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Canadian Pacific Railway Time Table

Trains will arrive and depart as follows, until further notice:-

P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
3.10	6.20	Lv. Walkerton Ar.	12.55 10.35
3.24	6.34	" Maple Hill "	12.38 10.22
3.34	6.43	" Hanover "	12.30 10.14
3.43	6.52	" Allan Park "	12.20 10.04
3.53	7.07	" Durham "	12.06 9.50
A.M.			
4.09	7.18	" McWilliams "	11.54 9.38
4.12	7.21	" Glen "	11.51 9.34
4.22	7.31	" Priceville "	11.41 9.24
4.35	7.45	" Saugene J. "	11.30 9.13
8.10	11.20	Ar. Toronto Lv.	7.45 5.25

R. MACFARLANE, Town Agent

Grand Trunk Railway TIME-TABLE

Trains leave Durham at 7.15 a.m., and 3.45 p.m.
Trains arrive at Durham at 11.55 a.m., 2.05 p.m., and 8.55 p.m.

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ZENUS CLARK
DURHAM ONTARIO

Permission has been received for the opening of a school in Quebec on March 1, for the instruction of nursing sisters who are qualifying for militia work.

SUNDAY SCHOOL
Lesson VIII.—First Quarter, For Feb. 21, 1915.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, I Sam. iv, 1-13, 18. Memory Verses, 10, 11—Golden Text, Jas. 1, 22—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

As we read this chapter and the two following and vii, 1, 2, we cannot but notice the frequent mention of the ark of the Lord, or the ark of God, or some of its other titles, and when we recall that it was the principal vessel in the tabernacle and the only one of all the tabernacle vessels that continued to be used in the temple of Solomon, that it was made specially to be a receptacle for the two tables of the law, that over its blood stained lid or mercy seat and between the cherubim the glory of the Lord was revealed, and that from above the mercy seat the Lord communed with Moses, we must be persuaded that this vessel had a wonderful significance. And when we read in Rev. xi, 19, of the temple of God in heaven being opened and there being seen in it the ark of His Testament we stand in still greater awe before this holy vessel. It is mentioned forty times in the books of Moses and twenty-eight times in Joshua, chiefly in connection with the crossing of the Jordan. In our lesson chapter and those following it is mentioned thirty-seven times, so that we can easily see that the interest centers upon it.

Lesson verse 2 shows us Israel smitten before the Philistines, and we think that we hear again the words of Joshua, "O Lord, what shall I say when Israel turneth their backs before their enemies?" (Josh. vii. 8.) But, as then, so now, it was because of sin in the camp. As the elders considered the present defeat they did not seem to think that the difficulty might be with Israel, nor did they turn to the Lord, but said, "Let us fetch the ark of the covenant of the Lord that it may save us" (verse 3). The presence of the ark caused Israel to shout with a great shout, and when the Philistines understood that it was because the ark was come into the camp they said that God was come into the camp, the gods that smote the Egyptians. On the part of both Israel and the Philistines it seemed like pure superstition. The latter knew no better, but for Israel to put confidence in the ark rather than in the Lord reminds us of their worship of Aaron's golden calf and, away beyond the time of this lesson, their worship of the serpent of brass (II Kings xviii, 4).

Is it not the same today with those who think there is any benefit in the mere reading of a chapter in the Bible, or saying a prayer, or taking the communion, or in any religious formality? Anything that is not real heart dealing with the Living God is only a form of superstition. The Philistines were stirred to great fervor by the cry of their leaders, "Be strong; quit yourselves like men and fight" (verse 9), and the Lord delivered Israel into their hands so that 30,000 were slain, including Eli's two sons, and the ark of God was taken (verses 10, 11). Poor old Eli waited with fear and trembling for tidings from the battle, and when he heard the sad news and that the ark of God had been taken he fell off his seat backward and broke his neck and died. He was ninety-eight years old and had judged Israel forty years (verses 12-18). I think that while outwardly it was a broken neck it may have been inwardly a broken heart. In the same day it seems as if Phineas' wife was also taken away (verses 19-22), so that a great calamity came to the house of Eli in one day (ii. 34). Thus suddenly have great events transpired again and again, and so shall it be at the end time.

The story of the ark in the hands of the Philistines (chapters v and vi) makes us think of Jerusalem, a burdensome stone for all people, and that all that burden themselves with it shall be cut in pieces (Zech. xii, 3). The Philistines found the ark a very grievous thing to have in their midst, and after a few months (vi, 1) they were glad to send it back to Israel. The story of the new cart and the two milk cows tied to it, with their calves shut up at home and the cows taking the straight way to Beth-Shemesh, lowering as they went, but not turning aside to the right hand or to the left (vi, 7-12), is a wonderful record of the hand of the Lord upon dumb beasts and brings to mind the dominion over all sheep and oxen, beasts of the field, fowl of the air and fish of the sea that has had some foreshadowings all the way along, but will be fully seen when the kingdom comes (Ps. viii, 6-9; Heb. ii, 8, 9).

The men of Beth-Shemesh rejoiced greatly to welcome the ark, and they offered burnt offerings and sacrifices unto the Lord, but they made a sad mistake when they looked into the ark, and they suffered greatly for it. As we said at the beginning of this study, the ark was made to keep the holy law of God, which Israel could not keep. The blood sprinkled upon the mercy seat from year to year (Lev. xvi) told of the demands of the law met by a substitute, even Christ, the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth (Rom. x, 4). Life never was nor could be by the law, which can only bring us all in guilty before God and is therefore called the minister of death (Gal. iii, 24; Rom. vii, 10; I Cor. iii, 7).

STRATEGICAL IMPORTANCE OF THE SUEZ CANAL

Continued from page 2.

yond Port Said possesses him, that he is alone in a human wilderness.

One well-known writer says: "One Egyptian did deign to favor me with an impression of the almost inexpressible contempt for the east for the west. He had been extolling the Orient as the only true source of civilization, but when I had the temerity to inquire where the monuments of that civilization were to be found he exclaimed, 'That question is so western! Your people think and talk only of doing, but we give all our thoughts to being. You can perceive only what you can touch; you value only what you can add up in money terms.'"

"Really," he said, as he proceeded to instruct me with all possible courtesy, 'our people are too civil to explain to the western people the utter contempt in which they hold them. For example, it would be the grossest breach of manners for me to tell you what I am actually thinking of you now, in your character as a representative of the Occident. You can't understand that we don't care anything about your boasted achievements in natural science, your mechanical inventions. We first invented them all while your ancestors were still in the savage state. But we found that they were useless as a means to happiness, and we simply dropped them and forgot them.'"

"With all your inventions, you can't invent a religion, out have to import your religions from us, and then after 2,000 years of study you can't understand them. Your struggle with the Oriental Scriptures truly is pitiable!" What was more, my candid friend told me that we are not even white, the pure Egyptian being for writer, which he bared his wrist to prove. An ardent revolutionist, he is busy with all manner of sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion against the British masters of his native land. Their Assuan dam, their schools, their health inspector and their street sweepers have not sufficed to excite the gratitude of Young Egypt toward its alien overlords. It would rather revert to the squalor of old than languish in a national impotence under which it dare not do more than merely spit on the shadow of a passing Englishman.

A Strange Invisible Rule

Yet it must be said that no land ever had a more beneficial or unobtrusive oppressor than the Briton in Egypt. His is a strange, invisible rule. Previous to the recent occupation of the British the Sultan of Turkey was the sovereign, with the Khedive at the head of the government. No British flag waved over the seats of power and authority, but only the five-pointed star in the crescent cent of the Turco-Egyptian flag. With Oriental pomp, the Khedive made his progress through the streets of Cairo, while his British master goes by with no more flourish than a Cook's tourist.

Egyptians were the pilots, in the custom house, in the postoffice and telegraph offices, in the railway stations and on the trains. There were only Egyptian police in the streets, and Egyptian soldiers to be seen galloping about the Pyramids and other of the famous monuments, or standing before the many places of the Khedive scattered over the country. Many more Greeks and Italians were to be seen than Britons, and more French was to be heard spoken than English. All the British one saw looked like mere tourists, except for an occasional army officer or group of loitering Tommies on leave from the big British barracks that are modestly tucked away inconspicuously in the outskirts.

Yet somewhere in the background of every Egyptian official in the custom house, in the post-office and in the railway station, of every Egyptian policeman and soldier, of every sheik and pasha, there sat a Briton issuing orders and handling the money. The Egyptian pays his taxes to an Egyptian collector, is arrested by an Egyptian policeman and tried by an Egyptian judge holding court in the name of an Egyptian monarch. But the men the public sees have no more independent power than a Tammany mayor of New York, only "the man higher up" in Egypt has won the reputation of being clean-handed.

Behind the Khedival throne there ever stands a whispering but positive British commissioner. At his whisper a Khedive has been dethroned within a few weeks, and a new Khedive enthroned; at his nod the yoke of Turkish suzerainty was thrown off after 400 years, and the very flag of Egypt was changed, but not by the insertion of the cross of St. George. Simply two more five-pointed Egyptian stars were added to the crescent.

Not a few British officials and many soldiers wear the fez, for an Egyptian hates the sight of a hat. Good faithful English churchmen keep holy the Mahometan Sabbath, which is Friday, stay at their desks Sunday, and in the month of Ramadan they would not for the world sit down in a public dining place between sunrise and sunset, where they might be seen breaking the fast which the pious Mahometan observes even to the extreme of refusing to swallow his saliva.

The Man Who Pays

It is an extraordinary masquerade. But whoever is behind the domino, it is much the same to the poor, toiling peasant farmers of the delta. Whoever danced, whether it be the builders of the Pyramids, those mountains of vanity and unrequited toil, or whether it be Darius or Alexander, Pompey or Caesar, the Ptolemies or Cleopatra, Antony or Constantine, Omar or the Mamelukes, the Turks, Napoleon or the British bondholder, the poor fellahin always have had to pay the fiddler.

The laborious race of blue-skirted men that the passenger in the Alexandria-Cairo train sees to-day, scratching with wooden ploughs the narrow strip of black soil between the two deserts are forever threatening to close in upon the Nile, have been sowing for others to reap through 200 generations that are of record. Twice a year for 60 or 70 centuries at least that wonderful garden has yielded its fat harvests, but never to the planter. The crops have gone in various ages to the Assyrians, the Babylonians, the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Turks, the British; but never to those who raised them.

No wonder if all that patient, unrewarded labor excites the contempt of the Bedouins, who toil not, neither do they spin, but who are freer and happier in their tents. "What!" those wise loafers of the desert indignantly exclaim when asked to go to work, "would you reduce us to fellahin?"

egypt's Fa'a Gfts

All that countryside remains as desolate to-day as before its fields were first gleaned. The fellahin still pump the Nile water into their irrigation ditches by the same laborious wheel, and still till the soil with the same crude instruments as in the days of the Pharaohs, and still dwell in the same bare, mud hovels that housed them when Remes reigned.

The most fruitful soil in the world is cursed to this day with the worst land laws and the most unjust system of taxation. Nowhere else is nature so bountiful and hardly anywhere else is man so mean as on those banks of the Nile.

The Egyptian crossroads and the richness of the earth in the delta of the Nile have been fatal gifts, bringing down upon Egypt the cupidity of the world and the ambitions of conquerors. All the great empires that have risen in 7,000 years of history have in turn held her in bondage until her present rulers are warranted in saying that the Egyptians do not know how to govern themselves. No doubt they have forgotten.

When the British began to organize their army of native troops they were disappointed to find the fellahin too broken spirited, too dull and tame to fight for their masters. Then they called Truks and Albanians to contribute an admixture of courage, but these were too spirited and they mutinied. Only among the black tribes of the Sudan did they succeed in finding the kind of recruit that was needed. These Sudanese were savages, to be sure, but their native independence and bravery had not yet been crushed.

The Throat of the Empire

It is this army of fellahin and Sudanese on which Britain must now rely, rather than the small British garrison, to defend the greatest prize in the game of war that the empires are playing. For that trench in the sand of the Isthmus of Suez is far more essential to the success of the Kaiser than the capture of the Thames or the Seine. It is the very throat of the British Empire, and if Germany could lay her hands upon it she could choke London more effectually than if she seized the mouth of the Thames.

There is another little stream farther north on the same Mediterranean shore and it is the second prize in the lottery of the war. This is the Bosphorus, 17 miles long, but it is only less vital to Russia than the Suez canal is to England.

The possession of these two narrow waterways will decide the fate of empires, and if the struggle is maintained long enough its decisive battle is more likely to be fought there in the Orient than here in the Occident.

FATHER AND SON COMMITTED FOR TRIAL

Harry Cooper and his father, Peter Jesse Cooper, were committed for trial at Orangeville last week by P. M. Pattullo on a charge of the theft of nearly 150 bushels of oats, some buckwheat, chop and other grain, which were stolen from the barn of John Harshaw of Mono, early on the morning of January 14 last. The theft was discovered the next morning by John M. Harshaw, son of the owner of the farm, when he went to the barn, and the case was at once placed in the hands of the authorities. High Constable Marshall arrested Peter Jesse Cooper at his home in Mono Centre, where he discovered about 70 bushels of the missing oats, a bag of buckwheat and two bags of chop, also taken from Harshaw's place. After a few days the younger Cooper was finally located hiding in a barn west of Camilla. At a preliminary investigation the younger Cooper admitted his guilt and told how he and his father got the grain and divided the booty, and the following day the son drove to Alliston with his share, where it was disposed of to a dealer.

There are several other charges of theft against Harry Cooper, who formerly worked for Harshaw. He is about 35 years of age, and the father is about 65. They will probably be tried at the assizes on March 9, before Chief Justice Mulock, unless they elect to be tried at an earlier date without a jury before the county judge.

It is alleged that the Coopers have been making a business of stealing grain, fowl, etc., and three other charges of theft have been laid against the younger Cooper—Shelburne Free Press.

February Sales

In order to make room for our SPRING GOODS which are about to arrive, we are forced to make a clearance of the remainder of our Winter Stock including:

Hosiery, Underwear, Mittens and Mufflers, Etc.

Therefore we are putting on SPECIAL SALES during this month, and you can purchase anything displayed in our window for

19 Cents

Sales on FRIDAY and SATURDAY ONLY

Keep an Eye on the Window
THE VARIETY STORE

Central Drug Store

Great January Thaw
IN PRICES

In Fancy Goods, Cut Glass, Fancy China etc.

All Goods Left Over from Holiday Trade MUST MOVE

A Genuine Thaw 25 to 50 per cent. discount during the Month of JANUARY.

Central Drug Store

Reduction Sale

We have some lines of Winter Boots we are clearing out at reduced prices

4 Pairs Men's Heavy Bluchers Wool Lined, sizes 1-8	
2 9, 1-11 were \$2.75 now	\$2.00
5 Pairs Men's Heavy Bluchers, Felt Lined, sizes 4-8	
1-11, regular \$2.00 now	\$1.50
5 Pairs Women's Dongola Wool Lined Bals., sizes 1-2 1/2, 1-3 1/2, 3-4, reduced to	95c
2 Pairs Box Calf Wool Lined Bals., sizes 1-4 and 1-5 now	\$1.00
10 Pairs Misses' High Cut Blucher, a fine boot for winter, all sizes, were \$2.50, now	\$2.00

Call early if your size is here as they will not last long at these prices. Terms on these goods: Cash.

The Down Town Shoe Store: J. S. McIlraith

Special Reduction Sale

In order to reduce our general stock of Dry Goods, Groceries, Ready Mades, Blankets, Sheetting etc., we have decided to make a Special Reduction on Everything in stock, starting on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1915

Intending purchases may rest assured of getting even better bargains than we offered last spring. A trial order will convince you. Come in and ask for prices.

S. SCOTT
Opposite the Old Stand
Durham, Ontario