Cheaper Than the Cheapest

If possible I wish to dispose of my entire stock before the end of the present year, and if prices at cost and below cost will move the buying public then our stock will be sure to move. We are determined to get rid of it, so we advise you to see for yourself.

The stock consists of Dry Goods including, flannellets, blankets, woollen goods, men's underwear, ladie's underwear, men's pants and overalls, ginghams, muslins and ladies' and gent's sweaters.

ALL MUST BE SOLD

Call and get our Moving sale prices. There's money in it Eggs and Butter taken as Cash for you.

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Eclipse, Sovereign and Pastry Flour and Rolled Oats Breakfast Cereal

Bran, Shorts, Low Grade Flour, Chop of All Kinds, No. 1 Hay, etc., kept constantly on hand.

We have a quantity of the celebrated

Molassine Meal

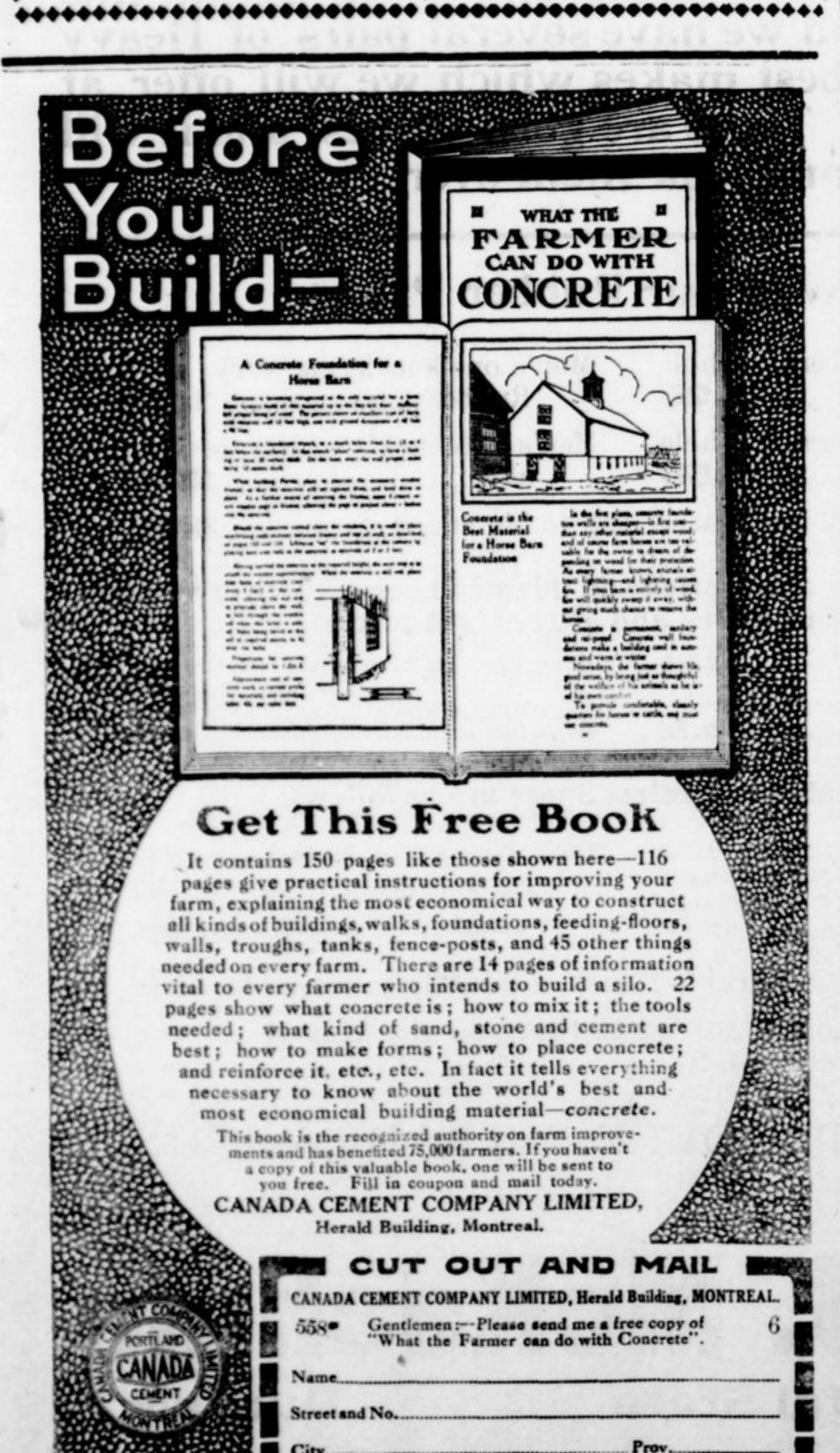
on hand. Farmers and Stock Owners should lay in a quantity of this Excellent Conditioner for Spring and Summer Feeding. Nothing equals it for Young Pigs, Calves, Etc. Makes Milch Cows Milk and puts Horses in prime condition for seeding; in fact it makes everything go that it's fed to.

Although it advanced \$2.00 per ton wholesale we are selling it at the same old price, \$2.00 per single sack, \$1.90 per sack in half ton lots and \$1.85 in ton lots,

Everything in our line at lowest prices for Cash.

JOHN McGOWAN

TELEPHONE No. 8 (Night or Day)



CHAPTER II. The Costume

FTER lanch his mother and his sister Margaret, a pretty girl of nineteen, dressed him for the sacrifice. They stood him near his mother's bedroom window and did long before colonial times."

what they would to him. During the earlier anguishes of the process he was mute, exceeding the pathos of the stricken calf in the shambles, but a student of eyes might have perceived in his soul the premonitory symptoms of a sinister uprising. At a rehearsal (in citizens' clothes) attended by mothers and grownup sisters. Mrs. Lora Rewbush had announced that she wished the costuming to be "as medieval and artistic as possible." Otherwise, and as to details, she said, she would leave the costumes to the good taste of the children's parents. Mrs. Schofield and Margaret were no archaeologists, but they knew that their taste was as good as that of other mothers and sisters concerned, so with perfect confi-



Then They Began by Shrouding His Legs In a Pair of Silk Stockings.

dence they had planned and executed a costume for Penrod, and the only misgiving they felt was connected with the tractability of the Child Sir Lancelot himself.

Stripped to his underwear, he had been made to wash himself vehemently; then they began by shrouding his legs in a pair of silk stockings, once blue, but now mostly whitish. Upon Penrod they visibly surpassed mere ampleness, but they were long, and it required only a rather loose imagina-

tion to assume that they were tights. The upper part of his body was next concealed from view by a garment so peculiar that its description becomes difficult. In 1886 Mrs. Schofield, then unmarried, had worn at her "coming out party" a dress of vivid salmon silk which had been remodeled after her marriage to accord with various epochs of fashion until a final unskillful campaign at a dye house had left it in a condition certain to attract much attention to the wearer. Mrs. Schofield had considered giving it to Della, the cook, but had decided not to do so, because you never could tell how Della was going to take things, and cooks were scarce.

It may have been the word "medieval" (in Mrs. Lora Rewbush's rich phrase) which had inspired the idea for a last and conspicuous usefulness. At all events the bodice of that once salmon dress, somewhat modified and moderated, now took a position for its farewell appearance in society upon the back, breast and arms of the Child Sir Lancelot.

The area thus costumed ceased a the waist, leaving a Jaeger-like and unmedieval gap thence to the tops of the stockings. The inventive genius of woman triumphantly bridged it, but in a manner which imposes upon history almost insuperable delicacies of narration. Penrod's father was an old fashioned man. The twentieth century had failed to shake his faith in red flannel for cold weather, and it was while Mrs. Schofield was putting away her husband's winter underwear that she perceived how hopelessly one of the elder specimens had dwindled, and simultaneously she received the inspiration which resulted in a pair of trunks for the Child Sir Lancelot and added an earnest bit of color, as well as a genuine touch of the middle ages, to his costume. Reversed, fore to aft. with the greater part of the legs cut off and strips of silver braid covering the seams, this garment, she felt, was not traceable to its original source.

When it had been placed upon Penrod the stockings were attached to it by a system of safety pins, not very perceptible at a distance. Next. after being severely warned against stooping. Penrod got his feet into the slippers he were to dancing school-"patent leather pumps," now decorated with large pink rosettes.

"If I can't stoop," he began smolderingly, "I'd like to know how'm I goin' to kneel in the pag"-

"You must manage." This, uttered through pins, was evidently thought to be sufficient

They fastened some ruching about his slender neck, pinned ribbons at random all over him, and then Margaret thickly powdered his hair.

"Oh, yes; that's all right," she said, replying to a question put by her mother. "They always powdered their

hair in colonial times." "It doesn't seem right to me-exactly," objected Mrs. Schofield gently. "Sir Lancelot must have been ever so Dr. W. Christoe, who passed away nassed away at the home of her

"That doesn't matter." Margaret reassured her. "Nobody'll know the difference, Mrs. Lora Rewbush least of all. I don't think she knows a thing about it, though, of course, she does write splendidly and the words of the pageant are just beautiful. Stand still. Penrod!" (The author of "Harold Ramorez" had moved convulsively.) "Besides, powdered hair's always becoming. Look at him. You'd hardly know it was Penrod!"

The pride and admiration with which she pronounced this undeniable truth might have been thought tactless, but Penrod, not analytical, found his spirits somewhat elevated. No mirror was in his range of vision, and, though he had submitted to cursory measurements of his person a week earlier, he had no previous acquaintance with the costume. He began to form a not unpleasing mental picture of his appearance, something somewhere between the portraits of George Washington and a vivid memory of Miss Julia Night"

a neighbor who was a Knight of Pythias. Finally there was a mantle, an old golf cape of Margaret's. Fluffy polka dots of white cotton had been shoulder of Mrs. Schofield's ex-bodicewise the glory of his facade. Then at last he was allowed to step before a

have been a little less violent, perhaps, ing it known everywhere that the best if Penrod's expectations had not been tailor in town had been dazzled by a so richly and poetically idealized, but great sum into constructing his cosas things were the revolt was volcanic. tume. It consisted of blue velvet

with the devilfish, in "Toilers of the coat and a beautifully cut little swal-Sea," encourages a belief that, had low tailed coat with pearl buttons. Hugo lived and increased in power, he The medieval and artistic triumph might have been equal to a proper was completed by a mantle of yellow recital of the half hour which followed velvet and little white boots sporting Penrod's first sight of himself as the gold tassels. Child Sir Lancelot. But Mr. Wilson All this radiance paused in a brilhimself, dastard but eloquent foe of llant career and addressed the Child Harold Ramorez, could not have ex- Sir Lancelot, gathering an immediatepressed, with all the vile dashes at his ly formed semicircular audience of litcommand, the sentiments which ani- tle girls. Woman was ever the trailer mated Penrod's bosom when the in- of magnificence. stantaneous and unalterable conviction descended upon him that he was in- Levy after dispensing information. tended by his loved ones to make pub- "What you got on under that ole golf lic spectacle of himself in his sister's cape?" stockings and part of an old dress of his mother's.

To him these familiar things were not disguised at all. There seemed no possibility that the whole world would not know them at a glance. The stockings were worse than the bodice. He had been assured that these could not be recognized, but, seeing them in the mirror, he was sure that no human eye could fail at first glance to detect the difference between himself and the former purposes of these stockings. Fold, wrinkle, and void shrieked their history with a hundred tongues, invoking earthquake, eclipse and blue ruin. The frantic youth's final submission was obtained only after a painful telephonic conversation between himself and his father, the latter having been called up and upon by the exhausted Mrs. Schofield, to subjugate his offspring by wire.

The two ladies made all possible haste after this to deliver Penrod into the hands of Mrs. Lora Rewbush. Nevertheless, they found opportunity to exchange earnest congratulations upon his not having recognized the humble but serviceable paternal garment now brilliant about the Lancelotish middle. Altogether, they felt that the costume was a success. Penrod looked like nothing ever remotely imagined by Sir Thomas Malory or the stage. Is everybody here?" Alfred Tennyson-for that matter he looked like nothing ever before seen on earth-but as Mrs. Schofield and Margaret took their places in the audience at the Women's Arts and Guild hall, the anxiety they felt concerning found himself in a narrow and vacant Penrod's elocutionary and gesticular powers so soon to be put to public test was pleasantly tempered by their satisfaction that, owing to their efforts, his outward appearance would

be a credit to the family. The Child Sir Lancelot found himself in a large antercom behind the stage-a room crowded with excited children, all about equally medieval and artistic. Penrod was less conspicuous than he thought himself, but he was so preoccupied with his own shame, steeling his nerves to meet the first inevitable taunting reference to his sister's stockings, that he failed to perceive there were others present in much of his own unmanned condition. Retiring to a corner immediately upon his entrance, he managed to unfasten the mantle at the shoulders and, drawing it round him, pinned it again at his throat so that it concealed the rest of his costume. This permitted a temporary relief, but increased his horror of the moment when, in pursuance of the action of the "pageant," the sheltering garment must be cast aside.

Some of the other child knights were also keeping their mantles close about them. A few of the envied opulent swung brilliant fabrics from their shoulders, airily showing off hired splendors from a professional costumcome. er's stock, while one or two were insulting examples of parental indui-

FLESHERTON

on Saturday evening, February 12. was Hannah Pearce, was born in service at the home. years. In 1867 she came with her unavailing. He was additionally cheered by a husband to Flesherton where the Privates H. McCauley and C. sword which had been borrowed from Dr. established a large practice. Adams were home from Owen and all their remaining years both Sound over the week end, were strongly attached to the vil- The Young People's Society in flannel, suggested by the picture of a a life long Methodist, an esteemed spent, crusader in a newspaper advertise and loyal member of the church Miss Jamieson is spending the Penrod's shoulder-that is, to the death, Mrs. Thom's numerous by means of large safety pins and are friends here sympathize with her touching his heels, but obscuring no mother, whom she will great y miss

gence, particularly little Maurice Levy, It was a full length glass and the the Child Sir Galahad. This shrinking worst immediately happened. It might person went clamorously about, mak-Victor Hugo's account of the fight knickerbockers, a white satin waist-

"What you got on?" inquired Mr.

other times his questioner would have approached him with deference, even with apprehension. But today the Child Sir Galahad was somewhat in-

beauty. "What you got on?" he repeated. indifference assumed at great cost to

toxicated with the power of his own

his nervous system. The elate Maurice was inspired to set up as a wit. "Then you're nakid!" he shouted exultantly. "Penrod Schofield says he hasn't got nothin' on under that ole golf cape! He's nakid! He's nakid!"

The audience of little girls giggled irritatingly, and a javelin pierced the inwards of Penrod when he saw that the Child Elaine, amber curled and beautiful Marjorie Jones, lifted golden laughter to the horrid jest,

Other boys and girls came flocking to the uproar. "He's nakid, he's nakid!" shrieked the Child Sir Galahad. "Penrod Schofield's nakid! He's na-a-a-

"Hush, hush!" said Mrs. Lora Rew bush, pushing her way into the group, "Remember, we are all little knights and ladies today. Little knights and ladies of the Table Round would not make so much noise. Now, children, we must begin to take our places on

Penrod made his escape under cover of this diversion. He slid behind Mrs. Lora Rewbush and, being near a door, opened it unnoticed and went out quickly, closing it behind him. He hallway which led to a door marked "Janitor's Room." Burning with outrage, heartsick at

the sweet, cold blooded laughter of Marjorie Jones, Penrod rested his elbows upon a window sill and speculated upon the effects of a leap from the second story. One of the reasons he gave it up was his desire to live on Maurice Levy's account; already he was forming educational plans for the Child Sir Galahad. A stout man in blue overalls passed

through the hallway, muttering to him self petulantly. "I reckon they'll find that hall hot enough now!" he said conveying to Penrod an impression that some too feminine women had sent him upon an unreasonable errand to the furnace. He went into the janitor's room and, emerging a moment later minus the overalls, passed Penrod again with a bass rumble-"Dern 'em!" it seemed he said-and made a gloomy exit by the door at the upper end of the ballway.

The conglomerate and delicate rustle of a large, mannerly audience was heard as the janitor opened and closed the door, and stage fright seized the boy. The orchestra began an overture, and at that Penrod, trembling violently, tiptoed down the hall into the janitor's room. It was a cul-de-sac; there was no outlet save by the way he had

Continued next week

A death with much sadness oc-Death has claimed another of the curred at Ceylon on Wednesday of very few remaining old residents last week, February 4 when Mrs. of Flesherton in the person of Mrs. Jagnes, beloved young wife of Mr. Hanrah Christoe, relict of the late Harry Jagnes, of Lethbridge, Alta. at the home of her son-in-law mother, Mrs. Andrew Rutledge, at Rev. L. W. Thom, at Midhurst. On the early age of 28 years, The ge-February 12, 1904 the deceased ceased had a lingering illness with was bereft of her husband and has iting trouble with which she was most of the time since resided taken ill at her home in the west. with her daughter, receiving the Achang here with the care of her most tender care and attention, Mr. mother would save her, but all that and Mrs. Thom accompanied the could be done failed to stay the remains here on Monday to the disease. The young husband and home of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bel- one child and widowed mother lamy from where the funeral takes of the deceased have the sympathy place on Tuesday to the public of many friends in their bereavecemetery. Service will be held in ment. The funeral took place to the Methodist church at 2 p.m. Flesherton cemetery on Friday The deceased, whose maiden name Rev. Mr Dudgeon conducting the

the county of Cornwall, England Mr. and Mrs Jas. R. Porteous of on November 25, 1824, and had Rock Mills met with sore berezavetherefore passed her 91st birth- ment on Monday by the death of day. She was married in England their only son about 8 years of in 1846, and immediately after came age. The little fellow had been ill with her husband to Canada. living for some time, and great pains had Marlowe at a matinee of "Twelfth near Bowmansville for about 20 been taken to save his wife, but

lage and took a deep interest in the Methodist church held a Valsewed to it generously; also it was or- all that pertained to the welfare of entine Social on Monday evening namented with a large cross of red the community. Mrs. Christoe was at which a pleasant time was

ment. The mantle was fastened to here from its early days until her week at Owen Sound with her brother and other friends.

ranged to hang down behind him, in the loss of a very devoted Battalion, was in town on Saturday on his way to Toronto to take a few weeks course in the military school preparatory to promotion to Sergeant.

> urday to make a short visit at Sutton, before returning to their home in the West.

Monday from visiting friends at Owen Sound.

Lucknow and Dungannon.

the injured in the recent accident at Owen Sound, left the hospital last week, and is on furlough at his home here. He hopes to return to the ranks in a few weeks. His friends are pleased to see him recovering so well from his severe

As pleasant time was spent by the young people on Friday evening last at their weekly Red Cross "Oh, nothin'," said Penrod, with an tea which was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bellamy. The week before the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Sharp was visited.

The young ladies of the viliage have formed an Up and Doing Club, to secure comforts for our enlisted boys, On Saturdays 15ct. teas will be given in the former Red Cross Rooms. The first on Saturday last was well patronized,

had a family gathering on Friday evening last, when they celebrated the 40th anniversary of their wedding day and an enjoyable time was spent. Mr. and Mrs. Henderson were married by the late Rev. H. S. Matthews then stationed on the Flesherton circuit.

visited over Sunday with friends

Mrs. Hickling is visiting her sister in the city this week.

visited her cousin Miss Amanda Stewart last week.

were given a pleasant surprise on Wednesday evening of last week, when about two dozen of their old neighbors from Orange Valley invaded their home in memory of old times, and spent a jolly time till midnight. After luncheon goodbyes were said with many good wishes for the future of their host and hostess, who are soon to go to their home in the west. Mr. Wright had a successful auction auction sale of household effects on Saturday, and also sold his residence to Mr. Thos, Porteous of this

rection.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Pearce, of Toronto, attended the funeral of the

Corp. Tom Chard of the Grey

Mr. and Mrs. Lowick left on Sat-

Miss Rita Buskin returned on

Miss Hazel Henry returned on

Saturday from an extended visit at Pte. Geo. B. Richardson, one of

At the annual meeting of the

Penrod looked upon him coldly. At public library here, Mr. Geo, Mitchell, was again elected chairman. Rev. Mr. McVicar, secretary, and Mr. H. S. White, treasurer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Henderson

Mrs. Avery Hawken and Miss

Eva Spenser spent Sunday with friends at Owen Sound. Miss Mabel Boyd of Markdale,

Miss Elsie Wright who is teaching near Maxwell, visited over the week end with her parents here.

Miss Ida Osborne, of Maxwell, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wright

Between 8 and 9 o'clock on

Sunday evening a light of considerable brilliancy was seen in the sky by some of our citizens, who believed it to be an aeroplane on some expedition. It appeared to come from the south and after a time disappeared in the same di

former's aunt, Mrs. Christoe.

Chatham, Ont .- "I w

PERSONA

Well-known V

Prescription. I be with the 'Pleasant Pelle ime I had taken two be n the road to recovery, a was entirely well. M back and I gained in flesh strong and healthy as an to be I owe it all to I

icines and I am glad of

to give testimony in the

have done wonders for

THELMA PARKER, 141 E. Chatham, Ont .- "I Pierce's medicine with was weak and run down, and got very thin. I Prescription' and 'Pleas these two medicines built hort space of time so th es ever. I found them recommended of them; the MRS. WM. WEESE, Cor. Ave., E., Chatham, Ont. Every woman who has sche, low spirits, sleeples

before a breakdown cause Dr. Pierce's Favorite a non-alcoholic remedy woman can safely take h pared from roots and elycerine, containing toni

to herself to speedily over

HOUSEHOLD Do not try to tou

strictly fresh eggs. Fish out of season Lamb when fresh is

color with white fat. Dusters, kitchen should be washed la

Shirts should be su the bottom on the cl Boston baked be about eight hours in

Muffins left from be split and toasted A rubber bathing ca wear while dusting t

In transplanting st as much soil as poss roots.

cloth.

Sitting in the sun hour each day will str nerves.

A good cereal coffe lent thing for the sch breakfast.

When you put you quet away, rub vasell strings to prevent the Hang wet curtains

curtain poles as soot washed, and they wi In washing greasy

each dish out with ne and save your dish w In making boiled s a small piece of soap

irons will slip along

Do not rub soap of

cotton goods, First and partly wash it ou Dry sponge cake

spread with sliced o sandwich, makes eon dish. Add a little bluein that is used for was

and they will look keep clean longer. A good ramekin di creamed corn, mixe over veal and

with crumbs and s

being browned in the

QUITE OB

Mr. Knowall was t who, if he doesn't ki say so. Thus, when him a question to w know the answer, he

"Herbert," she "what is a canard?" "Surely you know plied snappily, think the word itself con meaning."

"Does it dear," sai ingly, "But, I don't please, explain it to "Well a canard one 'canardiy' believ

Scott Davidson, M at the West Elgin L

tion told them not t if a provincial elect before the summer said Premier Hearst a success as Conserv