

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

INCORPORATED 1869

Capital Paid Up - - - \$11,560,000
 Reserve Funds - - - 13,575,000
 Total Assets - - - 180,000,000

TRAVELLERS' LETTERS OF CREDIT issued, also TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES, available throughout the world. DRAFTS are sold, drawn direct on our correspondents, also BANK MONEY ORDERS. MONEY transferred by letter or cable. DURHAM BRANCH: S. HUGHES, Manager.

500 Tons Mixed Chop

Wheat and Barley Chop \$25.00 per ton

Wheat, Oats and Barley Chop \$23.00 per ton

Wheat Chop also on hand

Crimped Oats, for Horse Feed \$23.00 per ton

Chopped Oats at \$23.00 per ton

500 Tons No. 1 FEEDING HAY

See our Hay and Get our Prices before buying elsewhere

On the car at \$14.50 per ton

Soveeign, Eclipse and Pastry Flours

Every bag guaranteed; if not satisfactory we will return your money.

All Kinds of Grain Bought at Market Prices. Special Reduction on Flour and Feed in Ton Lots. TELEPHONE No. 8

JOHN MCGOWAN

DUSTBANE

puts the ee's (ease) in sweeping

IT KNOCKS THE DRUDGERY OUT OF SWEEP-DAY

Cleans Carpets

Brightens Floors

Order a tin to-day at your grocers or from your hardware man

Don't ask for sweeping compound

SAY DUSTBANE

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES

SEEDS! SEEDS!

If you require choice Seeds do-not forget that The Leading Hardware Store is right in line. You can get supplied to a nicety.

We are headquarters for all kinds of Onions. Dutch sets in abundance.

For Turnips, Carrots and Mangels, we can satisfy your taste.

In Garden Seeds we have what every other dealer carries and some better. All our seeds are fresh.

W. BLACK

THE DURHAM FOUNDRY

Iron and Brass Castings and general Repairing. Feed boilers. Steam Fitters supplies. Engines and Threshers. Sash and Doors, Planing and General Wood Work.

SMITH BROS. - DURHAM, ONT.

TRAVESTON.

March is a trying month. There's a big demand for seed oats among farmers the past two weeks.

Rob. Bryan purchased a heavy Clyde 4-year-old from Mr. John McNally.

Mr. Geo. Furneaux of town spent the week end at the home of Councillor Peart.

Mr. and Mrs. C.L. Grant visited the Robson home the first of the week. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. May and baby of Toronto are up on a visit to the old home at present.

Sure cure for rheumatism! One day last week while Mr. Wm. Pavlor was heading off some cattle from the mill-pond on the Falls farm, the ice broke and he dropped to the armbits in the icy waters. His outstretched elbows caught firm ice on either side, so he quickly pulled himself out. He isn't charging any fee for the recipe.

Mr. J.J. Peart has recently been cutting a lot of wood with his drag-saw outfit. Among those who have big piles rolled up are Messrs. W. J. Greenwood, J.H. Robson, T. Glencross, and his brother George.

The McGrade home is a lively place at present, as Mrs. James Davey, nee Emma McGrade, and her three children, of Sutherland, B.C., arrived on Wednesday of last week on an extended visit to her sisters here, to her brother Joe in Osprey, and an auntie in Arthur. Her husband has a good position as railway engineer on one of the coast divisions.

So quietly and peacefully did the spirit of Mr. Matthew J. Davis leave its "tenement of clay" at 11 o'clock on Thursday morn of last week, that the members of the family clustered round hardly knew when the end came. He has been failing for four years from anaemia, but until quite recently was able to be about, and was quite conscious the previous evening that it was only a matter of hours. He was the eldest son of the late David E. Davis, and was born at Stoneham, Quebec, January 1, 1845, thus passing his 69th birthday on New Year's last. When but two years of age, the family moved to Glenelg and settled on lot 2, concession 3, N.D.R., where he lived until launching out for himself. On April 22, 1872, he was happily wedded to Mary A. Allen, by the late Rev. Wm. Park, and no man ever won a more devoted wife and who, during those 42 years proved as well an unselfish, loving mother to the ten children born to them, one son dying in infancy, and one daughter, Annie, Mrs. Joe Firth, passing away nearly seven years ago. The eight surviving members of the family are: Nellie, Mrs. Robt. Webber, Bentinck; James, Allan and Allie, Mrs. Alex. Vanetta, at Shortreed, B.C.; David E., and Dick, at Bruce, Alberta; and Miss Jennie and Basil on the homestead. During those 42 years in our midst, Mr. Davis has ever proved a helpful, obliging neighbor, always saw the sunny side of life and was full of witty repartee. Many a time have we proved his worth as neighbor. For many years he took an active part in the school life of No. 5 and was trustee at the time of the erection of the present school, when only \$5 was in the treasury. He was given a prominent position too in the erection of Zion church. In young manhood he was an expert woodsman, many a winter from starlight to starlight hauled square timber, and in autumn months engaged in thrashing. Thus, by push, good judgment and economy, he became possessor of a fine farm and a good bank account. He joined the I.O.F. in 1891, and carried a \$1,000 policy, but being placed on the permanent disability list some three years ago, received a lump sum of \$700. He was a volunteer during the Fenian raid and received his veteran grant a couple of years ago. He was an enthusiastic Conservative and an adherent of the Anglican faith. A very largely attended funeral took place on Saturday afternoon, numbers being present from Edge Hill, Durham and surrounding places, Rev. Mr. Hartley of Trinity church conducting a service in the home so appropriate to the departed and so helpful and inspiring to the living that all were deeply impressed, after which the remains were conveyed to Zion's Acre and lowered into the white-decked grave. The pall-bearers were Messrs. Wm. Greenwood, Sr., John McNally, W. J. Cook, J. H. Robson, Jas. Banks and your scribe. A beautiful wreath from "Old Friends" was a happy floral tribute. Deep sympathy is felt for his bereaved partner and the members of the family. We cannot speak too highly of the devotion and untiring care of Mrs. Davis for her husband during these trying months and years. Mrs. Webber and children are staying at the old home for a few days. Mr. James Allen of Aliston attended the funeral of his brother-in-law. He leaves but one member of his parents' family surviving, the well-known Mr. Wm. Davis, of Bagot, Manitoba.

The Grim Reaper is no respecter of persons and gathereth to his garner the tiny babe, the aged pioneer, or youth in its early bloom. During the past few weeks this has been verified in our midst. Miss Dolly Eva Anderson, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Anderson, was called suddenly away at 10 o'clock on Friday morning last at the home of her sister, Mrs. Wm. Wellwood, Toronto, after four or five days' illness with pneumonia. She was but 22 years of age, and for the past six years has resided in the city. Mr. Robt. Anderson went down to the city on Friday evening, and he and Mrs. Wellwood accompanied the remains to Markdale on C.P.R. train Saturday morning, and from thence to the old home. The funeral took place on Monday afternoon to Zion cemetery, a large concourse of neighbors, friends and relatives

The Island of the Stairs

Continued from page 6.

"By gad," laughed Luftdon, "I like your spirit, lad! Who are you and what are you?"

"The late gardener's son."

"Do they breed such as you down here in these gardens?"

"As to that I know not, my lord. I am a sailor. I have commanded my own ship and made my own fortune. I come back here between cruises because I am devoted to—"

"The woman!" sneered the duke. And I marveled at the temerity of the man, seeing that I could have choked him to death with one hand.

"Mention her name again," I cried, "and you will lie beside your victim ponder!"

"Right!" said Luftdon approvingly. "I come back here because I am fond of the old place; it is my home. My people have served the Wilberforces for generations. Their forbears and mine lie together in the churchyard around the hill yonder. You can't understand devotion like that," said I, turning to the duke. "and it is not necessary that you should—"

"And indeed what is necessary for me, pray?" he sneered.

"That you leave the place at once."

"Without speech with my lady?"

"Without speech with any one. There is a good inn at the village. I will take it upon myself to see that your servants pack your mails and follow you there at once."

"I will not be ordered about like this!" protested the duke.

"Oh, yes, you will," said Luftdon. "The advice he gives is good. We have nothing more to do here. Don't be a fool, Arvester. You have got everything you wanted in this game, and it is only just that you should pay a little for it. What's your name, my man?"

"Never mind what it is."

"Are you ashamed of it?"

"Hampdon!"

"Hampdon, you may not be a gentleman," said Luftdon; "but by gad you are a man, and are based on it!"

He had played a man's part so I clasped it.

And so they went down the path, leaving me not greatly relishing my triumph, for I had to tell Mistress Lucy all that had happened.

The scarlet of my lady's riding coat as she galloped up the tree covered road attracted my attention. I quickened my pace, and we arrived at the steps of the hall at the same instant. She was alone, for she had evidently chosen to ride unaccompanied.

I stood silent before her with that curious dumbness I generally experience when first entering her presence, while she drew rein sharply. She was a little thing compared to me—indeed, small compared even to the average woman, but in one sense she was the biggest thing I had ever confronted. I was almost afraid of her! I who feared nothing else. What she thought of me was of little moment to her.

It was Mistress Lucy's regular habit to take a morning gallop every day. It was that usual custom that caused her to look so fresh and young and beautiful, that put the color in her cheek and the sparkle in her eye.

She nodded carelessly, yet kindly, to me. It was her habit, that careless kindness. When she was a little girl and I had been a great boy we had played together familiarly, but that was long since over. Then she looked about for a groom. The steps that led to the terrace were deserted. Sir Geoffrey of late had grown slack in the administration of affairs on account of his troubles, and no one was present. Mistress Lucy stared at me, frowning.

Continued next week.

being in attendance. Rev. Mr. Matheson conducted a most appropriate and impressive service in the home and at the graveside. Mid soft, falling snow-flakes the beautiful casket was lowered in the white-garlanded grave. 'Tis the first funeral from that old home established over 50 years ago, and the family circle has only once been broken before. Beautiful floral tributes were there from Miss Ina Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, and Mrs. Maxwell, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wellwood, and a magnificent wreath from the members of the family. The pall-bearers were schoolmates and comrades of bygone, happy days, namely, Tommy McRae, Dan. Anderson, Harold Watson, John McKechnie, Garfield White and Ivan Edwards. Among those present from a distance we noticed, Mr. Arch. Burnett and his son Wm., of Hopeville, Mr. G. Hutchison and his two daughters, of Vandeleur, Mr. and Mrs. White, of Artemesia and Mr. G. E. Arrowsmith of Durham. Mrs. Anderson is in very delicate health at present, and fears are entertained that the trial may tax her sorely. The sympathy of the community goes out to the bereaved ones.

Hon. Wm. Paterson was buried Saturday in Farringdon cemetery, near Brantford.

The license of the Rimouski Fire Insurance Company has been cancelled, as the assets became reduced below what the Government requires.

The British gunboat Shearwater has been ordered to proceed at top speed to Emeraldas, Ecuador, at the request of the British Vice-Consul.

Why Canada is losing the New Zealand trade in internal combustion marine engines is pointed out by Commissioner W. A. Beddoe from New Zealand. High price, ancient standard and inapt construction, is given as the cause.

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 For all kinds of Bakery Goods
 Cooked and Cured Meats.
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Ladies' Coats, Suits, Skirts, Underwear and Dresses
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 Also a full line of Boys' Furnishings at close Prices.

In order to raise money we are giving special reductions in all lines

Live Poultry Wanted

We are in the market for any quantity of Live Poultry
Hens, Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys.

And are paying the Highest Price. Cash or Trade. We will pay an extra price for good birds.

Poultry must not be fed for at least twelve hours before being brought in. Bring in your Fowl on any day of the week. We will buy them.

Hides and Skins Wanted

We will also purchase any quantity of
Beef-hides, Sheepskins, Tallow, Horsehides Wool, Old Rubbers, Horse Hair, Copper and Brass, also any quantity of raw skins, Mink Fox, Coon, Muskrat or Skunk

The Highest Prices for Skins in good condition; poorer quality will receive a lower price.

M. GLASER
 1 door south of Burnett's Bakery
 Garafraxa St. Durham

BIG BARGAINS
 The Biggest of the Season

The reductions we intend giving will be plain to everybody as we mark our goods in plain figures at very low prices, from these low prices further reductions will be made as an inducement that purchases should not fail to take advantage of.

Next Week we will make a Special Run on

Prints and Cottons

REMEMBER! This will be for One Week only. A complete change of Bargains will be offered the following week and so on for five or six weeks.

Watch this Ad. for Bargains

S. SCOTT, Garafraxa Street, Durham

The Down Town Shoe Store : J. S. McIlraith

Our Aim is not to be known as selling the cheapest shoes in town, but rather we prefer to give good goods at close price. We have a very large stock of Boots and Shoes for all classes in different styles and prices, as well as some extra values in hosiery, Trunks, Valises, Suit Cases, Club Bags and Telescopes in stock. Leggings, Spats, Suspenders, Moccasins and all seasonable goods at close prices. Come in and examine goods whether you purchase or not. Custom Work and Repairing as usual.

Our Classified Short Ads. on page 3 are interesting and profitable.