12 pair misses' Black Hockey Shoes \$2.00 for 1.25.
- Ladies' Fur-trimmed Felt Slippers \$125 for 75c.
- Ladies' All-Felt Slippers 75c. for 35c.
- Ladies' Carpet Slippers 75c. 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.

If you want honest footwear here's the place to get it at about 25 per cent lower than any other dealer 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 SCAP, the oval cake.



A MINUTE'S TIME

and a two-cent stamp is all it will cost you to get our big, beautiful Catalogue of everything that is good in Seeds, Plants, Fruits, Implements, Bee Supplies, Poultry Supplies, etc.

It contains so much that is good we cannot tell you here, send for it, and judge for yourself. We have twelve big pages of the latest and best introductions, the Cream of the Whole World, and every variety is well worth twice the price we ask. Valuable Premiums also given.

You cannot afford to miss the opportunity of seeing what we have to offer you for 1912. **Darch & Hunter Seed Co., Limited,** Dept. 32 London, Ont.

THE SECRET of PAUL FARLEY

generally most sensitive, you appear utterly callous, you totally fail to see the enormity of your conduct. I've punished Farley, and if I knew how to set to work about it I would punish you."

"Punished him! How?" she asked, looking up suddenly with dry, bright, hard eyes.

"I thrashed him, if you very much want to know."

"You—thrashed—Mr. Farley!" she said with a gulp between each word.

"I thrashed him," he repeated loudly; "don't you understand me?"

"You coward! You—"

He stared at her white face, whiter than he had ever seen it. Her eyes shone almost black, and she crouched in the wicker chair as if she were about to spring upon him.

"Where is he now?" she asked in the same tense voice.

"In the shrubbery where I left him, for all I know or care."

She gave one great sob and bounded across the room. Felix walked coolly to the door and leaned his back against it.

"I am going to him," she said wildly and recklessly, rattling the door handle.

"You are not going to do anything of the kind," he said, quietly; "you will stay here until bedtime."

"Are you going to leave him there all night?" she asked, staring at him blankly.

"I leave him there? I have nothing whatever to do with it, he can go home or stay there; he can please himself."

"Felix," she said, pulling at the door.

"You know there are night and morning frosts now. If he lies there in this bitter wind it will kill him!"

"And society will be rid of an arrant rascal! Sit down, Agnes, and let's have no more of it. In trying to emulate your friends you make yourself out worse than Judith and Mrs. Wycherly together. What on earth is the matter with the fellow, that you three women should completely lose your heads, go raving mad over him? In what way is he so vastly different and superior, so pre-eminently more desirable than all other men?"

"Felix," she implored, shaking his arm frantically, "oh, Felix, don't leave him in that lonesome place all night; I would rather be there myself. I am used to the darkness and solitude of the country, and he is not. I couldn't go to bed. I couldn't sleep with him out there; the horror of it would almost kill me. I should never feel young again. Do what you like with me, but he's been punished enough. Do you hear, Felix?" she screamed, hysterically.

"Will you let me go to him? Will you let me go just to see if he is still there?"

"No, I will not," he said, resolutely.

"You shall never go near him again so long as I can prevent it. If you cannot take care of yourself I must do it for you."

"You don't know what you are doing," she said, beginning to cry in a helpless, broken-hearted fashion; "you will be sorry you did this one day."

"So Farley told me," he answered, smiling a little.

She drifted her eyes and looked at him, lolling with his back against the door. The steel blue light in his eyes, the determined set of the firm, square jaw, the compressed lips, and above all the irritating cynical smile were decided signs of unflinching obduracy, and it began to dawn on her that all pleadings, prayers, tears, and supplications would be in vain, mere puny, feathery taps upon a steep, rock-like wall of adamant.

She sank down in the basket-chair, moaning and strengthening, overcome with a terrible feeling of hopeless, helpless despair, and gazed at her powerful opponent transformed from a happy, easy-going, even-tempered, good fellow into a man of flint. For all he apparently cared about her, or Paul's, or any outside suffering he might just as well have been hewn out of a solid block of granite.

"Felix," she said, changing her tactics, "I promise you I will stay here if you will go yourself or send somebody to see if Mr. Farley has gone home."

"I've not the slightest doubt but what you would," he returned, bluntly, "but Mr. Farley's affairs neither concern me nor my household. I should have some supper and get to bed if I were you, Agnes, and forget my worries in sleep. Most young bloods have sufficient gumption to take care of themselves, and there's not much fear but that Farley has cut his eye-teeth."

"I feel as if I hated you!" she said, passionately.

"I am sorry for that," he answered gravely, "as you are the only person in the world from whom I have a right to expect some sort of affection."

"And yet you seem bent on making a breach—hark!" she said, breaking off to listen, "there's somebody at the front door!"

"In the hush that followed they heard the summons answered, and a man's voice speaking in the hall. The next moment Rose Pilgrim turned the handle, and Felix moved away from the parlor door.

To be Continued.

A BRAVE FIGHT FOR LIFE

The death of Mr. Joseph Ford of Normandy is one which has in a high degree touched the sympathies of the whole community. He was in the first place, well known and respected in the township. The fine old homestead, which catches the eye as a palatial country home, was sufficient to arouse an interest in its fortunate possessor. But "Joe" as he was familiarly addressed, was just the kind of man to fill a large place. He was full of enterprise, which kept him in the front rank of farmers, while his geniality made him hosts of friends. Hence he faced the struggle at a time when his plans were just maturing for a most successful life.

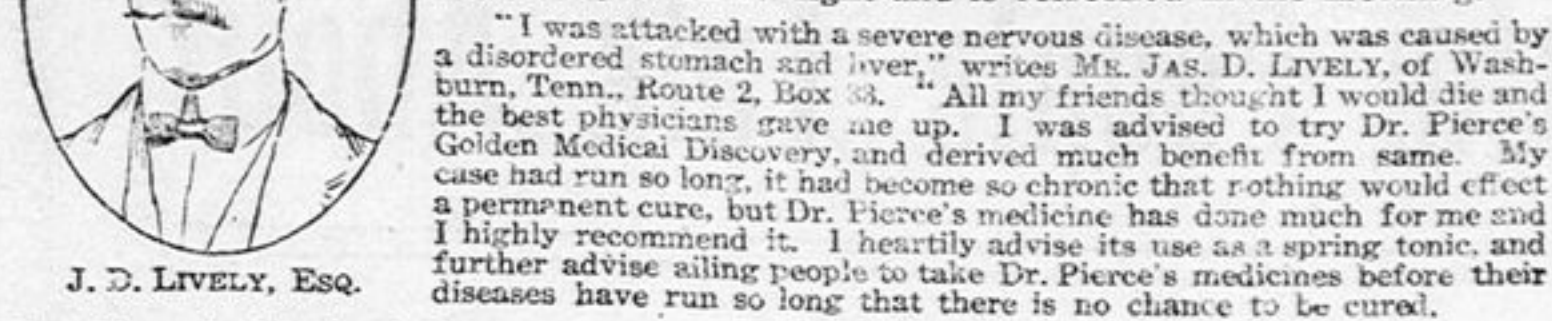
There was an inner circle in which he moved, where he played a great part. It was not his family alone, where, in no matter what relation he stood, whether husband, father, son or brother, he was worthy of the love he

Why Women Are Not Rich.

Man is a millionaire many times over in the possession of blood cells. Woman is not quite so rich, for she has proven that the normal man has five million—the woman only four and a half million to a cubic millimetre of blood.

A decrease in number of red blood corpuscles and a person "looks pale"—in fact, is anemic, the blood does not get the right food and probably the stomach is disordered.

Dr. R. V. Pierce found years ago that a glyceric extract of golden seal and Oregon grape roots, queen's root and bloodroot with black cherrybark, would help the assimilation of the food in the stomach, correct liver ills and in Nature's own way increase the red blood corpuscles. This medicine he called Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. By assimilating the food eaten the system is nourished and the blood takes on a rich red color. Nervousness is only "the cry of the starved nerves for food," and when the nerves are fed on rich red blood the person loses those irritable feelings, sleeps well at night and is refreshed in the morning.



Dr. R. V. Pierce, Medical Adviser, 50 stamps, to pay for wrapping and mailing only.

There is a man's great test is found in his house. His aged mother was spared the anguish of affection which his last sufferings would have sent to her heart. This would have been all the keener because of his long and beautiful devotion to her in her extreme old age. But she preceded him just a month into "The Perfect Life," at the age of eighty two years and six months. But five sisters and four brothers were with him in their undivided love, and all but two were present at the grave to give their last token of affection to their true brother. Nearer and dearer than all were his devoted wife and much cherished little son, Arthur, to whom he was so much attached, and it is as if the sun had gone out of their skies. Yet his memory is bright and may his prayers for them be answered.

Mr. and Mrs. John Adlam and family of Muloch visited recently at Mr. D. Adlam's.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Alexander Sunday visited with relatives in Durham.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Picken of Poplar Hill visited the latter's father Mr. Geo. Cuff recently.

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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.

533 ACRES near Proton Station and Saugeen Junction, fine brick residence splendid barn, 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 \$1,600 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.

No man who does business with H. H. Miller is ever satisfied to go elsewhere. Our methods seem to please.

"Always Prompt. - Never Negligent."

H. H. MILLER - Opposite The Reid House, Hanover.

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 for either bakers or domestic use

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

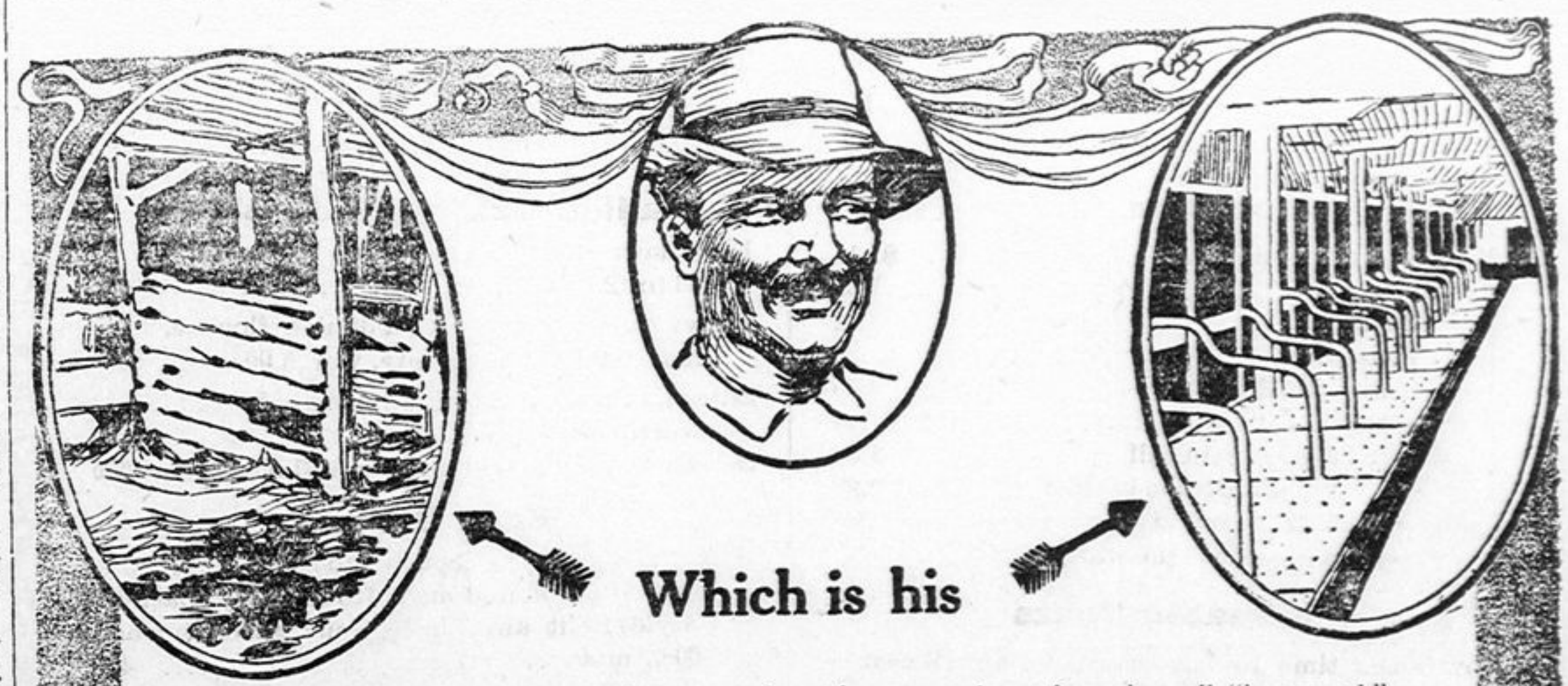
Special Reduction on Flour in 5 and 10 Bag Lots. Goods delivered anywhere in town.

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.

John McGowan



Which is his

THERE'S no mistaking the expression of a man whose farm is well "improved." He looks as prosperous as he feels. It isn't the size of a place that counts most, nor its actual dollars-and-cents value. It's rather that "well-kept" thrifty appearance; the appearance that makes you think of fat stock, and well-filled barns, and comfortable, contented living. Neat, permanent improvements go further in giving a farm this appearance than any other feature.

Concrete Is The Ideal Material

for such improvements. It is neat, harmonizing with its surroundings in the country. Everlasting, it cannot be injured by fire, frost, wind or lightning. Age—instead of causing it to decay—actually makes it stronger. Concrete never needs repair—first cost is last cost. New improvements can be added year after year with less expense than would be required to keep wooden structures in repair. Concrete walks, feeding floors, dairy-barns, ice-houses, root-cellar, well-curb, fence posts, silos—which of these does your farm need most? Whatever you want to build, it's best to build it of concrete. Do you want to know more about this subject of permanent farm improvements? Then write for your copy of

"What The Farmer Can Do With Concrete."

It's a book of 160 pages, telling how other farmers have used the "handy material" to good advantage. Published to sell at 50c a copy, it is now being offered free to all farmers who write for it. Address

Canada Cement Co., Ltd., National Bank Building, Montreal.



SEND ME YOUR BOOK.