

REAL

was solemnized at 6.15 Wednesday week when the eldest daughter of Mr. Marshall of ...

Mr. Rowland, man-bank here, will be in the death ...

Mr. Rowland, man-bank here, will be in the death ...

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Responsibility of Father to His Boys Explained

By Will Spearman, Boys' Secretary of the Y. M. C. A.

The father and son movement, which is taking such a prominent place in the development of our boys' work today, had its beginning about 18 years ago in the city of Providence, R. I. M. M. Russell, at that time boys' work secretary of the Providence Y. M. C. A., foresaw the benefits to be derived from a closer relationship between father and son.

It is not so long ago that we used to think that our responsibilities as fathers ended when we had fed, clothed and housed and sent our boys to school. By so doing, we were leaving the real job of bringing up our boys to somebody, anybody, everybody, in fact, except ourselves.

So, acting on a sudden idea, he took the native to a pond and dipped him in. When he brought him out, the colonel said: "Now your name is Mick, and you will eat no more meat on Friday." The very next Friday, he saw Mick eating a big chunk of meat and demanded an explanation. "It's all right, colonel," replied the native with a solemn face, "this no meat. Me dip it in pond and call it fish."

Commenting upon uncomplimentary reference to the telephone operator in a local stage production, William F. McDermott, dramatic editor of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, has the following to say about telephone operators:

The idea of the telephone girl as an unlovely and exasperating creature is one of the quaintest of contemporary illusions. Her patience and urbanity in the face of insolence, wise cracks and excessive expectations seems to me absolutely saint-like. It is superhuman.

"To be blamed by loud-voiced strangers for errors not one's own, to be held culpable for all the fallibility of man-made machines, to be spoken to sternly by office boys and bootleggers, to be talked to habitually like a fishwife and yet always to reply with a sweet, "Number, please," "Thank you" or "I'll give you information"—that is a brand of self-control and miraculous civility that is wholly amazing to an ordinary mortal.

WAS SUCCESSFUL ONCE, WHY NOT TRY AGAIN?

Western M. P. Explains to His Parliamentary Friends and Enemies the Logical Working of Indian Minds.

Amusing stories are not told every day in the House of Commons. But Gavan Duffy, M. P. for Whitehaven, Sask., considerably brightened proceedings during a recent debate by recalling the experience of an old Irish colonel in India who had a native servant with a very long and unpronounceable name. The colonel decided that this name was too much for him and would have to be abolished, but the difficulty was to make the native agree to this.

So, acting on a sudden idea, he took the native to a pond and dipped him in. When he brought him out, the colonel said: "Now your name is Mick, and you will eat no more meat on Friday." The very next Friday, he saw Mick eating a big chunk of meat and demanded an explanation. "It's all right, colonel," replied the native with a solemn face, "this no meat. Me dip it in pond and call it fish."

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"We used to send children to school to learn manners." The telephone companies seem far more successful than the ordinary schools in driving home lessons in urbanity. Instead of sending girls to "finishing" schools, perhaps it would be better to let them be telephone operators for a while.

TO STAY YOUNG, STAY ROMANTIC, IS ADVICE

Veteran Chicago Ballad Writer, Composer of "After The Ball," and Other Favorites, Speaks.

Thirty-two years have passed since Charles K. Harris wrote "After The Ball." Since that time, he has made a great fortune by playing upon the heart-strings of the public. His hair has grown chalk-white. He is passing into the sixties. He looks younger.

"To stay young, stay romantic," is his advice. "In the rapid-fire change of song tastes during the past quarter of a century, what has become of the lullaby and the ballad?" the correspondent asks him. "And the little group that once gathered around the family piano—what has become of it? Will the radio, the phonograph, the autopian make the American public forget how to sing?"

The grand-old-man of ballading—the man who wrote "Just Break the News to Mother," "Would you Care?" "Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven," and a great list that haunts the memory—grated his fist dramatically upon the desk. "As long as there are sweethearts! As long as there are mothers, babies, romance and heartaches—just so long will there be ballads and lullabies!"

"You can give the people razz and jazz, warm mammas and sugar papas, blues and whatnot, but when the saxophone has tooted its last note, they'll go to the heart songs for solace and comfort. "A good cry is as good a medicine as a good laugh. And there's where the ballad comes in, and always will. They still be singing the heart songs when jazz is a curio in the museums."

"Have you ever stopped to think of the number of romances your love songs have brought about?" he was asked. "Have I? My files are filled with thousands of letters that came in over the years. Letters from estranged couples, brought together after hearing a certain song; letters of newlyweds thanking me for my part in the romance; letters from heart-broke folks. I sang over the radio a short time ago, and I still get letters telling how the songs recalled romances of years gone by."

"That's what I like to think about. Not that I'm getting old. It's something for the imagination to play with. Think of thousands of people you will never know and never see in whose lives you have played an unconscious, but very definite part. "And in your own life?" he was asked. "The veteran ballad-master smiled. "I wrote one of my best love songs to my wife. I say one of my best, for it must have been pretty good. She married me. My children were brought up on my baby songs."

THE OBSCURE HUSBAND OF A GREAT GENIUS

In May, 1880, a woman named Marian Evans was married to a man named John Walter Cross. Because of that marriage, and for no other reason, the news of this man's death a few days ago, was considered worth telegraphing to all parts of the world.

For the woman whom Cross married was George Eliot, and George Eliot was one of the most brilliant Englishwomen who ever lived. She became the wife of Cross when she was 61 and he was 40, and she was even older than her years. She had nothing to offer him but companionship, and in return, he gave her a sort of idolatry, not tinged with jealousy, with George Eliot, indeed, all the world knew, and he knew better than most that his death two years earlier had destroyed her happiness. But they shared a sorrow. Cross for the death of his mother, and Marian Evans, for the death of her lover. She lived but six months longer, and Cross then dedicated himself to the task of writing her biography. When it was published, he was forgotten once more, and now emerges for the last time with his name and most notably exploit in the obituary columns.

George Eliot, the novelist, was the most intellectual woman of her time, and Lewes was one of the most brilliant men. Yet society did not forgive or condone their offense when they lived together as husband and wife. That they would make a marriage had the law made it possible, there can be no shadow of doubt that they would have been married, and poor Cross, therefore, never heard of Lewes had a wife and three sons. They were not happily united. The wife was pretty and fun-loving, Lewes was homely, and though he was brilliant and courageous and tender-hearted, a noted wit and scholar, yet he did not make the proper appeal to his wife. Consequently, she eloped. Lewes generously took her back. Then not long afterward, she eloped again. This time he determined to be legally rid of her, but he found that the law offered him no redress. By condoning her first offense, he had disarmed himself, and further offenses he would have to swallow. But he did not receive her again into his home. He and George Eliot had to work a little harder than otherwise would have been necessary in order to support her.

A Great Set Marian Evans went to London at the age of thirty-two, a cultivated, traveled, keen-thinking woman, but not a novelist, to become assistant editor of the Westminster Review. Her early upbringing had been Puritan, and she was by no means, on the surface at least, the sort of woman who might be expected to bid defiance to the conventions and count all small lost for love, as the lady novelists say. In London she met Herbert Spencer, and they were mutually attracted. They agreed, however, that they were not in love with each other and, therefore, might see as much of each other as they chose. It was Spencer who introduced her to George Henry Lewes. He was at that time literary editor of The Leader, the author of a novel or two, and much brilliant criticism, and also of the "Biographical History of Philosophy" and a text book on political economy which remain standard works. Anthony Trollope said there was no man so pleasant as he with whom to sit and talk literary gossip over a cigar and a cup of coffee. He was a friend of the Carlyles, of Dickens, Spencer and the literary lights of the day. He impressed Marian Evans as a "sort of miniature Mirabeau in appearance" when she met him first, but later said that he won her liking in spite of herself.

George Eliot's Portrait We do not lack contemporary portraits of both of them. An early observer though that George Eliot had "ungraceful arms, dressed badly and was not properly brushed." Mme. Belloe wrote: "In daily life, the brow, blue eyes and the upper part of her face had great charm. The lower was disproportionately long. Abundant hair framed a countenance which was not in any sense unpleasing, noble in its gentle outline and very sweet in its expression. Her height was good, her figure remarkably supple; at moments, it had serpentine grace. Her characteristic bearing suggested fatigue; perhaps even when a girl, she would hardly have been animated; but when she was amused, her eyes filled with laughter. She did not look young when I first saw her, and I have no recollection of her ever looking much older. The effect of her presence was impressive."

"She used to wear black velvet, then seldom adopted by unmarried ladies. She would talk and laugh softly and look up into my father's face respectfully while the light of a great hall lamp shone on the waving masses of her hair and the black velvet fell in folds about her feet."

"Most Amusing Little Fellow "Little Lewes," wrote Jane Carlyle, "the most amusing little fellow in the world," adding with Victorian circumspection, "if you only look over his unparalleled impudence, which is not impudence at all. He is the best mimic in the world and full of famous stories and no spleen or envy or anything bad in him. See that you receive him with open arms in spite of his ugliness."

The portrait is completed by Mrs. Lynn Linton, who was not his defender. "A singularly plain man, deeply pitted with smallpox, with narrow jaws and somewhat drawn-in cheeks. He had bright, vivacious and well-shaped eyes, a quantity of bright, brown hair, a flexible mouth of singular moistness. He was the first of the audacious men of my acquaintance and about the most extreme. He had neither shame nor reticence in his choice of subjects, but would discuss the most delicate matters of physiology with no more perception that he was transgressing the bounds of propriety than if he had been a savage. . . . Wherever he went, there was a patch of intellectual sunlight in the room."

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CLASSIFIED ADS.

(Too Late for Classification.) AUCTION SALE FARM STOCK AND IMPLEMENTS of Thomas Tucker, Lot 4, Concession 2, Egremont, Wednesday, March 11th. See bills later for list.

CLEARING SALE AT SPIRELLA STORE—Brassieres given away with \$10 purchase.—Mrs. J. C. Nichol, Middaugh House Store, Durham, to

WONDERFUL HORSE RECORD

Mr. John Hargrave of the Collingwood gravel tells the Flesherston Advance that his father bought the first span of horses just 50 years ago. Since that time, they never have bought a horse or traded one and only lost one valuable animal through illness. During that time they have raised 35 colts. Mr. Hargrave thinks this beats the record in that line, and we agree with him. Still, if anyone things they can beat it, we want to hear from him. We expect, however, that the silence will be soon so dense that it may be felt.

Schutz's Pump & Tile Co.

TILE ALWAYS ON HAND Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 15, 16, 18, 24 in. CEMENT BRICK FOR SALE Agents for Renfrew Cream Separators PUMPS & PUMP REPAIRING Promptly Attended to and all work Guaranteed. OPPOSITE HIGH SCHOOL

ROB ROY MILLS LIMITED Grain Prices We are offering the following prices per bushel for grain at our elevator: Peas \$1.15 to \$1.25 Oats .55 to .60 Barley .80 to .85 Buckwheat .80 to .85 Wheat 1.55 to 1.60 Mixed Grain, per cwt. 1.70 to 1.75 We will buy any quantity of Grain at these prices Drive your loads direct to our Elevator. Rob Roy Mills Limited Durham Ontario

A Clearance of Men's and Boy's Overcoats 20% DISCOUNT J. & J. Hunter

ECONOMY IN THE USE OF SUGAR

At a time when there are calls for greater economy in every department of life, it is well for the housekeeper to consider ways and means to the same end, and one may safely say that no other article of food will give such a satisfactory response as will sugar.

Tons of sugar are needlessly wasted every year, more particularly at preserving time—yes, hundreds of tons—in America alone for want of knowledge on this point. While some are aware of the fact, it may not be generally known that sugar undergoes a wonderful chemical change when in contact with acid fruits in boiling; it then changes its identity into glucose, thereby losing fifty per cent of its sweetening potency.

By using a heavy sugar syrup for the sweetening cold drinks, all the sweetening combines at once with the beverage, instead of settling to the bottom where it is practically lost. Also by using a pinch of baking soda to neutralize their acids, a great saving of sugar can be effected in the cooking of rhubarb, tomatoes, etc. "Acid fruits, likewise, should not have sugar added till the boiling process has ceased at which time a cupful will go as far as two would by their being boiled together. Considering the prices we have been paying for sugar in the past, reaching as high as twenty-five dollars per cwt. about five years ago, the saving of one cwt. per family per year, which is a very low estimate, would amount to many millions of dollars in Canada alone. Much complaint is made that the dollar does not go nearly as far as it used to, while others say, "Yes, but it goes so much faster." But observing these rules with sugar, it works the other way by going twice as far, and only half as fast, and at the same time, giving equally good results. A hick town is a place where if the neighbors see a light in your house after nine, they think your house is on fire.

MEN FEAR TO ENTER BUSH AFTER DARK

Wolves, so daring that they come right into the barnyards, are reported from Oso, Olden and Clarendon in the vicinity of Kingston. Reeve G. M. Drew of Olden brought to the city, when coming to attend County Council, the hide of a wolfe measuring six feet from its nose to the tip of its tail. The wolfe was killed in the barnyard of Robert Boles in the northern part of Oso.

Never before have the timber wolves been so numerous as this year. Every morning and night the howling of the wolves can be heard in Sharbot Lake, an unheard-of event before this year, and so serious has the situation become that a hunt club has been organized at Sharbot Lake for the purpose of hunting down wolves. Already there are fifteen members signed up. Tales of their ravages were told by other members of the County Council. According to Reeve Flake of Clarendon and Miller, teamsters employed in the bush are afraid to start out before daylight owing to the presence of wolves in the vicinity.

Pleasure in Work (E. W. Howe's Monthly) Real men are able to find satisfaction and pleasure in work. The hum of the wheels in a shop where everything is going pretty well—where there is honesty, usefulness, fairness to everyone—is about the sweetest music there is to a man who really amounts to anything.

Water! Water! Water! What is Good Health Worth? Why take a chance and use water that is polluted and unfit for domestic use, when Pure Water can be had by having a well drilled. We handle Pumps and Pump Repairs. Satisfaction Guaranteed. ED. J. PRATT R.R. No. 4, Durham. Phone 98-12

ROWE'S Bakery & Provision Store Flour The Finest Manitoba per bag \$5.50 Pastry Flour 24 lb \$1.20 Goods Delivered Anywhere in Town E. A. Rowe Baker & Confectioner