

THE PEOPLE'S STORE

FALL GOODS ARRIVING DAILY

NEW SUITS, HATS, CAPS, ETC.

See the Label on them. Its the sign of honesty and satisfaction, of true worth and economy, of value given.

FURS! FURS! FURS!

From our collection you can make a satisfactory selection without exceeding the amount you proposed paying, and the distinctive style and superior quality will greatly add to your appreciation of them.

Mens Cloth Coats with Fur Collars Fur Lined Coats, Black Fur Coats and Coon Coats

Ladies' Cloth Coats and Fur Coats

See these before you buy.

A full range of Men's Sweaters, Sweater Coats and Cardigans, Etc.

STAPLES

Our Staples are the kind that call for your attention.

Fresh Groceries always on hand.

We Want Your Butter Eggs and Fowl.

Robert Burnett

GENERAL MERCHANT

DURHAM - ONTARIO

A WONDERFUL STREAM.

The Mississippi River, its Magnitude and the Area it Drains.

The Mississippi river, lying wholly within the temperate zone, is in this respect more fortunately situated than the more fertile valleyed Amazon, since the climate here, varied and sometimes inhospitable as it is, offers conditions of human development there denied.

The main stream is 2,500 miles in length—that is, about ten times that of the Seine. As Mark Twain has said, it is "the crookedest river" in the world, travelling 1,200 miles to cover the same ground that a crow would fly over in 675. For several hundred miles it is a mile in width. Back in 1882 it was seventy miles wide when the flood was highest.

The volume of water discharged by it into the sea is second only to the Amazon and is greater than that of all European rivers combined (omitting the Volga). The amount is estimated at 139 cubic miles annually—that is, it would fill annually a tank 139 miles long, 139 miles wide and 139 miles high. With its tributaries it provides somewhat more than 16,000 miles of navigable water, more than any other system on the globe except the Amazon and more than enough to reach from Lake Superior to Paris by way of Kamchatka and Alaska, about three-fourths of the way around the globe. The sediment deposited is 400,000,000 tons, enough to require daily for its removal 500 trains of fifty cars, each carrying fifty tons, and to make each year two square miles of new earth over a hundred feet deep.

The area which it drains is roughly 1,250,000 square miles, or two-fifths of the United States. That is, Germany, Austria-Hungary, France and Italy could be set down within this area and there would still be some room to spare.

It has the strength, for the most part put to no use whatever, of 60,000,000 horses. The difference between high water and low water is in some places fifty feet, which gives some impression of the range of its moodiness.—John Finley in Scribner's Magazine.

SHE WAS GOING TO DIE.

Then Something Happened That Made the Sick Girl Well.

An Atchison young lady had been ill for some time and finally became much depressed. She told a married sister, who was assisting in caring for her, that she knew she was going to die, and that she might as well distribute her possessions. "I'll give you my coral beads," she said to the married sister, "but Mary is to have my diamond ring because you have had several diamonds given to you by your husband."

The sick girl expected the married sister to fall on her neck and weep, not only at the sadness of her impending and untimely death, but because of her generosity in the matter of her corals. So it was no wonder that every nerve in the invalid's body was jarred by the married sister's answer: "Well, of all the nerve! Giving me your little string of cheap corals! Why, they cost only \$20, while your diamond ring is worth every bit of \$250. It makes me tired," the married sister continued in excited tones, "the way you indulge Mary. Why, she's at a party this very minute, and I'm slaving here with you. As for my diamonds, didn't I help my husband scrimp and save?"

But right here the sick young woman, buoyed up by righteous indignation, her blood pumping through her veins with anger, sat up, put her feet firmly on the floor, got up and dressed. "You can take the next train for home," she said to the astonished married sister. "I'll just wear my diamond ring and corals myself a little while longer." This is a true story, and, although the incident occurred six months ago, the Atchison young lady hasn't been sick a minute since.—Atchison Globe.

Could You Do Better?

"I was one of a party of four taking an early dinner at an open air restaurant in Cologne on the Fourth of July several years ago," says a New York Tribune reader. "We sent a polite request to the orchestra leader to play 'The Star Spangled Banner' and were told that the composition was 'unknown.' We were surprised and vexed and talked a lot about the song, its origin, its beauty, and finally discovered that had the bandmaster played it we—all four of us—could have sung only 'la-la' to the second verse and all after it."

Maine's Needle Rock.

In Blue Hill bay, Me., there is a pinnacle rock only six feet in diameter at its top which projects to within seven feet of the surface of the water and rises nearly perpendicularly out of a depth of seventy-eight feet. The existence of this rock is an evidence of the difficulty, even in well known waters, of demonstrating that so impaled rocks are lying in wait for headless victims.—Harper's.

The Good He Did.

"Do you really believe, doctor, that your old medicines really keep anybody alive?" asked the skeptic. "Surely," returned the doctor. "My prescriptions have kept three druggists and their families alive in this town for twenty years."—Harper's Weekly.

Pretty Long Run.

Dutch Comedian—I played Hamlet once. Chorus—Did you have a long run? Dutch Comedian—About three miles.—Judge.

Not the body, but the soul, strikes the blow in which lives victory.—Maga.

THE DUMB WAITER

It Played a Low Down Trick on the Master of the House.

A HOT TIME ON A COLD NIGHT.

The Trouble Was the Direct Result of a Thirsty Man's Craving For Drink and His Dogged Persistence in Attempting to Satisfy It.

One of the old time humorous writers was "Sparrowgrass," and the following account of his adventure with a dumb-waiter gives a good idea of his amusing style:

One evening Mrs. S had retired, and I was busy writing when it struck me a glass of ice water would be palatable. So I took the candle and a pitcher and went down to the pump. Our pump is in the kitchen. A country pump in the kitchen is so convenient, but a well with buckets is certainly most picturesque. Unfortunately our well-water has not been sweet since it was cleaned out.

First I had to open a bolted door that lets you into the basement hall, and then I went to the kitchen door, which proved to be locked. Then I remembered that our girl always carried the key to bed with her and slept with it under her pillow. Then I retraced my steps, bolted the basement door and went up into the dining room. As is always the case, I found when I could not get any water I was thirstier than I supposed I was. Then I thought I would wake our girl up. Then I concluded not to do it. Then I thought of the well, but I gave that up on account of its flavor. Then I opened the closet doors. There was no water there. Then I thought of the dumb waiter! The novelty of the idea made me smile. I took out two of the movable shelves, stood the pitcher on the bottom of the dumb waiter, got in myself with the lamp, let myself down until I supposed I was within a foot of the floor below and then let go.

We came down so suddenly that I was shot out of the apparatus as if it had been a catapult. It broke the pitcher, extinguished the lamp and landed me in the middle of the kitchen at midnight, with no fire and the air not much above the zero point. The truth is I had miscalculated the distance of the descent. Instead of falling one foot, I had fallen five. My first impulse was to ascend by the way I came down, but I found that impracticable. Then I tried the kitchen door. It was locked. I tried to force it open. It was made of two inch stuff and held its own. Then I hoisted a window, and there were the rigid iron bars. If I ever felt angry at anybody it was at myself for putting up those bars to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass. I put them up not to keep people in, but to keep people out.

I laid my cheek against the ice cold barriers and looked at the sky. Not a star was visible. It was as black as ink overhead. Then I made a noise. I shouted until I was hoarse and ruined our preserving kettle with the poker. That brought our dogs out in full bark, and between us we made the night hideous. Then I thought I heard a voice and listened. It was Mrs. Sparrowgrass calling to me from the top of the staircase. I tried to make her hear me, but the infernal dogs united with howl and growl and bark, so as to drown my voice, which is naturally plaintive and tender. Besides, there were two bolted doors and double deafened floors between us. How could she recognize my voice, even if she did hear it?

Mr. Sparrowgrass called once or twice and then got frightened. The next thing I heard was a sound as if the roof had fallen in, by which I understood that Mrs. Sparrowgrass was springing the rattle! That called out our neighbor, already wide awake. He came to the rescue with a bull terrier, a Newfoundland pup, a lantern and a revolver. The moment he saw me at the window he shot at me, but fortunately just missed me. I threw myself under the kitchen table and ventured to expostulate with him, but he would not listen to reason. In the excitement I had forgotten his name, and that made matters worse. It was not until he had roused up everybody around, broken in the basement door with an ax, got into the kitchen with his cursed savage dogs and shooting iron and seized me by the collar that he recognized me, and then he wanted me to explain it! But what kind of an explanation could I make to him? I told him he would have to wait until my mind was composed and then I would let him understand the matter fully.

Thrift.

Tonal—Eh, you was a powerful gee-course on "Thrift" ye preached the Sabbath. Tother—Am glad ye were able to profit—Tonal—Profit! Why, mon, I would have sloshed me aspenice into the pipe w/out a thought if it had not been for your providential words—they saved me fourpence there and then!—London Opinion.

The Miracle.

Woodland—What is the difference between a wonder and a miracle? Loran—Well, if you'd touch me for \$5 and I'd lend it to you it would be a wonder. Woodland—That's so Loran—And if you returned it that would be a miracle.

Laughter is day, and sobriety is night. A smile is the twilight that borders gently between both, more bewitching than either. H. W. Beecher.

Hardware and Furniture

Ring merry sleigh bells ring Now for nice

Xmas Presents

Good Presents

Cheap Presents

In HARDWARE and FURNITURE

Skates

For Skaters

Hockey Sticks

For Hockey Players

Snow Shoes

For Snow Shoers

ELLIO'S FAMOUS

CUTLERY

ALL GUANANTEED

Carving Sets

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See our fine assortment of FURNITURE

For the Christmas Trade

All at reduced price until December 25

Wishing you a Merry Christmas.

F. Lenahan & Co

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR RATES

SINGLE FARE Dec. 24, 25, good for return Dec. 26 also Dec. 31, and Jan. 1, good for return Jan. 2, 1913.	FAIR AND ONE-THIRD Dec. 21 to Jan. 1, good for return Jan. 3, 1913
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Between all Stations in Canada.

east of Port Arthur, also to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Buffalo, Black Rock and Suspension Bridge, N.Y.

Full particulars and Tickets from any Grand Trunk Agent.

Jas. R. Gun Town Agent, Phone 14
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CANADIAN PACIFIC

CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR EXCURSION FARES

Between all stations in Canada—Port William and East, and to Sault Ste. Marie, Detroit, Mich., Buffalo and Niagara Falls, N.Y.

SINGLE FARE Good Going December 24, 25 Return Limit Dec. 26, 1912. Also going Dec. 31, Jan 1, Return Limit Jan. 2, 1913.	FAIR AND ONE-THIRD Good Going Dec. 21, 1912 to Jan. 1, 1913. Return Limit Jan. 2, 1913.
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Minimum Fare, 25c.
Particulars from C.P.M. Agents,
E. A. HAY, Station Agent
R. McFarlane, Town Agent.

OLD PROVERBS ABOUT APPLES

No fruit has played a more important part in sacred or profane history than the apple, of which Solomon made good use in his proverbs, "stolen apples are sweet," and "a word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

A good many English doctors prescribe an apple for either the first or last meal. The Dutch equivalent for our "two birds with one stone," is "two apples with one stick," and the origin of the saying, "A windy year, an apple year," dates back to the days of the Norman.

Large Sales Small Profits McKECHNIES' WEEKLY NEWS

Christmas Greetings

Christmas with its kindly wishes and gift-giving spirit will soon arrive. We have bought a very large stock of goods in all lines suitable for the festive season and we cordially invite you to have a look through our stock. Wishing everybody a Merry Christmas.

Neck Wear

Men's Neck Ties 12c, 25c, 35c and 50c
Ladies, Mufflers 25c and 35c
Ladies' Fancy Collars 20c and 25c

Dress Goods

Our stock of Dress Goods is very large, embracing the newest in all lines

Sweater Coats

Men's Sweater Coats from \$1.00 to \$4.00
Women's ' ' 1.25 to 3.75
Children's ' ' .75 to 2.00

Groceries

Fresh Groceries are continually arriving, the best we can buy at the most reasonable prices.
A fresh stock of Light of Asia and Star of India Teas.

Reminders

Ladies' flannel lined Bluchers, made on easy fitting lasts \$1.75.

See our large stock of men's lumbermen's rubbers,

Why pay \$1.25 for the E.T. Corset when we sell it for a \$1.

40c Brooms for 25c during Christmas.

See our new stock of fur, sells \$6.00 to \$15.00

See our Ladies' Coats, \$6.50 to \$15.00.

A new stock of Suit Cases and Trunks.

A large stock of the newest in pocket handkerchiefs.

A nice selection of men's Sox.

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