

Abraham Fair and Square

# FISH FISH FISH

**Fresh Red Salmon per pound 12½c**

**Fresh Halibut per pound 15c**

**Fresh Frozen Herring per pound 6c**

**Finnan Haddie per pound 12½c**  
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**

**WHAT WOULD YOU DO?**

If you found a roll of bills in a shabby looking purse showing you that it probably represented the hard-earned wages of a working man, what would you do with it? Keep it to enrich yourself at the expense of some poor family's food and shelter? No, certainly not. Try to find the owner, and return it to him? Yes, every time.

There aren't many workmen losing money on the streets nowadays, but there are more than you suppose losing jobs, and jobs mean money, so it amounts to the same thing.

If it would give you real pleasure to hand a laborer back his lost money, it ought to be equally pleasing to be able to hand him back his job.

Simplest thing in the world to do. All that is necessary is to remember when you go into a shop to buy anything, that the article you pick up means somebody's job. If it is an imported article, well that's a job for a fellow in some other country, but if it's "Made in Canada," it's a job for one of your fellow Canadian citizens, who for the time being is a little down in his luck.

Take a handkerchief out right now and tie a knot in it, just to remind you about Canadian Jobs for Canadian Workmen.

**HOUSEHOLD HELPS.**

Cabbage leaves contain a great deal of gluten, therefore, are very nourishing.

Rag rugs made of cotton wash well, are inexpensive and are often just the thing for the kitchen.

Oysters chopped and served in the gravy of a particularly juicy porterhouse steak are delicious.

Potatoes, other vegetables and pork chops are among the edibles that may be cooked in the casserole to advantage.

Get a boxful of chopped cork from the grocer and use instead of ashes on icy sidewalks. Warm the cork before sprinkling it.

Use ammonia water always instead of soap if you are cleaning white paint. It has the advantage of not dulling the surface.

Whole wheat bread filled with a mixture of dates, raisins and nuts is not only delicious, but so nutritious one could almost live on it alone.

It is a mistake to wash the face just before going out into the cold. Both face and hands should be thoroughly dried and have a softening lotion rubbed into the skin before exposing them to the severe winds of winter.

## 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 high est 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 55c to 60c for Oats at our Elevator

PHONES 4 and 26

**The Rob Roy Cereal Mills Co.**  
Oatmeal Millers.

# "WAR"

Continued from page 7

Some days later, when other guests were calling, Tilling was announced. I almost cried out with surprise and delight, but checked myself, and as he sat opposite me he calmly announced that he expected to leave Vienna for a post in Hungary.

"What has our poor Vienna done that you leave it?" I asked with an effort.

"Its gaiety jars on me. I am morose in a mood for solitude."

"A jolly rattling war would be the best thing to shake that out of you, my dear Tilling," said my father. "But, alas! there is no such cheerful prospect. This peace threatens to last."

"I protest against the idea that military men should desire war. We are here to defend our country, just as the fire department is here to put out fires, not to wish for them. Both war and fire are afflictions which we do not care to bring upon our fellows. Peace alone is good. It is the absence of the greatest evil. It is the only condition of welfare for humanity. Has the army from motives of pure personal ambition, a right to desire that the greatest misery and suffering should fall upon the rest? To carry on war that the army may be kept busy and its officers promoted, would be like setting fire to our cities in order that the fire brigade may distinguish themselves."

Silently I seconded the speaker.

"Your comparison is a poor one," replied my father. "Fires only destroy, while wars build up the glory and power of a people. How otherwise, could a nation extend its territory except through conquest. Personal promotion is not the gallant soldier's only ambition. It is pride in his race and country that leads him to desire war—in one word, Patriotism."

"Oh, this mistaken love of country!" cried Tilling. "The soldier is not the only one who learns to love the soil upon which he has taken root. That is a passion common to all. For my part, there are other ways than violence to express it. We should be proud of our poets rather than of our commanding generals."

"How dare you compare a poet and a soldier?" exclaimed my father.

"I ask the same question. Is not the bloodless crown the better and finer?"

"But," expostulated Aunt Marie, "how can a soldier speak so? What would become of the warlike spirit?"

"At nineteen," answered Tilling, "I was filled with it. After I had seen the realities, the butchery and bestialities of war, my soul was sickened, and every later campaign I entered with resignation and disgust rather than enthusiasm."

"Hear me, Tilling," said my father. "I have been through more campaigns than you, and have witnessed as much of the horror of war, but I never lost my ardor, and went in to the last as an old man with the same zeal as into the first."

"Pardon me, Excellency, the older generation to which you belong had a more warlike and martial enthusiasm than now exists. The feelings of humanity as a whole have changed. The desire to abolish misery is growing in ever-widening circles, and permeates all society. That spirit in your day had not yet been born."

"What is the use?" retorted my father. "Misery will always be. Neither that nor war can be abolished."

"Pardon me, Count Althaus," said Tilling. "Res' nation to all forms of evil was the spirit of the past. As soon as the heart questions, 'Is it necessary?' that heart can no longer endure resignation and must make right the wrong as a sort of expiation. This sense of repentance has become universal enough to be called the conscience of the age."

My father raised his shoulders, "That is too deep for me. I only know that we old grandfathers look back on our campaigns with a thrill of pleasure. And, in fact, the very youngest soldier, if asked to-day whether he would like to go to war would surely answer, 'Willingly—even joyfully!'"

"The boys, of course," answered Tilling. "They have still the school-drilled enthusiasm for war in them. And the old soldier, of course, would answer 'Willingly,' for he must live up to the popular conception of the courageous. If he said honestly, 'Unwillingly,' it would only pass for fear."

"Why, I certainly should be afraid," said Lili, with a little shudder. "Think how terrible it must be to have bullets flying on all sides and death threatening you any instant!"

"What you say seems quite natural from a young lady's lips," replied Tilling. "But soldiers must repress their instincts of self-preservation as well as their compassion for their friend and foe. Next to cowardice, it is most disgraceful for us to have sentiments or emotions."

"Only in war times," said my father, "for in private life, thank God, we also have hearts."

"Yes, I know. With a sort of children's slight-of-hand, we say of every horror when war is on. That goes for nothing. Murder is no longer murder. Robbery is no longer robbery, but provisioning for the cities are so many positions taken. For every broken law of morality, humanity, and decency, as long as the war-game lasts, we snap our fingers and by hocus-pocus transform it into nothing. But when this inordinate war-gambling lifts from the conscience for a moment, and one comprehends the actual depravity of the thing—that wholesale crime has meant nothing—then the human mind can

only wish to be delivered from the intolerable depths—even by death."

"Really," said Aunt Marie reflectively, "commandments like, 'Thou shalt not murder,' 'Thou shalt not steal,' 'Love thy neighbor,' 'Forgive thy enemies'—"

"Go for nothing, too," repeated Tilling. "For those whose calling it is to teach these commandments are the very ones who call down the blessing of heaven on our murderous instruments and work."

"And justly," said my father. "For the God of the Bible is the God of Battles, the Lord of Hosts, who commands us to draw the sword. It is He—"

"Men always decree what they wish as the will of God," said Tilling. "Even the divine law is waved aside when men begin the great game of hatred. The heavenly law of love goes for nothing when men find it convenient so to interpret the God whom they have set up before them. But forgive me, Countess; I have opened a wearisome discussion when I only came to say good-bye."

Deeper to me than ever because of the storm of feeling and thrilling emotions he had set in action in my mind how could I let him go, perhaps never to meet again? With a cold farewell before all these people—it must not end so. Had he gone and closed the door, I should have burst into sobs.

Quietly rising, I said, "I must show you that photograph of which we spoke," and Tilling, very much surprised, followed me to a table at some distance.

"I cannot let you go—I must speak to you."

"As you will, Countess. I am listening."

"Not now. Come to-morrow at this hour."

He hesitated.

"I insist. By the memory of your mother for whom I mourned with you."

"O Martha!"

The word thrilled me with a flash. It was agreed, and, boxing to the company he kissed my hand and left.

With that impatience, anticipation, and even anxiety I looked forward to the coming visit! Would he ask me what I wished to say, and would I need to tell him of my love? Would he cross-examine me, and would my pride stand between me and my love? As I was thinking thus he was announced.

"By your command, dear Countess," he said, "I am happy that you invited me in the name of my mother, and I must speak from the heart."

"Why do you hesitate?"

"I find it harder than I thought to speak out."

"Where is the confidence you gave me when watching at the death-bed? Have you not the same faith in me now?"

"In that terrible hour I was beside myself. I overstepped my right, and for fear I might do it again, I planned to go away."

"You wish to avoid me. And why?"

"Why? Why? Because—because I adore you."

My emotions turned my head away. Tilling also stood dumb. At last I broke the silence:—

"And that is why you are planning to leave?"

"That is the reason."

"Can the plan be recalled?"

"The transfer is not yet ordered."

"Then stay!"

He seized my hand—gasping.

"Martha!"

In the same instant my father rushed in.

"Are you at home? The footman said you were not." My father glared at Tilling. "Good-day. After last night's farewell I am surprised to see you, Martha, there is a family matter I must see you about."

Tilling arose. "When can I see you again?" he asked in an undertone, taking leave.

I whispered, "To-morrow, in the Prater at nine on horseback."

With a bow to my father, who responded stiffly, he left the room.

"What is this family affair, father?"

"It is this very thing. I only scared your lover away in order to tell you what I think of him. How dare you trifle with the family name and your reputation in this way?"

"Father, my reputation and honor are guarded by my little son. As an independent widow I have outgrown your authority. I tolerate no lovers, but if I choose to marry after the dictates of my heart who shall hinder?"

"Marry Tilling!" he shouted. "Are you mad? It would be a family calamity."

"Why, father, you yourself have been offering me a brevet-captain, a captain, a major—while this man is in the rank of lieutenant-colonel."

"The worse for that, with such treasonable opinions as he expressed yesterday. He wants to resign, I guess, and is hunting a rich widow? And would you stoop to such a man, you who are the daughter of a proud soldier who fought in four wars, longing to enlist again, and you the widow of a brave warrior who made glorious the field of battle by his sacrifice?"

My father was pacing the floor, red-faced, and his voice trembling with excitement. I was moved to the quick by these contemptuous words in attack of the man of my heart. But he words of mine could deliver the injustice; Tilling's silent passion was his own responsibility of understanding as I comprehend it.

"I have seen your face, and the sadness which lay open before me. Enough joy had come to me in that short hour to swallow any vexation."

Continued next week.

## PATRIOTISM and PRODUCTION

### AGRICULTURAL CONFERENCE

Under the Don-union Department of Agriculture in co-operation with the Ontario Department of Agriculture will be held in the

#### Town Hall, Durham

— on —

## WED., FEBRUARY 17

3.00 p.m.

**"THE DUTY AND THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE CANADIAN FARMER"**

(a) in relation to FARM CROPS  
WM. SQUIRRELL, B.S.A., Associate Professor of Field Husbandry, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph.

(b) in relation to LIVE STOCK  
R. W. WADE, B.S.A.  
Mayor Hunter will preside.

7.30 p.m.

In addition to the above speakers JOHN FARRELL, Forest, who has toured the British Isles, and others will address the meeting.

Warden Calder will preside

**GOD SAVE THE KING**

### TOWN COUNCIL

The town council met on Monday night, the mayor, Mr. A. S. Hunter in the chair.

The minutes of previous and adjourned sessions were read and confirmed, after which a batch of accounts amounting to about \$350 was examined by the finance committee, and payments were recommended.

A by-law, giving special power to the constable for the enforcement of the local option by-law, was read a first time, but laid over for future consideration, Councillor Saunders objecting to it first on the grounds that it did not embody the full text of what was demanded by the temperance people, and in the way in which it was drawn up would be ineffective and of little or no value.

Mr. Saunders, we might here mention, has not been a supporter of local option, but seeing that the people want it, as expressed by their vote in the recent contest against repeal, he takes the ground that the law should be enforced, and while a member of the council he believes the popular wish should be served. The by-law will likely come up again at the next meeting. Councillors Grant, Wolfe and Lloyd were of the same opinion as Mr. Saunders, and also expressed an unwillingness to pass the by-law in the form in which it was drawn up.

Four brothers in one home enlisted at Walkerton. They were: Harry, Philip, Adam and Norman Denny. Harry is married, and his wife has offered her services as a nurse.

### "THE KAISER'S SOLILOQUY."

Vatt iss dis Maple Leaf I hear?  
De bans do blay, de mens do cheer,  
Undt go right to de gates of Hell,  
Dey don's gif DAMN for shot undt shell.

I nefer heard of dem before,  
Dey smile undt sing midst cannon's roar,  
Now, hark, dey sing: ach dey don't fear;  
"Der Mable Leaf Our Emblem dear."

Dey knock my Chermans. Poutt like d'vish,  
It makes me vish I vas midt Gott Bud von ting I not understandt,  
Vy Mable Leafs in Paderlandt?

Dey somedings say bout Lion's whelp,  
Undt dey come here de Lion to help.  
I vink, undt call on Gott, mine friendt,  
To pudt dese Mable Leafs to endt.  
Budt Mable Leafs, vy interfere Midt me, who ovns dis Hemisphere?  
I praps can knock der rest aroundt,  
Budt Mable Leafs, you're some aggroundt.  
—Sid Saunders, Ingersoll, Ont.

### CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED

with local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood, or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a medicine. It is prescribed by some of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular remedy. It is composed of the best medicines known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, price 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation

Large Sales Small Profits

# McKECHNIES' WEEKLY NEWS

|  |  |  |
|--|--|--|
| One of Our Specials This Week<br>Ladies' Fine Dongola Blucher. Sizes 1 to 4.<br>\$1.39 | Walk a Little Farther Save a Little More | One of Our Specials This Week<br>Ladies' Dongola Bluc. Very dressy shoe.<br>\$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 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

At Markham, Jack Hassard hurt his knee while skating. After attending to him Dr. Young slipped and fell on the sidewalk, knocking himself senseless.