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The Chronicle clubbed with The Toronto Morning World will be mailed to subscribers from now to the 1st of January, 1916, for \$3.50. Take advantage of this special offer at once as we are obliged to reserve the right to withdraw it without notice as the ramifications of the war may cause a very rapid increase in the cost of white paper which will mean a much higher price for your newspaper.

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"WAR"

Continued from page 6

ance to us men: The reiteration of the Italian States, the forming of the German Bund, and the consolidation of Austria—such matters make epochs in history and mark the great strides in human advancement. These things will live in history long after that stupid English book is forgotten. Mark my words.
I did mark them.

BOOK II. TIME OF PEACE CHAPTER I.

Four years passed quietly, and my sisters, now seventeen and eighteen years old, are to be presented at court. "Why should I not return to society?" I thought. Time had done its work and quieted my grief. Despair had mellowed into sorrow, sorrow into melancholy, then came listlessness, and finally I felt a renascence of my interest in life. I woke one fine morning with the realization that I was a woman to be envied—twenty-three, beautiful, nobly born, rich, the mother of a darling boy, and one of a devoted family. What had I still to ask to make life delightful?

Behind me like a sweet dream lay the short period of my married life. The shadowy past began to swallow up the memory of my desperate love, my handsome Hussar, my married happiness, my terrible separation and grief. The duration of it had not been long enough to create a close sympathy. Our devotion had been too shortly cut off to have grown into the friendship and reverence which is often felt by those who have shared years of joy and sorrow. Could I have been indispensable to him when, for no cause, he rushed into the war and left his regiment, which was no called out? Yes, four years made me a different being. My mind had broadened, and knowledge and culture had come to me which I felt, Arno would have had no sympathy with. If he could come back he would be a stranger to my present spiritual life. How did it all come about?

One year of widowhood passed in despair, deep mourning, and heart-breaking. Of society I would not hear. Rudolf's education should be my one thought. The "baby" tussled into "my son," and became the centre of my hope, my pride, and my existence. To be able some day to be his guide and intellectual companion, I buried myself in the treasures of the chatelaine library. History, in which my interest had cooled, became my passion again, as well as my consolation, for the account of battles and heroes seemed to relate me to the grand historical processes, for which I, too, had lived. Not that I ever got back the old enthusiasms of girlish days for the Maid of Orleans. Many of the overwrought accounts now sound hollow and mocking, when I thought of the horrors of war.

Can the priceless gem life be paid for with the tinsel coin of posthumous fame?
But the history-shelf of my father's library was soon exhausted; I begged the bookseller to send me more. He wrote:

"I send you Thomas Buckle's 'History of Civilization in England.' The work is unfinished, but these two volumes form a complete whole, and have attracted great attention, not only in England but over the world. They say that the author is introducing a new conception of history.

New, indeed! Reading and re-reading it, I felt like a creature taken suddenly from the bottom of a narrow valley to the mountain tops and viewing the world for the first time, out, beyond and beyond, to the boundless ocean. Not that I, a superficial mind of twenty, could grasp the book—but, to keep to my picture, I saw with a slight smile, showing a perfect row of teeth, "I do not dance."
"So much the better, for I would like a moment's rest," I said, reseating myself.

"I was bold enough to ask for the introduction, for I had some information for you," he continued.
I looked up at him in surprise. He was no longer young, somewhat grey, and with a serious countenance, but with a distinguished and sympathetic face.
"I will not intrude, Countess, but what I have to tell you is not suited to a ballroom chat. If you will fix the hour, I will come to you with it."
"I am at home on Saturdays between two and four."
"I would rather see you alone."
"Then come to-morrow at the same hour." The Baron bowed and left me. Later, Cousin Conrad passed; I called him to my side and questioned him concerning Tilling.

"Ah ha! Has he so impressed you that you are setting an investigation on foot? He is unmarried, but a distinguished princess of the reigning house has him entangled in her silken web, and therefore he does not wish to marry. His regiment has just been ordered here, but he is no friend of society. I meet him every day at the 'Noble Club,' where he always seems absorbed in the papers or a game of chess. I was astonished to see him here, but the hostess is his cousin. After speaking with you he went away immediately."
"And he was introduced to no other ladies?"

had unconsciously given me a taste for the larger world again, and I satisfied my craving to follow out his idea in other authors. The passion for life renewed itself, and the melancholy disappeared. Then the third change was wrought in me. Books alone would not satisfy me. I saw that with all this reading my longings were not being gratified—life's flowers were still for me to pluck if I only stretched out the hand. So in the winter of 1862 I entered the salons of Viennese society once more, to introduce my younger sisters there.

"Martha, Countess Dotzky, the rich young widow," thus spoken of, I took my part in the great comedy of the world again. The part suited me, and I was greeted, fêted, spoiled on all sides, much to my delight, after four years of social starving.

The entire family quietly presumed that I would remarry. My aunt no longer referred to my soldier saint above. The future promised meeting might not be so agreeable if a second husband stepped in. Every one except myself seemed to have forgotten his existence. My pain was gone, but his image could never be wiped out. Daily Rudolf's evening prayer closed with: "God keep me good and brave for love of my father, Arno."

We sisters enjoyed society in the extreme. It was really my first glimpse, too, for I had married so soon that I had missed the gaiety and attentions. My crowd of admirers, however, did not impress me much, for between us there lay a chasm. Brilliant young beaux chatting of ballroom, court, and theatre had not the faintest glimpse of the things which my life was beginning to depend upon. Though I had only begun to list the language of the higher things of soul and science, yet that was further removed from these chattering than Greek or even Patagonian. I had begun to think in the tongue with which men of science would some day debate, and finally solve the greatest riddles of the world.

It was quite certain that in such a circle I would scarcely find a congenial mate, and I carefully avoided all entangling rumors, devoted myself to my boy, plunged into study, kept in touch with the intellectual world, read and relished keenly all the latest things. This barred me from many of the frivolities, and yet I keenly enjoyed the gaiety, the company, and dancing. I longed to open my salon to a few of the upper world of scholarship, but my social position made that impossible. I dared not hope to mix the classes in Vienna. Since that day the exclusive spirit has changed, and fashion-to-day floods it acceptable to open its doors to brains of the rarer sort. But at that time it would have been quite impossible to receive except such as were presentable at court—counting at least sixteen ancestors. Our own social set would not have been able to converse with the thinking class, and the latter class would have found it intolerably dull to mingle with a drawing-room full of sportsmen, cloister-bred girls, old generals, and canonesses. All the talk was a vapid recital of where the last ball had been and the next one was to be—perhaps at Schwarzenberg's or Pallavicini's; who was the latest adorer of Baroness Pacher, and the latest rejected of the Countess Emily; how many estates had Prince Croy; was Lady Amalaya's title from her father's or mother's side? Could such drive possibly have interested the intellectual set?

Occasionally an able statesman, diplomat, or man of genius cropped up among us, but they always assumed the frivolous conversation of the rest. A quiet after-dinner chat with some of our parliamentarians or men of mark would have been made impossible almost, for hardly would the conversation turn on some political or scientific subject when it would be interrupted by "Ah, dearest Countess Dotzky, how charming you looked yesterday at the picnic! And are you going to the Russian embassy to-morrow?"

"Allow me, dear Martha," said my cousin Conrad Althaus, "to introduce Lieutenant-General Baron Tilling." I bowed and arose, thinking the introduction meant an invitation to dance.
"Pardon me, Countess," he said, with a slight smile, showing a perfect row of teeth, "I do not dance."
"So much the better, for I would like a moment's rest," I said, reseating myself.

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Continued on page 8.

FLESHERTON.

The Presbyterian congregation held their annual business meeting on Thursday evening last at which there was a good turnout of members, and pleasing harmony. The pastor, Rev. A. McVicar, presided, and the position of secretary was filled by Mr. T. R. McKenzie. That the church had a successful year was shown by the various reports presented, all of which were adopted. The session report showed 148 members on the roll, a net increase of 16 during the year. Two deaths had occurred, to which fitting reference was made. The audited financial statement showed receipts on current account \$621.87, an increase of \$93 over the former year. For missions there was also an increase of \$17 the total amount given being \$152. On the manse account, the last payment on the mortgage was paid and a balance of \$72.20 remained. The Ladies' Aid, after meeting all liabilities, had a balance on hand of \$128, also \$375 on organ fund. The W.M.S. gave \$55 to missions and the Mission Band \$5. The Sabbath school gave \$55 to missions and after meeting all expenses had \$85 on hand, and the Guild \$11.00. On the board of management, the three retiring members were re-elected. Mr. J. L. McMullen was elected chairman of the board and Messrs. G. H. Cairns and C. Stewart were re-elected auditors. Mr. J. Blackburn was re-elected secretary-treasurer and Mrs. Blackburn organist and choir leader. A resolution was unanimously adopted expressing high appreciation of the pastor's faithful services and untiring efforts in promoting the welfare of the congregation and the Master's Kingdom.

Mr. Richard Hoy was before Magistrate McMullen and McTavish last week, charged with selling liquor, and was fined \$100 and costs. Crown Attorney Dyre of Owen Sound appeared for the prosecution and Mr. McDonald for the defendant.

In the death of Mrs. John Brown, which occurred at her late home here on Monday, January 18, a highly respected old lady, and one of the earliest settlers in Artemesia has been removed. The funeral took place to Flesherton cemetery on Wednesday afternoon when a large audience was present at the service which, for convenience, was held in the Methodist church. The deceased was a member of the Presbyterian church and her pastor, Rev. A. McVicar, assisted by Revs. Dudgeon and Jones, conducted the service, preaching an appropriate sermon from John 17:24, "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am." The late Mrs. Brown, whose maiden name was Lydia McNally, was born in the County Cavan, Ireland, 87 years ago. When a young woman, she came with her family to Canada and settled in Darlington township, where 62 years ago last June, she was married to Mr. Brown, and the same year came to Artemesia, settling on a solid bush farm on the east back line, now occupied by their son, where they lived until seven years ago, when they retired in this village with a competency for their declining years. Besides the aged and infirm husband, who has the sympathy of many friends in his bereavement, four sons and two daughters survive, namely, Mrs. J. Sanderson, Flesherton, George, Bradford, William Stayner, Andrew, Saskatoon, Sask., Mrs. Frances Thompson, Portlaw, and John J., on the homestead, all at the funeral but Andrew, Mrs. J. Campaign died in Chicago a little over three years ago and a son died many years ago quite young.

The Epworth League gave a skating party at the rink on Friday evening last, which was very enjoyable and \$25 was added to the League funds for the Forward movement. The band was present and lent to the pleasure of the occasion.

The Markdale hockey boys played a return match with the boys here last week and evened up the win made by our boys the week before. The juveniles here went to Markdale on Saturday, but lost in the match with the lads there.

Special services commence in the Methodist church this Monday evening, for which Rev. J. R. Dean of Toronto has been secured for two weeks' help. Mr. Dean comes highly recommended as a Bible teacher and strong gospel preacher.

Mr. John Caswell of Hanover and Mr. Mrs. J. G. Little of Dundalk, attended the funeral of the late Mrs. Brown last week.

Mrs. Breen, wife of Judge Breen, of Cadillac, Mich., who visited the past month with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Trimble, returned home on Saturday.

Reeve McTavish of the village, and McKenzie of the township, are attending county council this week.

Mr. Thos. Quigg, son of Mr. P. Quigg, of this place, who moved to Alberta a few years ago, has the honor of being elected, second highest at the poll, a member of the first council of a newly-organized township.

The annual meeting of East Grey Agricultural Society last week, was postponed until Friday evening of this week, the funeral in the village interfering with the attendance that day.

Mr. R. C. Walker, formerly on The Advance here, has secured a good position on The Vindicator at Oshawa.

Ministers Recommend

Rev. John Davidson, of Thurso, Que., writes:—"I have had considerable trouble with my throat, caused by public speaking in heated buildings and exposure to damp and chilly atmosphere. I find PEPs very effective in soothing the throat."

Rev. Edward G. Heaven, Marksville, Ont., writes:—"I have used PEPs and find they give considerable relief to the throat. I have also found them very beneficial for colds."

PEPs is the direct treatment for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hoarseness, Laryngitis, and other ailments of the throat, chest, and lungs. As PEPs dissolve on the tongue, healing vapors are liberated which are breathed down direct to the sore places. Liquid cough mixtures, etc., cannot be inhaled, they go to the stomach not the lungs. PEPs get to the seat of the trouble direct.

PEPs are sold only in tin boxes. All druggists and stores 50c. box, 3 boxes \$1.25.

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Send this article, name of paper, and 1c. stamp for postage to PEPs Co., Toronto, Winnipeg, or Montreal, and we will send free package.

Peps

SUCCESSFUL JELLY MAKING.

Use good fruit, which is a little under-ripe.

Use the best granulated sugar. Do not make large quantities of jelly at one cooking.

Heat the sugar in the oven before adding it to the fruit juice. If the juice must be boiled down always do so before the sugar is added.

The jelly will be clearer and finer if the fruit is simmered gently and not stirred during cooking. Always make jelly on a bright, clear day.

Wash the jelly glasses in hot water and set them on a folded cloth wrung out of hot water.

Set the jelly in a sunny window for 24 hours, then cover with melted paraffin wax, and set in a dry, cool place.

Do not allow the syrup to boil rapidly, or crystals may appear in the jelly.

HE PAID THE FINE.

An aftermath of the trial of John W. Becker, the Carrick young farmer who was fined \$15 by Magistrate Tolton here for obtaining liquor while on the Indian list, was the lodging of a complaint last week against Wm. Russell of the American Hotel, Neustadt, for giving booze to the Carrick lister, Becker having testified that Russell had served the moisture out to him after the lister had himself secretly informed the cork puller of the man that had been placed on him respecting booze. Russell on being charged with the deed, decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and before the trial opened Friday settled the case by pleading guilty before Magistrate Telford of Hanover and paying a fine of \$25 and costs, or a total assessment of \$35 for the offence.—Walkerton Times.

BUILD UP THE HOME TOWN.

If you want to live in the kind of a town

Like the kind of a town you like, You needn't slip your clothes in a grip

And start on a long, long hike, You'll only find what you left behind.

For there's nothing that's really new, It's a knock at yourself when you knock your town.

It isn't your town—it's you! Real towns are not made by men afraid.

Lest somebody else gets ahead, When everyone works and no one shirks,

You can raise a town from the dead, And if while you make your personal stake,

Your neighbor can make one too, Your town will be what you want to see,

It isn't your town—it's you!

HAD ONLY TAUGHT SCHOOL.

One day Mr. Smith went to buy a bushel of buckwheat for sowing. The man who sold the wheat was away, but his wife undertook to make the sale. She found a peck measure and they went to the granary.

She filled the measure twice, poured the contents into the bag, and began to tie it up.

"But, Mrs. Lawton," said the man, "it takes four pecks to make a bushel."

"Oh, does it?" replied the woman untying the bag. "Well, you see I never had any experience in measuring grain before I was married, I always taught school!"