

VICKERS

Mr. and Mrs. David Donnelly and Miss May spent one day last week with relatives in Hanover.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Herd and family, of Allan Park, were guests of the McCulloch family recently.

Miss Mildred Adlam is spending a few weeks with Mrs. Alf Bailey, Allan Park.

Mrs. E. Rosborough spent the past week with her mother, Mrs. W. Falkingham, of Durham.

Miss Marjory Merchant, of Toronto, is the guest of her cousin, Miss M. J. Cuff.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Hunt, Allan Park, Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Hunt.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Aljoe, of Glenelg, spent Sunday before last with the latter's parents.

Miss Ambevine Bailey visited over Sunday with her aunt, Miss McFadyen

of Durham.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Reay were over to Hanover one day last week.

Mrs. Wise has been nursing her daughter, Mrs. Alf Bailey, who has been ill.

Mrs. N. Whitmore, of Glenelg, visited her daughter, Mrs. Robert Wells, Sunday last.

The masons are busy building the stone wall for Mr. Hopkins' new barn.

The carpenters are rushing the work on Mr. John Bailey's new house.

A meeting was held in the school house last Thursday evening to arrange for the annual school picnic, which will be held in Mr. W. G. McCulloch's grove on June 26th.

DON'T GROW BALD.

Use Parisian Sage.

If your hair is getting thin, losing its natural color, or has that matted lifeless, and scraggy appearance, the reason is evident—dandruff and failure to keep the hair roots properly nourished.

Parisian Sage applied daily for a week and then occasionally, is all that is needed. It removes dandruff with one application; almost immediately stops falling hair and itching head; invigorates the scalp and makes dull, stringy hair soft, abundant and radiant with life. Equally good for men, women or children—everyone needs it.

A large bottle of this delightful hair tonic can be had from Macfarlane & Co. or any drug counter for 50 cents. You will surely like Parisian Sage. There is no other "Just-as good"—Try it now. X

The Comforter

A Story of President Lincoln
Founded on Fact

By F. A. MITCHEL

When the great struggle between the northern and southern states came on Allan Fitz Hugh, twelve years old, was at school in Virginia. He was a boy of delicate physique, but was full of fire, and, hearing that Abraham Lincoln was coming southward at the head of an armed force, was much troubled because he was too young to shoulder a musket and repel the invader. He found it difficult during those exciting times to attend to his studies, and had it not been for the influence of his mother, whom he dearly loved, he could not have been kept at school at all.

In those days the passion attending war ran high on both sides. The songs, the gibes, the speeches and what was written concerning the great struggle were very bitter and usually far from the truth. In the north it was "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree," and in the south President Lincoln was called "the baboon." The northern schoolboy conceived the idea that President Davis was an ogre, not realizing that he was an educated gentleman, had commanded a regiment of United States troops in the war with Mexico, had been a United States senator and secretary of war. The southern schoolboy considered President Lincoln a wild man from the western woods who delighted in bloodshed. Children whose minds are not developed must concentrate upon one head in any movement in which they are interested. So Allan's thoughts dwelt upon Mr. Lincoln, embodying in him the whole northern army, which was to him a terrible horde coming down to destroy the south.

When Allan was fifteen he begged his mother to let him go to fight for the Confederacy. Naturally she clung to her son, and the matter was compromised between them in this wise: If the war was not over in another year Allan was to enlist with his mother's consent. Many boys of his age, both in the north and in the south, broke away from parental restraint and enlisted without permission. Food for powder was in demand, and the recruiting officers often winked at the fact that the recruits were under age. But Allan was his mother's only child, and, being of an extremely affectionate disposition, the bond between them was doubly strong.

So Allan continued at his studies, though he read more about the battles that were being fought than the subjects treated of in his textbooks. He lived in Richmond and at one time had listened to the roar of cannon during the seven days' battles that had been fought between Lee and McClellan. His admiration for soldiers wore away some of his bitterness against the Federal generals, but President Lincoln was still the embodiment of his repugnance for the northern people. The two heads—Davis of the Confederacy and Lincoln of the Federal Union—throughout the war continued to represent the bitter antagonism felt by either side.

In the early spring of 1865 Allan Fitz Hugh came to be sixteen years of age, and his mother reluctantly consented to his doing his part to fill the gaps in the southern ranks made by northern missiles. When the time came for him to leave his mother he was seized with a foreboding that he would not see her again. It is questionable which suffered the more at the parting, mother or son.

Allan enlisted in time to take part in one of the last battles of the war. He saw a dark line of blue on the edge of a wood behind earthworks. With the Confederate line of battle he moved toward it. Suddenly a storm burst in his face. He felt himself collapse and sank down on the ground.

His companions in arms went on, but were soon driven back and over him, leaving him there with a stream of blood flowing from his side.

Later he was picked up by a Federal ambulance corps and placed on a stretcher. He believed himself to be dying, and, oh, how terrible not to be able to bid his mother goodbye!

"Mother!" he cried "Oh, mother!" A tall, spare man in citizen's apparel heard the wail and directed the carriers to put down the stretcher and, kneeling beside it, asked tenderly: "What can I do for you, my poor boy?"

"You are a Yankee. You will do nothing for me. I wish to send a message to my mother, but it will never reach her."

"Give me your message and I promise you that I will send it for you."

The next morning Mrs. Fitz Hugh heard of the battle and knew that her son had been in it. While she was wondering what might have been his fate a man rode up to her and gave her a message, stating that it had come by flag of truce.

Starting for the front at once, the anxious mother succeeded in bringing her boy home. He hovered for some time between life and death, then began slowly to recover. Not long after this Richmond was evacuated by the Confederates, and President Lincoln went down there from Washington. When he was riding through the street on which the Fitz Hughes lived Allan was propped up in an easy chair on pillows, and his mother pointed out Mr. Lincoln to him.

"Oh, mother," exclaimed the boy. "What is it, Allan?" "He's the man who comforted me when I was carried off that dreadful battlefield, and he sent you my message."

Street Traffic In Old Time London.

On Jan. 19, 1635, an attempt was made to solve the problem of London traffic by restricting the number of hackney coaches. Charles I. issued a proclamation setting out that "hackney coaches are not only a great disturbance to his majesty, his dearest consort, the queen, the nobility and others of place and degree in their passage through the streets, but the streets themselves are so pestered and the pavements so broken up that the common passage is thereby hindered and made dangerous, and the prices of hay, provender, etc., thereby made exceedingly dear. Wherefore we expressly command and forbid that no hackney coaches or hired carriages be used or suffered in London, Westminster or the suburbs thereof except they be to travel three miles out of the same. And also that no person shall go in a coach through the said streets except the owner of the coach shall constantly keep up four able horses for our service when required."

An Error In Geography.

On one occasion the British lost a point in their war with Russia by reason of an error in their geography. This was when Commodore Elliot had succeeded in blockading the Russian fleet in the gulf of Saghalin, on the east coast of Siberia. The Russians were in a cul de sac, and the British ships waited contentedly for such time as the enemy should venture to put to sea. But they waited in vain, and at last an investigation was made. It was found that the Russian fleet had vanished. While the British commodore waited at the south end of the gulf, the Russian ships slipped away through the shallows at the north end into the sea of Okhotsk. Until this discovery was made the British government had believed Saghalin to be a peninsula. Now, too late, they learned that it was an island, with a very narrow channel at the north end of the gulf running into the sea of Okhotsk.

Digestive Marvels.

An Eskimo has been found—and no very unusual Eskimo at that—who eats, when he can get it, four pounds of boiled meat per day. When an Eskimo can get all he wants to eat he makes a business of it. He doesn't store it in the refrigerator, but in his stomach.

Yet the Eskimo is a healthy creature, peculiarly free from digestive disorders.

A Copenhagen doctor has a subject—he isn't a patient nor a "case," but an exhibit—who is keeping up wonderfully on potatoes and oleomargarine. He eats, it is said, eight pounds of potatoes a day when working hard. He likewise enjoys capital health.

It is strange in view of these two instances that a prominent medical authority should venture to inquire whether many of the rigid rules of physicians who prescribe systems of diet are well founded.—Syracuse Post-Standard.

Willing to Help.

One morning a rather commanding looking woman entered a newspaper office and asked to see the editor. The editor was promptly produced.

"In your paper this morning," said the woman in a cold, hard voice, "you say that Mr. Jones is a bribetaker, a swindler, a mudslinger and a crook."

"It is a matter of politics, madam," said the editor apologetically. "I am very sorry that we are compelled to make statements of that kind on your account, for I take it that you are a relative."

"I am his wife's mother," answered the visitor, "and I want to say that you haven't told more than half the truth. The next time you want to publish his biography I wish you would send a reporter to me."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Down His Neck.

An Ohio farmer took his numerous progeny to a county fair in that state. As the party moved about the grounds the father felt his fourth born tugging at his coat-tails. He turned, and the youngster begged him to buy a certain toy.

"Buy it yourself," said father. "Where's the dime I gave you a little while ago?"

"It's down my neck."

"Well, shake it out!"

"But, father," protested the lad. "I can't. It was in my mouth when it went down."—Youth's Companion.

Queer Habit.

"Has that young man any bad habits?" asked the cautious father.

"No," replied Gladys Jane. "He never goes into a saloon."

"I know. But he looks as if he spent a terrible amount of time hanging around gents' furnishing stores."—Washington Star.

Unruffled.

Master—Mary, I wish you would be more careful. I'm sorry to hear my wife has to scold you so often. Mary—Oh, it's all right, sir. I seldom takes any notice of her.—London Telegraph.

Evasive.

Mrs. Goodleigh (after feeding tramp)—And are you a Christian? Tramp—Well, mum, nobody can accuse me er workin' on Sundays.—Boston Transcript.

The Return.

Magistrate—If I remember rightly this is not your first appearance in court. Prisoner—No, your honor, but I hope you don't judge by appearances. There is but one virtue—the eternal sacrifice of self. George Sand.

Debts and Debtors

If we give a merchant our custom, we have a right to expect him to advertise—to tell us weekly in the columns of THE DURHAM CHRONICLE what he has for us. Advertising is shop news, designed to inform us, save our time, and bring to our attention desirable merchandise.

Every retailer who is alive to the interests of his customers has a message—often, many messages—for his customers concerning new goods, special offerings, and things that we ought to know about. Customers and non-customers will be attentive and responsive to these messages, if they are delivered every week in the form of advertisements in THE DURHAM CHRONICLE. The way to get more business is to ask for it.

A NOTE TO MERCHANTS

Would YOU buy much or regularly from firms that never solicit your trade? Do you not say—"The firm that wants my business must come after it?"

Yet some of you say, in effect, to your customers—"We're here. If you want our goods, come and get them, but don't expect us to go after you." It's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways.

Shop Where You are Invited to Shop

A Progressive Farmer's Opinion of Good Roads

MR. JOE CLARK, who lives on an improved road in Lauderdale County, Mississippi, makes the following convincing statement:

"I live four miles from the city and two miles from the school. This has been the worst winter I have ever seen, but there hasn't been a single day that my children haven't walked to school, and not a single day have they come home with wet feet, and to think, they walked down the middle of the road. Not one of them has been sick with a cold even, while heretofore my doctor bills have been more than my road tax. Talk to me about paying taxes to build roads. I am willing to pay taxes on my pack of fox hounds, my bird dogs, my chickens, my horses, and, if necessary, my wife and children, if they will use it in extending roads like this all over the country. I would rather have my house and ten acres of land on this road like it is now than have my whole farm on the old road like it was before improvement."

A Concrete Road

is the most satisfactory and economical road that can be built. It requires practically no expenditure for upkeep, and enables road taxes to be invested in more good roads instead of being spent in filling mud holes and ruts. It is permanent, safe, clean and passable the year 'round.

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802 Herald Building, Montreal



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Leave Chicago (Central Station) 9.30 a.m.
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