

Extra Special BARGAINS
for **FRIDAY and SATURDAY** only, Feb. 19, 20

All Kinds of **Frozen Fish** for the **Lenten Season**

\$4.00 Sweater Coats, men's and women's. New styles this season. Away they go Friday and Saturday only **\$1.79**

Woman's Fine Dongola and Vic Kid Shoes. Latest Lasts. Our reg. \$2.25 Shoes. Friday and Saturday only..... **\$1.69**

Abraham's Special 10c Corn Starch. Just to get you coming. Friday and Saturday, 4 for..... **25c**

Misses' Fine Shoes—also some Children's—Our regular price is \$2.25. Special for Friday and Saturday only..... **\$1.69**

Boy's Rubbers—sizes 11, 12 and 13. Regular 55c line. Friday and Saturday only..... **39c**

Woman's Jersey Cloth Rubbers. Regular price \$1.15. We give them away Fri., Sat. **69c**

Men's Winter Mitts—Regular 50c and 60c. Friday and Saturday only..... **39c**

Large California Navel Oranges. Regular 35c dozen. Friday and Saturday only dozen **24c**

If you watch our Bargain List every week in this paper, you will find lots of chances to save money.

The J. D. Abraham Company

Short Bits of Live News

Brantford will have a civicenary.
There were nearly 500 exhibitors at the annual corn show at Chatham.
The new war tax will cost the Grand Trunk Railway over a million dollars a year.

Wm. A. Clark hauled a load of green maple into Acton which weighed 9,920 pounds.
Erin Village pays its seven civic officials a total of \$181 per year. The medical health officer gets \$8 a year.

The Fisher Motor Co., of Orillia, will work night and day filling its order for shrapnel shells for Britain.

Fred Moore, of Hanover, had three ribs broken, when a tree which he was helping to chop down fell on him.

Harry Smith of Walkerton swallowed a toothpick while coughing, and became violently ill before it was removed.

Burglars broke into the G.T.R. station at Elora, but got only 12 cents in coppers and a few postage stamps for their trouble.

In one week, three skating rinks collapsed, owing to the weight of snow on their roofs. They were situated in Burlington, Guelph and Port Colborne. No one was hurt.

Somebody broke into the Clarksburg flour mills and stole seven 50-pound sacks of flour. The thief dropped one sack on the road, but did not bother to pick it up.

A Windsor man prevented two boys from fighting in a theatre by boxing one of the boys' ears. The boy's father entered a complaint, and the magistrate fined the man \$2.75, holding that no man had a right to prevent boys from fighting in public.

Invitations are out announcing the wedding of Ethel A., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Morrison to Mr. Reuben C. Watson, of Egremont, on Wednesday afternoon, February 24.

Miss Audrey Hoy is not enjoying the best of health.
Quite a number from here attended the funeral of the late James Ferguson on Monday.
A midnight prowler has again visited this village. Mr. Kerr's mill was entered and 30 cents taken. A McCabe's stable was also entered. Mr. Jas. Brown is at present busy drawing hay up to his newly purchased farm.

"WAR"

Continued from page 7

the year '66 and all the years to come help us to grow more united and happy."

"Oh, you fantastic idealist," said my father, shrugging his shoulders. "Not that," said my husband in my defence. "The wish is not one of an enthusiast and dreamer, for science assures us that it must be fulfilled some day. The world has slowly been growing better since the beginning, and it must go on, although we do not note it from year to year. We all know that men are happier, and better, and freer than in the primeval days."

"If you are so sure of eternal progress, why so often complain of reaction and the relapses into barbarism in our day?" asked my father, tauntingly.

"Because"—Frederick took out his pencil and drew a spiral—"because the movement of progress goes on like this. It continually ascends, although at times appearing to go backwards. This coming year, if war is forced upon us, may be represented by one of these backward curves. Such events hurt civilization materially as well as morally."

"How unsoldierly you speak, Tilling."

"These are universal matters; the opinions of a soldier or civilian have no different weight here, for the truth is always the same. If a thing is real, must one obstinately call it blue because one wears blue uniform or black because one wears a black coat?"

"A what?" said my father, who, when the argument went against him, was apt to appear hard of hearing. Since it is difficult to repeat a long argument, the discussion declined to drop.

Upon our return home, I asked my husband: "What did I hear you say? There is prospect of war? Never will I allow you to go into another campaign."

"How can your passionate 'Never' help in the matter? The nearer the fatal day comes, the less possible it will be for me to resign. Immediately after Schleswig-Holstein it would have been possible, but not now."

"Ah, that unlucky Schmidt & Sons the bankers!"

Again I found myself anxiously following developments in the newspapers and reports. "Be prepared! Be prepared!" was now the cry. "Prussia is preparing!" "Austria is quietly preparing!" "The Prussians

claim we are preparing; it is not true, it is they who are preparing." And thus the variations were sounded in my ears.

"Why is all this commotion about armaments," I asked my father, "if neither party plans to use them?" He answered me with the old saying: "In times of peace prepare for war."

Thus each is keeping the eye on the other, and each accuses the other of warlike motives. So again begins the endless circle—the serpent with his tail in his mouth.

On the morning of March 12 my father burst into my room beaming with joy: "Hurrah," he cried, "Good news!"

"Disarmament?" I asked, delighted.

"On the contrary. Yesterday a great council of war was held. We are ready on an hour's notice to send out 800,000 men, and I tell you, my child, peace is ours whenever we choose."

"Oh God! Oh God!" I groaned, "must this affliction come upon us once more? Who can be so devoid of conscience that for greed and ambition—"

And my father, denying that it was greed or ambition, only justice and patriotic ardor which pressed for war, harangued on the subject in his usual manner, jumbling his arguments together, proving that all wished for peace, but if war came it must be met—until I was quite frantic, and sang, beside myself with emotion:

"You know well, that not only you, but the whole council want war, then why not say it out frankly? Why all this hesitancy? Why tell the people they hope for peace when they are ready to fight? Show your teeth and your closed fists, but do not the while whisper soft, false words of reassurance. If you are wildly eager to draw the sword, do not pretend that you are only assessing the hit."

He rose to the height of passion, and finally I burst into exhausting tears. My father was so amazed that he did not utter a word.

Now came a time of hopes and fears, ranging the changes on "Peace is secure." "War is certain." But once the word "war," this little seed of thought, finds its way to the front, it seems inevitably to produce—war.

News came that Prussia was arming the Silesian fortresses. Austria disclaimed any intention of attacking Prussia and demanded that the latter should disarm. Prussia declared herself innocent of warlike intentions, but strengthened her standing army, hence Austria, felt compelled to continue her preparations. So the dual game continued, and became a triple game as Italy armed herself with haste.

The excitement became universal and more violent every day. Every newspaper and speech announced that war was in sight. Bismarck was hated and reviled on every side. Letters from Aunt Cornelia in Prussia telling that the war was anything but wished, and that Bismarck was no less hated in his own country. She said the army was reported as refusing to go out in a war against brothers; that Queen Augusta had thrown herself at her husband's feet to pray for peace. Had perhaps our beautiful Empress also done the same and with tears begged for disarmament who knows? Perhaps the Emperor himself wished for peace, but it seemed that not even the throne could stand against the pressure and strain on every side.

On June 1 Prussia declared to the Assembly that she would disarm if Austria and Saxony would. Vienna responded accusing Prussia of planning an attack in concert with Italy. Austria would call the German Alliance to arms and decide the case of the Duchies. Holstein should cooperate. Prussia declared that this broke the treaty, and they moved into Holstein. Bismarck issued a circular letter. The press cried for war and predicted a victory to strengthen the national confidence.

On June 11 Austria proposed that the Alliance should take a hand against Prussia for helping herself to Holstein. On June 14 the vote stood nine to six—accepted. Oh, those three terrible votes! All was over. Ambassadors are dismissed. The Alliance requests Austria and Bavaria to go to the rescue of Hanover and Saxony, who have already attacked the Prussians.

On the 18th, Prussia's war manifesto appeared. On the same date Austria's troops marched out, and on the 22nd Prussia issued her first army orders. King William said:

To the last I have worked for peace with Austria, but it was refused.

Kaiser Francis Joseph announced: Prussia shows her desire to set right in the place of right, therefore this unholy war of German against German cannot be avoided. Before the judgment seat of history and Almighty God I summon him who has brought this misery down upon our families and country.

The war is always the desire or "the other side." It is always the other one who chooses to overcome justice with might, "German against German makes an unholy war"; quite right to step beyond Prussia and Austria and appeal to Germany. But why not in every war reach to the higher plane, and recognize it as a war of humanity against humanity? and regard every battle as an unholy cow

Continued next week.

FOOD THE ANCIENTS LIKED

The Ancients, by whom we mean the Greeks and Romans, ate very much the same food that we eat to-day, and with the same appetite. They looked upon the process, perhaps, with an eye of greater ceremony. In Homeric times the gods took their share of every banquet, and in a later age of the placing of the guests, the conduct of the symposium were of equal import with the choice of the meats and the wines.

"He dines not who eats alone" was a maxim which never fell upon dishonor. That we should notice similarity rather than difference, as we look backward, is but natural. The craving for well-cooked food is wholesomely human, and if the palate grows more delicate as the appetite becomes less gross the change is not peculiar to this country or that. As in poetry, so in food, the love of simplicity is the proof of a golden, if primitive, age.

The heroes of Homer, for instance, were not nice feeders. They had neither butchers nor cooks. They slaughtered their own beasts and prepared their meat as well as they could. They had little taste for fish, which they ate only when there was nothing else to be had, and they looked upon game as no better than the food of necessity. Nor were vegetables pleasing to their sturdy palates. Meat, bread and wine were their staple fare, and they asked for no accessories. Pork and mutton and goats' flesh they ate willingly.

Indeed, the beast which, to some is still unclean, was very much to the taste of the Greeks, and was highly esteemed at their banquets unto the end. Athenaeus writes in lyrical strains of a pig that once was served to him and his friends, the half of which was carefully roasted, the other half boiled gently, as if it had been steamed, and the whole stuffed with thrushes and other birds. But best of all the Homeric heroes liked beef, cut into pieces and grilled upon spits. And it was only on occasions of sacrifice that their desires were wholly satisfied. Though the gods, to be sure, claimed the daintiest morsels, there was enough left to appease the stoutest hunger. Nor did they demand any adornment to such feasts as these save fruit.

As the years passed the Greeks grew daintier and more critical of their food. The three meals which broke their day were not unlike those which still obtain. Their first breakfast was simple enough, consisting of bread dipped in neat wine. Their luncheon was taken about noon and their dinner was as late as ours. Spoons and forks they knew not, nor tablecloths nor napkins; but, if their service was bad, in the fifth century luxury had already invaded Athens.

There is no better proof of the delicacy of the Greek palate than the honor in which cooks were held. They plied their trade with the greatest freedom, and, not being attached to this master or that, they were called in by the rich on occasions of brilliant festivity.

What wonder then the cooks was a respectable profession, becoming a free man?

When we turn to Rome we find the same progress from simplicity to gluttony.

The ancient Roman, like the Scot grew strong upon porridge. Puls was the staple of the diet. But foreign victories brought foreign manners and luxury made an easy conquest of Rome which presently adopted the three meals of the Greeks, to divide the day. In the early morning the Roman was satisfied with bread, dried fruits and cheese. Then at noon came the prandium, which consisted, in simple households, of the broken meats from yesterday's dinner table, with a pleasant addition of eggs, vegetables and wine.

But it was the cena to which the epicure looked forward as the very climax of his day, when he might take his ease and indulge his fancy. The cena, indeed, was an elaborate meal, which followed a rigidly prescribed plan. First came the gustus, devised to stimulate appetite, not to satisfy hunger. It consisted of an elaborate array of what we call hors d'oeuvre, and yet resembled the loaded side tables of Sweden and Russia more nearly than the modest dishes of France. There were shellfish and eggs and vegetables.

At the famous banquet of Trimalchio, which it should be remembered, was not merely a banquet, but a burlesque, and was given by a multi-millionaire, as we should call him to-day the gustus would have served the most of men for a dinner. A donkey of Corinthian bronze held two baskets of olives, white on one side, black on the other. Then there were dormice covered with honey and poppy seed, hot sausages on a silver grill, and beneath them damsons and pomegranate seeds. But a Roman dined with Trimalchio as rarely as with Lucullus, and the freedman's fancy was separate and his own.

After the gustus came the regular courses, which might be three, or even seven, in the houses of epicures.

The satirists and historians, as we know, condemn the extravagance, which vastly increased under the empire, and which bade the wealthy Romans send for their

PRICELESS DELICACIES TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.

Satire had no more effect than sumptuary laws, and the banquets of rich patrians and wealthy freedmen are legendary. First came the fish, for poor as for rich a necessity of the dinner. Seabird and the turbot of Ravenna were the favorites and the haddock was not disdained.

Oysters were as highly prized at Rome as in modern London and were brought by the wealthy from Britain to be fattened in the Lucrine Lake. Of the fowls, the chief in esteem were turkeys and peacocks, and field-fares were as eagerly sought for in Rome as in the Athens of Aristophanes.

But no banquet at Rome was complete without a wild boar, whose entrance upon the table, roasted whole, marked the highest moment of the ceremonial feast. Petronius has described the pomp of its coming with a vast deal of circumstance: "A tray was brought in with a wild boar of the largest size upon it, wearing a cap of freedom, with two little baskets wove of palm twigs hanging from his tusks, one full of dry dates and the other of fish. Round it lay suckling pigs made of Simnel cake with their mouths to the teats, thereby showing that we had a sow before us."

So valiant a beast, freed because the guests of yesterday had sent him away untasted, deserved the ministrations of no mean carver. And a big bearded man in a spangled hunting coat plunged a great knife into his side, and as the knife entered, out there flew a large number of thrushes. It was a fantastic spectacle and suggests not the banquet of an epicure, but what the newspapers of to-day call a freak dinner.

And the Romans, no less than the Greeks proved their love of the pig by the preference they showed for sausage and black puddings. For the rest they esteemed a hare, a goat, or a dormouse that had been fed on chestnuts as rare dainties, and they finished their feasts with a fine array of pastry and fruit.

Some there were who praised the simple life, but we may assume that Horace, when he declared his hatred of parsel apparatus, was expressing no more than the remorse of a jaded palate.

Yet if we compare the luxury of modern times with the luxury of Rome, we shall observe but few differences. We do not, like the Romans, recline at our meals, we do not observe the ceremonies of the triclinium: we are more sensitive in keeping clean our hands and prefer forks to fingers, but the taste of man has not greatly changed in 2,000 years, and if it could be our good fortune to dine with Lucullus, his table would cause us no confusion and but small surprise.

PERSONAL

Miss M. McClocklin is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. E. McClocklin.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Broderick of Sarnia were the guests of Miss Bella MacKenzie last week.

Miss M. Sharp of Toronto is visiting relatives in and around Durham.

Messrs. Albert and Alfred McClocklin of Toronto are visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. D. McClocklin.

Mr. Jack Davidson, of the Standard Bank, Kingston, is spending a week with his parents and friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. MacKenzie, whose marriage announcement appears in this issue, are spending a short honeymoon in California, and other parts of the Union.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Brown, Sr., are celebrating the 53rd anniversary of their wedding to-day. Of eleven children, all living, six are in attendance.

Mr. Jas. Smith is spending a few days in the city on business, and visiting his brother Andrew, who has enlisted in the Eaton Battery of artillery.

Mr. Alex. McCormick returned to the Soo last week, having spent a couple of weeks with friends and relatives, after the interment of his wife, whose remains were brought here from Manitow, Man.

Miss McIntosh, of Manitow Man., returns home this week, after spending a fortnight or so visiting her old friends and acquaintances. She sees quite an improvement in the appearance of Durham since leaving here nine years ago.

Mr. Jos. Moore of the Toronto Mantel and Tile Co., is in Baltimore, Maryland, attending the Manufacturers' Convention as a representative of the above firm. He intends visiting Washington and New York before returning to Toronto.

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 quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a recognized preparation. It is composed of the most potent 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
McKECHNIE'S WEEKLY NEWS

One of Our Specials This Week Ladies' Fine Dongola Blucher. Sizes 1 to 4. \$1.39	Walk a Little Farther Save a Little More	One of Our Specials This Week Ladies' Dongola Bluc. Very dressy shoe. \$1.99
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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 fine dongola blucher	...\$2.00
Men's heavy kip blucher 2.50
Men's heavy oil tan 3.10
Men's high overshoe 2.40

Men's Rubbers

Men's plain overs90
Men's plain overs E.E.90
Men's roll soled 1.00
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' dongola button \$2.50
Ladies' patent blucher 3.25
Ladies' patent button 3.50

Ladies' Rubbers

Ladies' plain overs65
Ladies' felt lined70
Ladies' Maltese Cross75
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

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