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While the business has changed hands this store will continue to be the headquarters for high-class repairing and custom work.

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With a high-class stock, as low prices as the quality of our stock will permit, and a first-class repairing department, we feel we are not asking too much in soliciting a share of the patronage of the people of Durham and vicinity.

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We are still doing business and selling at a discount.

**JAMES R. GUN**  
DRUGGIST - DURHAM

# The Fall Trade

It Brought With It Business of Another Kind

By MILLARD MALTBIE

"Ethel," I said to my fiancée, "we must fix our wedding day either before the fall trade begins or after it is over, for I can't get away when it is on. If we fix it before it must be within, say, a month; if after we shall need to put it off for at least three months."

"I am afraid," said Ethel reflectively, "that it must be later rather than before. I've done very little in the way of getting ready and couldn't possibly complete my preparations within a month."

"You mean buy your trousseau?" "Well, yes. But there are some small matters that need to be cleared up before we're married, and they all require time."

"Such as?" "Oh, they are of no importance to you, simply affairs between me and acquaintances of mine."

"Obligations you wish to pay off?" "Oh, no; not that at all. I'm not indebted to any one for favors."

"Old scores then?" "That's more like it."

"Mention one of them." "Well, there's Nell Blanchard. Last summer when we were at the Springs together she treated me very badly. Ned Franklin was there and devoted himself to me. Ned prejudiced him against me and got him away."

"What sort of a retaliation do you propose?" "That's something I wish to speak to you about especially. You may object."

"Well, out with it." "Why, the only way I can punish her is to show her that I can have him if I want him."

"Phew!" "I was afraid you'd act mean about it."

"You mean that on the eve of your marriage with me you propose to bring down another man?"

"Only to punish Nell Blanchard as she should be punished."

"Do you think that it is treating me right to carry on a flirtation while



"WHY DID YOU NOT TELL ME OF THIS FORMER LOVE AFFAIR?"

making your preparations to marry me?"

"But I'm telling you beforehand that it's for a special purpose. Besides, how many cases there are where everybody is surprised when an engagement is announced, persons saying, 'Why, I supposed she was going to marry So-and-so.' Nobody knows yet that we are engaged. How you will laugh in your sleeve when you hear of reports of my engagement to Ned Franklin!"

"It will be just too funny for anything, won't it?"

"And won't Nell be mad?" "She'll burst for spite."

Being one of those fellows who consider the courting period a season wherein the girls are prizes to be gambled for, I saw no way but to chime in with my fiancée, pretending that I was quite willing she should remain in the ring till the last minute. Some men would have informed the lady that the old scores were ended upon her engagement and if she proposed to still take a hand in paying them off she must take back her freedom. But for me, I never considered a girl a woman, but, rather, one to be played like a fish. I had supposed that I had lured Ethel, but now I saw that the landing must be deferred. So I told her that we had better put off our wedding till after the fall trade, and by that time I expected she would have had an opportunity to get ready in the way of her trousseau and would have especially noted Ned Franklin had to rue the day he had stepped in between us.

"I have finished it," she replied ruefully.

"Indeed, it's a pity I had not taken up mine earlier; then they would both have been ended together."

"I thought you said you would end the matter at once."

"I said I would endeavor to do so."

She had taken hold of her engagement ring and was toying with it. I knew she was meditating taking it off and handing it to me.

"You would not have me treat a girl who loves me harshly, would you? You know how you have been situated with regard to Franklin."

There was a long silence. I thought it time to bring the matter to a focus. "I will make you a proposition," I said. "Drop Franklin without a word, written or spoken, and I will do the same in my own case."

Another long silence, at the end of which she put out her hand to me. I clasped it, drew her to me and that was the end of paying off old scores. By this time the rush of the fall trade was over and we were married within a month. We passed over the border dividing the single from the married state, and prenuptial nonsense gave way to antenuptial conditions.

too busy to keep an eye on my fiancée. A lover is a pessimist, and I was by no means easy in my mind upon this vindication. I knew had been her favorite before I had appeared on the scene, and prior to our engagement I had suspected that I was serving for a snare by which to trap him. I heard something of his recent attentions to Ethel since she had begun her vindication, and some of my intimate friends, who knew that I was interested in her, began to look upon me with commiseration. Now and again I asked Ethel how she was getting on with her vindication, and she said that Nell was simply green with envy and jealousy.

I have never believed in defensive warfare. It is a military principle that the advantage preponderates to the attacking force. I considered bringing the matter to a focus by telling Ethel that if Nell was green with envy and jealousy nothing more was required and there was no further necessity for her playing Mr. Franklin in the matter; also that she had been reported to be engaged to him and all the surprise she could wish for would occur when her real engagement with me was given out, with the wedding soon to follow. But did not Ethel know all this without my telling her? And if she knew it what was to be gained by telling her?

If Mr. Franklin was destined to win in the game—as I strongly suspected he would—the end would be Ethel's giving me a rignarole about her having unwittingly, unknowingly and unintentionally got into an unfortunate position and that she was obliged to give pain to me or Mr. Franklin and she was absolutely crushed; also that she had loved him and he had loved her till that horrid Nell Blanchard had come between them and made all the trouble. Then under such distressing circumstances I would be expected to do a magnanimous, noble part by relieving her of her frightful embarrassment by releasing her without blame.

One day I received a note from Ethel chiding me for not having been to see her for a week. She simply called my attention to the fact without comment. I replied that the fall trade was at its height, and I was working nights. I received another note stating that I had not been seen at the theater in company with a pretty girl a few evenings before. My reply to this was a confession. The young lady I had taken to the theater had once been a "flame" of mine. She possessed certain letters I had written her when I thought I loved her, which I was desirous to get into my possession before being married. In order to do this I must dissemble. When I had won her confidence I could the better devise a scheme for securing the letters.

I was quite sure this would bring matters to a climax, and it did. Ethel wrote me to come and see her at once. If I delayed she would send back the engagement ring I had given her. I thought over my next move and decided to go to see her. I found her very much troubled, though she endeavored to conceal evidence of the fact. Her face was heated, her eyes were restless and her bosom heaved.

"Why did you not tell me of this former love affair?" she asked in an accusatory tone.

"Because I supposed it was off long ago."

"And now it's on again." "To this I made no reply. I looked at the ceiling."

"Unless you wish to break with me you must drop it at once."

"I have not yet recovered my letters."

"Your letters! Nonsense!" "There was another silence. I took my eyes from the ceiling and directed them out through a window."

"Well, what are you going to do?" Ethel asked.

I responded in a quiet, reflective tone that if she would not object to my letters being used against me after my marriage with her I would let them remain where they were. I would call the next evening upon the lady possessing them and endeavor to persuade her to give up all idea of there ever being anything between us.

"Is it necessary that you should call to do that? Can't you write?"

"I committed myself in these letters. I am anxious to secure and I should use diplomacy in the matter, just as you have been diplomatic in setting up yourself right between Franklin and Nell Blanchard. By the by, how is that affair progressing?"

I looked at her with a cold stare.

"I have finished it," she replied ruefully.

"Indeed, it's a pity I had not taken up mine earlier; then they would both have been ended together."

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A Professional Love Letter Writer. In the American Magazine appears under the title "A Handy Man With the Pen" the confession of a man who is a professional writer of love letters, after dinner speeches, obituary poetry, etc. The following is one of the stories he tells about writing love letters for a customer:

"One day last fall a handsome young man, much embarrassed, appeared and after some hesitation confessed that he had neglected his education and was corresponding with a young woman with whom he was very much in love. She was a college graduate, and he desired to have his letters as well written as hers were, so he wanted me to write them. I advised him to write simply and as he talked, but he persisted, and twice a week he came, informed me concisely and briefly what he wanted to say to her, and I wrote the letters into them. He copied the letters himself, blushing frequently as he read what I had added in the way of sentiment. That young lady received some of the most wonderful love letters ever written. They were married during the winter."

Bengal and Its Language. The people of Bengal number seventy millions and boast of perhaps the best culture in India at the present time. The language as a written language is only fifty years old. Though for over a thousand years it has been a dialect, there is in Indian history unfortunately no trace of Bengal having been an important literary tongue. The language originates from Sanskrit, the mother tongue from which every other Indian language has borrowed its alphabet, grammar and vocabulary; but, unlike others, Bengali never shrinks from gathering new materials. There are numerous Persian, French, Arabic and English words incorporated in it, and the wonder of it is that, instead of having been degraded into some vulgar form like pidgin English, Bengali has become the most literary, scientific and perhaps the most philosophic of modern Indian languages.—Argonaut.

A Long Life and a Broad One. An English doctor recently said that ambition to live to a great old age isn't a good one and doubted whether constant efforts to lengthen the average life are for the good of the race. He apparently favors a short life and a merry one. Perhaps it isn't long life that makes the world happy, but broad that makes the world energetic years may be better than sixty years of commonplace drudgery. But why not sixty full, energetic years? Who knows what the world loses when a man dies at thirty? So much has been accomplished by men who have reached sixty and even seventy and eighty that it seems good policy to keep all persons on the earth as long as possible. The man who honestly disapproves efforts to prolong life is a rarity and it is lucky for the world that he is.—Savannah News.

North British Manners. I traveled upon the top of a car the other evening, says a correspondent in the Glasgow News, with a man who seemed to have strong views upon the subject of good manners and polite address. He was accompanied by his daughter, a pretty little girl of about five years of age, who was thirsting for information.

The proud parent was explaining at some length that car conductors do not retain the whole contents of their bags for their own personal use, when the little girl interrupted him with an interrogative "Eh?"

"Wha' learned you tae say 'eh'?" asked the father in reproving tones.

"When you don't hear whit onybody says you should not say 'eh'; it's no polite; you should say—'whit.'"

A Busy Street. Wullie Dalziel, the old shepherd, had retired at last from active service after spending the whole of his life in a little cottage away at the back of the hills, a full three miles as the crow flies from the nearest road. He moved into a house near the head of the valley above Crasbie Howe, situated on the side of the lonely road. But Wullie was not quite happy. He was distracted. He was worried by the traffic. He told a friend that there was no peace in this bit for an auld body.

"Three bicycles and a cairn in the same day! Mon, it's a fair toon!"—Manchester Guardian.

Dice. Dice are said by some to have had their origin in occult sources, but more reasonably they are ascribed to Psalmedes of Greece, B. C. 1244. Those exhumed at Thebes are identical with those used today, and the games played with them are the simplest and most widely known games of chance in the world.

Unlike Most. Wayne—Chesty is about one of the oddest men I ever saw. Payne—How so? Wayne—Why, when a fellow borrows a quarter and doesn't pay it back Chesty finally admits that it is the quarter he cares about and not the principle of the thing.—Exchange.

Babies and Clothes. According to a London specialist, if white clothing for babies could be abolished, in a generation there would be a 20 per cent decrease in the number of persons with defective eyes.

Cruel. Mand—My grandmother reached her 100th birthday. Ethel—She couldn't have stopped at twenty three so long as you have.—Boston Transcript.

Wisdom only opens her doors to those who pay for admission.

Floored the Court. London Law Times tells a story of the late Lord Ashbourne, who as lord chancellor in presiding in the court of appeal in Ireland would occasionally make up his mind to bring a case to an end before the rising of the court.

A junior who was not conscious of his humor stood up to open what appeared to be a short interjectory appeal. Lord Ashbourne after a sentence or two had been spoken interjected, "Now, Mr. —, why should we reverse the king's bench on a point like this?"

"My lord," rejoined counsel, "there are six reasons why the order should be reversed."

"Then," said the president of the court, "suppose we commence with your three best."

"No, my lord," said counsel; "I could not consent to that because I have frequently succeeded in this court upon my bad points."

Lord Ashbourne collapsed and for once was unable to have his own way in the court of appeal.

Neglected Neighborhoods. You can find in almost any town a "neglected neighborhood." The easiest thing to do with such a neighborhood is to keep on neglecting it.

It is so easy for us to study these topics as if they were about other places and people than ourselves and our homes. Is there a neglected corner in your town or in your county? If there is, what are you going to do about it? Not "What have you been doing about it?" or "What ought you to do about it?" but "What are you going to do about it?"

If you can't get the committees interested do something yourself. Do not be afraid.

The thing is to get started. You see, as soon as you have started something the neighborhood is no longer neglected. And then it will be an easier matter to get some one to come in and help.—Christian Herald.

The Passing of a Type. The hard contemporary fact is that the gloriously named authors are becoming sadly rare, even rarer than long haired actors. The long haired musician is still with us, though one of the most eminent masters of the pianoforte has yielded something to the modern spirit by submitting briefly to the shears. Individual age has here a potent influence—age, or the getting through with things. What a wonderfully picturesque person Dickens was at twenty-five! And how matter of fact at forty! Browning suffered a similarly sobering and averaging effect. The same thing is true of many other figures in that period, and it is not easy to guess whether the changing fashion set in during their middle years or whether advancing age would have effected the same change in any case.—Atlantic Monthly.

The Swiss Navy. Centuries before Germany was to be reckoned with as a sea power Switzerland possessed a fleet equipped for warfare. Eight hundred years ago, on all the larger Swiss lakes, armed galleys were maintained by the rival cantons. Skilled shipwrights had to be imported from Genoa for the construction of these vessels, some of which carried crews of 500 men or more. The largest of these flotillas was maintained on the lake of Geneva, when the inhabitants of Geneva were at war with Savoy. Since the neutrality of Switzerland has been guaranteed by the powers there has been no need for war vessels on the lakes. The Swiss, however, possess a mercantile navy which carries a considerable amount of trade over the 342 miles of navigable waterways in the republic.

Sorry For the Overworked Artist. "Henry," said his sister at the breakfast table the morning after, "you shouldn't ask that young artist to work so hard when he and a party of your other friends visit you."

"Huh?" replied brother, coming out of a postmortem reverie of the big hand.

"You needn't try to deny it. I listened at the door awhile, and some one was always asking the poor artist to 'draw three' or draw some other number of pictures. At least you should have been satisfied to have him draw one at a time."—Kansas City Star.

A Complex Problem. "Do you think worry makes a man bald headed?"

"It's hard to say," replied the man who gives every question cautious consideration, "whether you get bald because you worry or you worry because you are getting bald."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Suspicious. Ted—You don't seem to be as friendly with him as you used to be. Ned—No; I'm rather suspicious of him. He borrowed some money from me the other day and paid it back.—Judge.

Followed the Lead. Teacher—Where do we obtain coal, Freddie? Freddie—From the coal beds, miss. Teacher—Right! Now, Jimmy, where do we obtain feathers? Jimmy—From feather beds, miss.

Conscience. Sunday School Teacher—What is conscience, Tommy? Small Tommy—It's what makes a fellow feel sore when he gets found out.—Chicago News.

Her Preference. "Yes, I enjoyed the voyage," said Mrs. Twickenbury, "but on the whole I think I prefer terra cotta."—Christian Register.