

Abraham Fair and Square

LADIES!

Here's Your Chance

Your Choice of Any Winter Coat in Our Store at Exactly

Half-Price

- 8.75 Coats now **\$4.38**
- 10.00 Coats now **5.00**
- 11.00 Coats now **5.50**
- 12.50 Coats now **6.25**
- 18.00 Coats now **9.00**

Get Here Quickly For First Choice

The J. D. ABRAHAM Company

BLYTH'S CORNERS.

January of this year has certainly quite a record. Two full moons and two big thaws up to date. The crows evidently are not taking the winter prospects seriously, as it is quite common to see them flying around almost every day, which is certainly not a usual custom.

Invited guests to the number of 25 spent a very pleasant few hours on Wednesday evening last at the hospitable home of Mr and Mrs Jas. Watson.

The annual meeting of Knox congregation is taking place this Tuesday evening. As it is looked forward to always as an interesting and happy event, a good turnout may be expected. We didn't know when we wrote our last budget, or we would have had considerable pleasure in making reference to it.

Our school section is becoming alarmed at the possible prospects of our township fathers passing a by-law at their next meeting, granting the petition presented to take off four lots from the north side of the section and annexing them to S.S. No. 1. A meeting, in consequence, is called for Friday evening, January 29, to decide on action to stay the project. We think, for ourselves, that some arrangement could be made that would be quite satisfactory to all parties concerned at least we hope so.

VARNEY.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert McClinton of Alberta, are visiting the latter's brother, Dr. Mansfield Leeson. Mailcarrier McCabe purchased a new team of horses in town last week.

Mr. J. J. Wilton is making preparations to erect a silo in the coming summer.

Mrs. Pettis from Proton, spent a few days last week with her brother, Mr. J. J. Wilton.

Mrs. H. Wilkinson arrived home on Tuesday after spending a number of days visiting friends and relatives in town.

Campbellford Council voted \$100 to the Patriotic Fund.

Regularity

of the bowels is an absolute necessity for good health. Unless the waste matter from the food which collects there is got rid of at least once a day, it decays and poisons the whole body, causing biliousness, indigestion and sick headaches. Salts and other harsh mineral purgatives irritate the delicate lining of the bowels. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills—entirely vegetable—regulate the bowels effectively without weakening, sickening or griping. Use

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

CORN CHOP AT SPECIAL PRICES

We have a good stock of CORN CHOP on hand that we are selling in Ton lots at about the same price as Oats, and every Feeder knows that Corn is better feed than Oats for feeding stock. If you want heavy feed get our prices on this feed, as it is good value for the price we are asking for it.

We have other good Feed on hand all the time, at prices as low as we can make them.

Our terms on Feed are strictly Cash, or Grain at market price. We do not give any Credit.

If you have Grain of any kind to sell we will pay highest market prices for any quantity of Oats or other Grain at our Elevator.

We want empty feed sacks, if you have any bring them in and we will pay you FIVE Cents each for all you bring.

We Are Paying from 50c to 52c for Oats at our Elevator
PHONES 4 and 26

The Rob Roy Cereal Mills Co.

Oatmeal Millers.

"WAR"

Continued from page 7
adjunct, and always "the enemy" alone was found guilty of the evil passions, and the brawling, rapine, hatred, cruelty, and all the other iniquities attached to warfare. Consequently we were doing the world a noble service in punishing these wretched Italians—the lazy sensual upstart nation. And Louis Napoleon, with his consuming ambition, who an intriguer! It was with a storm of indignation that Vienna received the proclamation: "Italy free to the Adriatic."

I uttered slight doubts whether it was so ignoble of Italy to wish to be free, but I was rudely reminded that our enemies were scoundrels. In my study of history I had usually found the writers sympathetic with the struggling nation fighting to throw off a foreign yoke and gain its independence. I felt that Italy was playing this part in the drama before our eyes, but I was quickly and scornfully given to understand that our government—that is, the nation to which we happened to belong—could never oppress, but only confer prosperity upon another people, and when they rose to break away from us they were "rebels," that our control could be no yoke, for we were not always right and fully in the right?

In early May Arno's regiment was ordered to march. They had to start at seven in the morning. An early night before—that terrible night!

Arno slept. He breathed quietly, with tranquil happiness upon his features. I set a candle behind the screen, for the darkness frightened me and sleep was impossible. I lay quietly beside him, leaning on my elbow and looking into his beautiful face.

I wept and reviewed the cruel fate which was separating us. How could I hear it? Would a merciful Father let us soon have peace? Why could there not be peace always? I pictured him wounded, lying on the damp ground, and all the agonies that would be mine should he never return. He could have screamed and thrown my arms about him, but no, he must sleep that he should be better ready for duty in the morning. I was worn out with my despair, the clock ticked meaninglessly, the candle flickered low, and I slipped into unconsciousness and dropped on to my pillow to sleep. Over and over again I started in my sleep, my heart palpitating with fear and alarm, and when it thus was for the tenth or twelfth time, it was day, the candle had gone out, and there came a loud knock at the door.

"Six o'clock, lieutenant," said the orderly who came to rouse me, matter in good time.

The hour had come, the dreaded farewell was to be said; I was not to go to the station, but in our own room the sad parting was to take place. For I knew that my agony would not come me. As Arno dressed he made all sorts of comforting speeches: "Be brave, my darling. In two months we will be together again, and all will be over. Many come back from wars—look at your own father. Did you marry a Hussar to keep him at home, to raise hyacinths for you? I will write you lively letters of the whole campaign. My own cheerfulness is a good omen, and I am only out to win my spurs. Take care of yourself and the darling Rudolf. My promotions are for him too. How he will love to hear his father tell of the glorious victory over Italy in which he took part!"

I listened to him and felt that perhaps my unhappiness was all selfishness. I would be strong and take courage.

Again a knock at the door. "I am quite ready; coming directly." And he spread his arms. "Now, Martha, my wife, my love!" I rushed to him speechless; the farewell refused to pass my lips, and it was he who spoke the heart-breaking word: "Good-bye, my all, my love, goodbye!" he convulsively sobbed, covering his face. This was too much, and I felt my mind going.

"Arno! Arno!" screamed, wrapping my arms about him. "Stay! Stay!" I persistently called, "Stay, stay!"

"Lieutenant!" we heard outside, "it is quite time."

One last kiss—and he rushed out.

CHAPTER IV.

Preparing lint, reading reports, following on the map the chess-board of the war with my little movable flags, prayers for the success of our side, talking of the events of the day; such were our occupations. All our other interests lagged, one question alone occupied us: When and how will this war end? We ate, drank, read, and worked with no real concern, only the telegrams and letters from Italy seemed of any importance. Arno was not given to letter-writing, but his short notes always gave me the cheering word that he was still alive and unwounded. Letters were irregular, for the fieldpost was out of order during an engagement, and then anxiety and suffering were his companions. After each battle, the doctor who killed filled me each time with fresh terror, as though my loved one had held a lottery ticket, and might have drawn the doomed number.

When, for the first time, I read the list and found no Arno Dotzky among them, I found my hands and pray softly. "My God, I thank thee." But with the words still in my ears they suddenly faded upon me. Was I perhaps thanking God that Arno

Schmidt and Karl Muller, and many others had been slain, but not Arno Dotzky? Naturally those who pray and hoped for Schmidt and Muller would have been glad to read the name of Dotzky instead of those dreaded to find. And why should thanks be more pleasing to God than theirs? That Schmidt's mother and Muller's sweetheart should break their hearts, this had made me reflect. And I realized the selfishness of such thanksgivings, and presumptuousness of our prayers.

On the same day a letter came from Arno:—

"Yesterday we had another hard fight, and unfortunately, again a defeat. But cheer up, darling Martha, the next battle we shall surely win. It was my first great engagement. To stand in a thick shower of bullets gives one a peculiar feeling. I will tell you about it by and by; it is frightful. The poor fellows who fall on all sides must be left in spite of their cries—but such is war. When we enter Turin to dictate terms to the enemy, you can meet me there, for Aunt Marie can take care of our little corporal until we return."

Such letters formed the sunshine of my existence, but my nights were restless. Often I awoke with the horrible feeling that at the very moment Arno might be dying in a ditch, lying for water, and crying out for me. I would force myself back to my senses by imagining the scene of his joyful return, which was much more probable to be my experience than the contrary.

Bad news followed thick and fast. My father was deeply distressed, first over Montebello, then Magenta; and not he alone, for all Vienna was disheartened. Victory had been so certain, that we were already planning our flag decorations and Te Deums. Instead, the flags were waving, and the priests chanting in Turin. They were thanking God that he had helped them to strike down the wicked "Tedeschi."

"Father dear, in case of another defeat, will not then peace be declared?" I asked one day.

"Shame upon you to suggest such a thing!" he silenced me. "Better that it should be a seven years' war, or a thirty years' war, so that our side may be the conqueror, and we debate terms of peace. If we fight only to get out of it as quickly as possible, we might as well never have begun."

"And that would have been by far the best," I sighed.

"Women are such cowards! Even you, whom I grounded so thoroughly in principles of patriotism and love of fatherland, are now quite willing to sacrifice the fame of your country for your own personal comfort."

"Alas, it is because I love my Arno so well!"

"Love of husband, love of family, all that is very good, but it takes the second place to love of country."

"Ought it?"

The lists of fatalities grew apace, and contained the names of several officers personally known to me, among the rest the only son of a dear old lady whom I greatly respected. I felt I must go and comfort her. No, comfort her, I could not. I would only weep with her. On reaching her house I hesitated to pull the bell. My last visit there had been on the occasion of a jolly little dancing party, and Frau von Ullmann, full of joy, had said to me: "Martha, we are the two most enviable women in Vienna. You have the handsomest of husbands and I the noblest of sons."

And, to-day? I still, indeed, had my husband, but who knows? Shot and shell might make me a widow any minute. There was no answer as I stood and rang at the door. Finally a head was thrust out of the window of the adjoining apartment:—

"There is no use ringing, miss, the house is empty."

"What is Frau von Ullmann gone?" "She was taken to the insane asylum three days ago," and the head disappeared.

I stood motionless, rooted to the spot. What scenes there must have been! What heights of agony before the poor old lady broke into madness!

And my father wished that the war might last thirty years for the welfare of the country! How many more such mothers would there be then?

I went down the stairs shaken to the depths. I started to call on another friend, and on the way I passed the Relief Corps storehouse, for there was then no "Red Cross" or "Convention of Geneva" to distribute supplies, and the people were all eagerly offering comforts for the sick and wounded. I entered, feeling impelled to empty my purse into the hands of the committee. It might save some poor fellow—and keep his mother from the madhouse. I was shown to the room where the contributions were taken. I passed several rooms where long tables were piled with packages of linens, wines, cigars, tobacco, but mostly mountains of bandages, and I thought with a shudder, how many bleeding gashes it would take to use them all—and my father wishing that the war might last for thirty years. How many of our country's sons would then succumb to their wounds?

My money was received thankfully, and my many questions were answered, comforting me much to hear of the good being done.

An old gentleman came in, offering a hundred florin bill, and saying: "Allow me to contribute a little toward the useful work. I look on all this organization of yours as the most humane. I have served in the campaign of 1809-1813, when no one sent the wounded pillows and bandages. There were never enough surgeons and supplies, and thousands suffered a hideous death. You cannot realize the good you are doing." And he went away with tears in his eyes.

Continued next week.



BARNESS VON SUTTNER
Authoress of Our New Story, Entitled "War." First Installment This Week.

We have on hand a number of History Charts for professional nurses. They are indispensable for keeping records in the sick room. Get them while they last at a dollar a hundred, large size.

DORNOCH.

We forgot to mention in our last budget the arrival home from Saskatchewan of Mr. John Hay, who has been in the west for a number of years, and certainly looks healthy and prosperous.

Mr. Colin McGillivray of Bruce township spent a couple of days in the vicinity visiting relatives.

A very painful accident befel Mr. E. Simpson, Sr., last week, in Markdale. It appears Mr. Simpson was holding a fractious team of horses near the station, when he was trampled upon, sustaining a number of bruises and a couple of broken ribs.

A couple of sleigh loads of the youth and beauty of the vicinity took a sheigh-ride to Durham last Friday evening, and surprised Mr. and Mrs. D. A Campbell in their new home. They spent a few pleasant hours in games and music.

On Wednesday, the 13th, the Presbyterians held their annual meeting in the church here. A splendid turnout, a snug balance in the treasury, everything harmonious. These were some of the many good things announced by Rev. Mr. Mills. The treasurer and secretary were again re-elected. Two of the retiring managers wished to retire, Messrs. R. H. Ledingham and H. R. Riddell, the former after 12 years on the committee, the latter 22 years. Messrs. R. J. Corlett and J. A. Ledingham were elected to fill the vacancy. W. Smith and R. Ledingham were appointed trustees.

From another correspondent.

Christmas is over, and we have again begun a new year. By now we have all made our New Year's resolutions. May the wish of the whole nation be for Peace.

Miss Ivy Dargavel, who has been in Chicago for some time spent the two weeks' holiday with her parents.

A large number attended the Bible Class social, held in the Presbyterian church last week. A good program of speeches, recitations and solos was rendered by members of the Bible Class.

Miss L. McKnight is spending a month's holiday with her parents.

Sorry to hear of Mr. Ed. Simpson's painful accident, which happened Wednesday of last week. While loading brick for Mr. J. Allison, in Markdale, the horses took fright at the train and ran away. He attempted to hold them by the head, and in so doing was dragged by them, and had some of his ribs broken, and other injuries. However, we hope to hear of a speedy recovery.

A number of the young people attended a surprise party held at Mr. D. Campbell's, Durham on Friday of last week.

Rev. and Mrs. Mills entertained about 40 of the Williamsford Sunday school on Saturday last.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, ss Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney, makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886.
(Seal)
A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Large Sales

Small Profits

McKECHNIE'S WEEKLY NEWS

One of Our Specials This Week

Ladies' Fine Dongola Blucher, Sizes 1 to 4.
\$1.39

Walk a Little Farther

Save a Little More

One of Our Specials This Week

Ladies' Dongola Blue. Very dressy shoe.
\$1.99

January Shoe Sale

Our purchase of a Large Stock of Men's and Ladies' Shoes from the Leading Manufacturers of Canada before the latest advance on leather enables us to offer high-class footwear of the newest styles at prices unprecedented to the purchasing public of Durham.

Men's Shoes

- Men's fine dongola blucher\$2.00
- Men's heavy kip blucher..... 2.50
- Men's heavy oil tan 3.10
- Men's high overshoe 2.40

Men's Rubbers

- Men's plain overs90
- Men's plain overs E.E.90
- Men's roll soled 1.00
- Men's high heel (Maltese Cross) 1.00

Ladies' Shoes

- Ladies' dongola button \$2.50
- Ladies' patent blucher..... 3.25
- Ladies' patent button..... 3.50

Ladies' Rubbers

- Ladies' plain overs65
- Ladies' felt lined70
- Ladies' Maltese Cross..... .75
- Ladies' tan overshoe..... 1.15

We have something special for those who want a warm dry foot, in the form of a Felt Shoe with a solid Rubber sole and heel, see it. Price \$3.00

We have numerous other lines which we have not space to quote but will be pleased to show you when you call.

THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE FOR PRODUCE

G. & J. McKechnie

Departmental Store

Durham