

COMFORT SOAP

"IT'S ALL RIGHT"

Makes Monday shorter, easier, cooler

POSITIVELY the LARGEST SALE in CANADA



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, ladies' underwear, men's pants and overalls, gingham, muslins and ladies' and gent's sweaters.

ALL MUST BE SOLD

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

S. SCOTT

Opposite the Old Stand Durham, Ontario

The People's Mills



Sovereign Flour
Eclipse Flour
Pastry Flour
Low Grade Flour
Rolled Oats
Breakfast Cereal

Bran, Shorts
Middlings, Corn Chop
Cracked Chicken Corn
Crimped Oats for Horses
Barley and Wheat Chop
Mixed Chop

The Above are All Made from Sound and Whole Grains

Special Reduction on Flour and Feed in Quantities

We have a quantity of the celebrated
Molassine Meal

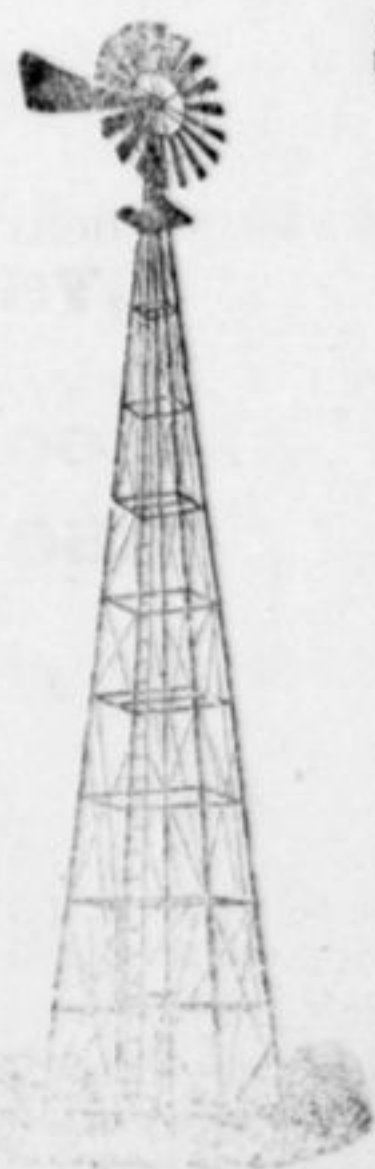
on hand. Farmers and Stock Owners should lay in a quantity of this Excellent Conditioner for Spring and Summer Feeding. Nothing equals it for Young Pigs, Calves, Etc. Makes Milch Cows Milk and puts Horses in prime condition for seeding; in fact it makes everything go that it's fed to; also Caldwell's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

Everything in our line at lowest prices for Cash. All kinds of Grain bought and sold.

JOHN MCGOWAN

TELEPHONE No. 8 (Night or Day)

The ONTARIO WIND ENGINE and PUMP COMPANY



Manufacture the Cheapest and the Best Pumping Outfit on the Market.

Sold by
W. D. Connor

Durham - Ontario

Auction Sale

PURE BRED SHORTHORN CATTLE, YORKSHIRE PIGS, HORSES, PONIES

As I have sold one of my farm I am compelled to reduce my stock and will sell without reserve on **THURSDAY, MARCH 23rd**, 15 Shorthorn Bulls, ranging from 9 to 14 months; 12 Young Cows; a number of Horses and Ponies; also 6 Yorkshire Sows. For breeding of Cattle write for Terms: Nine months credit on approved joint notes. [posters Six per cent. off for cash.

T. L. MERCER R. R. No. 4 Markdale

PENROD

Continued from page 6.

ed. Then followed an interval when the band played in vain.

About 3 o'clock Schofield & Williams were gloomily discussing various unpromising devices for startling the public into a renewal of interest, when another patron unexpectedly appeared and paid a cent for his admission. News of the Big Show and Museum of Curiosities had at last penetrated the far, cold spaces of interstellar loneliness, for this new patron consisted of no less than Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Jr., escaped in a white "sailor suit" from the manor during a period of severe maternal and tutorial preoccupation.

He seated himself without parley, and the performance was offered for his entertainment with admirable conscientiousness. True to the Lady Clara caste and training, Roderick's pale, fat face expressed nothing except an impervious superiority and, as he sat, cold and unimpressed upon the front bench, like a large, white lump, it must be said that he made a discouraging audience "to play to." He was not, however, unresponsive—far from it. He offered comment very chilling to the warm grandiloquence of the orator.

"That's my Uncle Ethelbert's dachshund," he remarked at the beginning of the lecture. "You better take him back if you don't want to get arrested." And when Penrod, rather unweasily ignoring the interruption, proceeded to the exploitation of the genuine, full blooded Indian dog, Duke, "Why don't you try to give that old dog away?" asked Roderick. "You couldn't sell him."

"My papa would buy me a lots better coon than that," was the information volunteered a little later, "only I wouldn't want the nasty old thing!"

Herman of the missing finger obtained no greater indulgence. "Pooh!" said Roderick. "We have two fox terriers in our stables that took prizes at the kennel show, and their tails were bit off. There's a man that always bites fox terriers' tails off."

"Oh, my gosh, what a lie!" exclaimed Sam Williams ignorantly. "Go on with the show, whether he likes it or not, Penrod. He's paid his money."

Verman, confident in his own singular powers, chuckled openly at the failure of the other attractions to charm the frosty visitor, and when his turn came poured forth a torrent of conversation which was straightway dammed.

"Rotten!" said Mr. Bitts languidly. "Anybody could talk like that. I could do it if I wanted to."

Verman paused suddenly. "Yes, you could!" exclaimed Penrod, stung. "Let's hear you do it then."

"Yessir!" the other partner shouted. "Let's just hear you do it!"

"I said I could if I wanted to," responded Roderick. "I didn't say I would."

"Yai! Knows he can't!" sneered Sam.

"I can, too, if I try."

"Well, let's hear you try."

So challenged, the visitor did try, but in the absence of an impartial jury his effort was considered so pronounced a failure that he was howled down, derided and mocked with great clamors.

"Anyway," said Roderick when things had quieted down, "if I couldn't get up a better show than this I'd sell out and leave town."

Not having enough presence of mind to inquire what he would sell out, his adversaries replied with mere formless yells of scorn.

"I could get up a better show than this with my left hand," Roderick asserted.

"Well, what would you have in your ole show?" asked Penrod, condescending to language.

"That's all right what I'd have. I'd have enough."

"You couldn't get Herman and Verman in your ole show."

"No, and I wouldn't want 'em, either."

"Well, what 'em?" insisted



"I want to listen to Verman—I want to—I want to—"

ERZERUM

The Key to Armenia

"Erzerum" means "the fortress of Rome." In the days when a European Empire governed Asia Minor, when Rome or Constantinople kept the peace from the Euphrates to the Atlantic, Erzerum was the great fortress of the north-eastern frontier. When the Eastern Empire began to crumble under the blows of Islam, Erzerum fell. For some seven hundred years Turkish sentries have watched upon its ramparts. It was a great fortress fifteen centuries ago; it is a fortress of importance in this world-wide war. Arms and tactics, all the methods of war have been utterly changed, but the centres of strategy remain unchanged.

The immediate importance of Erzerum consists in the fact that it commands the only way by which Russia and Turkey can get at each other. It is true that on this Caucasian front the Russo-Turkish frontier is some 700 miles long. But you might as well ask an army to advance on a broad front across Switzerland as look for military operations all along the line from the Black Sea to the Caucasus. The whole country is a jumble of mountains, through which movement is only possible upon a very few tracks. There is, indeed, only one road across the frontier, by which large armies can be supplied, and that is the ancient trade route from Erzerum

ed Penrod derisively. "You'd have to have something. You couldn't be a show yourself."

"How do you know?" This was but meandering while waiting for ideas and evoked another yell.

"You think you could be a show all by yourself?" demanded Penrod.

"How do you know I couldn't?"

Two white boys and two black boys shrieked their scorn of the boaster.

"I could too!" Roderick raised his voice to a sudden howl, obtaining a hearing.

"Well, why don't you tell us how?"

"Well, I know how, all right," said Roderick. "If anybody asks you you can just tell him I know how, all right."

"Why, you can't do anything," Sam began argumentatively. "You talk about being a show all by yourself. What could you try to do? Show us something you can do."

"I didn't say I was going to do anything," returned the badgered one, still evading.

"Well, then, how'd you be a show?" Penrod demanded. "We got a show here, even if Herman didn't point or Verman didn't talk. Their father stabbed a man with a pitchfork. I guess, didn't he?"

"How do I know?"

"Well, I guess he's in jail, ain't he?"

"Well, what if his father is in jail? I didn't say he wasn't, did I?"

"Well, your father ain't in jail, is he?"

"Well, I never said he was, did I?"

"Well, then," continued Penrod, "how could you be a"— He stopped abruptly, staring at Roderick, the birth of an idea plainly visible in his altered expression. He had suddenly remembered his intention to ask Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Jr., about Rena Magsworth, and his recollection collided in his mind with the irritation produced by Roderick's claiming some mysterious attainment which would warrant his setting up as a show in his single person. Penrod's whole manner changed instantly.

"Boddy," he asked, almost overwhelmed by a preoccupation of something vast and magnificent. "Boddy, are you any relation of Rena Magsworth?"

Roderick had never heard of Rena Magsworth, although a concentration of the sentence yesterday pronounced upon her had burned, black and horrid, upon the face of every newspaper in the country. He was not allowed to read the journals of the day, and his family's indignation over the sacrilegious coincidence of the name had not been expressed in his presence. But he saw that it was an awesome name to Penrod Schofield and Samuel Williams. Even Herman and Verman, though lacking many educational advantages on account of a long residence in the country, were informed on the subject of Rena Magsworth through hearsay, and they joined in the portentous silence.

"Roddy," repeated Penrod, "honest, is Rena Magsworth some relation of yours?"

There is no obsession more dangerous to its victims than a conviction—especially an inherited one—of superiority; this world is so full of Missourians. And from his earliest years Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Jr., had been trained to believe in the importance of the Magsworth family. At every meal he absorbed a sense of Magsworth greatness, and yet in his infrequent meetings with persons of his own age and sex he was treated as negligible. Now dimly he perceived that there was a Magsworth claim of some sort which was impressive, even to the boys. Magsworth blood was the essential of all true distinction in the world, he knew. Consequently, having been driven into a cul-de-sac as a result of flagrant and unfounded boasting, he was ready to take advantage of what appeared to be a triumphal way out.

"Boddy," said Penrod again, with solemnity, "is Rena Magsworth some relation of yours?"

"Is she, Roddy?" asked Sam, almost hoarsely.

"She's my aunt!" shouted Roddy.

Continued next week

to Kars. It will not be forgotten that almost exactly a year ago we had news of heavy fighting on this front. The operations began with a Turkish offensive, and ended in a Turkish disaster. Then, as now, the heavy fighting was between Kars and Erzerum. This is not the result of chance or lack of strategic resource, but geographical necessity. Armies can only fight where their feet will take them—and their food.

We speak of the Caucasian front and it is probable that many people reading in the Russian communiques of bitter cold think of the great peaks of the Caucasus. Elbruz and the rest, and imagine the fighting among the vast gorges of that range. But the Russo-Turkish frontier is many miles south of the Caucasus. Even Tiflis, the Russian base, is well to the south of those mountains. Kars, the great Russian frontier fortress is still farther to the south. The snow amidst which the Russians have forced their advance is the snow of the passes of Armenia. It is true that the range of the Caucasus has its influence upon the operations, but only by complicating the Russian communications. The mountains of the Caucasus form one of the strongest barriers in the world. The only true parallel is to be found in the Himalayas. To this day though, Russia has held important territory south of the mountains for nearly a century, but are pierced by only one road, the famous "Georgian Road," through the centre which threads its way by one of the wonders of the world the cleft 5,000 ft. deep, called the Gorge of Dariel, which the Romans knew as the Caucasian Gates. There, is indeed, a railway between Trans-Caucasia and European Russia, but it avoids the great winding along the shore of the Caspian Sea, and so worms its way to the oil-fields of Baku. By this one line all heavy traffic for the Russian army must come.

On the south of the Caucasus, a railway built for the Caspian Sea connects Baku with the Black Sea port of Batoum. This line passes through Tiflis, the capital of the Caucasus, and thence a branch line diverges to the fortress of Kars. Two years ago an extension was completed to Sarikamish, on the frontier. Thus the Russians found themselves with a rail-head on the frontier line just in time for this war. But it is only by this scanty and roundabout system that their Caucasian army can make any use of railway transport.

In this matter, however, they are far more fortunate than the Turks. There is no railway to Asia Minor which comes within hundreds of miles of the Russian frontier. Everything brought by land, munitions, supplies, men, must be delayed by weeks of marching over mountain tracks. There is, indeed, an alternative. So far as Turkish shipping is adequate, the armies on the frontier can be reinforced by sea. The considerable port of Trebizond is only a few days distant from Erzerum. But Turkish communications by sea have been much harassed by Russian flotillas. The great destruction of shipping along the northern coast of Asia Minor which the Russians announced some little time ago, probably has some connection with the collapse of the Turkish resistance on the frontier.

To understand the campaign it is necessary to appreciate the nature of the Armenian plateau of which Erzerum is the chief city. Erzerum itself stands 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, and yet it is a city of the plain. Not far away the round mass of Mount Ararat rises to a height of 17,399 feet, 1,000 feet above Mount Blanc. Armenia is a tangle of mountains among which rather dreary stretches of plain and broad, fertile valleys lie isolated each from the other. A system of communication over its peaks or through its gorges would tax the resources of modern engineering. All through history it has been difficult to weld together or to govern from any centre. The country seems destined for the home of isolated or hostile tribes, full of refugees for the persecuted or the persecutor, not easily to be permeated by any law or civilization.

Erzerum covers the one great highway which penetrates into Armenia from Russian territory. If you wish to estimate the rigor of the weather in the recent fighting you may note that 32 degrees is a common winter minimum, even in the plain. Through this plain the Russian cavalry have been advancing upon the town. The Turkish forces beaten at Lake Tortum were some 50 miles away, and to reach Erzerum again must traverse mountain paths deep in snow. No doubt the Russian advance is being pressed along various tracks which converge on the city, but all fighting must depend upon the main road. The distance by this highway from Kars to Erzerum is some 640 miles. There is some open ground just by the frontier at Sarikamish. Thence the road winds through a mass of mountain country, ravine, and peak alike, now deep in snow. The position of Koprikoi, which seems to have been captured and abandoned at the double, is upon the head waters of the river Araxes. A little farther on the road crosses the watershed and comes into the valley of the Euphrates, upon which stands Erzerum. Hasan Kale, another line of defence, lies at the opening out of the plain. The third position from which the Turks were hurried was Develi Boyun. The name, which means "camel's neck," indicates its character. It is a broad ridge of ground, a little East of Erzerum, running across the road. Forts were constructed upon it long before the war, and it was understood that these formed an essential part of the defences of Erzerum. A year ago or more

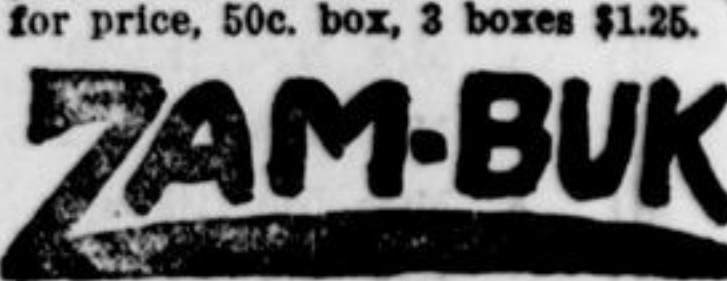
PILES

Are you a sufferer? Know that terrible aching, dragging-down pain, that robs you of pleasure, even of rest, and makes life miserable? Don't you believe in the law of averages? If a remedy has cured hundreds of people, don't you think it likely it might at least cure you?

Just give Zam-Buk a fair trial! Mr. J. McEwen, of Dundas, suffered from piles for fifteen years. He says: "I tried pretty nearly everything, but got no permanent relief until I tried Zam-Buk. This balm relieved the pain; continued use completely and permanently cured me."

The rich herbal essences of which Zam-Buk is composed, quickly remove congestion, relieve the dull, gnawing, burning pain, and cure.

All druggists and stores, or post-paid from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price, 50c. box, 3 boxes \$1.25.



We heard of German officers reorganizing the fortifications and the mounting of new guns. It is sufficiently obvious that the transport of heavy artillery and its ammunition to Erzerum, whether for defence or attack, must be a difficult matter. Without the aid of modern guns, the capture of the Develi Boyun ridge would not necessarily involve the fall of the town. In 1877 the Russians carried the position, but failed to take Erzerum. A little later, however, they occupied the town during an armistice as a hostage for Turkey's good faith, surrendering it again under the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin.

The original importance of Erzerum was due to commerce as well as war. It was a centre of communication between East and West as well as a fortress to ward off the barbarian, Trebizond, as we have seen, is less than a week's march distant, and from Trebizond the way lies open by water-borne traffic into the heart of Europe. Upon the other side, caravan routes radiate into Syria and Persia and the Far East. The city has for centuries been an emporium of Oriental carpets and other fabrics. It has small interest to the traveller. You wander by tortuous streets through an odorous congeries of drab grey houses, which are unrelieved by a touch of brighter color. There is hardly a building worth a second glance, and from end to end of the place not a single tree. The people offer you more entertainment than the town. It is guessed that there are 80,000 in Erzerum, and someone has said that all these speak different languages. If this is too grotesque an exaggeration, the variety of speech and race and costume in the bazaars of Erzerum does not rival the wonders of Tiflis and if Erzerum lacks, as certainly it does, the piquant contrasts of Tiflis, camels jostling electric trams, at least it offers an epitome of the trading races of the Near East, Jews, Persians, Armenians, Tartars, Arabs, and heaven knows what of hybrids, with the truculent Kurd as an omnipresent menace.—The Daily Telegraph, London, Eng.

Well, Mr. Editor, as this place has not been represented very regularly of late, we will endeavor to jot down a few items for your bright and newsy paper.

Ptes. Alex. McVicar and Neil McMillan, who were visiting their respective homes over the week end, returned to Owen Sound.

We are pleased to mention that Miss Loretta Meagher is improving from her recent attack of pleurisy.

Mr. Robt. Anderson held a successful auction sale on the 7th. Mr. Maurice Connor and his sister had the misfortune to lose their home and most of the contents by fire early on Sunday morning, the 5th inst. They have the sympathy of a wide circle of neighbors.

Pte. Wilfrid Campbell was visiting his friends in this vicinity recently. He is home on advice of his physician, recuperating from an attack of measles.

A number of the young folks took in the hockey match at Flesherston last week.

After spending a few enjoyable weeks with friends and relatives, Mr. Geo. Tucker and daughter, Olive, have returned to Grimsby.

Pte. L. Dunbar, who has been recruiting in this locality for the past month or so, has returned to his duties in Owen Sound.

CATARH CANNOT BE CURED with local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions, and in order to cure it you must take an internal remedy. Hall's Catarh Cure is taken internally, and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Hall's Catarh Cure was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years. It is composed of some of the best tonics known, combined with some of the best blood purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients in Hall's Catarh Cure is what produces such wonderful results in catarrhal conditions. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHERNEY & CO., Proprietors Toledo, Ohio.

All druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

FLESHERTON

The severe storm on last week interfered with the Young P. held in Chalmer's ch. There was a good attendance of the Guild here, but the blocked roads prevented those expected from Egville and Swinton Park. A meeting was held in the afternoon session, presided by Mr. George McTavish, with Messrs. P. Price, Matheson of Priceville, good address on the G. and Rev. Mr. Mitch of the Presbyterian took charge of the question drawer. A pl. was rendered by Miss after which refreshments served. At the evening Frank Duncan presided, Mitch dealing at length on the question drawer. It was again given by and a quartette.

Messrs. Sloan, Magee, Boskin.

The stormy weather kept the snow-plow clearing the sidewalks, horse plow was used from Rock Mills to Co.

Three more of our young men enlisted Grey Battalion, viz. M. Weese, E. Henry and Flesherston's honor roll. Rev. Mr. McVicar and Card attended Presbyterian at Orangeville on the Miss Nixon of Mono hitting her aunt, Mrs. and other relatives.

Messrs. Bert Sparks, Stewart went to the city to attend the prohibition. Mr. Walter Anderson visited over the week of brother-in-law, Mr. R. and was accompanied by daughter, who was with her aunt.

Miss Buckley of Ch. taken charge of Mr. stedd's millinery for the her sister, Mrs. J. Smith, Dale, this week.

The Epworth League visited the Young Society in the Method on Monday evening and in the program, which interesting address from Madden. Refreshments served at the close and social time was spent.

Pte. W. E. Cargoe of who enlisted in the Grey was successful in his serene's certificate.

Mrs. Mark E. Wilson a large company of her afternoon tea on Wednesday last week.

Pte. Geo. Richardson, injured in the rink at Owen Sound, and was recuperating, made recovery and returned to resume training.

Mr. Geo. Magee, with employ of a good position gone to a good position produce firm at Hamilton. Magee and little son here for a few weeks.

Miss Irene Wilson gave a party to a lot of people after rink one week.

Mr. Geo. Meldrum, with farm on the 8th concess Hydro Commission, has his farm west of Cayle purchased from Mr. W.

Mr. W. J. Henderson in the knee by his hor ago, and has since been to the house nursing to Saturday was pancake the U. and D. Club arrangement was fairly good.

Mr. R. Wilcoxe lost cow last week.

Mr. Donald McDonald at Salem, on the 9th of Armenia, has the death of many friends in his event by the death beloved wife, who passed Thursday last, the 8th a brief illness with pneumonia. The husband, children are left to the of a mother's love and deceased, who was 33 years a niece of Mr. J. near Etgenia, and Mr. Doupe near this village. The funeral took place on Salem cemetery, the service conducted by Rev. A. family pastor.

Rev. Mr. McDonald, supplied the Baptist few Sabbaths, has returned from the congregation moving to the par. this week.

The child of an end was taken to the post by his parents. After asked around a bit he was asked a question.

"Father," he said, "difference between chickens?"

"What you see here my son," answered the "What are those—have at home?"

"Those are poultry then what are chickens?"

"Those things our neighbor keeps."—Cleveland.

A local preacher who habit of taking his wife to his preaching at said on arrival at the country town, "My dear in there, you will be must go round to the the vestibule the wife a kind-hearted steward giving her a hearty a hymn book, conducted comfortable seat. At the service the same steward gave her a h of the hand, adding a would be to see her

each Sunday. The ing, he said, "But let us don't get a sufferer the pulpit every Sunday