

COMFORT SOAP
"IT'S ALL RIGHT"
Makes Monday shorter and easier
POSITIVELY the LARGEST SALE in CANADA



Bargains in Clothing and Dry Goods

We have received several new lines of Men's and Women's Clothing, which will be sold at the following close prices:

Men's Suits at 30 per cent. reduction

A good line of Overcoats, Raincoats, Pants, Sweaters, etc. at lowest possible prices.

Ladies' Suits Reduced 40 per cent.

Also Ladies' Coats, Skirts, Waists, etc., at bargain prices.

These are all good goods and we invite your inspection as to quality and price.

A full line of Men's and Ladies' Underwear at right prices.

Highest Prices for Farm Produce

Hides, sheep skins, wool, tallow, raw furs and live poultry wanted, for which the highest prices will be paid in cash or trade.

M. GLASER, Garafraxa Street
 Durham - Ontario
 One Door South of Burnett's Bakery.

FALL TERM FROM SEPT. 3rd.
MOUNT FOREST
Business College
MOUNT FOREST ONT.

This school is affiliated with the Stratford Business College and we are prepared to do more for you than any other small school in Ontario. Our courses are thorough and practical and every graduate has secured a good position. Many of our students of the past term are now receiving over \$700.00 per annum. Write for particulars. W. E. WILSON, Principal.

MARKET REPORT

DURHAM, SEPT. 19 1912

Fall Wheat.....	\$ 90 to \$1 00
Spring Wheat.....	1 00 to 1 00
Oats.....	50 to 50
Peas.....	90 to 1 25
Barley.....	65 to 85
Hay.....	10 00 to 10 00
Butter.....	22 to 22
Eggs.....	24 to 24
Potatoes, per bag.....	1 00 to 1 00
Dried Apples.....	7 to 7
Flour, per cwt.....	2 50 to 3 00
Oatmeal, per sack.....	2 00 to 2 00
Chop, per cwt.....	1 25 to 1 75
Live Hogs, per cwt.....	8 65 to 8 65
Hides, per lb.....	8 to 8
Sheepskins.....	30 to 30
Wool.....	20 to 5
Tallow.....	5 to 5
Lard.....	11 to 50
Turkeys.....	90 to 20
Geese.....	90 to 90
Ducks.....	90 to 90
Chickens.....	90 to 90

New Clubbing Rates

The Chronicle and Weekly Mail and Empire, 1 year.....	\$1.75
The Chronicle and Weekly Globe, 1 year.....	1.75
The Chronicle and Family Herald & Weekly Star 1 yr.	1.90
The Chronicle and Weekly Witness, 1 year.....	1.90
The Chronicle and Weekly Sun, 1 year.....	1.90
The Chronicle and Farmer's Advocate, 1 year.....	2.40
The Chronicle and Canadian Farm, 1 year.....	1.90
The Chronicle and Toronto Daily News, 1 year.....	2.50
The Chronicle and Toronto Daily Star, 1 year.....	2.50
The Chronicle and Toronto Daily World, 1 year.....	3.75
The Chronicle and Toronto Daily Mail and Empire, 1 yr.	4.75
The Chronicle and Toronto Daily Globe, 1 year.....	4.75

GAME SEASON.

Grouse and hares, according to a recent amendment in the law, can now be shot from October 1st to November 15th. Beaver and otter which were allowed to be trapped from November 1st to March 31st have been prohibited entirely until 1915. By an order-in-council, deer cannot be shot in Grey, Wellington and Dufferin counties for two years, or until 1915.

BE A BOOSTER.

Do you know there's lots of people Settin' round in every town, Growlin' like a broody chicken, Knockin' every good thing down. Don't you be that kind if cattle, Cause they aint no use on earth, You just be a booster rooster, Crow and boost for all your're worth.

If your town needs boostin', boost it. Don't hold back and wait and see. If some other fellow's willin'— Sail right in; the country's free. No one's got a mortgage on it, It's just yours as much as his, If your town is shy on boosters, You get in the boostin' biz.

If things don't just seem to suit you, And the world seems kinder wrong, What's the matter with a boostin' Just to help the thing along? 'Cause if things should stop ago'in' We'd be in a sorry plight, You just keep that horn a-blowin' Boost'er up with all your might.

If you know some fellow's failin's Just forget 'em, cause you know That same feller's got some good points; Them's the ones you want to show. 'Cast our leaves out on the waters, They'll come back's a sayin' true, Mebbe, too, they'll come back buttered, While some feller boosts for you.

EDISON FORGOT TO SLEEP.

Despite his advancing years, Thomas A. Edison was so busy one week recently that he found time for less than 22 hours' sleep in the course of the six work days. By his own accounting, he devoted 122 hours of the 144 to hard work. This spurt of energy was inspired by the need of finishing touches on his disc phonograph. To-day he was ready to say that the invention was about perfected, and he hopes and believes that he will be able to put it on the market by October 1st or thereabouts.

KIMBERLEY MAN'S NARROW ESCAPE.

During a severe electric storm which passed over Kimberley on Monday morning of last week about 11 o'clock the barn of John Smith on the east mountain, with most of the season's crop, was burned to the ground. Mr. Smith also lost a valuable brood mare, and would have lost two more horses, also some pigs and implements, had it not been for the heroic efforts of his son Howard. Mr. Smith was standing near the corner of the house and was stunned by the bolt and rendered unconscious for some time. His hair was torn from his head and his hair singed. There were also some large blisters on his breast. Mr. Smith certainly had a hairbreadth escape, and his many friends were pleased to know that his injuries were not fatal. The building burned was a fine frame storehouse and contained 200 bushels of wheat and twenty tons of hay. There was an insurance of \$1200 on buildings and contents.—Express.

Innocent Bystander—I thought you fellows were striking for higher pay?

Workman—We are, but the strikebreakers they hired to break the strike are striking for higher pay, so they've hired us strikers to break the strike of the strikebreakers. See?

Baker—Who's that girl who plays golf all day and bridge all night? Barker—Oh, that's Manning's daughter. She's up here with a nurse taking a rest cure.—Life.

"Well, Major, I notice that you are runnin' for office again?" "No sir, it's the same old run. I got started years ago, and I can't stop myself."—Atlanta Constitution.

Two little sisters who were taken to see "Othello" were much impressed by the death scene. "I wonder if they kill a lady every night?" said Lucy. "Why, of course not, Lucy," said her sister; "they just pretend to. It would be altogether too expensive to really kill a lady every night."—Wasp.

WIDOWS COMING TO CANADA.

General Bramwell Booth has notified the Salvation Army headquarters staff, Toronto, that he is about to launch the "Widow Scheme." There are 117,000 widows in Great Britain with 200,000 dependents. The Army is arranging a scheme for sending the matrons to Canada while taking care of their dependents while the widows get established in Canada.

RELATIONS BECAME STRAINED

Mrs. Ambish—I often tell my husband I wish he had more "get up and get" about him. Mrs. Jellers—Indeed? I've often heard that he gets up and gets his own breakfast.

BORN

JAMIESON.—In Durham, on Sunday, September 22nd, to Dr. D. B. and Mrs. Jamieson, a son.

McILVRIDE.—In Normanby, on Tuesday, September 17th, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald McIlvrade, a son.

DIED.

ROMBOUGH.—On Friday, September 20th, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. David Hunter, 77 Grenville street, Toronto, William Rose Rombough, in his 91st year.

Voters' List for 1912

Municipality of the Town of Durham, County of Grey.

Notice is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in Sections 8 and 9 of the Ontario Voters' Lists Act, the copies required by said sections to be transmitted or delivered of the said list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality to be entitled to vote in the said municipality at elections for Members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections; and that the said list was posted up at my office at Durham on the 20th day of August, 1912, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said list and if any omissions, or any other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

W. B. VOLLET,
 Clerk of Durham.

Dated August 20th, 1912.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, the 1st. November, 1912, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years, six round trips per week. Over Holstein R. M. D. No. 1 Over Holstein R. M. D. No. 2 from the Postmaster General's Pleasure. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Holstein, Maple Lane, Yeovil, Dromore and at the office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto. Post Office Department, Mail Service Branch, Ottawa, 19th Sept., 1912. G. C. ANDERSON, Superintendent.

Wooring Cinderella

It Wasn't a Very Hard Task After All.

By RUTH SAWTELLE.

Scarcely had Dudley forced his breathless way through the thicket into the little cleared space at the edge of the bluff when a young voice assailed him.

"I thought you would come before long. You are the prince, of course?" He wheeled with a start and stared. She sat on a low rock, looking straight at him out of smiling brown eyes. There was a general impression of brownness. It seemed to be a gown of some shimmery brown stuff—or was it gold?—and a kind of aureole of fluffy light brown hair. How the deuce did a girl get up that cliff? About how nearly a puffing porpoise had he sounded, anyway? Pity a man couldn't keep track of his breath! He'd go into training on that hill till he could take it on the run without turning a hair—he would, by Jove! Must be something the matter with her eyes. He'd never seen—that is to say, they sort of— "You said yes, didn't you?" she interrupted sweetly. "Surely you must be the prince."

"I beg your pardon," began Dudley, suddenly realizing that she had asked a question some minutes ago and that an answer was expected of him. "The prince, you say? I've never been accused before, you know." And then, in a flash of comprehension, "Most assuredly I am the prince—if you are the princess," he finished triumphantly. The brown eyes twinkled into his more distractingly than before.

"Oh, not at all!" she laughed. "I'm only poor Cinderella."

"Cinderella?" questioned Dudley, looking the mystification he felt.

"Why, yes—you see"—She hesitated. And then a very wonderful thing happened. A line of rosiest pink appeared just above the brown collar and crept up stealthily, enveloping the tiny ear, flashing into flame on the white brow and hiding at last in the light hair that blew about her face. Dudley, fascinated, watched its progress and forgave the intrusion.

"Of course it's very simple, only disgracefully stupid of me. And"—sitting up straight and suddenly becoming very brave—"I'm not in the least afraid to tell you."

Dudley mumbled suitable assurances, while the girl moved unasily on her rocky throne and continued to look brave.

"I just—I only—the flower was way over the edge of the bluff, and—I held on to a branch and leaned down—and—my heel got wedged by a stone—and"—There was a tentative shifting of the shimmery skirts, then a hasty motion of withdrawal beneath them. "And I—I—lost the mate to that!" she finished, with desperate courage, thrusting into sight the other foot, incased in a stout little brown walking boot.

Two furious blushes were in full operation by this time.

Dudley gazed fixedly at the small trim boot. "You say the one you lost was just like this?" he questioned, with great solemnity.

"Oh, no; it belonged to the left foot, you know," she responded, with corresponding earnestness.

And then came the welcome relief of laughter, under the relaxing influence of which Dudley sank upon the edge of the rock.

"I only meant to suggest," he announced fervently, "my unbelief that there could be another like it in the world."

"Bravo, bravo!" she applauded gaily. "That is pretty enough to savor of much practice in such speaking."

Dudley's ardent expression was replaced by one of due submission to rebuke.

"It is meet," he said as his hand sought a capacious coat pocket and disappeared therein, "that the downright should arise to do thee service. Perhaps I can aid you better than you know."

"I'm sure you can," she interposed hastily. "But let me tell my plan first. I couldn't let you go to find it and leave me helpless and alone again."

"Of course not," Dudley's face assumed a thoughtful expression, and his hand slowly left the big pocket. "I—a—hardly suppose you could borrow mine."

Again her bright laughter rang out. "Oh, flattery, where is thy sting?" she cried gaspingly. And Dudley, looking ruefully from his own generous boot to the adorable mateless one, realized that once more he'd "put his foot in it."

"Forgiven," she declared in a moment, "because of the pretty one you said first. And so, to go back to our nuttons, I see only one way. And yet, of course, it's such a little distance—the camp's just back in the trees there—I could hop on one foot, I suppose."

She paused mischievously for the mere pleasure of regarding his look of frank disappointment; also to observe whether it occurred to him to wonder why, with friends so near, she had not called for help.

"But I should be sure," she related, "to lose my balance and let the wrong foot down." Dudley brightened perceptibly. "And it's very stony and difficultly." "And it's very stony and difficultly." "And it's very stony and difficultly." "And it's very stony and difficultly."

"Yes," he said, almost mournfully, "there only remains for me to help you."

you. I suppose I ought," he continued, while his hand moved again ever so haltingly toward the pocket, then rapidly away from it, "to—to—"

"Oh, pray don't feel any obligation in the matter!" was the hint, with just a bit of ice in the tone.

"To avail myself of the most fortunate opportunity that ever befell an undeserving beggar!" he finished, laughing hilariously as he assisted her to her feet—that is to say, her foot.

Mere words cannot approximate the delight of that trip in the neighboring (much too neighboring) camp. They laughed like children and clutched each other in frantic mirth. And with what exceeding care and deliberateness it was necessary to proceed! The most inoffensive pebble was occasion for a wide detour, in spite of the lamentable fact that it increased the distance. And did the little unshod silken foot so much as caress the ground in its wabbling career Dudley was ready to weep in worshipful contrition. It was almost too much joy to discover in the course of the hysterical conversation that this was Tom Hutton's ranch—dear old Tom that he hadn't seen since the college days—and Cinderella his wife's guest.

But, as all pleasant moments come to an end, so must this, as Cinderella dropped, tired, but still merry, into a chair on the bungalow piazza.

"And then the prince," he said slowly, looking down upon her with compelling eyes, "caused his heralds—no; I think you know what the prince did without my telling you."

"Ah," she cried, her own eyes failing under his scrutiny, "but first you've to find the slipper."

"Yes, first I've to find the slipper. And when it is found I've the advantage of knowing where dwells Cinderella—and that the slipper will fit."

"Which last is yet to be proved!"—teasingly.

"May I put it to the test?" he begged.

"Oh, faintheart!" she whispered mockingly. "Try and see."

Whereat Dudley began a most peculiar course of behavior. Going quickly around the corner of the cabin, he bumped his head softly several times against the logs, gave himself a violent shake and then strode through the trees to the low rock in the little cleared space at the edge of the bluff. Sitting down, he plunged an empty hand into the deep pocket and brought it out full of a stout brown walking boot of small dimensions.

To his credit be it said that there was self denunciation in his aspect as he sat turning it miserably over and over. Oh, yes; of course he'd had it there all the while. Well, hadn't he tried to let her have it at the very first, and didn't she keep interrupting till he couldn't—that is to say, didn't want to? Suppose he was the biggest cad on record, he'd wager no fellow ever had a better excuse! Hang it! What did she have to look at him that way for? How could he deliberately hand the thing over and put an end to the happiest few moments he'd ever spent, or ever expected to spend, for that matter? For surely by this foolishness he'd dishonored his prospects of further acquaintance about as effectively as possible. Well, anyhow, this was torture; might as well have the confession over with and go off and shoot himself.

In three minutes he was back. The trial trip had taken twenty to navigate. She was waiting and still alone. Oh, yes; rub it in! She might have cared if he hadn't spotted it all.

"Most eager knight!" she called in greeting. "Was it wings? Nothing else could have taken you down the ravine and up again in this time."

For answer he knelt without a word and put the fateful shoe in place with elaborate care. He would have that privilege before he forfeited her favor forever. Then—

"I found it in the ravine before I climbed up at all," he said abruptly. "It was in my pocket all the while. Now send me away, for I can't go unless you do."

But Cinderella leaned forward to take his remorseful face between two bitterly hands.

"Oh, boy, boy," she cried softly, "most innocent of boys! Did you think I didn't know? I saw you pick it up down below—no, you shall have all the truth; it fell—I let it fall because I saw you!"

Just then Tom Hutton, coming around the corner of the house, decided he could quite as well postpone his errand.

Mesmerism.

Mesmerism, so called, was propounded by the German physician, Frederic Anthony Mesmer of Merseburg, in 1766. In his famous thesis published that year Mesmer contended that the "heavenly bodies diffused through the universe a subtle fluid which acts on the nervous system of all living beings and in a special sense on man." He gained numerous followers and for several years made all Europe ring with his fame at the same time that he was taking in money by the handful. In 1784 a committee of physicians got after Mesmer's system and succeeded in exposing it to the ridicule of the world. Mesmer was at once discredited, and since that time mesmerism has been practically a dead issue.—New York American.

Fashion and Rare Birds.

In South Australia a movement is on foot for the conservation of the rarer birds—such as the ibis, the egret, the crane and the spoonbill—now sacrificed at the behest of Dame Fashion. The result of the destruction of these birds has been the increase of the plagues of grasshoppers and a diminishing fish supply, for the wading birds subsist on crustaceans that destroy the fish spawn.

Parisian Sage for Women

Madam: Do you want an abundance of lustrous hair with no dandruff or germs?

Before you finish one bottle of delightful PARISIAN Sage hair tonic, falling hair will cease; scalp itch will be but a memory and every particle of dandruff will vanish.

Besides this, your hair will be free from dandruff germs, and PARISIAN Sage will so nourish the hair roots that the hair itself will become full of life and nature's own radiant beauty.

PARISIAN Sage is not a dye—it does not contain dangerous lead or any other poisonous ingredient. For your own protection, ask for PARISIAN Sage and request your dealer not to give you any preparation containing Lead or Niparatine of Silver. Large bottle of PARISIAN Sage 50 cents at MacFarlane & Co's, and dealers Canada over.

THE CREDIT SYSTEM.

"Can you conceive anything more deplorable than for a firm to be compelled to assign simply because they can't get what is their own?" We have very few young men in business who have hustled the way they have, trying to get along. And then to lose and have the reputation of having failed in business. The public know that when accounts stating the time the money is wanted are sent out, settlement should be made either by note or cash. The wholesaler and the banks won't wait, so what is the dealer to do but to place his accounts for collection much as he dislikes it. If the general public would have more sympathy for the dealer who they owe, there would be less tossing about on the pillow when the brain should be at rest.

The above remarks are somebody's moralizing upon the assignment of a storekeeper in an Ontario town. Was the result of the credit system, which is the cause of trade and the ruin of so many people. The ease with which credit can be obtained leads many a man to indulge in luxuries and live ahead of his income. Sooner or later, he will have to face the day of reckoning the same as the storekeeper whose inability to get hold of the ready cash has brought him to bankruptcy. Both suffer from the same evil and it spells evil in either case.

The remedy lies with the storekeepers. If they shut down on credit in time a cash system will result, not only to their own convenience and happy state of mind, but to the peace and contentment of many a man who is through credit led to a state of living that he can ill afford.

THE DINNER HORN.

When I was young and full of vim I labored in my father's field, and I have heard it said by him that none a hoe could better him; beneath my care the pumpkins thrived, tall grew the turnips and the corn; and when the noon hour had arrived, my father blew the dinner horn. Talk of the music of the spheres and all the sounds inspiring men! They would have jarred upon my ears, had they come floating to me then! I've heard great singers caracole through notes of joy and notes of scorn, but nothing ever stirred my soul like father's old tin dinner horn. I've heard the noble organ peal, and thought it heavenly and grand; I've heard march, waltz, Virginia reel, performed by Sousa's bully band; I've heard the great Caruso trot out songs sublime as e'er were born, still nothing ever hit the spot like father's old tin dinner horn. A crank on music, I have sailed, all o'er the world to hear the best; the masters of all lands have failed to give my yearning spirit rest. When on their instruments they pound or beat or blow, my soul forlorn but reaches back to hear the sound of father's old tin dinner horn.

ARE THERE ANY IN DURHAM?

An exchange gives a list of nine classes of people who do a town no good, and retard progress and improvement. These are:

1. Those who go out of town to do their trading.
2. Those who oppose improvement.
3. Those who prefer a quiet town to one of push and business.
4. Those who imagine they run the town.
5. Those who think business can be done without advertising.
6. Those who despise public-spirited men.
7. Those who oppose every improvement that does not originate with themselves.
8. Those who oppose every enterprise that does not appear to benefit them.
9. Those who seek to injure the credit of an individual.

HIS TRADE.

"The man passing over there is such a time server."

"I despise that kind."

"No reason to despise him. He is such a good clockmaker."

NERVOUSNESS

is common to sufferers from uric acid poisonings. It is caused from the nerves and is likely to take the form of despondency, irritability or worry. Anti-Uric Pills drive uric acid from the system and cure all kidney troubles. The Central Drug Store sells Anti-Uric Pills with their personal guarantee. B. V. Marion on every box.