

EIGHT.

LADIES!

Get Your New WINTER COAT From Abraham

Have You Heard about Our Special WINTER COAT AT \$10.00

It has as much style about it as any Fifteen Dollar Coat you have seen-The Material too is better than you'll expect and the workmanship is of the highest type. These Coats will surprise you.

COME & SEE THEM

The J. D. ABRAHAM Company

NEWS OF OLD ONTARIO

Stayner is to have a new ice rink.

Mr. J.M.H. McGuire has been appointed collector of Customs at Penetang, to succeed the late Mr. E. H. Ross.

Dr. K. MacLennan, pastor of the Tiverton Presbyterian church, has accepted a call to the church at Moose Creek, Ont.

Mr. Fred Klempf, formerly of Walkerton, was seriously wounded at Enniskillen when his leg caught in a corn cutter and was mangled.

Mrs. Della Harris, 100 years of age, died in the Brant township House of Refuge. She and her husband, the late James Harris, became wards of the institution when it was opened in 1899.

J. W. Webb is Midland's new postmaster. The post office is a new one.

The Innisfil council has insured the life of Chas. King, who went to war, for \$1,500.

George Ferris of Kincardine was seriously injured when the bank of a gravel pit caved in on top of him. His brother shovelled the earth from above him, but he had received severe bodily injuries.

Leaving powder of some cartridges which he had been testing on the frame of an emery wheel, George Cushnie, of Mount Forest, had his hand badly burned when a spark from the wheel set the powder alight.

Chester Spearman, of Goulbourn township, Carleton county, was gored to death by a bull within 100 yards of his house. No person witnessed the tragedy. A son of his was drowned at Haileybury a few months ago.

Miss Edith Lavalier of Sandwich, was probably fatally injured when an automobile in which she was riding with Arsene Perry of River Rouge, was struck by a Wabash engine. Perry escaped uninjured.

Persons or parties desiring to hire an automobile can be accommodated at C. Smith & Sons' Garage. Careful and competent driver furnished. Rates on application.

Sergeant Pearson, who guards armories at Owen Sound, got a rude scare on Saturday night last about midnight. At first it was rumored as an effort on the part of some German sympathizer to blow up the armories, but when peace and quiet were restored and the citizens got down to normal thinking, the scare, it is decided, is the result of a raw joke to scare the guard, whose imaginings have led him on former occasions to hear aeroplanes and other implements of war. A piece of gas pipe had been charged with powder and plugged, with a fuse attached. The trench at the rear thrown into a short of the armories, and in a short time exploded, with a deafening effect that could be heard over the greater portion of the town. Fortunately, no one was injured, but many of the armory windows were smashed by the detonation of the exploding bomb. Women in the neighborhood were badly frightened and no doubt the perpetrator of the foolish act would, if known, be severely dealt with. The general opinion evidently is that it was only intended as a joke but it might have been a serious one and it is to be hoped there will be no repetitions.

Married to his Polish bride but three days, James Milse, a Swede, slashed her with a knife at Port McNicoll. He accused her of infidelity. He was sentenced to three months and she was ordered from the community.

Bravery of a Boy.

"One of the bravest acts I witnessed during the whole war," said an officer of the Army of Northern Virginia, "was that of a young soldier who was probably not over sixteen. We had thought of him as only a boy, although he went with the regiment on all its marches and lived with it in all its encampments.

"One day there was a fierce engagement in the midst of it a bullet struck this boy in the breast, and he fell. Our colonel ordered his men to dismount, and as he himself sprang from his horse, the boy called out in a weak voice, 'I will hold your horse, colonel!'

"Stopping in the midst of the storm of bullets to gaze in pity on the white, boyish face, the colonel said, 'But you can't do that, lad—you are dying.'

"I know I am, colonel,' the gallant boy replied. 'But I can hold the reins when I am dead.'

"The colonel placed the bridle in the trembling hands and went forward. When the fight was over he hurried back and found the boy lying dead, the bridle reins still wrapped tightly round his limp right hand."—Youth's Companion.

PERSONAL

Mr. Harry Kröss of Owen Sound visited at his home here.

Miss Gladys Sanford of Toronto is visiting relatives in town.

Mr. Foster Saunders of Toronto spent over Sunday in town.

Rev. Mr. Prudham is in London attending the Provincial Sunday School convention, in session there of Niagara.

Mr. Neil McGillivray, of Niagara Falls, N.Y., visited at Miss A. L. MacKenzie's last week.

Mrs. A. Beggs, and granddaughters, Beatrice Kearney, are visiting friends in Merlin and Chatham.

Mrs. George Macfarlane and Mrs. George Macfarlane are visiting daughter of Toronto, and other friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Haslett of Winnipeg are visiting at the families and other relatives and friends.

DR. H. R. McCULLOUGH DEAD AT HARRISTON.

Henry Reid McCullough, M. D., a prominent and respected citizen of Harriston, died at his home on Wednesday of last week, after a short illness. He was born August 14, 1863, and was a son of the late Robert McCullough, M.D., of Georgetown. He graduated from Trinity Medical College, Toronto, in 1887, and was in continuous practice at Harriston since 1888.

He is survived by his wife and four daughters—Charlotte of the University of Toronto, and Janet, Agnes and Margaret, at home; also by four brothers and one sister—Patrick McCullough, Harriston; Markdale; John S. McCullough, M.D., Walter's Falls; E. C. McCullough, Georgetown; H. A. McCullough, M. D., Toronto, and Miss Sarah McCullough, Georgetown.

Dr. McCullough had served on the Board of Education and the Municipal Council, and was coroner for the county of Wellington, also an enthusiastic bowler and curler. He was a member of Knox Presbyterian church and a staunch Liberal. Interment took place Saturday at Georgetown from the residence of Mr. R. C. McCullough, the remains leaving Harriston via G. T. R. on Friday afternoon.

GRAND DISPLAY OF FALL MILLINERY at the Paris Millinery Parlors

This season the Ladies are afforded ample latitude for selection, as the styles are varied ranging from the very small tight fitting turbans to the extremely large sailor shapes.

We have everything that is NEW and UP-TO-DATE and PRICES REASONABLE

Call and make your choice EARLY as the sale of Imported Millinery this season is limited.

E. E. MOONEYS STAND, Lambton Street, (one door west of Standard Bank)
Mrs. T. H. McClocklin

Queer Story of a Grave.

A curious barren mound is to be seen in Montgomery churchyard. Whatever the cause, there is plainly to be seen a strip of sterility in the form of a cross among a mass of verdure. With the mound a melancholy legend is connected. It is called "Robert's Grave," and the story is that beneath this barren hillock lie the remains of an innocent man who was hanged on mistaken evidence. It is said that while the man stood on the gallows with the rope round his neck he solemnly declared, as a proof of his innocence, that grass should never grow on his grave. And even so it was and is. Any one who attempts to frustrate the fulfillment of this prophecy by sowing grass on this spot pays the penalty with his life. Instances are given of individuals who have been rash enough to do so and have met their doom soon afterward.—Cardiff Western Mail.

Old Nick and Nickel.

Nickel was first discovered by Crostedt in 1751. No use was made of it, as it was found only in small amounts. For a great many years the German miners called it kupfernickel, or devil's copper. It was believed by those simple folk that Old Nick, or the devil, made this ore purposely to bother the miners, as it looked exactly like copper ore and yet no copper could be extracted from it. Nickel was scarce until a New York assayer found a quantity of it in a shipment of ore from Canada. He stated its value in his report, and the owner of the mine prospected for more and found large quantities of it. Nickel is hard, ductile and malleable. It is white in color, with a yellowish cast. It ranks next to iron and cobalt in magnetic properties and is extensively used for plating purposes, because it will take a high polish and will not rust. Nickel added to steel makes it harder and stronger.—New York World.

CORNER CONCERNS

While there are plenty of large potatoes this year, few can show the length of vine that Mr. Tom Wilson had on new land. They are five feet in length.

Although the fall has been such a fine one, the cold weather now on will make farmers anxious about the remainder of their root crop.

Our mail man will begin to appreciate his new conveyance, recently manufactured by himself and Wm. Long. It is light, being composed principally of sheet iron, roomy, but withal as cosy as a parlor.

Mrs. Wm. Hannah and her son, Wm., of Ferguson, spent a few days a week ago with relatives in this part.

Mr. Frank Grasby has been laid up for the past fortnight with typhoid fever, but is recovering nicely. Dr. Gun and nurse Carmount had the case.

Mr. Peter Black is again well on the road to recovery from pneumonia and a broken leg.

Mr. Joe Lennox has built a commodious hen house. Mr. Archie McDonald did the carpenter work and he is pronounced a hustler.

St. Paul's Sunday school entertainment is to be held in Allan's school-house on Tuesday evening, November 10, and judging from the success the various committees are having in their work, will be an excellent one, to say nothing of the tea and eatables that will be thrown in, for 15 cents.

Peacock Superstitions.

According to Mohammedan tradition, the peacock opened the wicket of paradise to admit the prince of darkness and received a share of his punishment. The feathers, gorgeous in their hellish dye, reflect the origin of the evil eye; hence the origin of the superstition that peacocks' feathers are unlucky, though the superstition is sometimes said to have its origin in the fable of Argus, whom Juno set to watch Io, one of her husband's mistresses. Argus was beguiled by Mercury and lulled to sleep by his playing, thus allowing Io to escape. Juno, to punish Argus, placed his many eyes in the tail of her peacock, who thenceforth proudly displayed them. Thus a peacock's feather became the symbol of watchful and vindictive jealousy. There was an old superstition that peacocks ruffed their feathers at the sight of poison.

Stammered to Himself.

To those who stutter or stammer let me suggest my personal cure. At about fourteen I was attacked by a bad habit of stammering and couldn't start a remark without it. The other boys laughed at me, and elders projected complicated cures. But the absurdity of the situation appealed to me. Why couldn't I say "I" at once without the preliminary stammer? It was obviously necessary to stutter, often before saying "No." Well, why shouldn't I stutter to myself? The method was adopted. When a sentence had to be started the stammer was carried out in silence—if a dozen "ns" had to start a "No." And after a few days of deliberate speech, with the stammer done in silence, I was delivered entirely from the habit.—London Standard.

Couldn't Beat Her.

Ellanora had been the negro maid at Mrs. Hopson's for several years and left to get married. She moved to another city, and nothing had been seen of her for a couple of years, when one day she called on her former mistress.

"And so you have a little son, Ellanora?" said Mrs. Hopson.

"Yas'um," smiled the woman—"a nice little boy."

"And what did you name him?" queried Mrs. Hopson.

"Well, we calls him Eggnog," replied the colored woman.

"Eggnog?" said the other. "That's a funny name for a boy."

"Well, yo see, missus," explained Ellanora, "det cullud woman what lives nex' door to me named her twins Tom and Jerry, an' I didn't want to be outdone by her."—Delineator.

TRAVERSTON.

Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Spencer left on Tuesday morning to spend a week or more with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Henry, near Dunganong.

Mr. Will Jack treated himself to a nobby top buggy some time ago.

Mr. T. Glencock and family are moving this week from T. E. Blair's homestead to the fine Ritchie home, purchased a year ago. Mary and Rita will be missed by both teacher and school-mates of No. 5, as they are bright little lassies.

Miss Sarah Correll of Toronto is expected up on Wednesday of this week on a ten days' visit to our fireside.

Potatoes and mangolds are all holed, corn is under cover, and a goodly number have their turnips in the root-houses. But this wintry weather dropped in too soon.

Mr. Harold McKechnie and his sister May, of the Rocky, visited at Mr. Will Jack's the first of the week.

Mrs. Harold Clark, Master George, and Miss Edith, and Miss Clark, left on Tuesday for the former's home in Edmonton, after nearly a month's visit at the Robson homestead.

Prices for live hogs are away down, but bacon prices are still at top notch, which means that pork packers are very hogishly inclined. In what corners of Hades will Satan pen those fellows?

The O'Neil Bros. finished their season's threshing this week, which has been a very successful one.

The farmers on the 6th and 8th concessions are contributing upwards of 100 bags of oats and potatoes to the Belgian Relief Fund, on Friday and Saturday of this week.

Japanese Child Jugglers.

Among the itinerant street entertainers in London are a number of tiny Japanese children, usually boys. They make their way into hotel and public house bars, saloons and restaurants and, producing a sheaf of knives from their pockets, suddenly begin juggling with them in the most expert manner, accompanying the performance with a monotonous singsong which seems to be inseparable from the exhibition. Being very small, they seldom depart without receiving a shower of coppers, to which they respond at the doorway with a little chant of thanksgiving. It is difficult to guess the age of Japanese children, but none of the tiny tots engaged in this business appear to be more than seven years old.

Life Belts Aren't Cork.

Most people if asked what life belts were composed of would answer, "Cork." But it isn't so nowadays. Cork life belts are nearly as dead as the dodo. The substance almost always used nowadays is a fibrous stuff called kapok, obtained from a plant that grows in Java. Kapok was used to stuff cushions for many years before the idea was hit on of using its beautifully buoyant qualities for nautical purposes. The most buoyant material known to be in existence is, however, made of poppy heads. Experimental buoys have been made of this material, but not with very satisfactory results. Poppy heads crush too easily to make a perfect substance.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Confidential Communication.

"Who painted that wonderful old picture?" asked the visitor.

"Let me tell you a secret," replied Mr. Cumrox. "If I had spent my life learning to pronounce the names of all these great artists I'd never have made money enough to buy their pictures."—Washington Star.

Her Revenge.

Girl Shopper—Why did you make that poor salesman pull down all that stuff and then not buy anything? Second Ditto—Why, the mean fellow was in a car yesterday and never offered me his seat, though I looked right at him, so I just decided I would get even.—Boston Transcript.

Simple Enough.

Here is a simple catch that may bother you some:

"All O."

Not much in it perhaps, but enough to make it troublesome.

Too hard?

And yet it's "nothing, after all."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Pan."

"Pan" was the name of one of the Greek gods. The word means "all," or "universal." Hence "Pantheism"—the doctrine that all is God. Hence, too, "Pan-American"—that is, all that is American, all the countries of North and South America.

Pleasant Rehearsal.

Fair Amateur—The curtain will rise in a few minutes. Are you quite sure you know your words? Hero—Yes; all except the part where I kiss you. We'd better rehearse that again.

Singing Pigeons.

The queer Chinese change pigeons into song birds by fastening whistles to their breasts. The wind of their flight then causes a weird and plaintive music that is seldom silenced in the pigeon haunted cities of Peking and Canton.

Tommy's Question.

Tommy—Papa, when a thing is bought it goes to the buyer, doesn't it? Tommy's Papa—Yes, my son. Tommy—Then how is it that when you buy coal it goes to the cellar?

Defining a Musician.

"Pa, what is an accomplished musician?"

"One who sings songs that nobody can understand."—Detroit Free Press.

Its Drawback.

"Don't go into the well digging usefulness."

"Why not?"

"Because it's sure to get you in a hole."—Baltimore American.

Before and After.

She (pouting)—Before we were married you often used to catch me in your arms. He—Yes, and now I catch you in my pockets.

NEURITIS FOLLOWS CRIPPLED NERVES.

Painful Effects of Chronic Rheumatism Quickly Routed by Rheuma.

If your nerves are all crippled from attacks of Rheumatism, Neuritis can easily get a strong hold on the nerves. This most painful disease is one of the hardest known to expel, but RHEUMA can reach it if given a chance. This testimony is positive proof.

"Last March I was crippled with Neuritis in left limb I could walk scarcely at all. Tried all remedies I heard of and had two physicians. Nothing did me any good until I used RHEUMA; \$2.00 worth of your remedies surely cured me."—Mrs. C. E. Hayes, Russell, Kentucky.

Sold by Macfarlane & Co. at 50 cents a bottle.

Large Sales Small Profits

McKECHNIE'S WEEKLY NEWS

Special RUBBER SALE

This is "Maltese Cross Brand." Weather-Chilled Novembers Icy Blast means that the Feet as well as the Body must be protected and this can be well done by investing in a pair of Maltese Cross Rubbers. We have just received a heavy consignment and are ready to supply you with any size at the right price.

Men's Jersey Ankle Slippers.....	\$1.40	Ladies' Jersey Rain Slippers.....	\$1.15
Men's Tremont High Heel.....	1.00	Ladies' (Street) High Heel.....	75
Men's Plain Overs.....	90	Ladies' Plain Rain Slipper.....	70
Men's (Wool lined) Plain Overs.....	75	Ladies' Plain Overs.....	65
Boy's Plain Overs.....	75	Misses' Plain Overs.....	55
Youth's Plain Overs.....	65	Infant's Plain Overs.....	45

We also have several other Specials in Rubbers that we have no space to quote

We have a new stock of Shoes that we can interest you in with the Leathers Good and the Prices Right.

Men's Heavy Oil Tanned Tan Blucher..	\$3.10	Ladies' Fine Dongola, Blue Pat. Trimmed	\$1.50
Men's Heavy Oil Tanned Black Blucher	3.10	Ladies' Fine Dongola Blucher.....	1.75
Men's Kip Blucher.....	2.50	Ladies' Fine Dongola Blucher, Special..	2.10
Men's Heavy Water-Proof Shoe.....	2.50	Ladies' Fine Dongola, Buttoned, Special	2.50
Men's Medium Weight Shoe.....	2.00	Ladies' Tan Blucher.....	3.25
		Ladies' Pat Button, something very new	3.50

Highest Price for Farm Produce

G. & J. McKechnie Durham Departmental Store