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"WAR"

Continued from page 6

fatal prospect of war. Over all my joys there seemed ever to hang some imminent anguish. Are there not sufficient catastrophes in the natural course of events to keep one in a sense of uncertainty? Why should man willfully add fresh tortures to the category of natural calamities which might at any time beset him? Some people have learned to look upon war as a natural phenomenon like earthquake and drought, but I had ceased to see it so. Instead of resignation I felt only pain and opposition. Why should Schleswig-Holstein and the Danish Constitution upset us? What matter to us if the "Protocol Prince" repeated or confirmed the constitutional law of November 13, 1863? What if the papers did make it the most important matter in the world, should our husbands and sons therefore be shot down? Should our belonging to the German Alliance necessitate taking up all their quarrels? Had I foreseen two years later how these same German brothers broke into the bitterest enmity, and the Austrians hated the Prussians with a fiercer hate than that which they now entertained for Denmark, I should have realized that all these arguments given out to justify war are mere pretexts and empty phrases.

On New Year's Eve at my father's house he proposed a toast to the hero and "might it be a glorious one to our arms." I refused to concur. When we returned to the hotel I found myself disturbed even to tears. My husband comforted me: "Do not weep over the bare possibility of war; nothing is yet definite."

"It is the possibility which makes me cry. Were there a certainty I should be shrieking and wailing. Oh that in this first year you should be torn from me by war."

"Come, my dear Martha, when a child is born to you, you must face the possibility of death like every man on the battlefield. Let us enjoy our life now and not waste it thinking of the death which hangs over every head."

"You talk of Destiny just like Aunt Marie. No, it is the thoughtlessness, cruelty, and folly of mankind. Where is there a necessity of a war with Denmark?"

"But that is not yet declared."

"Yes, I know, accidents may still avert the evil; but it should depend not on accidents, intrigues, humors but upon the righteous will of humanity. Do not try to quiet my whole soul shudders with repugnance. My only consolation is that you condemn with me what brings so much unhappiness."

"Yes, yes, dear, I do not hide from you my feelings; when the disaster happens I will not conceal from me my hate for legalized slaughter. To-day let us not think of destruction; let us be happy while nothing separates us. No joy can last for ever. It is not the length of our days, but the degree of the beauty of our days which makes life so blessed."

And I let myself sink into the sweet rest of the moment and forget the threatening future.

We returned to the garrison on January 10. There was no longer any doubt of war. In Vienna I still heard of some small hope that the dispute could be settled, but in our military circles this was out of the question. The officers and their wives were greatly, even joyfully excited. Did it mean hope for promotion and distinction, or only a restless desire for action?

"Ah, this war will be immensely popular," said the Colonel at a jolly supper. "And our own territory cannot suffer."

"It is the noble motive that inspires me," said a young lieutenant. "We defend the rights of our oppressed brothers the Prussians. We cannot be vanquished when we fight together, and it will strengthen the national ties. The ideal of nationality—"

"Nonsense," interrupted the Colonel with severity, "that is humbug to an Austrian. Louis Napoleon rode the same sort of a hobby-horse in '59; 'Italy for the Italians.' Why talk of banding with the Germans when we have the Bohemians, Hungarians, Croats?—our bond of unity lies in our loyalty to our dynasty. The thing which must inspire us is not the nationality of our allies but the good, faithful service we can render our beloved ruler."

All rose and pledged the toast. Even my quaking heart stirred for a moment with enthusiasm. That thousands could be inspired by one motive, one person, into a desire for self-sacrifice, this is really a lofty sense of love. But to think that through this love the high fulfillment of duty leads men into the most horrible work of the deadliest hatred—War! My heart chilled again at the thought. My anxiety grew with the succeeding days. On January 16 the allies demanded that Denmark revoke a certain law against which the Holsteiners had protested asking the protection of the German Alliance, and to this in twenty-four hours. Denmark refused, and had been expected to refuse, for Austrian and German troops stood massed on the frontier, and on February 1 they crossed the Eider. So the die was cast and the bloody game began. Frederick's regiment, to the great chagrin of the Colonel and corps, was

not ordered north. This brought a fatherly letter of commiseration:—

"Such ill-luck, not to be called into the opening to a glorious campaign! This will rejoice Martha. But you, Frederick, though philosophically opposed to war, must regret it. If you got into the fight, certainly your martial enthusiasm would be awakened. To be forced to stay at home is truly hard on a soldier!"

"Is it hard on you to stay with me, Frederick?" The silent answer was enough.

But my peace was gone. The order might come any day. If the campaign would only end quickly! I watched the newspapers eagerly. I prayed for the termination of the war before my "all on earth" was called. What cared I what became of that little scrap of country? Their rulers were quarrelling only over their jealousies, not over the wrongs of their people, or to better the conditions.

If a number of dogs are fighting over some bones, it is only the hungry dogs that tear each other, but in human history it is the "bones" that have to fight for their devourers.

The Austrian held that they were justified in maintaining the "balance of power." The Danes maintained the opposite principle with equal emphasis. If two States disagree and cannot come to an understanding, why not call in a third Power as arbitrator? Why go on shouting oneself hoarse, and then finally decide by force of arms? Is it not savage? And when a third Power comes in it does not do so judicially, but with blows again. And this is what they call world politics. Why not name it primitive savagery—or parliamentary nonsense—or international barbarism?

I found myself greatly troubled by this mysterious power called "reasons of State," and I began a careful study of history to find out where the historic right lay over which they were quarrelling.

I found the disputed district ceded to Denmark in 1027. So in reality the Danes are right. They are the legitimate kings. However, two hundred years later it was turned over to a younger house, and it was ranked only as a fief of Denmark. In 1326 Count Gerhard Holstein received Schleswig, and the Waldemar constitution provided that Denmark should never again claim any ownership. Oh! then indeed, the right is with the allies! We are really fighting for the Waldemar Constitution of 1326. That is very good, for if these paper securities are not upheld of what worth are they?

In 1488 this constitution was again ratified by King Christian I. So how dare Denmark ever again claim sovereignty? But what has the Protocol Prince to do with the matter? Twelve years later the Schlegel ruler dies with heirs, and the National Assembly met at Ripon (so important to know exactly where these assemblies always convene). Well then at Ripon, in 1499, they proclaimed the Danish King the Duke of Schleswig, and he thereupon promised that the countries should remain together "for ever undivided." Ah, that is a bit confusing; but remember, they shall remain united "for ever." This little "for ever" is chiefly responsible for the historical confusion, for straightaway they divided up the provinces among the King's sons, and under later kings they are again reunited. They are hardly together before they are sliced up again. What a tangle! How can I find my way out, and historically establish the point upon which finally our Austrian countrymen must shed their blood?

Again I find during the Thirty Years' War, Charles IV. fell upon the duchy. Then a treaty made in 1658 forced the Danish sovereignty to surrender for ever. So we have gotten rid of the Danish feudal lordship "for ever," thank God, and our way is clear again.

But here comes an agreement on August 22, 1721, and Schleswig becomes a dependency of Denmark once more, and on June 1, 1773, Holstein also becomes a simple Danish province. This alters the case again, and certainly, now the Danes have a perfect right. But hold, not quite—for the Vienna Congress of 1815 declared Holstein a part of the German Alliance. This enraged the Danes, who raised the battle-cry "Denmark to the Elder!" and strove for the complete possession of Schleswig. In the year 1846 King Christian writes a public letter in which he proposed the integrity of the entire state. But the Germans protest. Then the announcement of the complete union is made from the throne, and a rebellion breaks out on the part of the Germans. The Danes win one battle, the Schleswig-Holsteiners the other. Hereupon the Alliance interfered. Prussia took some strategic points, but the struggle continues. At last Prussia and Denmark conclude a peace, so Schleswig-Holstein now stands alone to fight the Danes, and is defeated.

The Alliance calls the "revolvers" to discontinue, and they do. Austria takes possession of Holstein, and the two duchies are separated. What has become of all the paper promises to hold them together "for ever"? It is incomprehensible.

But here comes the Protocol of London, May 8, 1852. (So wise that we know the exact date of these flimsy agreements!) This secures to Prince Christian of Glücksburg the succession to Schleswig. So this is where the "Protocol Prince" originated.

In 1854, after each little duchy had adopted a Constitution of its own, both were again appended to Denmark. In '58 Denmark was compelled to lay down its claim. Now history brings

IMPERIALIST KNIGHTED.

Sir Clive Phillips-Wolley Is a Big Empire Man.

The knighthood bestowed upon Capt. Clive Phillips-Wolley of Victoria, B.C., is a reward of articulate and active Imperialism. Sir Clive was born in England in 1854. For some years he was British consul at Ketchikan. Afterwards he practiced law in London, moving to Victoria when he retired from practice. He belongs to a very old Shropshire family, the Wolleys of Woodhall, whose name and arms he assumed on succeeding to their estates thirty years ago, his own name being Phillips. He was at one time a captain in the 4th battalion S.W.B., and he married in 1879 a daughter of Rear-Admiral Fenwick.

Before moving to Canada Sir Clive did a great deal of big-game hunting all over the world, and the late R. D. Blackmore, author of "Lorna Doone," thought his book, "Sport in the Crimea and Caucasus," the only living picture of life in those romantic lands. His "Big Game," in two volumes, in the Badminton Library, also form one of the sportsmen's classics.

As a sportsman Sir Clive has done more than anyone else to make British Columbia known as a big-game paradise, and he has been very active in public affairs in the coast province. For example, he was appointed in 1896 to enforce the Health Act in the mining districts of British Columbia, and succeeded conspicuously in this arduous undertaking.

Sir Clive Phillips-Wolley ranks high among Canadian authors. He has written a great deal of stirring patriotic poetry, and his ballad of England's sea power, "The Sea Queen," is often referred to as a fine expression in verse of imperialistic sentiment. In his three novels, "Snap," "Gold, Gold in Cariboo," and "The Remittance Man," he has given us excellent pictures of the making of the far Canadian West. He has been a very strong advocate of Canadian support for the British navy, and his addresses on "The Canadian Naval Question" were published in book form in 1911 at his own expense. His arguments were summed up as follows in one of these addresses: "The supremacy of the seas is vital to Britain; the continued existence of Britain is vital to her daughter nations; therefore Britain's supremacy at sea is vital to Canada."

Sir Clive Phillips-Wolley has also been very active in the affairs of the Canadian Navy Leagues. He was recently appointed by the Dominion Government a censor and special Government officer on the Pacific coast. His son was naval commander of the Hogue, one of the British cruisers torpedoed in the North Sea last September by a German submarine.

Ploughing Matches.

There was a time in Ontario and Quebec when the ploughing match was an event of importance in many localities. Later, interest in the matches decreased greatly, especially among the younger men. As a result, good ploughing and good soil cultivation have fallen back some points since the old days, except in the few districts where the matches have been continued. As the first-class ploughman is likely to be a good cultivator of the soil, agriculture, in general, has suffered. On the other hand, the farmer who regards ploughing merely as a process of turning over land, the sooner done the better, will not, and can not, be a good cultivator of the soil. Unless the soil is well ploughed, it is impossible to give the land the best of preparation for the seed.

It is encouraging to note, however, that the ploughing match is being revived, and that the Prairie Provinces are also taking a keen interest in competitions of this kind. If they are beneficial as an aid to better farming on the virgin prairie they are of even greater value in the older parts of the country, where the land needs more careful working to maintain soil fertility and increase crop production. Good ploughing is a matter of good ploughmen as well as of good ploughs, and, as these matches encourage good workmanship, they are worthy of support by all interested in better farming. As they have an educational value and often give the boys the needed encouragement to remain on the farm, ploughing matches might well form one feature of the work of the Farmers' Club, Farmers' Institute, or Agricultural Society.—F. C. N., in Conservation.

Youngest Bugler in Corps.

Capt. Hamilton of Earlscourt fire hall, Toronto, is in receipt of a letter from his son, Bugler Hamilton, Salisbury Plains, of which the following is an extract: "The adjutant of our regiment called me into his tent a few days ago, and explained the conditions existing on the continent, and what I should have to face when the troops got to the firing line, and offered to send me home to Canada if I wished to go. I refused, and told him I enlisted to go through with it, and I would not back out, and go through it I would."

Bugler Hamilton is the youngest soldier, with the first Canadian contingent, and a general favorite with the men. He will leave for the front with the first Canadian contingent, he expects, at any time now.

He Rounded Them Up.

The way they do things in some of the odd corners of the Empire, where they are comparatively free from wireless telegrams, is very pretty. The officer in charge of a certain hinterland received from his superior officer at the base some time in August this message: "War has been declared. Arrest all enemy aliens in your district."

With commendable promptitude the superior officer received this reply: "Have arrested seven Germans, four Russians, two Frenchmen, five Italians, two Roumanians, and an American. Please say who we're at war with."

HONOR ROLL FOR JANUARY

- DURHAM SCHOOL.
H. S. DEPT.
- Form III—R. Roberts, E. Edge, G. Petty, R. Eccles, G. McCuaig.
Form II—L. Teasdale, G. Campbell, H. Hannam, D. McAuliffe and W. Barbour, R. Maidment.
Form I—R. Campbell, C. Wakefield, W. Lawson and W. Milne equal, A. Cliff, E. Ritchie.
- P. S. DEPT.
- Sr. IV—S. McCrae, M. Koch, J. Lawrence, H. Brooke, E. Browning Jr. IV—F. Lawrence, C. Buschlen, S. McAuliffe, M. Vollett, B. Lauder.
Sr. III—V. Jacob, M. Holme, A. Smith, R. Snell, A. Brook, Jr. III—C. Wiggins, W. Snell, E. Search, A. Blair, J. Davis.
Sr. II—P. Welsh, R. Davis, B. Pilkey, A. McAuliffe, W. Jacob.
Sr. II—E. Willis, C. McGirr, G. Marshall, E. Levine, E. Hewitt.
Sr. IIb—W. Welsh, I. Hind, R. McDonald, M. Crutchley, G. Watt.
Sr. I—R. Bogle, E. Cameron, A. Haston, W. Bryon, A. McLean.
Sr. I—A. Hewitt, M. Brown, R. Jacob, H. Welsh, A. Vessie, J. Lefevre.
Sr. Ia—M. Davidson, K. Milne, J. Billings, G. Trafford, N. Lloyd, L. McClocklin.
Sr. Ib—N. McGirr, M. Jacob, H. Pikey, C. Haws, H. Thompson.
- NO. 5, GLENELG.
- Sr. IV—J. Edwards, E. Cook and R. Peart eq., R. Jackson.
Sr. IV—K. Edwards.
Sr. III—J. McGillivray, E. McClocklin, W. Jackson.
Sr. III—C. Cook, J. Peart, W. Gray.
Sr. II—E. Cook, H. Firth, J. B. Haley.
Sr. II—M. Beaton.
Sr. I—E. McRae.
Sr. I—W. Edwards, C. Robson, K. Firth.
Sr. Pr.—B. Beaton, M. Haley, Jr. Pr.—C. Robson, G. Firth. Average attendance, 26.
W. R. Wallace, Teacher.
- NO. 2, EGREMONT.
- Jr. IV—J. Kerr, E. Woods, Sr. III—I. Barbour, E. Noble, R. McMeeken.
Sr. III—I. Mead, W. Marshall, R. Barbour, D. Kerr, A. Noble.
Sr. II—E. Wilson, C. McMeeken, B. McMeeken, M. Pollock.
Sr. Pr.—K. Allan.
Sr. Pr.—S. Noble.
E. J. McGirr, Teacher.
- NO. 11, BENTINCK.
- Sr. IV—S. Lawrence, E. Sharp, Jr. IV—M. Webber.
Sr. III—I. Alexander.
Sr. III—M. Lawrence, H. Moun-tain.
Sr. II—M. Alexander, G. Ritchie, M. Langrill, P. Noble, A. Armstrong, A. Knisley.
I—H. Lawrence.
Pr. C—E. Noble.
Pr. B—P. Styles, A. Noble.
Pr. A—R. Styles.
H. H. Willis, Teacher.
- NO. 6, BENTINCK.
- Sr. IV—E. Twamley.
Sr. IV—S. McCallum, W. Boyce, D. Nunn.
Sr. IV—W. Adlam, E. Cox, E. Boyce.
Sr. III—A. McCallum, J. Twamley, R. Boyce.
Sr. II—G. Torry, G. Brunt, G. Brown, H. McCallum, E. Vickers, J. Vickers, D. Burns.
Sr. II—L. McCallum, M. Adlam, J. M. Brown, B. Boyce, G. Brunt, Part II—G. McCallum, P. Reay, S. Reay, E. Unruh.
Part I—J. McDonald, M. McCallum, C. Noble, E. Adlam, W. Vickers, A. Unruh.
J. Wylie, Teacher.
- NO. 9, GLENELG.
- Sr. IV—L. Aljoe, J. Bell and M. Haley eq.
Sr. IV—M. Atkinson, V. Ritchie, Sr. III—A. Lindsay, M. Davis, G. Bell, M. Whitmore, A. Ritchie, G. Bell, M. Newell.
Sr. III—J. McNab, R. Davis, H. Sills, A. Horst, K. Davis.
II—G. Lindsay and M. Mighton eq., M. Aljoe, D. McInnis.
Sr. Pr.—E. Hargrave, H. Ritchie, M. Horst.
Sr. Pr.—W. Cox and J. McInnis. E. Scott, Teacher.
- NO. 8, GLENELG.
- Sr. IV—K. McNally.
Sr. IV—G. Williams L. Morrison, C. Paylor, J. Morrison.
Sr. III—J. Ritchie.
Sr. III—H. Ritchie, H. Batchelor, Jr. II—G. Glencross, T. Morrison, M. Boyd, J. Boyd, W. Morrison.
I—E. Ritchie, E. Anderson, M. Anderson, V. Paylor.
Pr.—R. Glencross, M. Anderson, M. Morrison.
M. A. Mortley, Teacher.
- TRAVERSTON.
- Mr. Adam Robson was 75 years old on Sunday, and is as young and full of vitality as many a man 20 years younger.
Miss Mary Peart and her brother, Emerson, spent last week with kindred in Egremont.
W. J. Cook shipped a half dozen fine fat cattle to Mr. H. McLean of Priceville on Tuesday.
Mr. Wm. Paylor is receiving many congratulations over securing the Falkingham farm on the 6th concession. It is a fine property.
The township fathers had a busy time on Saturday at their regular meeting. There are over four score pathmasters to appoint the auditors' report to inspect and various other matters that required attention, but that invigorating cup of tea that the venerable township clerk brews has a wonderfully stimulating effect, as many a past official of the township can verify.