

THE PEOPLE'S STORE

The Store the People Talk About

That's what we want them to do. Every purchase made at this store causes the people to talk. The quality of our goods and the reasonable prices at which they are sold is good reason for them to talk.

Again, we buy all kinds of farm produce at the highest cash prices, and we pay the cash for it, too. This causes the people to do more talking about us. Then if they want goods we sell them what they want and get the money back. They buy here with the cash because they know they can get as good goods at as low a price and in many cases at lower prices than they can get them for elsewhere.

This is a good time to buy RUBBERS of all kinds as we have a lot left which we do not care to carry over. In fact we will not carry them over if reduced prices will move them.

Our **READY-MADE CLOTHING** is of the latest pattern and style, and the prices sell the goods. Get the habit of examining our clothing before buying, and we are sure you will not go elsewhere.

Call and see our **COON COATS**. Now is the time to get a bargain.

Highest Prices Paid for all Kinds of Farm Produce

BUTTER, EGGS AND FOWL WANTED

ROBERT BURNETT

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

JANUARY STOCK-TAKING SALE

25 per cent. reduction on all Fancy Goods.

Everything guaranteed as represented or money refunded.

The Central Drug Store :: Durham

HORSE TAILS.

We import them from all over the world and also export them. An item that seemed odd in the manifest of a steamer lately arrived from Japanese and Chinese ports was this in the list of her cargo from Tientsin: Fifty-five cases of horse tails. As a matter of fact, horse tails of the hair thereof are a common article of importation into this country from China and from pretty much every other country on earth. The American market gets large quantities of them from China, but more from Russia, and horse tails are imported here from every other European country and from South America, from Australia, from all round the world. On the other hand, there are more or less American horse tails exported.

From various causes the supply of horse tails, like that of anything else, may in one country and another vary from year to year, and there may be years when the world's supply is short and years when it is plentiful, with corresponding changes in the range of prices. Horse tails have sold as low as 20 cents a pound, and they have sold for as much as \$2. If stocks are scarce and high in London and ample at lower prices here New York importers ship horse tails to London. In the contrary circumstances London importers might ship horse tails here.

Horsehair is sorted for length and colors, and they are used either alone or mixed with other fibers in the manufacture of various sorts of brushes and mixed with other materials in the manufacture of haircloth.—New York Sun.

A VERSE FOR THE BEGGAR.

Victor Hugo's Response to the Old Blind Soldier's Appeal.

A Frenchman, writing recently upon "The Mendicants of Paris," recalls a pretty anecdote of Victor Hugo and a blind beggar. The beggar was an old soldier, very feeble and quite sightless, who was led every day by his little granddaughter to a certain street corner, where he waited patiently for such scanty arms as the hurrying public might drop into a small box that hung from his neck.

One day a group of gentlemen halted near him, chatting, and he heard the name by which they called the one who lingered longest. Reaching forward as he, too, was about to go, he caught him by the coat.

"What do you want, my good man?" asked the gentleman. "I have already given you 2 sous."

"Yes, monsieur, and I have thanked you," replied the veteran. "It is something else that I want."

"What is it?"
"Verses."
"You shall have them," said the gen-

FOURTH LINE, G. & A.

Owing to the rainy season, we are having the farmers are not still have a small acreage to sow. Mr. W. H. Patterson and daughter Willa visited Chatsworth friend last week.

Mrs. Fred Sproat and little Nora left on Monday to visit with Toronto relatives before going west. Mr. James Lyness purchased a No. 2 Cloverleaf manure spreader from H. Knott recently.

Mr. H. McKinnon, of East bank line passed through our burg last Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Hooper of Ebenzer were visitors on this line last Tuesday.

Mr. R. W. Lyness of Vancouver is on a three-months' visit to his brother, Mr. James Lyness, and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Irwin visited the former's father the first of the week.

We are pleased to report Miss Kate Fletcher is able to be around again, after her serious illness, but still under the doctor's care.

Mr. Arthur Smith left Tuesday for Muskoka, where he has secured a position to run a gasoline launch for the benefit of patients in the Sanitarium for Consumptives.

Watch for the announcement of The Chronicle's new Serial Story next week.

Has Made a Hit With Her.
"Don't you think my husband looks distinguished since he has begun to wear glasses?"
"Yes, rather."
"Rather? Why, every time I look at him since he put them on I can't help almost thinking of him with respect."
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Epithet and Epitaph.
Tommy—Pop, what is the difference between an epithet and an epitaph? Tommy's Pop—One is applied to a man before he is dead and the other afterward.—Philadelphia Record.

Thoroughness.
"When I take up an idea," said the egoist. "I cover it completely."
"You do more than that," replied the satirist; "you bury it"—Exchange.

The Real Puzzle.
The puzzle is not whether Bacon or Shakespeare wrote the plays, but that one person could get them all accepted.—Buffalo Express.

Home is the grandest of all institutions.—Spurgeon.

RECKLESS SPORT.

Rock Rolling Feats of Mark Twain In His Boyhood Days.

A BAD SCARE ENDED THE FUN

The Final Prank on Holliday's Hill Was In a Fair Way of Ending In a Tragedy When the Danger Was, by a Bit of Good Luck, Narrowly Averted.

Writing on "Mark Twain" in Harper's Magazine, Albert Bigelow Paine recounts some of the scrapes of the youthful Sam Clemens. Sam was a recognized ringleader among his playmates, and one of the pranks they played nearly had a fatal termination.

"One of their Sunday pastimes was to climb Holliday's hill and roll down big stones to frighten the people who were driving to church. Holliday's hill above the road was steep. A stone, once started, would go plunging and leaping down and bound across the road with the deadly swiftness of a twelve inch shell. The boys would get a stone poised, then wait until they saw a team approaching and, calculating the distance, would give it a start. Dropping down behind the bushes, they would watch the dramatic effect upon the churchgoers as the great missile shot across the road a few yards before them.

"This was Homeric sport, but they carried it too far. Stones that had a habit of getting loose so numerous on Sundays and so rarely on other days invited suspicion, and the 'patterrollers'—river patrol, a kind of police of those days—were put on the watch. So the boys found other diversions until the patterrollers did not watch any more. Then they planned a grand coup that should eclipse anything before attempted in the stone rolling line.

"A rock about the size of an omnibus was lying up there in a good position to go downhill, once started. They decided it would be a glorious thing to see that great boulder go smashing down a hundred yards or so in front of some unsuspecting and peaceful minded churchgoer. Quarrymen were getting out rock not far away and left their picks and shovels over Sundays. The boys borrowed these and went to work to undermine the big stone. It was a heavier job than they had counted on, but they worked faithfully Sunday after Sunday. If their parents had wanted them to work like that they would have thought they were being killed.

"Finally one Sunday while they were digging it suddenly got loose and started down. They were not quite ready for it. Nobody was coming but an old colored man in a cart, so it was going to be wasted. It was not quite wasted, however. They had planned for a thrilling result, and there was thrill enough while it lasted. In the first place, the stone nearly caught Will Bowen when it started. John Briggs had just that moment quit digging and handed Will the pick. Will was about to step into the excavation when Sam Clemens, who was already there, leaped out with a yell:

"Look out, boys; she's coming!"
"She came. The huge stone kept to the ground at first, then, gathering a wild momentum, it went bounding into the air. About halfway down the hill it struck a tree several inches thick and cut it clean off. This turned its course a little, and the negro in the cart, who heard the noise, saw it come crashing in his direction and made a wild effort to whip up his horse. It was also headed toward a cooper shop across the road.

"The boys watched it with growing interest. It made longer leaps with every bound, and whenever it struck the fragments and dust would fly. They were certain it would demolish the negro and destroy the cooper shop. The shop was empty, it being Sunday, but the rest of the catastrophe would invite close investigation and results. It was making mighty leaps now, and the negro had managed to get directly in its path. They stood holding their breath, their mouths open.

"Then suddenly—they could hardly believe their eyes—the boulder struck a projection a distance above the road and, with a mighty bound, sailed clear over the negro and his mule and landed in the soft dirt beyond, only a fragment striking the shop, damaging but not wrecking it. Half buried in the ground, that boulder lay there for nearly forty years. Then it was blasted for milling purposes. It was the last rock the boys ever rolled down. They began to suspect that the sport was not altogether safe.

"Limelight and the center of the stage was a passion of Sam Clemens' boyhood, a love of the spectacular that never wholly died. It seems almost a pity that in those old faroff, barefoot days he could not have looked down the years to a time when, with the world at his feet, venerable Oxford should clothe him in a scarlet gown."

Her Resentment.
Alice—It's mean of you to tell people that when Jack kissed me I didn't resent it. Maud—I didn't, dear. On the contrary, I said that when he kissed you on the cheek you held it up against him for quite awhile.—Boston Transcript.

Our Language.
"Now you know you're all wrong about that."
"Oh, yes; if you say so, I reckon I'm all wrong, all right."—Chicago Tribune.

Watch the beginnings. Great floods have come through little leaks.

SUMMER MILLINERY

Our large stock of Summer Millinery embraces all that is new and stylish in trimmed hats. We were in the city on Monday and made another purchase of new shapes, etc. We are now prepared to cater to the summer bride. The rush for summer hats made in lace, dainty braids, tulle, nets, etc., is now on and every day. We are adding new hats to our already large stock. We also have a large assortment of black hats, Mohair braid hats, large black chip. Mohair pressed shapes, and close fitting hats for matrons. Our stock was never so complete at this season of the year. Call and examine our display.

MISS DICK

Ask the Chronicle about those wedding invitations.

Color Sensations.
Color is very commonly looked upon as a definite quality. This, however, is only partly true. The more correct and scientific concept of color is that it is simply the name of a certain group of sensations by which we are affected. Thus we say "the rose is red." It is more correct to say "the rose produces in us the sensation we call redness." A man who is color blind will declare that it is green, showing that the color is not in the thing, but in the perception of it. So far, therefore, from retaining their color in the dark, objects cannot properly be said to possess it even in the light. "The rose is red" really means that the size and arrangement of its surface molecules are such as to reflect that particular part of the spectrum which we have agreed to call red. In the dark it is simply black or colorless, though it retains its capacity for again exciting in us the sensation of redness on being restored to the light, just as an empty glass retains its capacity for being refilled.

Joking Friends In Old Days.
In a romantic and picturesque old hall in Derbyshire, in England, is one of those curious relics of bygone times which carry the mind back to the habits and customs of our great-grandfathers. A handcut looks a strange thing to be fixed to the screen of the banquet hall of a baronial mansion, but one is there. When the banquet had advanced toward its zenith, if any gentleman among the guests refused to drink the full quantity that was deemed the proper thing at that time he was merrily carried to the oak screen and placed with his arm upraised and secured and locked in that position by the iron ring. His sleeve, then wide open, offered a tempting receptacle for the wine which he had refused to drink, and the contents of the goblet, with as much more as the roisterers thought fit, were poured down the unlucky victim's arm, and we be to him if he did not take the joke in the spirit in which it was given.

Snake Bites In Siam.
Great numbers of Siamese die every year of snake bites. On being bitten the victim simply lies down and succumbs. The deaths are most numerous during the rice planting season, when the people are working in the fields, for the season is coincident with the nesting time of the cobra, which will then attack human beings without hesitation if they happen near the nest. The cobra will also bite under water. There are fifty-two varieties of snakes in Siam, the majority of them being venomous. In size they range from the thirty foot python to the deadly little earth snake six inches in length. The following is a Siamese prescription for snake bites, on the theory that like cures like, it is to be presumed: Bone of goose, tail of a fish, bones of domestic pig, bones of wild boar, bones of a peacock, the head of a venomous snake. Pound to a powder, mix, dilute with plenty of water and take in quantities.—Good Health.

Just Cause For Anger.
"Mrs. Timmore is so angry with her dentist she vows she never will pay his bill," says the neighbor.

"Why in the world?" asks the caller.
"Well, she got him to put in a bridge for her, and she complained to him that it did not feel right, but he said it was all right and would not be noticed when she got used to it, and so she kept it, of course, although it seemed to make it hard for her to talk—kind of made her voice thick, you know. And yesterday she called up Mr. Timmore and asked him to bring home some shoes and shirts for their little boys, and Mr. Timmore kept her repeating it over and over to him the longest time until he thought he knew what she wanted. And what do you suppose he brought home? A bottle of soothing sirup!"—Judge's Library.

Setting Him Right.
He—My income is small, and perhaps it is cruel of me to take you from your father's roof. She—I don't live on the roof.

It's finer being a small hunk of sunshine than a big bank of fog.—Henry F. Cope.

Hardware and Furniture

Buy your poultry netting from us and protect your garden from the hens.

A stitch in time saves nine. You will escape the flies by purchasing your window screens and doors early. Different styles to choose from, also all sizes of wire cloth in stock.

To have your lawn kept green and cut clean, you must have a fountain spray and lawn mower. Buy them from us, and get value for your money.

The Samson garden and field tools—no better tools made. Every article guaranteed.

Agents for National Portland Cement.

Now that house-cleaning time is here, you will want to buy or rent our Vacuum Cleaners. They save time and hard work.

Here is something for everyone who is going to paint his or her home inside or out. Use Brandram-Henderson English Paint, the purest and best paint sold. I challenge any person to dispute this fact.

Floor paints by the same makers have no equal. Floorglaze is our standard seller. China-lac for making old furniture look like new.

We have in stock the famous Blue Flame oil stove, two and three burners; also Boss gas-line stoves. Each stove is tested before leaving store.

FURNITURE

To have a comfortable night's rest, buy from us an Ostermoor mattress. Pillows at popular prices.

We have now in stock the latest styles in picture mouldings. Call and see our samples.

Coal Oil and Gasoline.

All Goods Delivered.

Cash for Eggs.

F. Lenahan & Co

New Spring Goods Have Arrived

Our Stock of New Spring Goods has arrived and are now on our shelves for your inspection. Our stock comprises

Mens' Tailored Suits, extra well made.

Mens' Pants all sizes.

Ladies' Suits, Skirts, and Ladies' Wear

Our prices are the lowest in town, and we ask you to call and be convinced.

Butter and Eggs, Wool, Hides, Live Poultry, and all kinds of Farm Produce taken as Cash.

Be sure and give us a call. You will save money by dealing here.

M. GLASER

(First door south Burnett's Bakery) GARAFRAXA ST. DURHAM

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