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Harry Lauder, the Scotch comedian, has organized a band of pipers which is to tour Scotland and the north of England to stimulate recruiting.

An Athens despatch says that the Turks, expecting the entrance of the allied fleet into the Sea of Marmora, have sent troops and heavy artillery to all the islands in that sea.

A despatch from Amsterdam says reports from the German frontier state that much uneasiness exists at the German fortified seaport of Cuxhaven concerning two large submarines which have not returned to their base.

"WAR"

A SERIAL STORY BY
BARONESS BERTHA VON SUTNER

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BOOK IV.
1866

CHAPTER I.

The greatest of all human misfortunes was again upon us, and, as usual, the public was jubilant. Regiments marched out (how would they return?) with blessings and good wishes and followed by the shouting rabble of street urchins.

Frederick had been ordered to Bohemia before the declaration of hostilities, when I was still confident that matters would blow over, so I was somewhat spared the agony of parting. When my father came triumphantly with the news, "Now the war is begun," I had been alone a fortnight, and I had made up my mind for the worst, as does a doomed man in his cell when he knows that the death-sentence must come.

I raised my hand imploringly: "Father, one wish! Leave me to myself."

Not being fond of pathetic scenes he hastily retired, and I, crushed in spirit, wrote in my red journal:

The death-sentence! A hundred thousand men will be executed. Will Frederick be among them? And for that matter, who am I that I should not perish with them? Oh that I were already dead!

On the same day I received from Frederick these hasty lines:

My wife! Be brave and do not lose heart. We have been happy. That past no one can take from us even if to-day the decree "it is finished" should be issued for us as for many others. To-day we meet the enemy. Perhaps I shall recognize some of the old Prussian comrades—even my Cousin Gottfried. We march upon Liebenau with the advance guard of Count Clam-Gallas. There will be no leisure for letters—at most a line to assure you of my safety. But on this leaflet—in case it be the last—I wish I could put into one single word all the love I bear you. I can find only this: "Martha!" You know what that means to me.

Conrad had also been ordered to march. He was full of ardor and felt enough hatred of the Prussians to make his start a pleasure. Still, parting with Lilli was hard, for the marriage license had arrived just two days before.

"Oh, Lilli, Lilli, why have you put me off so long? Who knows if I shall ever return?"

Upon his departure her remorse was pitiful, and she wept bitterly in my arms. I consoled her with the thought that had she been his wife it would have made the parting even harder.

The family now removed to Grumitz, and I joined them, oppressed with the premonition of widowhood. Occasionally in the midst of my dull grief would come the bright thought: "He is alive. He will come back." Then the horror of agony that he might be wounded, perishing for water, or that heavy wagons were rolling over his torn limbs, or that flies were in his open wounds, or, worse yet, that they were throwing him into the trench while yet he lived!

I would spring up with a shriek at this thought.

"Shame, Martha," my father would remonstrate: "you will become insane if you brood in this way. Drive such wicked fears from your mind."

Again he would say, "Your husband is a staff officer, and will not be neglected as a common soldier. Besides you should think about the grandeur of the result of the war, and not about your own petty nervous feelings."

"Yes, not to think about it. That is always the way we treat human misery. All kinds of barbarity exist because we are trained not to think about it."

The Red Cross was a new organization. I read Dunant's pamphlet, which urged its necessity. The tract was a heart-rending appeal. He had hurried to the field of Solferino, and told the world what he saw. Hosts of wounded lying five and six days without help. What could a single man do to save this mass of misery? Many needed only a drop of water or a bite of bread; others were buried still breathing. He spoke out, and for the first time—the world echoed the cry. The Geneva Convention was called and the Red Cross was founded.

Why had not Austria sent delegates? Why is everything new met either with opposition or indifference? The law of mental inertia and the sanctified custom are to blame. My father argued: "The idea is all right, but impracticable!" How could military authority allow private service on the field? And then there were spies! And the expense! Is not war costly enough without it? Volunteer nurses were an unnecessary burden. Tactics came before friendly offices. It was even argued that this unnecessary burden would increase the cost of supplies and bring a rise in prices.

Such is official wisdom! so learned, so prudent, so heartless, and so immeasurably stupid!

The first engagement took place in Bohemia at Liebenau, June 25.

"It is a magnificent beginning," said my father. "Heaven is with us. Our men will reduce these fellows

bags. They will punish these fellows well."

(However, the next news showed that, after five hours of fighting, this same brigade, forming a part of the advance guard of Clam-Gallas, retreated to Podol. I learned later that Frederick was in this engagement, and the same night General Horn attacked Podol.)

"But," continued my father, "even better news comes from the south. At Custozza, dear children, we have gained a most glorious victory. I have already said it: Lombardy must become ours. I regard the war as decided. We must send some of our regulars and finish off these Italians, and then it will be easy to deal with these 'tailors' apprentices.' This important Prussian militia is not fit to engage with regular soldiers. They are all from the shops, the bench, and mere rubbish, and they cannot stand against such blood and iron as our men are made of. Hear the good news from the paper this morning: 'The cattle-plague in Prussian Silesia has broken out in a highly threatening form.'"

"Cattle-plague—threatening! Is this your good news? Nice thing we must accept as pleasure in these war days. However, the black and gold frontier posts will undoubtedly keep the plague from crossing over to us."

But my father went on reading the pleasant intelligence:

Ever is raging among Prussian troops. Such results must necessarily abound in the villages, with the miserable shelter, unhealthy swamp land, and bad treatment. Austrians have no idea how miserably the Prussians handle their men. The nobles do as they please with the common people. Three ounces of salt pork is all that is allowed for each man. They are unaccustomed to forced marches and the hardship of short rations, and are close to starvation.

"The papers are full of startling news. You ought to keep them, Martha." And I have kept them. This one ought always to do, and when a new struggle is in prospect one should read not the latest news but the accounts of the preceding wars, and weigh how little truth is contained in all these boasts and the prophesying; that would be instructing.

CHAPTER II.

"How extraordinary! Defeat after defeat is ours. First the capture of Podol by moonlight; Clam-Gallas barricaded; the village taken and burned. Then they conquer Gitchin. Oh, those cursed needle-guns, how they mowed down our men rank after rank! The enemy's two great army corps have joined and are even now pressing down against Munchengratz." Thus my father lamented, telling us the terrible news. But his confidence was unshaken.

"Let them come, every man of them, down into Bohemia, and we will annihilate them yet. We will surround them; the people will rise against them, and when there is no escape, no retreat—hemmed in—we will give them the finishing touch. It is a disadvantage for them to be in the enemy's country, for you have not only the army but the people against you. At Trautenau the inhabitants poured boiling water and oil on to the Prussians."

A cry of horror and disgust escaped me.

"War is horrible, I grant," said my father, "but what would you have?"

"Then never again dare tell me that war ennobles a people. Admit that it unmans them, brutalizes and turns men into tigers and very devils. Boiling oil! Ugh!"

"Self-defence and righteous revenge are justifiable, Martha. Do you think we should take their needle-guns and bullets without return? Our brave fellows are cut down like defenceless cattle. But we will beat them yet, for we are too numerous and too well disciplined. I acknowledge a few skirmishes have been made; we should not have waited, but pushed across the Prussian frontier from the start. Our choice of marshals may not have been altogether wise. But I will not find fault, for the decisive battle is yet to come. We are now concentrating a hundred thousand strong at Konigsgratz. There will our northern Custozza be fought and won."

Frederick was to fight there also. His last letter had said so. I have still in my possession all his hurried little notes, written in pencil, on horseback, in the tent, illegible save to me, and sent whenever he found opportunity to do so. Some came into my hands even after the campaign was over, and I have them as mementos to this hour. They are not the clever descriptions or careful dispatches of the war correspondent. There are no details of the strategy, no rhetorical pictures of the battle-scenes. Here are some of them:

A lovely summer night in camp—the ground is covered with exhausted men after a long forced march. Tents have been pitched for staff officers only. In mine there are three beds, and my two comrades are asleep. By the feeble light I am writing to my beloved wife. Puxl lies on my bed. Poor, tired dog! I almost regret that I brought him with me. He is sleeping and dreaming of his lover and master Count Rudolf Dotzky. And I, Martha, am dreaming of you. True, it is a waking dream, but I see you sitting in the far corner of the tent, and I dare not move for fear the image will vanish.

I stepped out a moment. Straggling figures dragged themselves up to our camp fires; they had been left on the road. But many more are still lying in the ditches and corn-fields. The heat of the march was fearful. The brazen sun burned into our brains, the knapsacks and muskets galled our shoulders. None have complained, though many fell from sunstroke.

never to rise again. This June night is clear and enchanting, but nightingales and roses and jasmine are not for us. We hear stamping and neighing horses, voices of restless men, the even tramp of the guard. Later we shall hear the croak of the raven, and smell the powder, blood, and corruption. Astonishing how blind is mankind! Those who curse the fearful fires that burned the martyrs for the glory of God, even those glorify the battlefield. The torture chambers of the Inquisition fill them with abhorrence, but how proud they are of their arsenals!

How aesthetically our battlefields are painted! Upon a hill-top stands a group of generals; the field-marshal with the glass at his eyes, is dictating to his staff as he sits proudly on a white charger. One hand is stretched dramatically toward the smoke-covered plain. Or he is waving his sword and looking backwards, as if saying to those behind, "Follow me, my children!" Pictures give the magnificent and scenic effects of war without the horrors. They give the superb detail of line and the elevations and landscape, not the flowing blood, the mangled forms, and scenes of disgust. To see only the glitter of arms, the clouds of smoke, the prancing horses, the floating banners, the whirl of action, might inspire a battle-song or an epic, or a masterpiece of painting.

The village is ours—no, the enemy has it—it is once more ours—finally it is the enemy's (but no longer can it be called a village, nothing but a heap of smoking ruins. The inhabitants (was the village not theirs?) had abandoned it early—happy for them—for the shot and shell hit all alike, old and young, women and children. One family had remained behind in this place which yesterday we took, lost, retook, and lost again—an old couple with a married daughter in childbed. The husband chanced to be one of my regiment. "For God's sake, Colonel," he said, as we approached the village, "send me over there to the house with the red roof, for there lives my wife with her crippled old parents. They could not get away." Poor devil, he arrived to see his wife and child killed by an exploding shell, and the old people buried beneath the debris.

Fighting in the open country is terrible enough, but fighting in the midst of homes and human haunts is ten times more cruel. Crashing timbers, burning buildings, smothering smoke and fumes, maddened animals, every building a fortress or barricade, and every window a gun-hole! There was a breastwork heaped up with corpses, the defenders having used the slain as a rampart so shoot behind. One man panned in among the red was still alive, for I saw him move.

Living still! that is the most horrible condition for the uncreed-for wounded. If only some angel, either of compassion or death, might touch these poor wretches with a tender hand!

To-day we had a little cavalry skirmish in the open field. A Prussian dragoon regiment came up, dropped into line, and, with their bridles drawn and sabres over their heads, they galloped down on us. We sprang to meet the attack. No bullets were exchanged. A few paces apart both regiments broke into a thundering "hurrah" (like intoxicated Indians or barbaric Zulus); and so we fell upon each other, horse to horse knee to knee, sabres swishing and crashing down upon the men from both sides. We were soon in such a muddle that we could not use our weapons. The horses reared and pranced, clashing their hoofs. Once I fell and saw above me these frightful crashing feet within an inch of my head—it was no pleasant thing.

Again on the march, with a few skirmishes. Another great sorrow. I ought not to haunt me so when so many are in despair. I should have left poor Puxl at home with his little master, for, as he ran after me the splinter of a shell tore off his front legs. I heard the mournful howl, but must press on and desert the poor beast, who may not die for twenty-four, no, even forty-eight, hours. "Master, master," he seemed to cry, "don't forsake poor Puxl, and his little heart is breaking." . . . What comments one most is to think that the dying faithful creature misjudged me. It cannot know that when a regiment is flying to attack, leaving behind so many comrades, one cannot command: "Halt!" for a little dog. . . . and he must have thought me merciful. Many would say, shrugging their shoulders, how can one mind such trifles amidst such great events and such gigantic misfortunes? But not you, my Martha—you will weep for Puxl.

What goes here? A spy? One? No, seventeen. There they came in four rows, four in a row, marching with bowed heads, surrounded by a square of soldiers. Behind, in a wagon lies a corpse, and bound to it a twelve-year-old boy—the dead man's son—all condemned to die. I withdraw, but hear the firing and the smoke, and I shudder. The boy is dead too.

At last a comfortable night in bed! A poor little town! Provisions? Yes, taken from the inhabitants on requisition. All they had for the coming month. "Requisition!" It is a good thing to have a pretty name for an ugly act. But a night's sleep and a meal mean a great deal to me just now. When I was about to tumble into bed, an orderly came in and brought me something for which I pressed his hands, rewarded him handsomely, and promised to do something for his family. What the fine fellow brought me gave me the keenest pleasure, and freed me from an

Continued on page 7.

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JOHN MCGOWAN
TELEPHONE No. 8.

GLENELG COUNCIL.

The Council met February 6, pursuant to adjournment, all the members present, the reeve in the chair; minutes of last meeting read and confirmed. Communications read as follows:

Hamilton Steel Co., Ontario Good Roads Association, H. J. Armstrong re Hill's claim, R.L. Stephen re Walden claim, Watson, Smith & Co. re Ross' claim, Salvation Army, asking for assistance, Jerry McAssey, sheep claim, N.W. Campbell re schools, Municipal World, account, Jas. Hastie, blacksmith account, report as to treasurer's sureties. By-law No. 553 appointing township officers, was introduced and read a first and second time and on motion of Turnbull and McInnis was read a third time, signed, sealed and engrossed on by-law book.

Pearl-McInnis—That the communication from N.W. Campbell be held over till next meeting.—Carried.

McInnis-Young—That Angus McArthur be appointed sheep inspector for ward 2.—Carried.

Pearl-Turnbull—That J. McAs say be paid \$4.66, two-thirds value of sheep killed by dogs, and that he be paid \$2 for brushing at lots 10 and 11. concession s.—Carried.

Pearl-Turnbull—That M. Quillinan be paid \$5.35, two-thirds value sheep killed by dogs.—Carried.

Young-Turnbull—That the Salvation Army and Sick Children Hospital be paid \$5 each as charity.—Carried.

Pearl-Young—That John O'Neill be paid \$2.30 for new stove pipes and cleaning hall, and \$1 for inspecting sheep killed by dogs.

Young-McInnis—That J. Hastie be paid \$3.60 for repairs to grader and bolts for bridges.—Carried.

Turnbull-McInnis—That J. McDonald be paid \$35 part payment of salary as assessor.—Carried.

Turnbull-Pearl—That A. B. McArthur be paid \$8 for sheep killed by dogs after making the usual declaration.—Carried.

Pearl-Young—That Auditors R.T. Edwards and W. J. Ritchie be paid \$12 each for services.—Carried.

McInnis-Pearl—That T. Turnbull be paid \$1 for search re treasurer's sureties, and M.K. Richardson \$1 as Registrar.—Carried.

Pearl-Young—That the Municipal World be paid \$7.92 for assessor's supplies and other forms.—Carried.

Turnbull-McInnis—That the clerk be paid \$30 on salary.—Carried.

The following clause was inserted in By-law 553: "And it is hereby further enacted that each and every one of the persons whose names are inserted as Pathmasters in this By-law are hereby also appointed as overseers of highways for the purpose of keeping township roads open during the season of deep snow." The council adjourned to April 3, at 10 a.m. J. S. Black, Clerk