

**THERE IS**  
absolutely  
no word to express  
the efficacy of  
**Scott's**  
**Emulsion**  
in the treatment  
of  
**COUGHS, COLDS**  
**BRONCHITIS**  
**CATARRH, GRIPPE**  
AND  
**RHEUMATISM**  
ALL DRUGGISTS

**FARMERS**  
**TAKE NOTICE**  
We handle the well known  
brands of Flour such as  
**Five Roses**  
**Chesley Good Luck**  
**Milverton Three**  
**Jewel**  
**McGowan's Eclipse**  
and **Sovereign**  
WINDSOR SALT  
BRAN  
AND SHORTS  
always kept in stock.  
Goods delivered to all parts of  
the town on short notice.

**MRS. A. BEGGS & SON**

**Central Drug Store**  
HEADQUARTERS  
for all kinds of Horse  
and Cattle Medicines in  
the right kind.  
**JANUARY**  
**STOCK-TAKING**  
**SALE**  
25 per cent. reduction  
on all Fancy Goods.  
Everything guaranteed  
as represented or money  
refunded.

**The Central Drug Store :: Durham**

**Salesman**  
**Wanted**  
Man with good connection  
to sell High Class  
Edmonton Property.  
A very liberal proposition  
to the right man.  
Write for particulars.  
**WESTERN CANADA**  
**PROPERTIES Ltd.**  
37 James St., South,  
HAMILTON, ONT.

**HONOR ROLL FOR MARCH**  
**DURHAM SCHOOL.**

H. S. DEPT.  
Form III—W. Hunt, N. Burns, V. Crawford, W. Petty, A. Ramage.  
Form II—R. Farquharson, S. Keisey, M. Findlay, B. Saunders, J. Isaac.  
Form I—M. Hutton, E. McMillan, A. Edge, E. Moody, J. Peter.  
P. S. DEPT.  
Sr. IV—N. Lenahan, M. McKechnie, A. McCrie, M. McIlraith, T. Vollet.  
Jr. IV—R. Farquharson, M. Danic, T. Levine, R. Torry, M. Hartford.  
Sr. III—E. Whitmore, R. Campbell, H. Brooks, F. Catton, H. Everett.  
Jr. III—R. Search, C. McGirr, M. Pilkey, H. Hutton, P. McKechnie.  
Sr. II—E. Browning, B. Everett, L. Smith, S. McCrae, M. Vollet.  
Jr. II—F. Nichol, H. Kress, A. Brooks, R. Snell, J. Allen.  
Sr. Pt. II—O. Milburn, J. Lawrence, C. Wiggins, E. Wright, W. Clark, A. Graham, R. Davis.  
Jr. Pt. II—E. McQueen, L. Milburn, G. Miller, W. Thompson, E. Search.  
Sr. I—B. Pilkey, I. Elvidge, G. Armstrong and P. Fluker eq., V. Bartlett and M. McKechnie eq., W. Collinson.  
Intermediate—C. McGirr, B. Storey, W. Welsh, V. Ryan.  
Jr. I—M. Ryan, R. Wall, T. Brown, I. Sharp, A. Clark.

NO. 2. BENTINCK & GLENELG.  
Sr. IV—S. McArthur.  
Jr. IV—A. McKechnie, E. Vessie.  
Jr. III—H. Hamilton, E. McLean, M. Grashy.  
Jr. II—M. McArthur, T. Middleton.  
Sr. Pt. II—V. Noble, W. Vessie.  
Jr. Pt. II—L. McLean.  
Jr. I—H. Noble.  
N. D. HEPBURN, Teacher.

NO. 10. BENTINCK.  
Sr. IV—P. McLean, H. McDougall.  
Jr. IV—J. Clark, C. Honess.  
Sr. III—C. Grierison, I. McQuarrie.  
Jr. III—M. Heslett, W. McDonald.  
Sr. II—M. Lamb, H. Caswell.  
Sr. I—A. Wilson.  
Jr. Ia—L. Clark, R. Honess, M. McQuarrie.  
Jr. Ib—R. Caswell.  
Average attendance, 19.  
H. H. WELLS, Teacher.

NO. 2. EGREMONT.  
V—M. Allan.  
Sr. IV—S. Morrison.  
Jr. IV—H. Meade, M. Meade, E. McMeeken, M. Kerr.  
III—L. Chapman, B. Woods.  
II—B. Allan, E. Woods, B. Noble, J. Kerr, A. Noble.  
I—E. Noble, I. Barbour, R. McMeeken.  
Primer—A. Noble, C. McMeeken, R. Barbour.  
A. SCOTT, Teacher.

NO. 9. GLENELG.  
Sr. IV—C. McGirr, J. Bell, E. Atkinson.  
Jr. IV—E. Patterson.  
Sr. III—M. Lindsay, M. Lindsay.  
Jr. III—E. Ritchie, L. Aljoe, L. Ritchie, J. Bell.  
II—G. Bell and A. Lindsay equal.  
W. Matthews, M. Atkinson.  
I—V. Ritchie, M. Davis, O. Bell, M. Newell, A. Ritchie.  
Primer—R. Davis.  
Average attendance, 18.  
E. SCOTT, Teacher.

NO. 8. NORMANBY.  
V—W. Anderson.  
IV—G. Ball, C. Young, I. Marshall, A. Diebel, A. Thompson.  
Sr. III—E. Sachs, C. Thompson, A. Robinson.  
Jr. III—D. Widmeyer, E. Young, C. Robinson, D. Pfeffer, O. Metzger.  
Sr. II—N. Anderson, M. Schenk, C. Schenk, H. Ball, C. Pfeffer.  
Jr. II—M. Byers, H. Young, H. Horst, A. Pfeffer, A. Diebel.  
Sr. I—A. Pfeffer.  
Average attendance, 22.  
W. S. BINNIE, Teacher.

**THE FIERY FURNACE**

With my old furnace I have tinkered through weary months of grief and groan, and I am sooted up and clinkered, my reason tatters on its throne. And so I'm glad that spring is coming with balmy winds and skies of blue, when humming birds will be a humming, and katydids their stunts will do. The furnace is a weird invention that makes men wish that they were dead; its whims, too numerous to mention, drive patient guys to painting r. d. On balmy days it earns its wages, and throws out fifty kinds of heat; but when a howling blizzard rages, it soldiers till you freeze your feet. It stores up heaps and heaps of ashes, and when you shake the blamed things down, they spoil your whiskers and moustaches, and eke your silk hat and your gown. Around my furnace I have potted and wished the man who made its grate was rounded up and neatly slaughtered, and buried in a basswood crate. And now spring harbingers are harbinging, the wintry days are almost gone; and soon my

form in flynet garbing, I'll mosey forth to mow the lawn. When I'm above my mower crouching, an old straw hat upon my brow, you'll hear me ranting round and gouching about the same as I do now.—Walt Mason.

**A WOLF AS PASSENGER**

The gray wolf is generally believed to be extinct in Michigan, but according to Dr. M. A. Leach, who tells in the Wide World Magazine his experience with an animal of the species, there was one there no longer than two years ago. The doctor was in a fishing hut on the frozen surface of Lake Michigan, fishing through the ice.

One afternoon in the midst of a fierce snowstorm, there came a sudden report, like a sharp clap of thunder. The ice was breaking! I rushed outside, but the snow was blinding, and I could not even see the shore-line. All round the thunderous reports were sounding and the ice was quivering strangely. I was frightened, but as I had no compass, there was nothing I could do but keep back to the hut and started to fry some fish. In a few moments the place was filled with a most appetising odor, which, I presume had something to do with what followed.

I heard a series of low whines outside; then something scratched at the door. I opened it, thinking that some dog, lost on the ice, had found my hut. To my surprise, however, a great unkempt animal entered and fawned about my feet. Although I had never seen a gray wolf, I knew that this was one. The animal seemed terrified beyond measure by the splitting ice and the storm, for he kept casting fearful glances at the door, and showed no sign whatever of wildness.

I could hardly put him out without endangering myself more than by letting him alone, so we spent the night quite peacefully together. The next morning I awoke to find the sun up, and the day bright and clear, and the land four or five miles west of us. All around floating cakes of ice, going the same way as ourselves in the current.

The wolf and I went out into the sunshine; and now the animal grew sulky, and no longer welcomed my approaches. Two hours later I caught a glimpse of a dot moving among the ice-cakes, and as it neared saw that it was a fishing-boat.

The boat was about half a mile distant when the occupants, having seen me, started to make their way through the floating ice. The wolf watched them with twisting hair, and suddenly turned toward me with low growl. I offered him a bit of fish, but he took no notice then, with a quick movement, he sprang at me.

I had no weapon except a short knife, and that was closed. All I could do was to jump aside, hitting him with my fist as he missed me—an old boxing trick. But I had not counted on that savage side slash of the great teeth, and when the animal grazed his feet and turned to fly at me again, my hand was streaming with blood.

Getting his balance, the wolf came at me again, and sprang. This time I was really frightened, and with a wild idea of holding him away till my friends could assist me, I met him half-way, grasped his throat in both hands, and fell with him to the snow. I hung to his throat, but I could not hold his feet. He struck at me savagely with his hind paws, the sharp claws of which tore through my coat like knives, and I realized my danger just in time to cast myself backward. Instantly the wolf returned to the attack, and the look in his face frightened me so that I did not wait for him. I whopped my coat off and threw it in his face, then turning, ran to the side of the ice-cake and leaped into the water.

I am a good swimmer, and the boat was only a hundred feet distant. I was soon aboard and getting into warm clothes. The engine was stopped and we lay there watching the wolf. He seemed puzzled at my disappearance, for he ran backward and forward on the ice; then he looked at the boat and howled dismally. None of the men liked to attack him with knives as their only weapons, and so they soon turned the boat about and threaded their way out from the ice into the free water. Behind us the lonely wolf sat watching us disappear, and slowly, hopelessly, floated onward to his doom.

**RIGHT VIEW OF LIFE.**

If a man has business interests, and also wishes to take care of himself, what is called 'society' has no attractions for him. Going in for society necessitates burning the candle at both ends, and as I am not sure how much candle I have left, I try to be economical with what I have.

This is the statement of ex-U.S. Senator W. A. Clark, owner of admittedly the finest home in the United States. His wife and himself he declares to be too busy to go in for ultra-fashionable society. Mrs. Clark, he says, is occupied with her studies, her children, and himself. His home is for his friends, and his art treasures are open to inspection of any respectable person.

**DYING LEVIATHANS.**

Beasts at London Zoo Whose Kin Are Passing Away  
Tom died recently. He was the last of the great rhinoceroses in the London Zoo. There are only two left, and each is a child. Moreover, each of these two children is African. Jim died eight years ago. He was an Indian and lived for forty years in captivity, hating it all the time. There is no Indian and no Javan in the Zoo now. Indeed, there are very few of the great beasts. They are dying out

not only from their places of captivity, but from their own homes. Even the elephants are growing fewer, says the London Standard.

If you go into the elephant house at the Zoo you will find the first pen vacant; that is where Tom lived. His kin came into the world long before men and he always resented their presence. Sullenly he looked through his pig-like eyes at all who came to see him. He never let a hand touch his keeper, and the cleaning of his pen was always rather difficult. With two that are left the case is different.

Billy who lives in the last pen of all is only a baby, not three years old. When he was sent as a gift to the King he was a very little baby, so a black Swahili boy was sent to take care of him. Billy weighed rather less than a ton, and played with his black keeper in loving way. When the boy went back to his own people the great baby was inconsolable for a few days. Now he is affectionate, but he weighs a great deal more and his carresses are big enough to crush a man.

**FINED FIFTY DOLLARS**

The sequel to License Inspector Beckett's seizure of the one hundred and thirty gallons of whiskey on the Chatsworth road a short time ago, was concluded this afternoon when Magistrate Creaser confiscated the liquor and imposed a fine of fifty dollars and costs on Ernest White who appeared on a charge of keeping for sale. According to the first story told by Mr. Isaac White who helped his son to deliver the goods, a man named Robertson had met the boy and had given him ten dollars to get the consignment in Chatsworth. Mr. White afterwards connected this story and after the imposition of the fine and the confiscation of the goods, he was allowed to go with a warning. The Crown Attorney then capped on the trail of parties who were alleged to have tampered with witnesses.—Owen Sound Herald.

**FOREST FIRES.**

They Are Sometimes a Gain to Those Who Own the Timber.

People who have read accounts of great forest fires may be surprised to learn that, in place of loss, such fires are sometimes a gain to the owner. The loss in lumber if cut within a few years is small, and the removal of an underbrush reduces the cost of lumbering.

That a forest fire could in any way be a benefit and not an injury seems so novel that some proof is necessary. The statement has been made that more timber is destroyed by fire every year than is converted into lumber. As a matter of fact, the report of the forest service declares the actual fire loss in national reserves for the last three years has amounted to only one-tenth of 1 per cent. From some fifty lumber companies the highest admitted loss from fire is 2 per cent in twenty years. Another company estimates its fire loss for fifty two years at 1 per cent, and another, during sixty, has had an annual loss of one-sixteenth of 1 per cent. Twenty-eight companies report their loss since organization as "hardly worth mentioning."

The point of these reports, so surprising to those unacquainted with the lumber business is that the fires, while they kill the trees, do not consume the trunk. The less severe fires do not necessarily kill the trees. Worse fires do this by burning the underbrush around the trees and perhaps the tops of the trees. But the trunk of the tree, the log from which the boards are to be cut, is seldom touched. The killed timber makes as good lumber as the other, the only difference being that it is necessary to cut it within a limited time.

White pine or hemlock in the upper Mississippi valley must be cut the first or second winter following the fire or worms will injure the lumber. The two year period applies in the "inland empire" and to the hemlock on the slopes of the Cascades. Western spruce need not be cut for three years and western fir for four years. Red cedar has no limit, and trees burned fifty years ago are now being turned into shingles.—Jonas Howard in Chicago Tribune.

**EQUAL TO THE TEST.**

Daniel Webster, the Boy, at His Entrance to Exeter Academy.

Almost a year passed, however, before the plan so long cherished was fairly started and Daniel, dressed in a brand new homemade suit and astride a sidesaddle, rode with his father to Exeter to be entered at the famous academy founded by John Phillips. The principal then and forty years thereafter was Dr. Benjamin Abbot, one of the greatest teachers our country has yet produced. As the doctor was ill the duty of examining the new pupil fell to Joseph S. Buckminster, then an usher at the academy, but destined to influence strongly the religious life of New England.

It was the custom of the doctor, we are told, to conduct the examination of applicants with pompous ceremony, and that, imitating him, young Buckminster summoned Webster to his presence, put on his hat and said, "Well, sir, what is your age?" "Fourteen," was the reply. "Take this Bible, my lad, and read that chapter."

The passage given him was St. Luke's dramatic description of the conspiring of Judas with the priests and scribes, of the last supper, of the betrayal by Judas, of the three denials of Peter and the scene in the house of the high priest. But young Webster was equal to the test and read the whole passage to the end in a voice and with a fervor such as Master Buckminster had never listened to before. "Young man," said he, "you are qualified to enter this institution," and no more questions were put to him.—John Bach McMaster, "Daniel Webster."

**DUSTBANE**  
**THE DUST KILLER**  
A handful in a line  
WHEN YOU SWEEP  
absorbs the dust,  
brightens the floor,  
and cleans your carpet.  
One week free trial.  
Yours for health,  
DUSTBANE.  
ALL GROCERS  
**DUSTBANE**  
Packed in Barrels, and Kegs for Stores,  
Schools and Public Buildings. Sold by  
**Sold by W. BLACK.**

**A STRONG PAIR**  
**The Weekly Mail and Empire**  
AND  
**The Durham Chronicle**  
THE TWO TOGETHER  
**ONE YEAR FOR \$1.35**  
The two papers make a valuable and complete record for the Town and District.  
**The Great Canadian Weekly**  
AND  
**The Best Local Newspaper**  
In addition everyone who subscribes at the publication rate will receive FREE, post paid, a large measure of 25¢ of  
**The Right Honorable R. L. Borden**  
SEND OR BRING ALL ORDERS TO OFFICE OF THIS PAPER.

**TRAVERSTON.**

Intended for last week. He sat on the maple stump. Looking serious, His feathers were frosted. His bare one nub. Not a relic of song. Nor flip of his wing. Cause Sir Robin deems it A very cold spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reed, of Markdale, spent a day last week with their daughter, Mrs. E. W. Hun.

Mr. James Hasle purchased a fine Ayrshire cow from Mr. Quinn, of Berkeley, lately.

Mrs. T. Dunn and the younger members of the family left last Thursday for Port Arthur, where they purpose to reside. Word was received from her sister, Mrs. Roberts, of that town of the death of her husband. Mr. Roberts had been ill only a very short time. Mrs. Roberts was formerly Miss Fanny Townsend and was very popular with her many associates. The sympathy of a wide circle of friends go out to her in this dark hour.

While on the road to Markdale on Tuesday of last week, one of the grey crabs dropped into a hole and broke his off hind leg at the fetlock joint. He hobbled up town and is comfortably housed in the Revere stables under Doc, Oliver's care, but we have not much faith in "Fred" ever springing again homeward or hustling us along in fur w or at the tail of the secusdrill.

Mr. Wesley Hunt lost a valuable springer lately. Cows are almost as valuable as horses this season.

Mr. Tom Blair leaves on Monday to enter the employ of the Grand Trunk as fireman. Tom has a natural aptitude for railroading and should make a success of it. He has engaged Lorne McNally to put in his big spring crop and Lorne is the boy to make things bustle.

Miss Florrie Falkingham was awarded a diploma as trained nurse last week, having completed the Chataqua Course. She has a special love for the work and has had considerable experience. We congratulate her.

Messrs George Peart and John McCarthy have purchased the Delaney farm, lot 10, on the 9th concession. George gets south of the river and McCarthy the northern part. It is almost an equal division. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Milburn visited the Peart families the first part of last week.

**BUY SALT AT TOBACCONIST'S**

If you want to buy salt in Italy you must go to a tobacco shop to get it; for both salt and tobacco are government monopolies. In France you can buy stamps and post-cards at tobacco shops, which are under government jurisdiction there as well. In both countries you can send telegram at as low a rate as 14 cents for 10 words, and special delivery letters will go for six cents in Paris if you remember to write across your envelope "Pneumatic" which means the letter will be shunted through a pneumatic tube in no time at all, and delivered almost as soon as a telegram.

**A SEER'S PROPHECIES**

When the present Kaiser's father, Frederick in the year 1819, consulted a celebrated seer, who was living in his Kingdom and asked the fortune-teller three questions, which were as follows:

1. "When will Prussia become a united empire?"
2. "When shall I die?"
3. "When will the German Empire become a republic?"

The seer, according to the legend, took the year 1819 and set it down thus:

1819  
1  
8  
9

1871, the answer to the first question.  
1  
8  
7  
1

1888, the answer to the second question  
1  
8  
8

1913, the answer to the last question. Strange as it may seem, all of the dates as given by the seer, have come to pass just as was prophesied. In 1871 the scattered Prussia became a united empire as a result of the Franco-Prussian war. The great German warrior died on the second date given by the seer, which was 1888, and the year 1913, if the past has been correct, will be the year when the German Empire will become a republic.

**ANTI-OPTIONISTS CONTROL COUNCIL**

Owen Sound, Ont., March 23.—The result of the municipal bye-election held to-day to fill five vacancies in the council, caused by recent unseatings, came as a complete surprise to the majority of the citizens when four out of five of the councillors elected were anti-option in sentiment.

For the reeve-ship T. Walden reversed the tables on J. Henry Christie winning by the narrow margin of seventeen votes. The figures were: Thompson, 1340; Christie, 1323. At the January municipal election Christie defeated Thompson by a majority of 48, and his election was regarded as a signal victory for local option in Owen Sound.

The councillors elected were W. J. Heming, 1246; J. W. Campbell, 1332; Henry Lemon 1290; and R. B. Miller, 1245. The latter is the only local optionist elected.

Among the fallen are: A. McMillan, J. D. McDonald and Dr. Howey, local option candidates, and J. A. Armour, anti-local option. Dr. Howey it was who pressed for the dismissal of Chief of Police John McAulay, but who with four other councillors was shortly after declared unseated by Judge Widdifield.

The result of the polling makes the numerical standing in the council ten opposed to local option and seven in favor.