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The Presbyterian church at Quaker Hill, near Uxbridge, will celebrate its 75th anniversary in June.

To prevent mistakes on the part of German submarines, the steamship Rotterdam, of the Holland-American line, will show her name painted on her bow in large letters.

The Chinese Government has pardoned Dr. Sun Yat Sen, father of the revolution which resulted in China being made a republic, and other rebel leaders, and has offered them high official positions.

"WAR"

A SERIAL STORY BY
BARONESS BERTHA VON SUTTNER

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I lost my child, and for weeks lay between life and death, dreaming all the agonies of war and torture. In my delirium I cried, "Disarm! Disarm! Help! Help us all for the sake of justice and mercy, help!"

When I regained consciousness, my father and Aunt Marie stood at my bedside.

"Is he alive? Have letters come?" were my first questions. Yes, quite a heap of letters had accumulated. One was marked: "Not to be opened till all danger is past." From this I take extracts:—

To-day we met the enemy for the first time, having marched through conquered territory until now, with the Danes retreating fast. Everywhere are the ruins and remnants of battle. The landscape is torn with shell and piled with graves. So the victors march on to new victories. To-day we took the enemy's position and leaving a burning village behind us. While friend and foe were absorbed in the tumult, I could only think of you, and that perhaps you were lost. The enemy withstood us but two hours, and we did not pursue. We collected our wounded and cared for them as well as we could. The dead, some among them still possibly alive, we buried, but the wounded and injured we must leave behind to bleed slowly to death and starve. And we, hurrah, we must push on into the jolly, dashing war.

Our next will probably be a pitched battle, for two great army corps are about to clash. Then the loss will run into thousands, and the artillery will mow them down. What a strange way of doing things! It would be better if the two enemies each had a weapon, which with one blow would wipe out either side. Perhaps such blasts would tend to put a stop to war. If both forces were equally deadly, then force could no longer be employed to settle disputes, for both disputants would be wiped out.

Why do I write thus to you, when I ought to be glorifying our engagements and triumphs? Because like you, I long for the unvarnished truth, and hate the usual lying phrases when death is near. With thousands voicing the opposite, I must speak out before I fall a sacrifice to war—that I hate it. If every man who feels it would say so, Heaven would hear our cry, and even the thundering cannon roar would be drowned out by the new battle-cry of panting, exhausted humanity: Let us make war on war!

The above was written yesterday. I snatched a few hours of sleep on a sack of straw. In half an hour the field mail is taken. With little rest we are already up for the march—poor fellows. It is indeed little rest after the bloody work to prepare them for still bloodier sights. I have just returned from looking over the wounded, whom we must leave. How gladly I would have put a bullet into some of them, who must drag out a miserable agonized death. My horse is saddled. Farewell, my Martha, if you are still alive.

One or two letters I found of a later date:—
The day is ours. I am unhurt. The first is good news for papa and the last for you. I cannot forget that for thousands the same day was brought untellable grief.

Another letter:—
Imagine my astonishment. Riding near me at the head of a detachment was Aunt Cornelia's only son, Gottfried. The youngster is beside himself with enthusiasm, but how his poor mother must suffer! That evening I sent for him to come to my tent. "Is it not splendid," he cried, "to be fighting in the same cause? How lucky I am to be called out in my first year of service! I shall win the cross of honor." "And my aunt, how does she like it?" "Oh, just as all women—she tried to damp my spirits with tears, but I am enchanted, delighted! Awful, I grant, but magnificent. It is gratifying to feel that I am fulfilling man's highest duty, with God's help for king and country. To meet death so closely, to challenge him face to face, and yet not be touched, it fills me with the glory of the old epics, as if the muse of history were leading us on to victory. I feel such an indignation at the enemy who dares defy us Germans, and it is a thrilling sensation to gratify this hate, to destroy without being a murderer, this fearless exposure of one's life."

So the boy rattled on, and I let him. Was not my first campaign the same experience? Epic? Yes, that is the very word with which we so carefully train our school boys into soldiers. We throw it into their excited young brains, which makes quiet domestic bliss seem absurd nonsense, when they are longing for heroics. With me this attitude has so completely vanished, that I could hardly realize Gottfried's state of mind. I had so early realized it all as so inhuman, that it was no longer a revelation from the kingdom of Lucifer but gross barbarity and bestiality. Only he who is drunk with the passion for blood and destruction can triumphantly split open the de-

ceitless head of an enemy. I never knew the "joy of battle," believe me, my dear wife, I never did.
Gottfried is delighted that we are fighting together as brothers in the same just cause (as if every cause were not called right by the powers commanding). "We Germans are brothers!" "Yes, that was proved by the Thirty Years' and the Seven Years' Wars," I suggested ironically. Gottfried paid no attention. "Together we will conquer every enemy." "Yes, until the Prussians declare war against the Austrians." "Not to be thought of! Impossible! What, when we have fought and bled together?" "I warn you, nothing is impossible in political matters. The friendships of dynastical rulers are as changeable as the ephemeral fly."

I write this, not because I imagine you in all your ill condition will be able to read it, but because I have a premonition that I shall not outlive this campaign, and I want to leave my convictions behind me. The sincere reflections of honest, humane soldiers should not be falsified or sink into the silent grave with them, unspoken and unrevealed. I have here spoken it, this quiet my conscience, I can die in peace.

This latest letter was five days old five unspeakable days of dread. Though Frederick was yet unhurt, my anxieties left me no comfort. My father was obliged to return to Grumitz, and Aunt Marie remained to keep me consoled with her orthodox ideas of destiny, providence, and divine mercy—small comfort with so few letters coming from the seat of war. My father made inquiries, but could get no information, although Frederick was not in the list of the dead. Thus the days dragged on.

One afternoon I lay half dreaming on the sofa, where I had begged to be left alone. My weakness and anxiety had so overpowered my imagination and reasonableness that I was full of fleeting visionary sensations, and springing up in terror at some slight movement in the room, I suddenly thought I saw Frederick in the doorway.

"Oh, my Frederick, my lost one," I groaned.

What? could it be his real voice? then real arms were thrown around me eagerly.

The dream came true. I was engulfed in my husband's loving embrace.

CHAPTER III.

After our first expressions of joy had subsided, Frederick told us how he had been left wounded in a peasant's hut, the regiment marching on and reporting him "missing." This report had not reached us, and when he was sufficiently recovered he hastened home without waiting to write, for the war was practically at an end. We spent the summer again at father's country seat, where the entire family assembled, including brother Otto, home from the Military Academy, and Cousin Conrad, whose regiment lay not far away.

I was determined to persuade my husband to quit the service, for we had grown so one in our feelings and interests that what was mine was surely his also, and why, if new wars were again to threaten, need we go through such horrors again?

Besides, Rudolf was now eleven years old, and it should be our delight, in our retirement, to educate and train this little man according to our highest ideals. He had never been given over to nurses and tutors, for it was my pride to watch every phase of his development. In his growing appetite for knowledge we had never permitted ourselves to tell him a falsehood, but his questions were not always answered fully enough to suit him. He accompanied us on our daily walks, and often his questions demanded the unknowable, so we answered, "We do not know."

This did not satisfy him, and he used to put these questions to others of whom he received quite decided answers. One day he remarked triumphantly, "You do not know how old the moon is, but I do. It is six thousand years old—remember that." Frederick and I looked at each other silently, and a whole volume of protest lay in that glance and that silence.

I seriously objected to the soldier games which his grandfather and uncle played with him. Thus the ideas of cutting down the enemy were infused in him without my knowledge. One day Frederick and I came upon him when he was mercilessly beating two puppies with a riding whip.

"You cheating little Italian," he said, lashing the one puppy. And striking the other he called loudly, "You saucy Dane." Frederick snatched the whip from his hand: "And you heartless little Austrian," he said, laying on two or three blows. Rudolf began to blubber, and the Italian and Dane ran joyfully away.

"I hope you are not angry that I struck your boy, Martha; I hate the lash, but I cannot endure seeing an animal abused."

"Quite right."

"Only people can be hurt, then?" whimpered the boy.

"That is still worse."

"But you went out to beat the Italians and Danes."

"They were our enemies."

"Then one may hate those?"

Turning away, Frederick said: "And to-morrow the priest will tell him that we must love our enemies. Such logic!" Then to Rudolf: "No, it is not because we hate them that we strike, but because they strike us."

"Why do they want to strike us?"

"Because we—no, go and play, Rudolf," he interrupted himself, "there is no way out of the tangle. You must never do it again, and we will forgive."

We often had distinguished visitors from Vienna. They discussed the political situations, and thus I was enabled to follow the entire Danish engagement to the end. After all these victories it must be decided what would be done with all these Duchies. Would the famous Augustenburg receive his portion? Not at all, for an entirely new pretender claimed it. It was not enough that there was a "Glucksburg" and a "Gotrop" and whatever other lines of succession to lay claim, but Russia presented a new candidate. Against Augustenburg Russia pitted an "Oldenburg." But finally there were no burgs at all to have the Duchies, but they were to be divided among the allies, and the expenses of the war was to be borne by the defeated. This was hard to understand. The land had been devastated, its harvests trampled under, its sons were mouldering in their graves, and now it must pay the costs. Was not rather some reparation due to them?

One day I opened the conversation "What news in regard to Schleswig-Holstein?"

"The latest news is, that von Beust has addressed a demand to the Assembly, asking by what right the Allies can accept the surrender of these provinces from a king whose sovereignty has not been recognized by them."

"And it is a very reasonable question," I remarked.

"You do not understand these matters, child," said my father. "It is not reasonable, but an impertinent trick on von Beust's part. Do not the Duchies belong to us because we have conquered them? We should not have concluded peace, but conquered the whole of Denmark and turned it over to the German Alliance."

"Why do that, papa, you are such a patriotic Austrian, what do you care for the German Federation?"

"Have you forgotten that our Hapsburgs were German Emperors once, and may become so again?"

"What if some of the great Germans cherished a like dream?" suggested Frederick.

As Bresser said, "Let us hope that the setting of this affair will not be a source of discord between the powers. For every war has within it the seed of future wars, as one act of violence has led to another since the beginning."

Some days later a bit of news was reported: King William of Prussia visited our Emperor at Schönbrunn. They met with embraces, the Prussian eagle was hoisted, and the Prussian national airs were played, with triumphal hurrahs from the people. I was very happy, for it put to shame the evil prophecies that the two powers might get into a quarrel again. My father rejoiced, for he saw in this alliance a means of reconquering lost Lombardy.

"Will you tell me," I cried out to the assembled guests one day, "why do not all the European States form an alliance? Would not that be the simplest way?"

The gentlemen shrugged their shoulders, smiled superior smiles and did not answer. I probably had said one of those silly things with which ladies are apt to venture into the realms of higher politics.

The autumn was at hand; peace had been signed, and Frederick's retirement from the army could now be carried out. But man proposes and circumstances dispose for him. As a sequel of the war many banking houses failed, and with the rest I lost my private fortune. Shot and shell blast not only the ramparts and fortifications but also the entire social fabric of family and finance.

My kindest of fathers, however, came to the rescue and saw that I could want for nothing, yet the retirement of my husband from the militia had become impossible, for we could not entirely depend on my father. Frederick was too proud for that, and so our beautiful castle in the air was shattered. But one comfort remained: there was nowhere a black spot on the horizon, and peace might last for many years.

CHAPTER IV.

Spring found me in the neighborhood of Vienna. Here I could see Frederick daily. My sisters and aunt were off for Marienbad, and from there Lilli wrote me:—

I confess I am beginning to be interested in Cousin Conrad.

And another letter from Aunt Marie:—

My Dear Child—it has been a tiresome winter in society, and I shall be glad when Lilli and Rosa are married off. They had opportunities enough. It is a tiresome, thankless task to chaperone two pleasure-seeking girls.

I am rejoiced to hear that you are well once more. (I had suffered from a serious fever. Your husband had been very much alarmed. But thank God, your time had not yet come. The service which I had said at the Ursulines no doubt aided in bringing about your recovery. Kiss little Rudolf for me. Tell him he must learn all he can. I am sending him a few books: The Pious Child, and his Guardian Angel—a beautiful story—and The Heroes of our Country, a collection of war stories for boys. We cannot begin too early to teach them such glorious ideals. Your brother Otto was barely five when he first learned of Alexander and Caesar. It delights me to see how heroic and enthusiastic he is. I am sorry your plan is to stay in Vienna this summer to be near Frederick. But you should think of your dear father as well, who would love to have you at home.

DARKIES' CORNERS.

Mr. Will Hargrave was home last week from Fergus, where he has been timbering.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. McGirr, Sr., entertained a number of friends on Thursday evening, in honor of Mr. Thos. Binnie of British Columbia.

Miss Margaret Lindsay spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. Will McCulloch, Bentinck.

We regret Mrs. Jas. Hopkins is confined to her bed again with heart trouble.

Mr. W. J. McFadden had a wood bee last Friday, and treated the young people to a dance in the evening.

Misses Annie and Agnes McGirr spent the week-end with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. McGirr.

Mr. Thos. Binnie of British Columbia, accompanied by Mrs. John and Miss Margaret McGirr spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. J. Stevenson, near Holstein.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Noble, Hutton Hill, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John McGirr.

Misses Eleanor Kress and Alice Elwidge of town were out for a snow-shoe tramp on Saturday and were callers on Mrs. C. Ritchie.

Found—in Presbyterian church shed, good spring-top whip. Owner may have same by applying to Murray Ritchie.

Mrs. John Bell has the misfortune to lose a valuable horse on Saturday morning from indigestion.

ALL IN YOUR EYE.

Every time I hear somebody or other say that they know a certain chap is crooked because he can't look 'em straight in the face when he's talkin' to 'em, it makes me hot under the collar. Arter knockin' about this big world for nigh onto eighty years I've quit drawin' foolish deductions, and I sartainly do contend thet "can't look ye straight in the eye" stuff won't stand washin' anyway.

might say, just here, that durin' my little sojourn I've had my pockets picked twice and checks raised on me on sundry occasions and every one of th' fellers who worked the trick looked me so straight in the eyes that I felt like apologizing to 'em for bein' in the way.

When you get so all-fired clever that you can tell a crook from an honest man by the way he meets your eye it's time that you was totin' your belongings to some safety vault. Just about the time you think you know a piece of rock from a puff-ball is when you're goin' to get a stone-bruise, so don't you go pinnin' your faith to anythin' as flimsy as an eye-to-eye contest. Keep your optics on the feller's fingers and let him look any dinged way he pleases. It's much safer.

HAMPDEN.

Miss Janet Kerr spent the fore part of last week with Hanover friends.

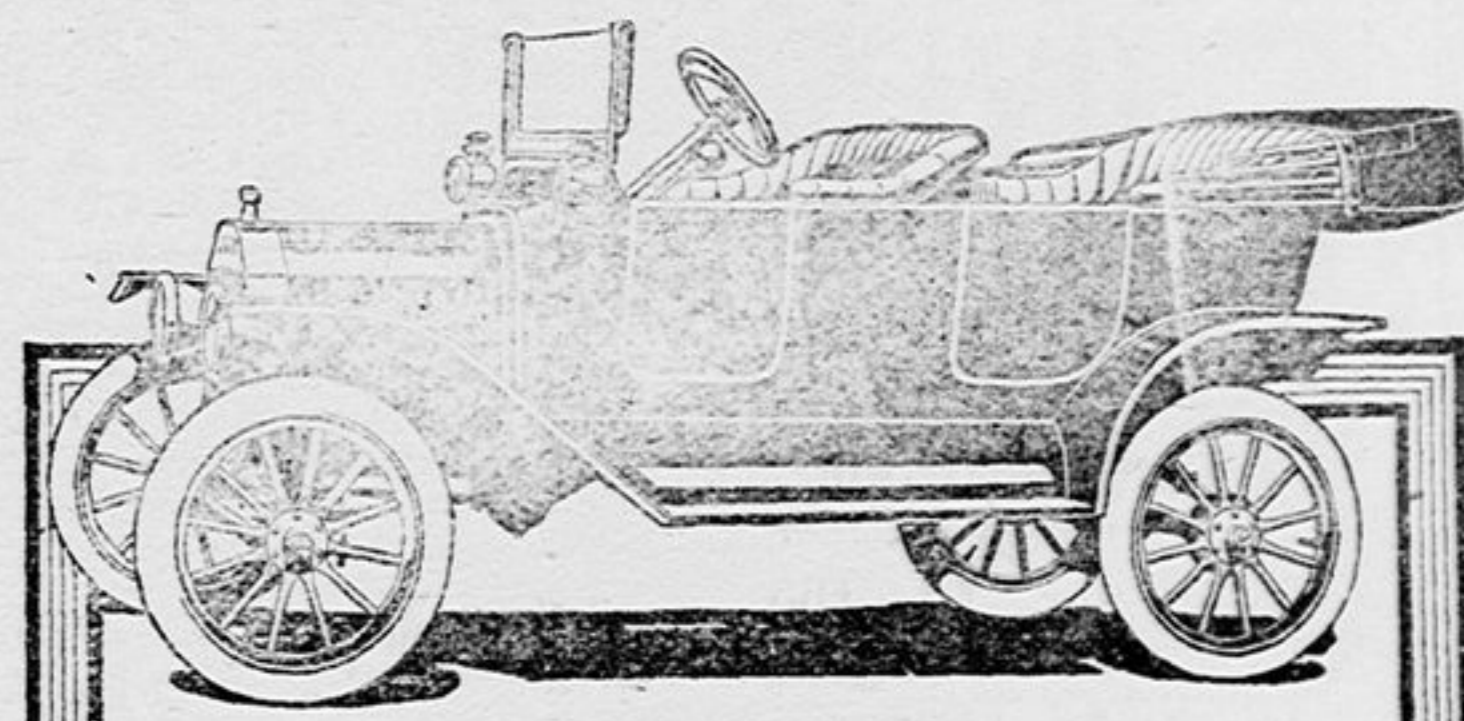
Mr. John Cooper is spending a few holidays with his brother at Shelburne.

Parties have been the order of the night the last while back, and they have been an all-night job.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Willis were visited by a surprise party from Hampden friends last Friday night. After lunch was served, and people were standing on the floor waiting for the music to again commence, Mr. and Mrs. Willis then gave an able address, in which he thanked his friends for their kindness, which would ever be remembered.

Miss Winnie Binnie of Bunessan spent the week-end with Hampden friends.

A box social is being held in the schoolhouse next Tuesday night, in aid of the Belgians. A good program is being prepared. We are sorry to hear that Mr. Allister Anderson of Alberta, has undergone an operation, having had his appendix removed. We all wish for a speedy recovery.



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