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VARNEY.
Mrs. Jas. Hoy, and son Murray, left last week for Michigan.
Elgin Wilton, and sister Miss Carrie, spent a few days with friends in Proton.
Mr. Julius Keller intends to erect a new house this coming summer, and on Thursday and Friday of last week drew 20,000 brick from Durham, with the help of his neighbors.
Miss Maggie McNiece spent a few days last week visiting Mr. Irwin Reiley and his sister, Miss Prudence, of town.
A number from here attended the service in Holstein on Sunday at which Rev. J. Ward, formerly of this village, preached.

"WAR"

A SERIAL STORY BY
BARONESS BERTHA VON SUTTNER

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CHAPTER V.

On the joy of the next morning, when at nine o'clock I left my carriage at the bridge path of the Prater! There my horse awaited me. I was hardly in the saddle when I realized the tread of a horse behind me. It was the inevitable Conrad, and my greeting was rather cool, for though I could hardly expect to have the Prater to myself, yet I must somehow get rid of this faithful cavalier. Off in the distance I noticed Tilling galloping.

"Ah, dear cousin," I said, "only last night was I a good ally of yours, and told Lilli what a fine fellow you were, so considerate, so—"

"Now, cousin, what do you want for all this 'attery'?"
"Only that you whip up your horse and gallop away," and Conrad, seeing Tilling approach, took the hint, and laughingly flew off.

"This Althaus again," said Tilling coming up to my side, his tone being plainly vexed, which pleased me. "Did he leave at seeing me, or did his horse run away?"

"He went because I sent him."
"Countess Martha, the world says he loves his cousin."

"He does."
"That he courts her persistently."
"And not without hope."

Tilling was silent, and I laughed into his face. "But I am not the cousin. It is my sister Lilli."
"You lift a load from my heart. This man was the reason why I wished to leave Vienna. I could not stay and look on. Besides, I dare not trust myself, for I could no longer conceal my feelings for you, and I feared being made ridiculous and miserable."

"But to-day you are happy."
"Since yesterday I scarcely know myself, and yet I feared I should suddenly awake and find it all a dream. What have I to offer you? I have no prospects. To-day I am in the seventh heaven and to-morrow, perhaps, in despair. Pardon me, I am usually cool and prudent, but to-day my feelings are extravagant. You can make me either happy or wretched."

"I have doubts, too. There is that princess."
"Has that nonsense come to your ears? There is nothing in it, or would I be wishing to leave Vienna?"

"A stupid jealousy in us both. Would I have asked you to meet me if I had expected my cousin?" And I added, "Yet why have you kept away from me?"

"Because I never dared hope that I could win your love. It was not till you ordered me in the memory of my mother, that I dared speak, though I was eager to dedicate my life to you."

"So I have really thrown myself at your head, or you would not have bothered about me?"

"I did not care to be counted with the swarm of admirers."
"Oh, they do not count. They only wanted a rich widow—"

"That is the very point which held me back, for I have no fortune. I would rather be miserable all my days than suspected by the world and the woman I love! of having had a low motive in marrying her."

"You proud, noble fellow, I could never believe, no never, that a single wrong motive was possible to you." And we rode on and questioned each other about all our ideals and feelings. It was a blissful hour.

Direct from the Prater I drove to my father's house. What an unpleasant sensation the announcement would make, and I wished it over as soon as possible. Father and Aunt Marie were busy over their morning papers, and both were startled at my early call, and in a riding habit.

"I have been riding in the Prater, and something happened which you must all know at once. I have promised to marry—"

Aunt Marie threw up her hands, and father frowned—"I can only hope—"

"I have promised to marry the man that I love, and who will surely make me happy—Baron Frederick von Tilling."

"How dare you, after what I said yesterday," shouted my father, springing up.

Aunt Marie shook her head: I had rather it were some one else. He is not a match for you, and has such peculiar views."

"Our views are alike, and I seem to look out for any match. Father, dearest father, do not frown so daily, do not spoil my happiness with your displeasure; be my dear good papa."

"But, child," said my father, softening, "I only want your happiness. I could not be happy with a soldier who is not a soldier from his heart and soul."

"But you do not need to marry him," remarked Aunt Marie judiciously. "His peculiar notions are of little consequence. But I would be unhappy with a man who speaks with so little reverence of the Bible and God as he did the other day."

"You, too, my dear Aunt, need not marry him," I interposed laughingly.

"Well," said my father, sighing, "every one makes his own heaven. I suppose he will resign."

"We have not mentioned that at all, and I certainly desire it, but I fear he will not."

"To think," said Aunt Marie, "that you have refused a Prince! and now you are descending in the social scale instead."

"Here I come," I said, "for the first time since Arno's death, to tell you I am happy, and instead of being glad you both drag out reasons for reproach—military service, Jehovah, social scale and suchlike."

But after half an hour's conversation the old folks were somewhat reconciled, and my father agreed to come in the evening to meet his future son-in-law at my house.

All the relatives came at the same time, and I introduced Tilling as my betrothed. Rosa and Lilli were delighted. Conrad cried: "Bravo, Martha. Lilli should profit by your example." My father had conquered his antipathy, or succeeded in concealing it, and Aunt was even full of sentiment. Little Rudolf was presented to his "new papa," who kissing, said: "Of you, my little fellow, we two must try to make a perfect man."

During the evening my father suggested his idea that Tilling would quit the service. The latter answered in astonishment.

"Give up my career, when I have no other! One can dislike war and still—"

"Yes, I know—as you said lately, a freeman need not love to see a house on fire."

"There are other illustrations: Need a physician love cancer and typhus, or a judge enjoy burglary and murder? But what reason could I have for abandoning my profession?"

"You would spare your wife the unpleasant life of the garrison," said Aunt Marie, "and spare her the anxiety should there be war."

"Those are good reasons, and I shall try to keep my wife from as many unpleasantnesses as possible. But would it not be most unpleasant to have a husband without a calling? If I resigned, it would count for laziness or cowardice. It did not occur to me, nor to you either, Martha, I hope."

"Suppose I made it a condition?"
"You would not do that. I should prefer to renounce my happiness. You are rich, I am poor, except for my pay and the hope of promotion. These I cannot surrender without loss of my dignity and honor."

"Bravo my son, now I am reconciled. It would be a shame, for you will certainly rise to the rank of general—you may be a governor or minister of war some day. Your wife may have a proud position."

The prospect of being a commander's wife had no charms for me, but I was silent. Though I would rather have retired to one of our quiet estates, yet I approved of Frederick's resolution since it reconciled my father.

"Yes, quite reconciled," continued my father, "for the daughter of a soldier, the widow of a soldier could never be content with a civilian's costume for always."

Frederick's glance said, "I know you better," but aloud he remarked, with a smile: "Yes—maybe she only fell in love with my uniform."

In September we were married. My husband had two months' leave, and we spent a week in Berlin, visiting the sister of Frederick's mother. The two sisters had greatly resembled each other, and I was able to realize the beauty of character of the one from the other. Frau Cornelia von Tessau, the widow of a Prussian general, was the mother of an only son, just about to become a lieutenant, and a touching affection existed between them, such as I hoped my son and I might experience some day.

Our wedding tour, extending to the Rhine and to Switzerland, brought many charming revelations. I discovered many new qualities in my husband. I found him full of liveliness and quick appreciation of everything beautiful in nature and art, and discovered also that he was a perfect master of the French and English languages. Our two months passed only too swiftly, and the first unpleasant moment was when the official paper came recalling us to duty.

We joined Frederick's regiment at Olmutz where we retired completely from the military circle and devoted our free time wholly to each other. I exchanged the first necessary calls, and soon found I could not endure the usual gossip of the set. We took up a course of scientific reading between us, keeping up the liveliest sympathy in the advanced thought of the world, and the philosophic questions of the day. We discussed the future of our boy, and planned above all that he should not be a soldier.

Christmas took us back to Vienna, the family being quite reconciled to our marriage, for they were compelled to admit that at least we were very happy. Conrad was still a constant visitor, and I could see that he had made some progress with Lilli. Christmas eve was very gay, and above all gifts were showered upon little Rudolf. A lively company had gathered in the drawing-room, among the rest our old friends, the Minister of the Interior and Dr. Bresser.

"Is it true, your Excellency," the Doctor asked, "that another war is threatening?"

"Yes," answered the statesman, "there is indeed a dark and portentous cloud on the political horizon."

I shrank with terror, crying anxiously: "What! How! What can it mean?"

"Denmark has certainly gone too far."

"Oh, Denmark? Then the storm were no joyous time for me. My happiness was again darkened by this—"

rather than Austria."

"Never fear," said my father, to comfort me, "if Austria is drawn into it, we do not risk anything. In defending the rights of Schleswig-Holstein we do not involve Austrian territory."

"Do you imagine, father, that I would consider the question of territories for a moment, when I only fear the one thing, and that is the danger of those I love!"

"My child, you cannot consider the fate of the individual where the fate of the nation is concerned. The men that are lost are of little consequence in comparison to the main question whether our country shall lose or win. I say if we cross swords with the Danes we can only extend our influence in the German Alliance, and it is my dream that the Hapsburgs may recover the German imperial crown to which they are entitled. A war with Denmark would be a fit opportunity to wipe out the loss of '59 in Lombardy, and who knows, we might even gain power enough to reconquer that province."

I glanced across the room where Frederick was joking with the young people, and a violent pain shot through me. My all would be crippled, or perhaps shot dead. One child, yet unborn, would be fatherless, all our fresh happiness would be blotted out. All this in one side of the scale, and in the other Austria, and the German Alliance, the liberation of Schleswig-Holstein, with fresh laurels for the army—a lot of new phrases for school-boy orations and army proclamations. Thousands and thousands of other individuals would have their happiness staked as well as mine, both in ours and the enemy's country. Could it not be avoided, this monstrous thing? If all were to combine, all the wise, the good, and just, could it not be averted?

"Tell me, your Excellency," I asked. "Has it gone so far that the statesmen and diplomatists cannot ward it off?"

"Do not believe, dear Baroness, that it is our business to maintain eternal peace? It would be a beautiful mission, certainly, but impracticable. It is ours to watch the interests of our states and dynasties, and never allow their power to be diminished but strive in every way to maintain our supremacy and honor and revenge insults."

"In fact the principle of war is to injure the enemy whether you are right or wrong."

"Exactly."
"And so they hack away at each other. It is horrible."

"But it is the only way out. How else can quarrels be decided?"
"As are the quarrels between individuals."

"By tribunals? But there are none over the nations."
And Dr. Bresser came to my help: "No, savages have not; hence nations in their intercourse cannot claim to be civilized, and it will take a long time before an International Tribunal is constituted."

"We shall never get there," interrupted my father. "Such things must always be fought out, for the strong nations would never submit to arbitration. They will only set themselves right by fighting even as gentlemen do, when they are offended."

"The duel is barbarous and immoral."
"You never will be able to alter it."
"Still, your Excellency, I would never defend it."

"What think you, Frederick?" my father turned to my husband. "Should a man take a slap in the face and carry the matter to a law court, and get five florins damages?"
"I should not do so."
"You would challenge the insult?"
"Of course."

"Aha, Martha! Aha, Doctor," cried my father victoriously. "Did you hear? Tilling, who hates war, is an advocate of duelling."

"No, I do not admit that. But in certain cases I should resort to it, even as I have gone to war under certain conditions. Our conduct must correspond to the current notions of honor. Some day the insult will turn back upon the person inflicting it as the disgraced one, and it will be considered immoral to seek revenge, as it is in other questions considered wrong to take the law into one's own hands."

"We will have to wait a long time for that day," my father broke in. "As long as an aristocracy exists—"

"That will not be for ever," muttered the Doctor.

"Oh, so you would abolish aristocracy?"
"Yes, the feudal. The future needs no nobility."

"But so much the more will it need noble men," said Frederick in confirmation.

"And this rare race will quietly take a slap in the face?"
"There will be none to offer the insult."

"And the states will not defend themselves, if attacked by a neighbor?"
"No neighboring state will offer an attack, as even now our neighboring country seats do not besetge each other. A problem no longer need troops for its castle."

"So some day the states will dispense with standing armies? Ha, what will then become of you Lieutenant-colonels?"
"What has become of the squires of feudal times?"

BOOK III.
1864

CHAPTER I.

The remaining two weeks in Vienna were no joyous time for me. My happiness was again darkened by this

Continued on page 7.

DARKIES' CORNERS.

Congratulations to Miss Elizabeth Weir and Mr. Albert Smith, who were married February 3. We wish them a happy and prosperous wedded life.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Lindsay visited Sunday at Mr. Will McCulloch's, Bentinck, Mrs. McCulloch Sr., being seriously ill of late.

The many friends of Mr. John Weir will be pleased to know that word has been received, and that John is well, and likes the military training well.

The ladies who did not avail themselves of the opportunity to attend the Irish meeting of the Women's Institute at Mrs. C. Ramage's and hear the Rev. Mr. Morris' address on Ireland, missed a rare treat.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Coutts of Vickers spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Joe Atkinson
Mr. and Mrs. Will Noble of

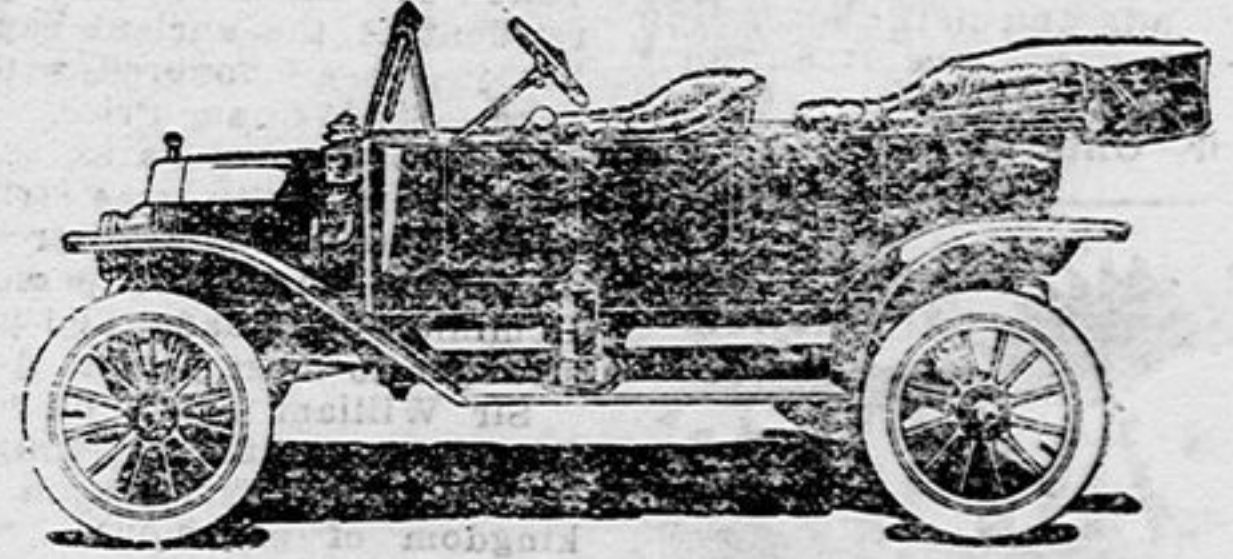
town spent Sunday with Mr. John McGirr.
Mr. and Mrs. Will Atkinson of town spent Sunday evening with the former's father, Mr. Jas. Atkinson.

Sorry to report Mrs. Wm. Weir has been somewhat indisposed the past week or so, owing to a severe cold.

Fred. Wurdell of Mitchell had his back broken while pressing hay. An engine toppled over on him.

The Swift Canadian Company Limited, gives notice of change of head office from Winnipeg to Toronto.

Burglars stole a gold watch and overcoat from the residence of J. N. Boyle, Richmond Hill, and the articles were recovered in a Toronto pawnshop.



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