

What About Spring? Don't You Want a Farm? LOOK HERE!

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Canadian Pacific Railway Time Table

Trains will arrive and depart as follows, until further notice:—

P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
3:00	6:20	Lv. Walkerton Ar.	1:00 10:30
3:14	6:34	" Maple Hill "	12:43 10:13
3:24	6:43	" Hanover "	12:35 10:05
3:33	6:52	" Allan Park "	12:25 9:55
			A.M.
3:48	7:07	" Durham "	12:11 9:41
3:59	7:18	" McWilliams "	11:59 9:29
4:02	7:21	" Glen "	11:56 9:26
4:11	7:31	" Priceville "	11:46 9:16
4:25	7:45	" Saucen J. "	11:35 9:05
7:55	11:20	Ar. Toronto Lv.	7:45 5:05

R. MACFARLANE, - Town Agent

Grand Trunk Railway TIME-TABLE

Trains leave Durham at 7:15 a.m., and 2:45 p.m.

Trains arrive at Durham at 10:30 a.m., 1:50 p.m., and 8:50 p.m.

EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY

H. G. Elliott, A. E. Duff,
G. P. Agent, D. P. Agent,
Montreal, Toronto

J. TOWNER Depot Agent
JAMES R. GUN, Town Agent

Robert Bickerdike's bill to abolish capital punishment, was vigorously debated in the Commons.

Steps will be taken to unseat Mayor McVeity of Ottawa, on the ground that he owes four years' taxes and is insolvent.

King George and Queen Mary visited the Drury Lane theatre on Saturday to witness the pantomime now running there. This is the first time recallable when a British ruler has made such a visit.

SUNDAY SCHOOL FAMOUS SLOVENS

Lesson VIII.—First Quarter, For Feb. 22, 1914.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES. GENIUS IN UNCOUTH ATTIRE.

Text of the Lesson, Luke xii, 1-12. Memory Verses, 3, 9—Golden Text, Luke xii, 8—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

He had in our last lesson spoken of the Pharisees as not only having a mere outward religion, but also of being one with their ancestors in persecuting and killing the prophets, and He had accused the lawyers of not only refusing the truth themselves, but of keeping it from others. Now He says to His disciples, "Beware ye of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy." As matters were consummating and the crisis approaching, He was speaking more pointedly concerning some things.

All the wrong will be manifest in due time, and the right will prevail, so that it is wise to live always in the sight of the Lord and seek in all things His approval (1 Cor. iv, 3; 11 Tim. ii, 15). He had said on a previous occasion, "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees and of Herod," but they were so dull that they thought that He referred to literal bread and not to false doctrine (Matt. xvi, 6-11; Mark viii, 15).

There is more need than ever to beware of false teachers and teaching, for formalism and rationalism and worldliness are ever increasing. The Pharisee was all for form and outward show, even though professing to believe some things. The Sadducee had no use for anything supernatural, while Herod, though somewhat religious, preferred the sinful pleasures of this world (Acts xxiii, 8; Mark vi, 20).

There is no place in the Bible where leaven ever signifies anything good. In Lev. vii, 13; xxiii, 17, where leaven was commanded to be offered, it represented sin in us and in our service, as is explained in Amos iv, 5, margin. In the parable in Matt. xiii, 33, it refers to the corruption of the food given in the churches in this age of "the mysteries of the kingdom," which is set forth in the parables of the sower, the tares, the mustard tree and the leaven. We are rapidly approaching the time of the oven and the burning.

If we receive the word of God simply and heartily we shall know something of the hatred of the religious world (John xvii, 14), even unto persecution and death (Rev. i, 9; ii, 10, xii, 17), but our Lord teaches us that the death of the body is not a serious matter if we are truly His, for it will mean for the believer real gain and something very far better than remaining here (Phil. i, 21, 23). Therefore we are not to fear it (cor. 4, 7; Matt. x, 28). He who cares for sparrows will surely care for His own redeemed ones, so that we may be as brave as Daniel's friends if we have faith in God. The unsaved have every reason to fear death, for to them it will mean the torment of Luke xvi, 22, and finally the lake of fire (Rev. xx, 14, 15).

A true child of God is one who, seeing himself to be a sinner has pleaded guilty and cast himself upon the mercy of God in Christ, receiving Jesus Christ as his own personal Saviour, putting all his trust in the precious blood shed for him on Calvary. Thus one is able to say, "Being justified by faith, I have peace with God" (Rom. v, 1). None others are children of God, according to the Scriptures.

Now, while God needs no evidence of our sincerity in this apart from our faith, for He reads the heart, it is necessary that men should see some evidence of our faith, for they can only see faith as it is manifest in the lives and the works of believers, according to Eph. ii, 10; Tit. iii, 8; hence that other saying about confessing with the mouth the Lord Jesus and showing faith by works (Rom. x, 9, 10; Jas. ii, 24). There are those who walk in the outward life as Christians, but who mind earthly things and are the enemies of the cross of Christ. They profess that they know God, but in works they deny Him (Phil. iii, 18, 19; Tit. i, 16).

It is not for us to judge them or to say that they are of one and thus and so. He will see to that. But we may judge ourselves and consider well if our faith in Christ is real and our life corresponding in any measure thereto. That there is a possibility of being saved and yet unwarded is plainly taught in 1 Cor. iii, 11-15.

The last verse of our lesson is a great comfort to those who are willing to confess with their mouth, as well as to such as may suddenly be placed in a difficult position. Nothing can take the place of reliance upon the Holy Spirit both as our teacher and our utterance. I have in my mind along with verse 12 the comfort of Ex. iv, 12; Jer. i, 7-9; Prov. xxii, 18, and have proved the reality of this comfort times without number.

As to the sin against the Holy Spirit which hath no forgiveness, I understand it to be the persistent rejection of the voice of the Spirit until the heart becomes so hardened and the ears so dull of hearing that His voice is heard no more. Those who fear that they have committed this sin are the very ones who have no cause to fear it, for the very fact of their fear shows that the Spirit is still dealing with them.

Those who have committed this sin are so hardened and rebellious that they cannot be approached on the matter of their souls' welfare. They will not listen to it.

They Had a Fine Contempt For Personal Appearance.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES. GENIUS IN UNCOUTH ATTIRE.

Turner, the Artist, Dressed Like an Old Time Cab Driver—Dr. Johnson Was Grottesque, and "Old Fitz" Outraged All the Sartorial Conventions.

It is surprising how outrageously careless of their personal appearance many famous men have been. Genius may or may not be allied to madness, but it has certainly very often been linked with an utter disregard for clothes and cleanly habits.

It is said of Turner, the great-land scape painter, that his hands were "the smallest and dirtiest hands on record." Perhaps that is an exaggeration, but he was certainly very slovenly in his dress. He wore a black swallowtail dress coat, very much in need of a clothesbrush vigorously used, and in the warmest as well as in the coldest weather he wore round his throat a sort of wrap or muffler, which he would unloose, letting the ends dangle down in front and dip into the colors of his palette. He always worked either with his old hat on his head or with this same large muffler over his head. His appearance was more like that of an old time coachman than of a famous Royal Academician, for he was short and stout, with a red and blotchy face.

Dr. Johnson's slovenliness has almost passed into a proverb. There are many contemporary accounts of his turning out of his house in Bolt court with his wig back to front and his stockings down. When Boswell visited him at 11 Inner Temple lane he records: "His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty; he had on a little, old shrievel, unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt neck and the knees of his breeches were loose, his black worsted stockings ill drawn up, and by way of slippers he had on a pair of unbuckled shoes." When it is added that this great man was constantly twitching, grunting, shaking his head, puffing his cheeks and blinking his eyes, it must be admitted that his appearance was not only uncouth but grotesque.

Thomas Carlyle, coming of a peasant race, never conformed to society garb. He was always the inspired peasant. He would sometimes go out in his old dressing gown, over which he buttoned a big coat, gray with age. When he was left alone in the house he delighted in swilling his flagstones with pails of water, and many a distinguished friend found him thus engaged with a kind of smock on and his bushy hair all tousled. He went about all the summer among the highest aristocracy in a frieze jacket which was part of an old dressing gown. All the cabmen and bus drivers Chelsea way knew him. One said, "He may wear a queer 'at, but what would yer give for the 'eadpiece inside of it?"

It would not be seemly to describe Tennyson as slovenly in any real sense. He was a singularly noble looking man, but he did not care a jot what he wore. His old slouch hat had seen unnumbered years and flapped about at all angles, and the Iverness cape which he invariably wore was about as old as his hat. People who met him without knowing his immense distinction would have regarded him as a rather quaint character, and a tailor's cutter would not have assessed him at half a dollar, all told.

This is a description of the daily appearance of Edward Fitzgerald, the immortal translator of "The Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam: "Straggling gray hair and slovenly in dress, wearing an ancient, battered, black banded, shiny edged tall hat, round which he would in wintry weather tie a handkerchief to keep it in place; his clothes of baggy blue cloth, as though he were a seafarer; his trousers short and his shoes low, exhibiting a length of white or gray stockings. With an unstarched shirt front, high, crumpled, standup collar, a big black silk tie in a careless bow; in cold weather trailing a green and black and gray plaid shawl, in hot weather even walking barefoot with his boots slung to a stick." Surely "Old Fitz," as Tennyson called him, took the cake for slovenliness of all the immortals!—Pearson's Weekly.

A Useful Army.
Completing the improvements in a conquered town, says Popular Mechanics, is an unusual occupation for an invading army, but this is what happened in Uskub, Macedonia. When the Balkan war broke out the electric street lighting system was almost complete. The town was then taken by the Serbian army, and the engineering staff completed the system and put it in working order.

Dore's Musical Rebus.
Gustave Dore, the famous painter and engraver, once bought a villa on the outskirts of Paris and wrote over the entrance this musical rebus. Do, mi, si, la, do, re. This, properly interpreted, is "Domestic a Dore," or in plain English "Home of Dore."

An Invitation.
"What are you thinking of, Miss Wombat?"
"Of your name, Mr. Huggins."
"My name?"
"Yes as Shakespeare says, is there nothing in a name?"—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

I have often wondered how every man loves himself more than all the rest of men. Antonius.

A TRIP ON THE KONGO.

Care Free Voyaging on Small Wood Burning Steamboats.

A trip by steambot on the Kongo river has its lazily amusing attractions as you descend from Stanleyville to the railway at Leopoldville, a voyage of twelve days. The boats, small, stern wheel affairs, carry from twenty to thirty cabin passengers each. On the lower deck are the black travelers, sometimes in a stifling crowd, sprawling over the cargo. Most of the captains are Swedes, Russians or Germans, and the engineers are picked up in Sierra Leone. Two companies run boats, and several of the mission stations have steamboats of their own besides.

Some of the boats have small dining rooms; others set the tables on deck, protected from the sun by awnings. The food is not luxurious, and very little fresh meat is to be had. The fuel is wood, and every five or six hours the boat must stop to replenish the supply from a heap of cut sticks on the bank. These piles of wood are made by natives or by scattered traders, often where no habitation is near, and in such cases the captain pays for the wood by putting money in a box that the trusting woodman has provided for the purpose.

Every boat carries a drum, and as it approaches an inhabited district the drum is beaten to tell the natives that goats, fruit or vegetables are wanted. Every night the steamer ties up against the bank, and all the black passengers go to sleep on shore. But they devote most of the night to merrymaking and keep those on the boat as wide awake as themselves.—Youth's Companion.

SAVED BY A CAMERA.

A Photographer's Narrow Escape From an Enraged Orang.

As a rule, orang outangs are caught young and tamed before they are shipped to Europe. Mr. W. P. Dando tells in "Wild Animals and Cameras" of such an animal that arrived in London with the best of characters. He was considered a docile, steady going old thing, and Mr. Dando was engaged to photograph him.

I entered the orang's cage as I had entered scores of others. I had not exposed many plates before I saw that the animal was intent on mischief. He was a very powerful beast, and I should have stood no chance at all if he had attacked me.

My only chance was to use the camera as a weapon. Making a sign to the keeper to keep silent, I pointed my hand camera at the orang and with slow and steady step approached him. The keeper was outside the door, ready to open it, but neither of us uttered a sound. I was relieved to see the orang retreat gradually and at the same time slowly rise from the crouched and menacing position he had taken. Once he was on the move, I knew I had a chance. I succeeded in working him round to the corner farthest from the door, which the keeper had silently and slowly opened.

Still pointing my camera at the orang, I very slowly backed out of the cage, the door was slammed to, and I was safe. Even when I was partly through the door opening any quick movement on my part would have been a fatal mistake. The animal could have reached me in an instant.

An Estate In the Moon.

After the Franco-German war, in which Camille Flammarion, the famous astronomer, fought as a captain, he settled down to his astronomical labors in Paris and later founded an observatory at Juvisy specially to study the planets. On the occasion of his scientific jubilee he was presented with a silver medal depicting him standing on a cloud, flanked on one side by the planet Mars and on the other by his Juvisy observatory. A region on the moon has been named after him, but in whispering this fact to an interviewer M. Flammarion hoped it would not be published. "The budget commission," he added humorously, "may want to tax it as being landed property."—Westminster Gazette.

His Golden Rules.

A Toronto banker hangs up these golden rules of conduct:
"Have something to say."
"Say it."
"Stop talking."
These are fine rules for special occasions and places, but not for general application. They make no allowance for the necessities of conversation nor for the helpfulness of intercommunication.

They recall with their tactful suggestion the golden rules that hung over the desk of a western mine owner:
"State your business."
"Shut up!"
"Get out!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wanted Them All.

Julia Ward Howe was once talking with a dilapidated bachelor, who retained little but his conceit. "It is time now," he said pompously, "for me to settle down as a married man, but I want so much. I want youth, health, wealth, of course; beauty, grace."
"Yes," said Mrs. Howe sympathetically, "you poor man, you do want them all."

Married Man's Progress.

The first year after marriage man holds his wife fondly, the second year he holds the baby awkwardly, and every year after that he holds his tongue sensibly.—Dallas News.

Naturally.

"I presume you have a lot of sympathy for the under dog?"
"Yes, ma'am, especially if I happen to own the dog."—Detroit Free Press.

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On February 16 Strathroy will Ald. D. H. Barlow will ask the vote on spending \$25,000 for a Guelph council to cut off three Hydro-electric distributing plant, hotel licenses.