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WITH WHICH IS UNITED
THE TRADERS BANK OF CANADA

INCORPORATED 1869

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Capital Paid Up	11,500,000
Reserve Fund	12,500,000
Total Assets	180,000,000

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SOWING HIS WILD OATS REAPING A HARVEST OF SORROW



How many young men can look back on their early life and regret their misdeeds. "Sowing their wild oats" in various ways. Excesses, violation of nature's laws, "wine, women and song"—all have their victims. You have reformed but what about the seed you have sown—what about the harvest? Don't trust to luck. If you are at present within the clutches of any secret habit which is sapping your life by degrees; if you are suffering from the results of past indiscretions; if your blood has been tainted from any private disease and you dare not marry; if you are married and live in dread of symptoms breaking out and exposing your past; if you are suffering as the result of a misspent life—**DRS. K. & K. ARE YOUR REFUGE.** Lay your case before them confidentially and they will tell you honestly if you are curable.

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COME TO THE MOUNT FOREST



Where you will be properly prepared for a responsible position. We are confident that you cannot get a better course in any other school in the Dominion and our graduates experience no difficulty in securing and holding good positions. May we hope to have you soon?
W. E. WILSON, Principal.

We Have In Stock

35 Pairs Ladies' Dongola Bals
Of different makes and sizes, mostly \$2 to 4, we have been selling them at \$2.75 and \$3.00, they are reduced to **\$2.00.**

Also a few Pairs in Patent Leather
\$3.50 and \$4.00 now to clear **\$2.50**

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THE DURHAM FOUNDRY

Iron and Brass Castings and general Repairing. Feed boilers. Steam fitters supplies. Engines and Threshers. Sash and Doors, Planning and General Wood Work.

SMITH BKOS., - DURHAM, ONT.

WALKERTON TO HAVE A NEW CURLING RINK.

The stock for the new curling and skating rink, which it is proposed to erect in Walkerton this year, is fully subscribed. Councilor Lippert, who passed the list around last week, succeeded in getting subscriptions to the extent of \$3,000, which is more than the most sanguine ever imagined could be rounded up for such a venture here. The shares were listed at \$25 each, and the way the people grabbed them off the market was a study in rapid finance. The company have already applied for their charter, and will be known, we understand, as The Walkerton Riak Co., Limited. The new rink will be situated on Yonge street, behind Mr. Clarence Smith's house, and will be 153 feet long by 45 feet wide. It will be built in the form of half circles, and, like the old rink here, will have no posts that will interfere with or obstruct the curlers and skaters.—Bruce Times.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

EXCUSE ME!

Continued from page 6.
paused to glare down with an attempt at irony.
"Is there anything else?"
"No. You may get down."
The magnificent patronage of this witted porter completely. He returned to the lower level, and shuffled along the aisle in a trance. He was quickly recalled by a sharp:
"Pawtah!"
"Yassah!"
"What time does this bally train start?"
"Ten-thutty, sah."
"But it's only ten now."
"Yassah. It'll be ten-thutty a little later."
"Do you mean to tell me that I've got to sit hyah for half an hour—just waitin'?"
The porter essayed another bit of irony:
"Well," he drawled, "I might tell the conducta you're ready. And maybe he'd start the train. But the timetable says ten-thutty."
He watched the effect of his satire, but it fell back unheeded from the granite dome of the Englishman, whose only comment was:
"Oh, never mind. I'll wait."
The porter cast his eyes up in despair, and turned away, once more to be recalled.
"Oh, pawtah!"
"Yassah!"
"I think we'll put on my slippahs."
"Will we?"
"You might hand me that large bag. No, stupid, the othah one. You might open it. No, it's in the othah one. Ah, that's it. You may set it down."
Mr. Wedgewood brought forth a soft cap and a pair of red slippers. The porter made another effort to escape, his thoughts as black as his face. Again the relentless recall:
"Oh, pawtah, I think we'll unbutton my boots."
He was too weak to murmur "Yassah." He simply fell on one knee and got to work.
There was a witness to his helpless rage—a newcomer, the American counterpart of the Englishman in all that makes travel difficult for the fellow travelers. Ira Lathrop was zealous to resent anything short of perfection, quick and loud of complaint, apparently impossible to please.
In everything else he was the opposite of the Englishman. He was burly, middle-aged, rough, careless in attire, careless of speech—as uncouth and savage as one can well be who is plainly a man of means.
It was not enough that a freeborn Afro-American should be caught kneeling to an Englishman. But when he had escaped this penance, and advanced hospitably to the newcomer, he must be greeted with a snarl.
"Say, are you the porter of this car, or that man's nurse?"
"I can't tell yet. What's yo' number, please?"
The answer was the ticket. The porter screwed up his eyes to read the pencilled scrawl.
"Numba se'm. Hesh she is, boss."
"Right next to a lot of women, I'll bet. Couldn't you put me in the men's end of the car?"
"Not yet, well, sah. I reckon the cah is done sold out."
With a growl of rage, Ira Lathrop slammed into the seat his entire hand baggage, one ancient and rusty valise. The porter gazed upon him with increased depression. The passenger list had opened inauspiciously with two of the worst types of travelers the Anglo-Saxon race has developed. But their anger was not their worst trait in the porter's eyes. He was, in a limited way, an expert in human character.
When you meet a stranger you reveal your own character in what you ask about his. With some, the first question is, "Who are his people?" With others, "What has he achieved?" With others, "How much is he worth?" Each gauges his cordiality according to his estimate.
The porter was not curious on any of these points. He showed a democratic indifference to them. His one vital inquiry was:
"How much will he tip?"
His inspection of his first two charges promised small returns. He buttoned up his cordiality, and determined to waste upon them the irreducible minimum of attention.
It would take at least a bridal couple to restore the balance. But bridal couples in their first bloom rarely fell to the lot of that porter, for what bridal couple wants to lock itself in with a crowd of passengers for the first seventy-two hours of wedded bliss?
The porter banished the hope as a vanity. Little he knew how eagerly the young castaways from that wrecked taxicab desired to be a bridal couple, and to catch this train.
But the Englishman was restive again:
"Pawtah! I say, pawtah!"
"Yassah!"
"What time are we due in San Francisco?"
"San Francisco? San Francisco? We are due that the evenin' of the fo' day. This bein' Monday, that ought to bring us in abote Thuzday evenin'."
The Yankee felt called upon to check the foreign usurper.
"Porterr!"
"Yassah!"
"Don't let that fellow monopolize you. He probably won't tip you at all."
The porter grew confidential:
"Oh, I know his kind, sah. They don't tip you for what you do do, but they're ready letter writers to the Superintendent for what you don't do."
"Pawtah! I say, pawtah!"
"Here, porterrr."

The porter tried to imitate the Irish bird, and be in two places at once. The American had a coin in his hand. The porter caught the gleam of it, and flitted thither. The Yankee growled:
"Don't forget that I'm on the train, and when we get to 'Frisco there may be something more."
The porter had the coin in his hand.



The Porter.

Its heft was light. He sighed: "I hope so."
The Englishman was craning his head around owlishly to ask:
"I say, pawtah, does this train ever get wrecked?"
"Well, it hasn't yet," and he murmured to the Yankee, "but I has hopes."
The Englishman's voice was querulous again.
"I say, pawtah, open a window, will you? The air is ghastly, abso-ripplingly ghastly."
The Yankee growled:
"No wonder we had the Revolutionary war!"
Then he took from his pocket an envelope addressed to Ira Lathrop & Co., and from the envelope he took a contract, and studied it grimly. The envelope bore a Chinese stamp.
The porter, as he struggled with an obstinate window, wondered what sort of passenger fate would send him next.
Continued next week.

A MAIL ORDER DEAL.

The other day a man went into a local store to buy a saw. He saw the kind he wanted, and asked the price. \$1.64 said the dealer.
"Goodness gracious!" said the man, "I can get the same saw from Eaton's for \$1.27."
"That's less than it costs me, but I'll sell it to you on the same terms as the mail order house, just the same," said the dealer.
"All right," said the customer, "you can charge it to my account."
"Not on your life," said the other, "No charge accounts, you can't do business with Eaton's that way. Fork over the cash."
The customer complied.
"Now, two cents for postage, and three cents for an express order."
"What!"
"Certainly. You have to send a letter and a money order to Eaton's, you know."
The customer, inwardly angry, put up the money.
"Now, 35 cents for express."
"Well, I'll be—!" he said, but he paid it, saying "now hand me the saw and get rid of this tomfoolery."
"Hand it to you! Where do you think you are? You're not in Toronto, and you'll have to wait a week for the saw."
Whereupon the dealer hung up the saw and put the money in the cash drawer, saying, "That makes \$1.67, it costs you three cents more, and has taken you a week longer than if you had paid for it in the first place."
Moral.—Buy at home.

Bottle Scarred.

The western papers are retelling with considerable glee a story of the Duke of Connaught's visit to the Pacific Coast. It comes second in popularity to that of the city father who wore robes of state and a gold chain to greet His Royal Highness. The duke reviewed a number of veterans at Kamloops. They were old men, and the Governor-General was doing his best to be particularly agreeable.
He singled out one old man who was more bottle scarred than battle scarred, and asked him several questions.
"You have served?" inquired His Royal Highness.
"Yes," replied the veteran rather ashamed.
"Where did you last serve?" was the next question.
"Right here in Kamloops, said the man in desperation.
Those in the ranks who knew his reputation could scarcely keep their mirth down to a smile over his very natural mistake.—Toronto Saturday Night.

The Name of Smith.

A plain sounding name is sometimes a valuable asset. At least this was the experience of Lord Strathcona when he was standing for Parliament in Canada.
At that time his name was plain Donald Smith, and one of his opponents sought to weaken his chances by demanding "Who is Smith? What is Smith? Why is Smith?" One of the candidate's supporters demolished this opponent by replying: "Always pin your faith to a Smith wherever you find him. There are no trills on a Smith. If you want boldness and pluck vote for Captain John Smith; if you want a master of logic vote for Adam Smith; if you want ability and patriotism vote for Donald Smith." The electors regarded this as sound advice and plumped for Donald Smith.

Japanese Enlist Indians.

That many Indians of British Columbia have a definite understanding with the Japanese and have been recruited by them is the surprising statement of an Indian missionary who for 30 years has lived with the natives of the northern part of the province.
The Indians have been told that they are the same lineage as the Japs and regard them as brothers. They have no hesitation in saying to the missionary or justice of the peace, when rebuked: "Wait until our brethren, the Japs, come. They will fix you."

Those Horrid Creditors.

Irate Father to son: It's astonishing, George, how much money you need! Son: I don't need any, father, it's the other people who need it.—Exchange.

Cruel.
Miss Fortysummers: I had a proposal last night and refused it. Miss Cruser: You are always thinking of the welfare of others, aren't you dear?

A DRUGGIST IN WINNIPEG

Cured Himself with GIN PILLS

No greater compliment could be paid GIN PILLS than to have a druggist use them. Mr. Rogers being in the business, tried all the ordinary remedies, but it was not until he used GIN PILLS that he was cured of a severe pain in the back.

Winnipeg, May 19th, 1912.
"In the autumn of 1911, I suffered with a continual pain in the back. As a druggist, I tried various remedies without any apparent result. Having sold GIN PILLS for a number of years, I thought there must be good in them, otherwise the sales would not increase so fast. I gave them a fair trial and the results I found to be good."
GEO. E. ROGERS.

GIN PILLS must cure you or your money will be refunded. Soc. a box, 6 for \$2.50. Sample free if you write National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

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T. N. WALPOLE, Agent : DURHAM

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson X.—First Quarter, For March 9, 1913.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. xix, 12-17, 23-29—Memory Verses, 15, 16—Golden Text, II Cor. vi, 1—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

It does seem too bad to bury over these lessons after the fashion of the suggestion of those who have assigned them, but the faithful teacher will take up the intervening portions and endeavor to omit nothing. Every part of the record of the visit of the Lord and the angels to Abraham in chapter xviii is most fascinating and most instructive and practical.

See the Lord of glory in human form, as doubtless He also appeared to Adam and Eve in Eden. See Him and His companions, the two angels, also in the form of men, accepting Abraham's hospitality and actually eating the food prepared by Abraham and Sarah. Consider that He also ate in His immortal resurrection body.

Think of the breakfast He prepared for the disciples on the shore of Galilee and also of eating and drinking with Him at His table in His kingdom.

Do not omit to notice the water for their feet. Consider His reference to the omission of this by Simon (Luke vii, 44) and see Him attending to Himself in John xiii. Contrast Sarah's three measures of meal unleavened (xviii, 6) with the woman's three measures of meal leavened of Matt. xiii, 33. See the great saying of xviii, 14, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" And compare Jer. xxxii, 17-27.

In xviii, 22, see the Lord and Abraham alone together, while the two angels go on their way to Sodom to rescue Lot. Hear Abraham pleading for Sodom and the Lord's assurance that if there were but ten righteous men in the city He would not destroy it. Contrast the greater sin of Israel when the presence of such men as Noah, Daniel and Job could not prevent the judgment from falling upon her and the intercession of Moses or Samuel would not avail (Ezek. xiv, 14-20; Jer. xv, 2)—more tolerable for Sodom than for Capernaum in the day of judgment (Matt. xi, 23, 24).

We have seen Lot pitching his tent toward Sodom and later dwelling in Sodom (xiii, 12; xiv, 12), but now we see him a ruler in Sodom, sitting in the gate of Sodom (xix, 1). That means getting on in the world, but it means such a fellowship with the world as angels cannot approve, for they preferred to abide in the street rather than enter Lot's house.

When they communicated to Lot their business, that they had been sent to destroy the city because of its iniquity, which cried greatly to God, they told Lot to tell his family and relatives to flee from the city because of the judgment that was about to come. They paid no heed to Lot's message, however, and he seemed to them as one that mocked.

So much for the value of a testimony against the world by one who is conformed to the world. The life and conduct of Lot is such a problem that if the spirit by Peter had not told us that he was a righteous man (II Pet. ii, 7, 8) we might never have supposed that he was such a one. Such a testimony concerning such a man should prevent us from passing judgment on any one as to whether they are the Lord's or not. See Rom. xiv, 13; I Cor. 4, 5.

In the morning the two angels took Lot and his wife and their two daughters by the hand and brought them forth without the city, urging them to escape for their lives and look not behind them lest they should be consumed in the destruction of the city.

The perverseness and unbelief of Lot are seen in his refusal to escape to the mountain and in his fear that He who had delivered him from Sodom would let some evil befall him in the mountain. See the marvelous grace of God in sparing Zoar at his request. How wonderful beyond all comprehension the sin of man and the grace of God! There is, however, a limit to His forbearance if sin is persisted in, for, though He is long suffering and not willing that any should perish, the day of the Lord will come (II Pet. iii, 9, 10).

From chapter xix, 15-23, it looks as if the day on which Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed began with a clear sky, a morning of sunshine after a night of the usual sins to which the cities were given over. If the sons-in-law of Lot happened to mention to any of their friends the visit of their father and his strange message concerning the approaching doom it probably caused only laughter. But the clouds gathered, the storm broke, the fire and brimstone fell, and that was the last morning on earth for the inhabitants of those cities.

The Lord Jesus Christ, who sent the deluge in the days of Noah and the fire that destroyed those cities, has said, "As it was in the days of Noah, . . . even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of Man is revealed" (Luke xvii, 34; xviii, 30; II Thess. i, 7, 9).

He also said, "Remember Lot's wife" (Luke xvii, 32). And when today these Old Testament records are ridiculed, as they so often are, it is the Lord Jesus who is thus held up to scorn and contempt and through Him God the Father, for all of His words and works were the Father's through Him (John xii, 49; xiv, 10).