

Bath Delightful

ould enjoy your bath as much if you could ter as soft as summer the kind they used to n the old-fashioned or rain-barrel. There etter way now, to get me result, with any and that is to use

LUX

prinkle in a few ful of these dainty, rent little flakes of rest soap, and stir out. Instantly they e, imparting their sa- nness to the water. o, too—it makes the lken and healthful.

—it won't shrink woollens either.

British made, by 34 BROTHERS LIMITED TORONTO Good Grocers, 10c.

Soft most refreshing to the Skin

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pretty views pre- themselves that would like to keep. Kodak will do it for Easy to operate quite inexpensive.

\$1.00 AND UP Let Us Show You

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Drug Store

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FIFTEEN CENTS

Financial Reports of Local Red Cross and Patriotic Societies

DURHAM RED CROSS.

The Durham branch of the Red Cross has just concluded another successful six months' work. During that time the ladies met every week for work. During July and August ice cream and cake was sold every Saturday, at which a considerable amount was raised. A number of the ladies gave teas, and a lawn social was held on Dr. Jamieson's lawn. On Show Day the ladies served meals and some of the young people sold flags and roses. Mr. A. Bell and his willing workers have done a great deal for the Red Cross. Meetings were held in all the surrounding sections, and in almost all cases local branches were organized, besides considerable sums of money raised. A tea and dance were given by the Laidlaw family, and some of the young people gave a dance in the hall. The Boy Scouts gave a concert, when half the proceeds were given to the Red Cross. The society supplies work to a number of outside points. Sixteen dollars and 50 pairs of socks were sent to the French Sock Fund in Toronto. One hundred and thirty pairs of socks were sent to the 147th Greys. Christmas boxes, valued at \$1 each, were sent to 40 boys who had enlisted from Durham and vicinity. The money for these boxes was partly raised by donations and the rest supplied from the funds of the society. The following goods have been shipped to Toronto:

658 pairs socks, 329 face cloths, 995 pillow slips, 55 pillows, 444 towels, 9 tail bandages, 193 shirts, 1 pair wristlets, 1 scarf; 2,695 articles.

(Sgd.) Annie MacKenzie, Secy.

FINANCIAL REPORT.

June 13, 1916.	CR.
Cash in Bank.....	\$49 62
Donations to French fund	6 00
Mrs. John McGirr's tea.....	1 00
or rags.....	3 00
War pictures.....	3 00
St. Paul's ladies.....	118 31
Ice cream, Jul. & Aug.....	63 90
Mrs. Catton, for wool.....	2 00
Mrs. Jas. Hopkins tea.....	2 60
Miss Belle Rutherford.....	1 50
Mrs. W. Weir's tea.....	1 55
Mrs. W. Glass's tea.....	1 50
Mrs. D. Jamieson's tea.....	1 50
Refund for cotton yarn.....	3 00
Edge Hill ladies.....	22 50
Mrs. C. Ritchie's tea.....	3 00

Mrs. John Bell's tea.....	1 05
Mrs. S. Patterson's tea.....	30
No. 9, Glenelg.....	144 22
Mrs. Jas. McNally.....	1 00
Mrs. W. J. Ritchie's tea.....	4 00
Mrs. Geo. Ritchie's tea.....	4 00
Mrs. Brown's tea.....	93
Interest.....	1 10
Mrs. Laidlaw's tea & dance	23 10
Miss Tillotson's lecture.....	10 75
Fair Day proceeds.....	11 77
Mrs. Jos. McNally's tea.....	2 80
Patriotic dance.....	9 00
Mrs. A. McClocklin's tea.....	75
Mrs. Adam Anderson's tea	4 40
Refund for wool.....	60
Mrs. S. F. Morlock's tea for	5 05
Christmas stockings	
Proceeds from Christmas	
shower.....	40 13
Miss Marion Scarf.....	5 00
S.S. No. 1, Normanby.....	56 20
Ebenezer church, Glenelg.....	24 25
Bunessan, S.S. No. 1.....	47 75
Mrs. J. G. Firth's tea.....	4 20
Mrs. Goodwin.....	1 00
Mrs. Ewing, Bunessan.....	2 85
Rocky Sauguen church.....	16 10
Mrs. D. Edge's tea.....	1 10
Mrs. Jas. A. Brown's tea.....	1 25
Mrs. Boyd's tea.....	1 20
Mrs. Angus Hooper's tea.....	1 20
A. Bell's concert at Vickers	16 95
A. Bell's concert at Durham	44 10
Refund for town hall.....	4 00
Miss Greenwood's tea.....	4 00
For wool.....	2 00
Mr. Levine, papers, etc.....	5 37
Boy Scouts.....	20 90
Mrs. Whaley.....	5 00
Mrs. Vessie's tea (Rocky).....	3 80
Edge Hill entertainment.....	13 55
Miss V. Edge's tea.....	2 00
Mrs. T. Ritchie's tea.....	2 00
Mrs. P. E. Richardson's tea	3 00
Mrs. Thos. McComb.....	1 00
Trinity church Guild.....	17 75

\$986 33

DR.

Cheques issued for material	719 49
Cheques issued for Christ- mas parcels.....	60 82
Cash in bank, Jan. 15, 1917.....	206 02
	\$986 33

Laura McKenzie, Treasurer.

PREBYTERIAN LADIES' AID

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Presbyterian church held their annual business meeting last week and a most satisfactory and gratifying year's work was recorded. The work, as in the previous year, has been entirely for Red Cross needs, and splendid enthusiasm is, and continues to be shown at each meeting.	
Total receipts for year.....	\$594 55
Total expenditure.....	433 46
Balance in bank.....	\$161 09

TO INVESTORS

THOSE WHO, FROM TIME TO TIME, HAVE FUNDS REQUIRING INVESTMENT MAY PURCHASE AT PAR

DOMINION OF CANADA DEBENTURE STOCK

IN SUMS OF \$500 OR ANY MULTIPLE THEREOF.

Principal repayable 1st October, 1919.

Interest payable half-yearly, 1st April and 1st October by cheque (free of exchange at any chartered Bank in Canada) at the rate of five per cent per annum from the date of purchase.

Holders of this stock will have the privilege of surrendering at par and accrued interest, as the equivalent of cash, in payment of any allotment made under any future war loan issue in Canada other than an issue of Treasury Bills or other like short date security.

Proceeds of this stock are for war purposes only.

A commission of one-quarter of one per cent will be allowed to recognized bond and stock brokers on allotments made in respect of applications for this stock which bear their stamp.

For application forms apply to the Deputy Minister of Finance, Ottawa.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA, OCTOBER 7th, 1916.

DECLINE IN WHALE FISHING INDUSTRY

Are Whales Becoming Scarce?—Regulation in Killing May Preserve Declining Industry

While fishing, like every other industry, has felt the far-reaching economic effects of the war. Glycerine, which is useful in the manufacture of explosives, is obtainable from the oil of the "humpback," "finback" and "sulphur bottom" whales. As Pacific whale oil averages 6 to 10 per cent of glycerine content, with a maximum 14 per cent, a rise of 10c to 20c per gallon after the outbreak of war gave a very pronounced impetus to whale fishing in Pacific waters.

War Affected Prices The pursuit of whales for oil and bone has declined very seriously from the high-water mark reached in the middle of last century. While the "right" whale has become so scarce that the price of baleen or "whalebone" has risen from \$1,250 per ton in 1835 to about \$12,500 to-day, the price of oil, despite the upward trend caused by the war, has seriously declined from the level of former years. There is a tendency to scout the idea that whales are becoming scarce but the fact that the whalers are going further and further afield demonstrates that the old grounds are being coming depleted. Although whaling is still a flourishing industry in certain quarters of the globe, these enormous profits spell the doom of the whales unless an international agreement can be arrived at to regulate the killing.

Economic Folly Of course, an increasing scarcity of whales may make the business unprofitable and, as in New England, the majority of the hunters may be driven from the field. Then the whales may get sufficient respite to enable them to re-establish themselves. But, leaving the conservation of natural resources to the blind play of economic forces is both dangerous and unsatisfactory. Not only may it lead to the utter destruction of an irreplaceable resource—as an animal species—but it builds up a huge industry in the boom days—when the principal as well as the interest is being greedily consumed—only to be followed by a wretched decline when large numbers of men lose their livelihood and extensive plants rot through lack of use.

CABINET COUNCILS

How British Affairs of State Are Strictly Guarded

In England Cabinet Councils are conducted in the strict privacy, although very occasionally important officials and other outsiders have attended a meeting for the purpose of giving information or advice on specific matters; while the remarkable step was taken of inviting Sir Robert Borden, as Prime Minister of Canada, to attend one of the meetings while he was in England. Otherwise the most stringent measures are adopted to secure the inviolability of Cabinet proceedings. Trusted janitors keep watch outside to guard against the possibility of eavesdropping, while the very blotting pads are destroyed after each meeting lest they should betray anything that has taken place.

Touching this matter of Cabinet secrets, by the way, Mrs. Lloyd-George remarked in a public speech that she, at least, could not disclose any, since her husband never told them to her, but it is well known that other Cabinet Ministers have not always been equally discreet. In this connection it may be recalled that the famous Lady Holland once asked, at one of the Whig consultations at Holland House, why her husband should not be Foreign Secretary. "Why, ma'am," said Lord John Russell, bluntly, "they say you open all Holland's letters." Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, was of opinion that a Minister need have no secrets from his wife, and how nobly Mrs. Gladstone justified his confidence is well known.

Another aid to the preservation of Cabinet secrets is the system of communication between the members which is adopted. This is effected by the circulation of special despatch boxes, and one of the most important possessions of each Minister is the "key" which unlocks all these boxes. In all memoirs of Ministers will be found constant reference to "sending round a box," groans at the arrival of "files of boxes" from other departments, and so on. When a Minister wishes to circulate some memorandum among his colleagues for information or comment he does it in this way. Altogether the Cabinet is a very wonderful institution.

Rules for a Long Life

A clergyman who is hale and hearty at 78 years of age, gives these rules which have governed his life: The use of plain food, with plenty of fresh fruit and pure water. Personal cleanliness by frequent baths from head to foot. Flannels next the skin the year round, graduating weight according to the season. Open air exercise every day, rain or shine. Ventilation of sleeping room, summer and winter. Eight hours' sleep each day.

Fruits of Saving

In 1866 a young Breton named Cognacq went to Paris as assistant in a little dry goods store. By 1872 he had saved up \$60,000 and opened a store which he called the Samaritaine. That Breton store assistant became worth \$60,000,000.

Motion pictures are being extensively used in Italy to teach several million illiterate voters, enfranchised by a new law, how to prepare their ballots.

For household use a simple device has been invented in Germany which measures the proportion of carbonic acid gas in the air of a room.

The jolt has been taken out of the wheelbarrow by a Main man who has invented one with springs between the axle ends and side bars.

A German inventor's improved autograph uses light rays to reproduce on photograph films writings or drawings made at a distance.

WAS TRUE TO HIM

Convict's Mountain Sweetheart Clung to Him Through All His Troubles.

By GEORGE A. BAFFIN.

He crouched in the undergrowth, cautiously parting the bushes with one hand to peer out down the mountain side. He was a ragged giant of a man, clean-limbed, yet with a strange pallor upon his face. Upon each wrist, too, were half healed scars. These had been caused by the heroic efforts which he had used to free himself from his manacles. But he was free at last. He had escaped from the state penitentiary three weeks before and his pursuers had never been able to discover his secret hiding place upon Bear mountain.

He had heard them seeking for him eternally; on the very day after his escape he had come upon one of the guards dozing under a fir tree. He had taken his rifle and then, awakening him, scornfully ordered him to depart. The man had obeyed fearfully, and the rifle and a box of matches had enabled the fugitive to live. But every time he brought down a rabbit or partridge the sound of the shot, echoing through the valleys, at once informed his pursuers of his whereabouts.

He looked round cautiously. No one was in sight. High up on the opposite hill he saw the outlines of a tiny cabin. It was his sweetheart's home—Mollie Stark's. It was to avenge an insult to her that he had shot and crippled Seth Baldwin. That was two years before, and he had been sent up for ten. Mollie had sworn to be true to him.

But since his flight he had not dared go near her home. It was too desperate a chance to take. But a visit on his part to the wild glen in which they had plighted their troth had resulted in the finding of a package of food placed there by Mollie. In it was a little note.

"Dere Ben," it ran. "I hid this and brou't it here thinking you would come. Here come to the cabin on Monday nite at nine. Lovingly, Mollie."

The full moon gave almost as much light as the sun. The fugitive crawled down the slope and approached the



He Was Free at Last.

opposite height, worming his way up through the ferns and close-clinging vines. At last he emerged upon a little rocky eminence a hundred yards distant from the cabin. From Mollie's window a rag fluttered. The fugitive understood that sign. She was alone. Grasping his rifle he went forward boldly.

He was within ten yards when the door opened. His heart leaped. Mollie stood in the doorway, her arms outstretched, to welcome him. Behind her was the flickering candle. But as he drew near, suddenly a sight froze his blood. The shadow of a man had passed the candle; another, and another. He halted in his tracks. Behind Mollie he saw a rifle barrel.

With an oath he flung back into the brushwood. He would have fired, but, treacherous though she was, he could not bring himself to kill her. He heard yells behind him, Mollie's screams, the shouts of his pursuers.

An hour later he dropped exhausted upon the ground inside his cave. It was a bear's hole, cunningly hidden on the mountain side. Among that waste of burned-over pine stumps none could hit upon it save by accident, and that he did not anticipate. It was not fear that made him pant like a marathon runner, but wrath and self-contempt.

Mollie was a traitress! He had been fooled by a chit of a girl, for whose sake he had suffered two years in the penitentiary. Anger overcame all other feelings. He would show her! He would show them! What should he do?

For an hour he lay thinking, gnawing his lip in rage. His passion for her had been so strong, his love so large a part of his existence, that the revulsion was terrible. He must contrive some punishment commensurate with the crime. Among the hill women there could be none other so base as to betray her lover, as Mollie had sought to betray him. He had recognized one of the men in the parlor as Frank Merriman, the sheriff. He had been a suitor for Mollie's hand before she promised herself to Ben. Doubtless he had persuaded her.

Ha! He had his plan. It flashed into his brain ready-forged in the furnace of his wrath. Doubtless Merriman would be at her home the follow-

ing night. Her father, the bedridden old man, would be helpless. He would steal in and shoot the man before Mollie's eyes—and then—then—cut off her hair, leaving her to the derision of the hill folk.

His plan consumed him. He passed the outstanding hours like a man in a delirium. Day dawned, the sun blazed upon the wild-eyed man who paced to and fro upon the mountain side. The shadows lengthened as the sun declined; at last the fiery orb touched the horizon. Shouldering his rifle he marched doggedly through the scrub until once more he saw Mollie's cabin outlined against the darkening sky upon the further ridge. Even as he watched a tiny spark flashed out from the parlor candle.

An hour later he was lying upon his stomach outside the cabin. Inside he saw Frank Merriman, smoking in one corner. Mollie was laying the supper table. Occasionally she stopped before the sheriff and seemed to plead with him. Ben gritted his teeth.

If only Merriman would lay aside his rifle. But he kept his clasp of it even at the supper table; it was only later when he arose that he placed it for a moment against the mud wall. The watcher knew that his time had come. Mollie's hands were on Merriman's arm and she was pleading very earnestly. Ben fancied that she was crying.

He sprang to his feet and rushed through the open door. He saw indistinctly; the world was revolving in a fiery mist, through his weapon. Next moment, too enraged to fire, Ben had dropped his rifle and his hands were on the sheriff's throat.

To and fro they wrestled. The table was knocked down. The clumsy chairs went spinning across the room. The candle was dashed to the floor, and in the bewildering night each only knew that he was fighting for life with an implacable adversary. Ben dug his knuckles into the hollow space between the point of the jaw and the great cord behind the ear—an old woodsman's trick, to compress the carotid and produce unconsciousness. He felt his enemy weakening. He had him at his mercy now. Suddenly a tremendous blow fell upon his head from behind. He heard the shivering of the cheap rifle stock, flung out his hands, felt for some stable hold in the encompassing darkness, and tumbled to the ground. The last thing that he saw as his senses left him was the faint glimmer of the relict candle and Mollie's agonized face, in its aureole hair.

"Ben!" "Mollie!" He started out through the whirling phantasmagoria that surrounded him. He was dizzy and deathly sick. Gradually, as the fog cleared from his brain, he realized that he was lying in a little room. He lay in Mollie's room, upon a bed, and the face that he loved best in all the world was bending over him.

"Thank God he is coming to, Frank!" "You had better leave him for the present." It was the voice of Merriman. He came into the circle of Ben's vision, a mighty man, his face swathed in bandages. Looking upon him, Ben dimly wondered how he had ever had the strength to wrestle with such a fellow. He was too weak to lift a finger now.

"Well, young fellow!" Merriman was scowling down at him. "You've done for yourself pretty well now," he continued. "If my nephew, Walt, hadn't had the suspicion to come up at the right moment and snatch my rifle you'd have had a murder charge against you. I thought you were gone when I saw the whack he gave you that night."

"That night! When?" "Two weeks ago tomorrow. Yep, I reckon you've kind of lost count of time," he continued, smiling less evilly. "You've been mighty near death, young fellow, let me tell you."

"Well, I guess you've won," said Ben feebly. "When are you going to take me back to the penitentiary?" Frank Merriman scratched his head, then, fingering his bandages, he scowled; at length a smile broke out upon his face.

"When will you be ready to start?" he asked. "You'll have to put me in a cart, I reckon," answered Ben. "Frank," he continued, "I'm likely to get a life sentence now and we aren't likely to meet again. I want to ask a promise of you. Treat Mollie well. She's the finest girl in the world, and if she was false to me—well, I reckon it was for your sake, Frank."

The sheriff stared at him. Then he turned abruptly away. "The devil—you—say!" he muttered. He went to the door and called the girl. Ben heard them whispering outside. And presently he was aware, in his weakness, that Mollie was bending over him again.

"Ben!" "Mollie!" "Ben, dearest. Did you think I had betrayed you, Ben? Did you dare to think that I was untrue to you?" He felt her tears drop on his hand. He listened dumbly, in an agony of anticipation and doubts he dared not utter.

"Listen, Ben! You are free. Free to go where you will. When you escaped the newspapers took up your case. They demanded that you should be set free. The governor was appealed to. He said that you had been punished enough. Your pardon arrived the week before you first came to the cabin. That was why I went to the mountain. I should have told you, but I wanted it to come as a surprise. That night Mr. Merriman was waiting here to hand it to you. You are free, Ben, free to go where you will—free to—marry me—if you want to!"

(Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman)