

Abraham Fair and Square

FISH FISH FISH

Fresh Red Salmon per pound 15c

Fresh Halibut per pound 15c

Fresh Frozen Herring per pound 6c

Finnan Haddie per pound 12 1/2c TRY A POUND

Lake Superior Herring In Brine, per doz. . . 25c In 100-Pound Kegs \$4.50

Fish is Good Brain Food. Take Plenty of It.

The J.D. ABRAHAM Company

BREXER.
A couple of loads of the young folks of this vicinity drove out to the home of Mr. Jas. Ritchie a couple of weeks ago and spent a pleasant evening.
Mr. Geo. Finney sold his driver last week to Mr. Wm. Black of your town. Mr. Will Brown sold a mare on fair day. There seems to be a little demand for horses yet, although prices are not so good as in former years.
Miss Mary Kennedy returned to Toronto last week, after spending a month at her home.
Mr. Angus McArthur, and Mr. Malcolm McInnes took a bunch of fat cattle to Toronto last week and got fairly good prices.
Mr. Chas. McArthur, who has been confined to his bed for some time, is on the mend, we are glad to say.
Miss Sadie McKeown is at present visiting friends in your town. Mrs. John Sutherland of Stratford is visiting her sick father, Mr. C. McArthur, at present.
Mr. Thos. Binnie took a business trip down the country week before last.
Mrs. Donald McFarlane, who for a long time has been confined to her bed, is showing a little improvement, we are glad to report.
A prayer meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Kennedy on Thursday evening of this week. Mr. Geo. Stewart purchased a

nice driver from Mr. Will Atkinson of Durham. George believes in good horses, and you will always find him with the goods at the call of the Bell.
Wonder if the Saugeen Valley scribe got her feed of eggs yet?

THE JOURNEY.
De world keep movin' on its way: It often hits a snag,
One time it sings a merry lay An' next it's dancin' rag,
Dar ain' no use o' sorrowin' About de luck dat comes;
You gotta let dis ol' world swing An' stick close while it hums.
One day de frost is gwinter bite While snow is pilin' deep,
De wind keeps howlin' th'oo de night,
While threatenin' sorrows creep But lif' yoh head an' sing yoh song,
An' watch de changin' sky, De world is movin' right along
Toward sunshine by an' by.
—Washington Star

THE FATALIST.
"No, darling, you mustn't have any more pudding—you would be ill."
Little Gertie (after due thought) Well, give me anuzzer piece—and send for the doctor.—London Opinion.

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 53c to 55c for Oats at our Elevator

PHONES 1 and 26

The Rob Roy Cereal Mills Co.

Oatmeal Millers.

"WAR"

Continued from page 7

"No; but do not imagine that it was your beauty that brought him down at long range, and therefore asked to know you. He merely questioned: 'Could you tell me whether a certain Countess Dotzky, formerly an Althaus, probably a relative of yours, is here to-day?' I want to speak to her," I pointed to you. "There she sits in the blue dress." "Oh," said he, "that is she? Will you introduce me?" And I brought him over with no idea that I would disturb your peace of mind.

"Such nonsense, Conrad, as though my peace were so easily ruffled! Tilling! What family is that? I know name is new to me."

"So you are interested? Perhaps he is the lucky fellow. I who have tried for three months to interest you in me must step aside for this cold-hearted lieutenant-colonel. Let me warn you, he is without feeling. The Tilling family, I believe, is of Hannoverian origin, although his father was an Austrian officer and his mother a Prussian. Did you note his North German accent?"

"He speaks beautiful German."

"You find everything about him beautiful, no doubt." Conrad rose. "I have heard enough. Let me leave you to dream—I can find plenty of beautiful ladies who—"

"Who will think you charming, Conrad. Indeed there are plenty."

I was uneasy and left the ball early. Surely not to be able to think uninterruptedly about the new file d, although I found myself doing it! At midnight I enriched the red book with the conversation given above, and added my unpleasant doubts that he might even then be sitting at the feet of the princess. I ended my sentence by envying her—not Tilling, oh no!—for being beloved by someone. My waking thought was once more—Tilling. Naturally, had he not made an appointment for that day? For some time nothing had excited me like this visit.

At ten minutes past two the Baron von Tilling was announced.

"As you see, Countess, I am prompt," he said, kissing my hand.

"Luckily, for I am overwhelmed with curiosity to know your news."

"Then, without delay, I will tell you. It is this: I was in the battle of Magenta."

"And you saw Arno die?" I cried.

"Yes. I can tell you of his last moments, and it will be a relief to you. Do not tremble, for if the film had been shocking I would not tell you."

"You take a weight from my heart. Go on, go on!"

"The empty phrase, 'He died as a hero,' I will not use. But it will comfort you to know that he died instantly and without knowing it. We were often together, and he was so confident of his safety. He showed me the pictures of his wife and boy, and insisted that after the campaign I should be his guest. I chanced in the Magenta massacre to be at his side. I will not relate the terrible scenes. The intoxication of the warrior passion had quite seized Dotzky in the thick of the bullet-hail and powder-fog. His eyes were blazing and he was fighting like mad. I who was sober, saw it all. Suddenly a shell, and ten men—Dotzky among them—fell. He was instantly killed, but many of them shrieked in agony. All but he were shockingly mangled, but we had to leave them, for a charging column came upon us with a murderous hurrah, pell-mell over the dead and wounded. Lucky those who were dead! After the battle I found Dotzky, with the placid smile on his face, a painless look, and in the same spot and position. I have meant for several years to come and tell you, and relieve you of a painful uncertainty. But forgive me if I have recalled torturing memories."

The Baron rose to go, and I thanked him while drying my tears: "You cannot know what a relief it is to feel that he died without agony. But stay. A certain tone in your remarks has touched a like strain in my thought. Tell me frankly, you too hate war?"

His face darkened: "Forgive me if I cannot stop to discuss the subject. I am sorry, but I am expected elsewhere."

A cold expression passed over me, and the unpleasant thought of the princess came into my mind. "Then I will not detain you, Colonel," I said coldly, and he left without asking if he might be allowed to come again.

CHAPTER II.

The carnival over—Rosa and Lil! were still fancy free, and I was feeling that the dancing was growing monotonous. I find all my impressions noted in the red book. Society was not dropped, for Lent brought rounds as well; sermons and church were quite as popular, a meeting for the friends as were the opera and ballroom earlier in the season. I was not quite pious enough to suit Aunt Marie, who dragged the girls off to hear all the famous preachers. I spent my evenings by the fire with books, and I devoted myself to my boy. I repeated Tilling's story to my father, but he considered it of no importance that Arno died without pain. How differently Tilling had regarded the matter, and I did not repeat his words to my father, for he would only instinctively have despised him for his unsoldierly sentiment. How gladly I would further have discussed the question of war with Tilling; but alas! he never called, and I

only casually met him in public occasionally. But even those meetings and greetings lingered in my thought.

One morning at breakfast my father handed me a parcel: "My dear, here is a parcel for you, and I have a favor to ask."

"A present, and a request," I laughed; "that's bribery."

"Yes, I must have three old generals and their wives to dinner, a stiff, tedious affair, and I want you to come to my house and do the honors."

"And you evidently wish to sacrifice your daughter, as the ancient father Agamemnon sacrificed Iphigenia."

"I added a younger element for your sake—Dr. Bresser, for one; he treated me in my last illness, and I wish to show my appreciation. I also invited Lieutenant-Colonel Tilling. Ah, you blush; what is the matter with you?"

"Me?" I said, hiding my confusion by hastily breaking open the parcel. "It is nothing for you, only a box of lead soldiers for Rudolf."

"But, father, a child of four—"

"Nonsense; I played at soldiers when I was three. My earliest memory is of drums, swords, words of command and marching. That is the way to start the boys to love the profession."

"But my son shall never be a soldier," I interrupted.

"Martha, you know it would be his father's wish."

"The boy belongs to me now, and I object."

"His life shall not be risked in war, he is my only son."

"As an only son I became a soldier; Arno and your brother also. The traditions of both families require that the offspring of a Dotzky and an Althaus shall devote his service to his fatherland."

"His country needs him less than I, and there are other ways of serving one's country."

"If all mothers were like you—"

"There would then be fewer parades and reviews, fewer men to slay as food for bullets. That would hardly be a misfortune."

Much provoked, my father said: "Oh you women! Luckily the young do not ask your permission, when soldier's blood flows in their veins. But Rudolf will not remain your only son, you will marry again. By the way, what has become of all your admirers? There is Captain Olensky seriously in love with you. Just lately he poured it all out to me, and I should like him as a son-in-law."

"I do not care for him for a husband."

"How about Major Millersdorf?"

"You may call the whole army roll, but I want none of them." And I turned the subject: "When is the dinner?"

"At five. Come down earlier, Adieu. I must go. Kiss Rudolf for me—the future Field-Marshal of the Imperial Army."

Could the dinner be a "stiff, tiresome affair," when the presence of Baron Tilling moved me in such a singular way? We had no occasion to speak at the table, being separated, and even after the dinner, while serving the coffee in the drawing-room, the two old generals remained my faithful attendants. I longed to speak to Tilling again about the battle-scene, and hear his sympathetic voice. But the circle left no opportunity for me to talk with him. The conversation ran on the usual topic.

"It will soon break out again," suggested one old general.

"Hum," said the other, "next time it will be with Russia."

"Must there always be a next time," I interrupted, but no one took notice.

"Italy first," persisted my father. "We must get back Lombardy. We should march into Milan as we did with Father Radetzky in '49. I remember, it was a bright sunny morn—"

"Oh!" I exclaimed in a panic, "we all know the story of the entry into Milan."

"And the story of the brave Hupfaut, also?" asked my father.

"Yes, and it is most revolting."

One of the group broke in diplomatically: "Let us hear it, Althaus." My father needed no encouragement.

"Hupfaut was a Tyrolean Jager, and the best shot imaginable. He proposed to take four comrades to the roof of the cathedral and shoot down on the rebels. The four did nothing but load, and he shot, hitting the mark every time and killing ninety Italians."

"Horrible!" I exclaimed. "Each one shot had a mother or sweetheart at home, and had a right to his young life."

"My dear, they were all enemies, and that alters the point of view."

"Ah, true," said Dr. Bresser, "the whole world is turned upside down so long as here is racial enmity, and the laws of humanity will receive but slight recognition."

"What do you say, Baron Tilling?" I asked.

"I would have decorated the gallant breast of the man, from the point of view of war ethics, and then put a bullet into his stony heart. He deserved both."

I gave the speaker a grateful look, and, except the doctor, all the guests seemed unpleasantly affected, and a short pause ensued in the talk.

The doctor then turned to my father, asking, "Have you read the new work by the English naturalist, Darwin?"

"I know nothing of it."

"Why, papa," I exclaimed, "that is the book you told me would soon be forgotten by the world."

"And, so far as I am concerned, it is forgotten."

"But," continued the doctor, "it has quite turned the world upside down with its new theory of the origin of

GLENELG COUNCIL

The newly elected Council of the Township of Glenelg met Jan 11th at 8 o'clock, Members present, Thos. Nichol Reeve; Tho. Turnbull, Malcolm McInnes, Geo. E. Peart and Jos. Young, councillors. Each member made and subscribed to Declaration of Qualification and of Office and took their seats the Reeve in the chair. Minutes of last meeting read and adopted. Communications read as follows: A B M. Arthur, sheep claims, J. A. McDonald, application for Assessorship, The Canadian Security Co., J. H. Kelly, bank account, A McPherson re taxes, Canadian Suffrage Association. By laws 550 Auditors, 551 Board of Health and 552 Assessor, were introduced and read a first and second time.

Peart—Young That By laws Nos. 550 and 551 appointing auditors and Board of Health respectively and as filled up be now read a third time, signed, sealed and engrossed on By-law Book.—Carried.

McInnes—Young That By-law 552 appointing an Assessor be filled up with the name of John A. McDonald at a salary of \$75.00 and that it be read a third time, signed, sealed and engrossed on By-law book.—Carried.

McInnes—Young That the Treasurer of Glenelg be instructed to pay to the Treasurer of Egremont the sum of \$8.25, being half cost of work on townline Glenelg and Egremont.—Carried.

Young—Turnbull That this Council pay to the Treasurer of Holland the sum of \$28.85 as half cost of work done on townline Glenelg and Holland.—Carried.

Turnbull—McInnes That this Council order seven copies of the Municipal World for use of Council.—Carried.

Young—McInnes That refund of taxes be made as follows on account of errors of assessment, namely: Durham Furniture Company \$9.18; Geo Allan \$1.83.—Carried.

Turnbull—McInnes That School Section No 16, A & G, be paid \$9.18, balance of taxes levied on section.—Carried.

Peart—Turnbull That the Treasurer deposit \$11.63 in the Division Court in Markdale to cover garnishee papers in suit No 81.—Carried.

Peart—Young That Mr. Turnbull be appointed to examine as to the Treasurer's sureties.—Carried.

McInnes—Peart That the Reeve be instructed to try and make a deal with Frank Haley for the amount of timber required for Glencross bridge.—Carried.

Young—Peart That Sam Wright be paid \$1.00 for inspecting sheep killed by dogs and that the Reeve be paid \$1.85, commission on expenditure, on townline G & H.—Carried.

Peart—Young That the consideration of the Women Suffrage Communication be left over till August meeting.—Carried.

Peart—McInnes That the Reeve be paid \$2.00 and the Treasurer \$5.00 for preparing the December financial statement and that the Reeve be paid \$2.00 for one day buying timber and \$2.00 for trip to Markdale re garnishee papers.—Carried.

Turnbull—Young That Road Commissioners for 1915 be as follows: Ward 1 Thos. Turnbull, ward 2 Malcolm McInnes, ward 3 Geo. E. Peart and ward 4 Joseph Young and that the Reeve be Commissioner for townlines and bridges.—Carried.

The Council adjourned to February 6 at 10 a. m.

J. S. BLACK

Large Sales Small Profits

McKECHNIES' 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. \$1.90
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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 leasher 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 Rubbers
Men's fine dongola blucher...\$2.00	Men's plain overs......90
Men's heavy kip blucher..... 2.50	Men's plain overs E.E......90
Men's heavy oil tan..... 3.10	Men's roll soled..... 1.00
Men's high overshoe..... 2.40	Men's high heel (Maltese Cross) 1.00

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

Ladies' Shoes	Ladies' Rubbers
Ladies' dongola button..... \$2.50	Ladies' plain overs......65
Ladies' patent blucher..... 3.25	Ladies' felt lined......70
Ladies' patent button..... 3.50	Ladies' Maltese Cross......75
	Ladies' tan overshoe..... 1.15

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

Continued next week.