

MOTHERS

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FOR CHILDREN'S SORES

She Backed Out

By EUNICE BLAKE.

Those who knew Abraham Buckingham used to call him "the salt of the earth." There were no frills about Abraham. Indeed, it would have been impossible for him to pretend to be anything but a plain merchant whose word was as good as his bond and whose note had never been protested. Abraham was well enough born and had been educated. His plainness consisted in not putting on any airs and in a sort of stolidity that made him respected, if not admired. I was going to say not beloved, but there were persons before whom this stolidity, this matter-of-factness, had suddenly dropped like a mask and revealed a remarkable tender heartedness.

When Abraham turned forty he had become very well off, and it seemed to him that he could afford to bring a wife into his house as well as into his heart, and he looked for one. Forty is about the age when a man takes leave of his youth, but not willingly. He is not likely to take a wife near his own age, but must needs reach down for some young thing with whom he might have mated twenty years before. He fixed his eyes on a girl of eighteen, Anne Hastings, who was much in love with a young scapegrace who had just returned from the Spanish-American war. Ben Bonbright was as dazzling in outward appearance as his name, with a rough rider uniform and rough rider modesty. So far as attractiveness to a young girl is concerned, Abraham had no more show with him than a private in the rear rank would have had with a drum major.

But Abraham knew nothing about his rival, and Anne's mother, who knew a good deal about Ben, didn't propose that Abraham should ever hear of him. She knew that Abraham was a man of sterling worth and would give her daughter a good home.

So Anne was led like a lamb to the slaughter, though in reality the man she married was the one to be pitied, for he was selling his love for a mess of pottage. His heart was not yet old enough to congeal or young enough not to make much of the fact that he was (or supposed he was) beloved by a girl of eighteen.

He had been married three years when suddenly an old friend of his wife of whom he had never heard appeared, and the two seemed to be much interested in each other. This old friend was none other than Ben Bonbright, who had gone west the day Anne was married and had stumbled by sheer good luck into a fat mine, which enabled him to return rich.

One day when Anne was hysterical through some temporary ailment and consequently had got out of patience with her husband she out with the whole story about how she had loved Bonbright and had married Abraham instead because her mother wished her to do so. She had no sooner spoken the words than she regretted them, first, because she knew they would cause her husband infinite pain, and, second, because after three years' absence from Ben she was not quite sure that her heart gushed for him the same as it had gushed when she was a girl.

With infinite melancholy Abraham told her that he would not have been a party to such a transaction had he known it, and since she loved Bonbright it not only became him to give her up to the man of her choice, but he loved her so well that he could not stand in the way of her happiness.

Abraham went away and hired a smart lawyer, who made quick work of getting a divorce. All the while Anne went about wishing to tell her husband that she had not meant all she had said, but she didn't think he would believe her denial, and she was too proud to make it. No one can expect another to believe two sides of a story coming from a single person. So Anne made no opposition to the divorce, trying to make herself think that she loved Ben the same as she had once loved him and that happiness with him would be hers after all. But she had lived long enough with a worthy and a refined man to appreciate the difference between him and an unworthy and a coarse one. She stayed right in the same house with her husband to the last minute. He suggested that she go to her mother, but her mother wouldn't receive her, and her husband told her to stay right where she was.

It was all arranged that she should marry Ben the day the decree of divorce was obtained, and Abraham helped her all he was able with the preparations and regretting that he was not a woman so that he could do more, for her mother would have nothing to do with her or her preparations, and she had only Abraham to rely on.

When all was ready Abraham slipped a check for \$10,000 in her portmanteau. About that time a carriage that had been ordered for her drove up to the door, and Abraham made a motion to show her to the door.

But she threw both arms around his neck and burst into passionate sobbing.

He tried to soothe her and asked her what troubled her, but neither succeeded in the one nor got an answer to the other. She just went on with a hysterical sobbing till he said: "Come, come, little one; your lover is waiting for you!"

"Send him away!" she wailed. "And then the thick skulled man knew what he was very glad to know, and that's the end of the story."

Morris and His Furniture.

In "William Morris—His Work and Influence" is retold how the two friends, Burne-Jones and Morris, setting out to keep house together in the new historic rooms, 17 Red Lion square, found themselves confronted with the unendurable ugliness and vulgarity of mid-Victorian furniture. Says Mr. Clutton-Brock:

"Their rooms were to be furnished, and Morris could not find in any shop a single new table or chair that he could endure. This was not mere fastidiousness. To him vulgarity in furniture was, like vulgarity of manners, the expression of a wrong state of mind, and if his own furniture had been vulgar he would have felt as responsible for it as for his own manners. Therefore he designed furniture to please himself, making drawings that were carried out by a carpenter. Thus simply and naturally he began his business of 'poetic upholsterer.'"

From the first he was not only an artist, but one who tried to make the world what he wished it to be and, beginning with armchairs, ended with society."

Theatrical Superstitions.

Paris, a city of theaters, is full of theatrical superstitions. Nearly every one associated with the theater has some sort of mascot. Thus, M. Fernand Samuel, manager of the Varietes, always wears an old and battered straw hat as a luck bringer at every first night. Mme. Ristori used to walk in a cemetery on the day when she had to appear in a new part, and Mile. Breval collects old horseshoes.

Mlle. Mary Garden always consults a clairvoyant before undertaking a new character, and Cora Laparcerie and Mme. Berthe Bady never dream of going on the stage without touching wood.

M. Henri Bernstein believes that there is some curious fetish in the name Zambo. He puts it in all his plays with different orthography. There is always a character called Zambeau, Zambaut, Zambaux, Zambau.—London Express.

Sound Deflection.

Sound does not always travel through the air in a straight line. It often happens that two zones of sound are separated by a zone of silence. In 1908 an explosion of dynamite on the railroad then building up the Jungfrau was heard in two different zones. The first extended through a radius of forty kilometers around the explosion. The other began at a distance of 140 kilometers, the sound being unheard in the intervening 100 kilometers. Similar phenomena had been observed elsewhere, and physicists tried to explain them by the reflexion of the sound waves from certain atmospheric strata. Professor Fujiwhara, who has studied such matters during volcanic eruptions in Japan, asserts now that these phenomena depend upon the direction of the wind in the middle strata of the atmosphere.

He Would Find Out.

Henry Irving in his early days once played a part which in the first act called for a dark stage. In this darkness he fought with an old earl, threw him heavily, and when he did not rise after the loud thud of his fall Irving would cry out:

"Great heavens, what have I done?" One night he played the part in a small English town. A stage hand was very much impressed with the play, and to him the scenes quickly became real, so that when Irving reached the climax, felled the old earl to the ground and spoke the line "Great heavens, what have I done?" he was startled to hear the stage hand say in a loud voice: "Strike a match and we'll have a look."—New York Globe.

Chamberlain and His Monocles.

While the late Joseph Chamberlain was crossing Palace yard one day some years ago he was accosted by an American girl with the cool request, "Mr. Chamberlain, please do give me your eyeglass for my cabinet at home." It was at once handed to her, guard and all, so promptly that the curio hunter apparently felt some remorse and stammered, "Most likely I'm inconveniencing you." "Not at all," replied Mr. Chamberlain as he produced from his pocket a morocco case and took from it a spare monocle, which he screwed in position, and then went on his way, smiling.—London Express.

A Spade and an Acre.

I believe in a spade and an acre of ground. Who cuts a straight path to his own living by the help of God, in the sun and rain and sprouting grain, seems to me to be a universal working-man. He solves the problem of life, not for one, but for all men of sound body.—Emerson.

Pocket Mirrors.

From the twelfth to the fifteenth century small mirrors, carried in the pocket or attached to the girdle, were regarded as indispensable adjuncts to ladies' toilets. The pocket mirror was a circular plaque of polished metal fixed in a shallow box and covered with a lid.

Unselfish.

She—George, is that one of those cigars I gave you on your birthday? He—No; I'm saving those for my friends. She—You dear, self sacrificing, unselfish man!

Children.

Children are to be trained daily. To teach a child the right is to give him ideas, to train him is to reduce those ideas to practice.—H. W. Beecher.

The first hour in the morning is the golden of the day.—Herbert.

Feats of a Strong Man.

Well known in the old buffalo days of Saskatchewan was Joe Beaupre, famed a thousand miles as the biggest eater in the north. Joe was not six feet tall, but he was a broad, deep, thick sort of man, with a hand like a ham and a stomach like nothing else in the world. He would eat an entire boxful of apples at one sitting and think nothing of it. Once, having encountered a gentleman who thought he was some eater, Joe consumed fifty-three pounds of buffalo meat in one day and topped off with a raw turnip, a six pound piece of pork, some lard and two loaves of bread. The best his competitor could do was thirty-seven pounds of meat. Beaupre was so strong he never would fight any man for fear he should kill him. One day, while sledding on a narrow trail with an obstinate horse, he became angered, struck the horse on the head with his fist and killed it. He loosened the harness and threw the dead animal on one side of the trail. He never really knew how strong he was. Beaupre died of rheumatism while still a young man.—Saturday Evening Post.

The Seventh Inning Stretch.

It is a simple ceremonial, but impressive, like all manifestations of the soul of a multitude. I need only close my eyes to call up the picture vividly. It is a day of brilliant sunshine, and a great crowd of men is seated in the open air, a crowd made up of all conditions, ages, races, temperaments and states of mind. The crowd has sat there an hour or more, while the afternoon sun has slanted deeper into the west and the shadows have crept across greenward and hard baked clay to the eastern horizon. Then, almost with a single motion—the time may be somewhere between 4 o'clock and 5 o'clock—this multitude of divers minds and tempers rises to its feet and stands silent, while one might count twenty perhaps. Nothing is said. No high priest intones prayer for this vast congregation. Nevertheless, the impulse of 10,000 hearts is obviously focused into a single desire. When you have counted twenty the crowd sinks back to the benches. A half minute at most and the rite is over.—Simeon Strunsky in Atlantic.

Virtue of Peanuts.

The oil of the peanut has a quieting effect on the pneumogastric nerve, the largest nerve supplying the stomach. Many nervous persons who like peanuts do not know why, like them for this reason. They quiet the nerves of the stomach. These persons should eat a few fresh roasted peanuts after each hearty meal, as many nervous conditions are due to an irritation of the pneumogastric nerve, and the peanut oil acts as a sedative to this nerve. Of course the nuts must be crisp and well chewed and not too many taken. To get the best sedative effect a handful of the hot peanuts should be eaten just before retiring. This presupposes that the powers of elimination are in good repair. The peanut, a member of the pulse family, is nutritious and would clog the system if not eaten correctly, as it is almost equal to meat.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Putting It on the Map.

Captain Cook shows in his "Voyages" how some of the mouth filling place names on maps are evolved. "Off New Zealand there is an island called by the natives 'Matuaro.' One of my officers, having asked a native the name of that isle, the latter replied, 'Kematuaro,' putting 'the' before the name, as is the custom. The officer, hearing the sound imperfectly, repeated his question, whereupon the native repeated his reply, emphasizing it with the word 'oela,' which means 'indeed.' So in the logbook Matuaro was transformed into 'Kumettiwarrowela.'—London Globe.

He Rivalled Cicero.

Quintus Hortensius, the Roman orator, would have come down in history with great fame had any of his speeches been preserved. He died in the year 50 B. C. He was a soldier and statesman, and his mentality can be judged from the fact that he was a rival of Cicero.

His Future Assured.

"I don't know what to do with that kid of mine." "Is he disobedient?" "Not exactly. But whenever I tell him to do a thing he wants to debate the matter a long time." "He will grow up to be a senator."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

To Remedy a Leaking Pen.

If one is troubled with a leaky fountain pen the application of a little soap to the threads of the screw will work magic. If the pen is emptied, thoroughly cleaned, filled and the soap applied there will be no more trouble until the pen needs filling again.—Exchange.

Looking Ahead.

Practical Father—Has that young man who wants to marry you any money? Romantic Young Lady—Money! He gave me a cluster diamond ring. Practical Father—Yes, I know. But has he any money left?—Exchange.

Verified.

He—And, judge, she's lost a lot of my money playing bridge. She—Don't believe him, judge. I don't know a thing about the game. He—That's right, judge.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Envious.

"Your wife is very fond of dumb animals." "Yes," replied Mr. Meekton. "Sometimes I most wish I had never learned to talk."—Washington Star.

Lost Secret of Greeks.

No greater gift could be made to our modern world than the rediscovery of the Greek physical supremacy. The secret of the method by which for one brief period they realized perfection was long since lost, no one knows how. At present so little do we understand the principles of training which guided the Greek in his games, in his battles and his dances and made the proportions of his figures different from ours of today that Greek sculpture is in reality a puzzle to us. Certain postures fixed by the Greek sculptor seem to us contortions, bordering on physical impossibilities. There is always a terrific controversy over the restoration of Greek sculpture, and even then the arms and heads and legs we supply never look right.

All this because we do not understand the principles by which the Greek ordered the movements of his body. It was a great secret of bodily co-ordination, and the secret has been lost and with it the ability thoroughly to understand Greek art.—New York Times.

School in the Sixteenth Century.

School life at Shrewsbury in the sixteenth century was a strenuous affair. Mr. Percy Addleshaw in his "Life of Sir Philip Sidney" has an interesting account of the school at that time. "The school year," he writes, "was divided into halves. From Lady day to All Saints' day the hours of attendance were from 6 o'clock in the morning till 11, the dinner hour. In the afternoon the boys studied from 12:45 till 5 o'clock. Prayers were recited at the beginning and close of the day. If a holy day occurred in the week it was a play day, but usually the weekly day for games was Thursday. One custom then begun is still observed. * * * At the earnest request and great entreaty of some man of honor, of great worship, credit or authority an extra holiday was granted to the boys. The judges of assize, when visiting Shrewsbury, are still accustomed to ask for and obtain this boon."—Westminster Gazette.

Emerson as a Vocalist.

As a student at Harvard Ralph Waldo Emerson did not give much promise of his future greatness. His dissertation was spoken of as "a very good one, but too long to give much pleasure to the hearers." He was class poet, but only after seven others had been successively elected and had successively declined the honor. A story told by Arthur Stanwood Pier in "The Story of Harvard" goes to show that Emerson's musical efforts were even less appreciated.

Singing in the yard was a popular diversion, and early in his freshman year Emerson, wishing to have a share in the fun, went to the singing master, who said to him, "Chord." "So I made some kind of a noise," said Emerson, "and the singing master said: 'That will do, sir. You need not come again.'"

Hidden Ability.

Old Washington White and young Calhoun Clay entered a dancing competition. But age was against Wash, and his boots, a pair of cowhides six or seven sizes too large, were against him too. The prize was awarded to the younger man.

"Look-a-yere, Misto Empire," Uncle Wash growled, "whaffor yo' give de prize toe him?" "Kase he done mo' beats 'n yo' done." "Go long, man!" said Uncle Wash. "I done a lot o' steps in dese yere big boots what yo' never see!"—New York Tribune.

Kind Editors.

Needless to say, the night was cold. Brrr! "We have used up the last stick of wood in the house," said the young artist to the brooding poet as they sat beside the embers of a fire. "What shall we do? Must I sacrifice my latest canvas?" "Hold!" said the poet. "I shall bring my rejected slips." "And they kept the fire going all night."—New York Post.

Muscles of the Head.

The head has seventy-seven muscles—eight for the eyes and eyelids, one for the nose, eight for the lips, eight for the jaw, eleven for the tongue, eleven for the larynx, eleven for the ears, seventeen for motions of the head and neck, one to move the hairy scalp and one for the eyebrows.

Won Her.

"Do you know," he said, "that every time I look at you I have thoughts of revenge?" "Why?" she gasped. "Because," he answered, "revenge is sweet." Then she told him she thought tomorrow would be a good time to see papa.

All Greek to Father.

"Pa, does money talk?" "Yes, my boy." "What language does it speak?" "Some foreign tongue that I'm not familiar with."—Baltimore Sun.

Divided.

"Do you have any differences of opinion on your family?" "Terrible! Why, it couldn't be any worse if we were all members of the supreme court."—Life.

Conclusions.

She (throwing down magazine)—Goodness! The end of that story positively startled me. He—You shouldn't jump at conclusions.—Boston Transcript.

To have faults and not strive to correct them is to add to our faults.

LUCILLE LOVE

This is the title of our new serial story, the opening chapters of which appear in this issue, and the story is a good one.

This time, however, we have provided a treat for our readers hitherto not enjoyed by subscribers of The Chronicle, if, in fact by subscribers of any other paper.

Arrangements have been about completed whereby the story of Lucille Love may first be read in The Chronicle, and afterwards witnessed in its reality as a motion picture feature at the Star Theatre here on Friday and Saturday evenings, commencing, it is probable, on Friday evening of next week.

The pictures and story will be run as closely together as possible so that our subscribers will understand fully the story of the Girl of Mystery as it is produced on the motion picture screen.

The story is one of present day adventure, is a 1914 copyright, controlled exclusively by the Universal Film Co., and fully protected by copyright. Its production will extend over a period of about fifteen weeks.

Don't fail to read the opening chapters, and having read them, don't fail to see them in motion picture. The illustrations throughout are taken from real life and the newspaper photos will be easily recognized on the screen.

The allotting of Friday and Saturday nights for its production as a motion picture feature is done so that our rural readers may be at no disadvantage and may have the privilege of "seeing what they read" with little or no inconvenience to themselves.

Read the opening chapters in this issue; see them in motion pictures. We feel sure you will enjoy this latest up-to-the-minute story from the pen of one of America's greatest story writers.

PERSONAL

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lyons of Milverton, are visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. David Allen, for a couple of weeks.

Mr. J. M. Anderson, representing the Canada Metal Co., was in town Tuesday on business.

Mr. John Hewitt, and son Robt left on Tuesday for Montreal, where the latter resumes work with the Dominion Express Co.

Bishop Scollars blessed the basement of the new North Bay French Roman Catholic church, on

The Government has been asked to investigate the actions of persons who are taking surveys in western Ontario for unknown reasons, whose actions are suspicious.

The Hamilton Civic Investigation Committee has discovered that 21,946 gallons of oil were apparently stolen from the city in the past year.

THE WORLD-WIDE WAR.

The world wide war now being waged between practically all the civilized nations and which is the biggest and most terrible in the history of the world, has created interest unparalleled. The demands of the public for early and prompt reports of the war happenings are such that we have arranged to club The Chronicle with The Toronto World, which will enable the residents of this county to keep in close touch with the happenings in the war zone.

The World is the only morning paper in Toronto taking the full leased wire copyrighted service of the Central News, which is the most conservative and at the same time the most reliable news service in the world. In addition they receive the war cables of The New York World, acknowledged to be among the best published in America, together with the full Canadian Press service and Canadian Associated Press cable. The Chronicle will publish a weekly review of the war news and with these two newspapers you will be supplied with every event of interest.

The clubbing offer of The Chronicle and the Toronto Morning World is advertised in another part of this paper, and is of vital interest to you from an economic standpoint, for in view of prevailing conditions this very advantageous offer may be withdrawn at any time.

MARRIED.

WILLOUGHBY — BENTON. — In Durham, by Rev. W. W. Prudham on Wednesday, October 21 George Willoughby to Jemima M. Benton.

DURHAM HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY

The annual meeting of the above society will be held in the Public Library on Tuesday, November 3, 1914, at 8 o'clock, p.m., for the election of officers for the ensuing year and other business of importance. All parties interested in the society and wishing its continuance and usefulness, are earnestly invited to attend and give their support.

E. A. HAY, President. CHRIS. FIRTH, Secretary.



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Full list of Rexall Toilet Goods, Rexall Remedies, and other Rexall merchandise free at our store. Get one and you'll realize how easy you can help and how much you can help relieve the suffering caused by the war and at the same time help Canadian Industry as well, by purchasing Rexall Goods at our store or any other Rexall Store in Canada.

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"Happy Thought" and you will be happy forever, for there is nothing better manufactured. There have been more "Happy Thought" Ranges sold than any other range that has ever been manufactured in Canada.

In Heating Stoves we can sell you the "Radiant Home," "Crown Brilliant," "Bucks Prize" and "Cheerful Home," in base burners.

Also "Royal Oak," "Special Oak" and "Daisy Oak" in direct draft Coal Heaters.

In Wood Heaters we can sell you the "Maple Leaf," "Ideal," "Canuck," "Sylvan," "Woodland Queen" and Several others.

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W. Black