

# LOOK!

at the

## BARGAINS

for Friday and Saturday

February 26 and 27

Fresh New Lemon Peel. Finest Quality. Friday and Saturday only **11c**

Boy's Suits all new patterns, worth \$4.50. Come and get one Friday and Saturday **\$3.25**

Half Length Lace Curtains. The full size are worth from \$2 to \$4 pair. These are samples mostly 1/2 yards long. Pick them out only **19c**. Don't miss this Extra Special Bargain.

Large 2 1/2 lb. tins Red Cross Pork and Beans, sold everywhere for 15c. Special Fri. and Sat. **10c**

15c Tins Snap and Handwich. A splendid hand cleanser, always sold at 15c. Friday and Saturday **9c**

Our Grocery Department can supply you with all kinds of Fresh Frozen Fish.

When you are in have a look at the New Wash Goods, Fancy Crinkles etc. Just opened 15c per yard.

**The J. D. Abraham Company**

### THE NATIONAL GUN CLUB

The National Gun Club held its first shoot of the season at their grounds on the Cement Co. property when quite a number were present and a good afternoon's sport indulged in. Besides a team shoot with Adam Brown and Art Brooks as captains individual shooting was indulged in. The following is the score: Team shoot, 5-bird event: R. Calder... 0 1 1 1 0 3 W. Brown... 1 1 1 1 0 4 B. Gibson... 1 1 1 1 1 5 B. Benton... 1 1 1 1 0 4 A. Brooke... 1 0 1 1 1 4

Individual shooting:	Shot at	Killed
W. Brown...	11	8
R. Calder...	30	22
J. Gibson, Jr...	22	9
A. Brown...	20	12
F. Gibson...	28	13
W. Harris...	15	12
S. McIntyre...	20	5
J. Bauer...	24	7
B. Benton...	20	11
A. Brooke...	13	7
E. Goodwin...	10	5
W. Wright...	5	3
B. Gibson...	25	5
F. Irwin...	15	3
W. Marshall...	10	2
J. Gibson, Sr...	5	1
T. McGirr...	5	2
E. Burnett, Jr...	5	1
J. Donnelly...	5	0

### DARKIES' CORNERS.

The cosy home of Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Lindsay was the scene of merriment last Friday evening. It being their 29th wedding anniversary, a large number of invited friends and neighbors gathered and enjoyed themselves in various ways. The crowd dispersed as the hours began to grow large in the morning, which bespeaks a jolly good time was spent. Mrs. Cardwell of Toronto visited last week with her cousin, Mrs. John McGirr. Mr. Geo. Herd, Mr. Park, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Hunt of Allan Park attended the party at Mr. Robt. Lindsay's on Friday evening. Some from this burg took in the concert at No. 12, Egremont, and report an excellent program. Mr. Thos. Binnie of British Columbia, and Miss Belle McGirr, visited Dornoch friends last week. Miss Annie Knox spent the week end with her friend, Miss Chrissie McGirr. Mrs. Geo. Noble, Sr., of town, visited last week with her daughter, Mrs. Jas. Lawrence. Mr. Murray Ritchie purchased a fine young horse from Mr. Robt. Wells. Mr. and Mrs. Zufeldt of Hanover were visitors last week with Mrs. Wm. Hargrave.

## "WAR"

Continued from page 7

covered my face in horror. He no longer looked like a human being, his under jaw was shot away, and his eyes were hanging from their sockets. He was reeking with decay and corruption. My head sank back against the wall. But the sickening idea came into my head—could it be Frederick? No, it was not he. As they carried the poor gurgling wretch away the regimental doctor said, "He need not go back to the hospital, he is already three-fourths dead." And with that the agonized creature threw up both his hands in pleading to heaven.

The hour passed, and I started with the two surgeons and four Sisters of Charity and several soldiers. The carriage was hot and filled with a mingled odor of hospital and incense, and I felt deathly sick. I leaned back in my corner and closed my eyes.

"Are you ill?" asked the sympathetic young surgeon. "I hear you are joining your wounded husband at Konigsgratz. Do you know where to look for him?"

"No, but I expect to meet Dr. Bresser."

"I know him. We visited the battle-field together three days ago."

"Visited the battle-field?" I repeated, shuddering. "Oh, tell me about it." The surgeon told his story, and I put it afterwards into my journal as I remembered it. From there I copy it now. I had remembered it quite accurately, for into every scene my imagination thrust one fixed idea—that there would be found my wounded Frederick, calling for me!

Behind a little hill the ambulance corps lay protected. Beyond the engagement, and already begun, the very earth and air trembled with the heat and explosion. Clouds of smoke and roaring artillery filled space. Orders came that we should fetch the wounded from the field. It takes some heroism to march into the midst of a battle when none of the fury of the conflict is in the mind to urge you on. The corporal in charge of the relief ordered the men to a point where the enemy had opened fire. Across the open ground they met groups of wounded dragging themselves and helping each other. One fell insensible, but not from a wound but sheer exhaustion. They explained: "We have eaten nothing for two days. After an enforced march of twelve hours and a bit of sleep, we were called to the fight unrefreshed."

The relief patrol pushed on. Let them look out for themselves, the surgeons were urged on to the more desperately wounded. They might be picked up on the way back, after help had been rendered to those lying thick in the battle. Everywhere lies a bleeding mass. The wounded swarm about thicker and thicker, creeping and dragging themselves over mounds of corpses, all stretched in mangled positions with the death-writhings still evident—hands clawing the ground, eyes and tongues projecting, teeth gnashed, and mouths gaping as the last breath had been drawn. So they lie, with their limbs and bodies mangled into shapelessness and stiffened with the death agony.

Down through a little ravine the patrol pushed. Here the dead and wounded were lying in heaps together. The shrieks for help, the begging, weeping, and lamenting, mixed with the cries for water. Alas, the provisions were soon exhausted, and what can a few men do... all this mass of hopelessness? If every helper had a hundred arms they could not do half of the rescue work. But they work like heroes until, suddenly, there comes the signal horn calling to another part of the field, while the broken wretches piteously beg not to be deserted. An adjutant comes in hot haste. Evidently a general has been wounded. The surgeons must follow, begging the poor fellows to have patience for they will return. But the promise was never meant and never believed.

On, on they must follow the adjutant. Cries and groans to right and left are unheeded, and though some of the rescuing party falls, they are left with the rest. Men writhing with horrible wounds, torn by horses' hoofs, crushed by passing guns, seeing the rescuers, rear themselves and call for help with a last effort. But on, on, over them all!

So it goes on, page after page, in my journal. One account tells how a shell burst over a group of wounded who had just been bandaged and relieved, tearing them to pieces. Again, it tells how the fighting broke out around the ambulances, a fleeing and pursuing troop sweeping down the wounded, dying, and surgeons, all together; or when terrified riders on horses, maddened with agony, rushed over the wounded on the stretchers, throwing them crushed and lifeless to the ground. Again, the most frightful scene of all is described: A hundred helpless men lay in a farmhouse where their wounds had been dressed, when a shell set the place in a blaze, and their shrieks will ever remain in the memory of those who heard it—and in mine, for I fancied again, while the surgeon spoke, that Frederick was there, and I heard his voice out of the place of torture, and I fell back in my seat.

"Oh, dear lady," the surgeon exclaimed, "I must not try your nerves." But I had not yet heard enough to shake my thirst for the horrible; I would hear more, and I said, "No, no, continue: How was the next morning?" So he continued: A battle-field by night is hideous enough, but under the glorious sun the fiendish work of man seems doubly fiendish. What the night made seem ghostly, the daylight revealed as absolutely hopeless. Then one first realizes the countless dead—in the streets, the fields. There is no cannonading, no rattle of musketry, no drums or trumpet-blasts, no flags, no regimentals; the only sound is the low moaning of the poor wretches who are dying without aid. The steaming earth is saturated with red puddle that shimmer, reek, and clot in the sun. Everywhere lie scattered the abandoned sabres, bayonets, knapsacks, cloaks, broken carriages, wagons, and cannon the half-dead horses staggering up and down and hideously bellowing out their dying shrieks. There is a little hollow into which the wounded had dragged themselves, but it is clear that a battery had driven over them, the hoofs and wheels crushing them into a pulpy oozing mass while still alive—yes, hopelessly alive. But even more hellish than all this is the certain appearance of that vilest of humanity, the ghouls which creep in the wake of the battle, to plunder and spoil the dead. They sink among the corpses, mercilessly tearing off their valuables, mutilating and hacking even the living if they still have life enough to defend themselves, snatching out their eyes to make them unrecognizable. And so they lie, day after day, these poor wretches, for the Sanitary Corps though they work untiringly, cannot stop for the hopeless ones who beg that they be shot or stabbed in their helpless misery. From above the carrion crows are watching from the trees, preparing to descend for their dinner. Even the starved village dogs come and lick the open flesh. Then comes the great interment. They dig long shallow trenches, and the bodies are thrown in helter-skelter, heads up and heads down. Also they heap the bodies into mounds and cover them with a few feet of dirt. Let the rain wash it away, who cares?

"Now, will you hear what happened the next day?" "Oh, I can tell you that," I interrupted. "In the capital of the victorious country the reports have arrived. In the forenoon, while the hyenas of the battle-field work round the trenches, the people in the churches are singing 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' and in the evening, wife and mother of those who have been buried—while yet breathing perhaps—put lighted candles on their window-sill, for the city has to be illuminated for a sign of joy."

"Yes," said the surgeon, "such comedy is marked in the cities—and vander the tragedy continues." Continued next week.

### CAN "THE TIGHT LITTLE ISLE" BE INVADED?

Continued from page 5.

through the Straits of Gibraltar. Assembling an army of 20,000 in the west of France, with a noisy pretense that it was destined for Ireland, he hoped thus to distract the blockading fleet off Brest enable his own vessels to slip out of that harbor and, joining the Toulon fleet, suddenly fall upon the channel squadron of the British.

#### Why It Failed

"The English know not what awaits them," he remarked enigmatically to his suite when he heard of the escape of his Toulon battleships. "If we have the power of crossing for but 12 hours England will be no more." But as he waited in vain for his ships to come, he asked for even less time and pleaded with Fate, "Let us be masters of the channel for six hours and we shall be masters of the world."

Still his prudent commander at Brest held back. "Start, start at once!" he commanded and implored him. "In your hands are the destinies of the world." But his fleets did not appear on the bare western horizon. On the contrary his Toulon ships had already run into Cadix and the British watchdogs never took their eyes off the rest of his vessels.

With gloom and anger clouding his brow, Napoleon paced the sandy bounds of the unconquered sea and bitterly muttered to himself in his impotent rage, "The English will become very small when France shall have two or three admirals willing to die." But Mars had failed to snatch the trident from Neptune. The master of the land had been thwarted by the mistress of the sea.

#### A Monument to Failure

To-day the passengers sailing over to France by a channel steamer hardly more than lose sight of the green trees that crown the heights of Folkestone with the velvet turf of England when they see rising from the sand dunes of Boulogne a tall, beautiful Doric column, surmounted by the bronze effigy of the man who spent 15 years of his life in a futile effort to plant his eagles on the Tower of London. Hard by that shining white obelisk the conscripts of Napoleon reared for him a timbered palace, where he dwelt in the midst of nearly 20,000 warriors ready at a word to embark for the conquest of the opposite shore.

#### No Invasion in Eight Centuries

Through all the eight centuries and more that have elapsed since the Norman conquest, no hostile foreign force has successfully invaded England. In other words, the island has remained inviolate since the dark ages. Not an alien foe has gained a foothold on her soil since England really has been England.

#### The Peace of England

The peace of England is written not only on the credit side of the ledgers in London's counting houses. It is writ as large across the face of her quiet hillsides and in the smoke of the mills which wreathes her valleys.

Traveling in other countries of the old world, and alas of the new, one sees war ruddy scrawled on many battlegrounds. But Battle Abbey is the monument of the latest battle with an invading army in England—and the Abbey was consecrated in 1095.

As a passenger on a train from Bristol to Taunton approaches Bridgewater, he may look out upon a wild moorland where Englishmen fought among themselves in 1685, when the little rebel army of the Duke of Monmouth was overthrown by the royal troops of James II. After 250 years that battle of Sedgemoor retains the distinction of the last battle on the soil of England, the last breach of English peace.

#### The Spoils of Peace

The wealth and power of the little island are convincing proofs of the folly of war. Vast as her military conquests are, Britain is far richer with the spoils of a long, unbroken peace.

In many great wars on the continent her foes have sighed for her capture as the fattest prize in sight. Gen. Hoche did not overdraw the picture when he proclaimed to his French troops, "England is the richest country in the world—and we give it to you to be plundered." You shall plunder their bank of its immense heap of gold. You shall seize upon all public and private property, upon their warehouses, their magazines, their stately mansions and gilded palaces, and you shall return to your own country loaded with the spoils of the enemy." The probable total of the tribute that a modern army of invasion would lay on London, on Manchester, on Liverpool, on the British nation, outruns the imagination.

#### Where Briton Can Be Conquered

But can Britain be invaded? Her wide and stormy moat has been her sure defense in the past and she displays a remarkably calm reliance on it to serve her as well in the present. Whatever her secret fears may be she has not abandoned herself in 1914-15 to the panic with which Napoleon's scows and rowboats filled her in 1803-05.

Napoleon himself in 1793 gave it to the directory as his opinion that "a descent upon the island without first gaining the mastery of the sea would be the most delicate and difficult operation ever undertaken." Only on the sea can Britain be conquered.

### TRAVERTON.

Mumps are in the dwelling Pitch-holes in the road. One sets the jaws a' swelling, The other spills the load. Assessor McDonald is considered to be one of the permanent officials of Glenelg. He made his annual round last week. Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Blair spent the week-end with the Reed family in Markdale, and Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Cook and Master Clifford with Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McFadden in Egremont. Mr. and Mrs. Will Timmins made their semi-annual visit to Vandeleur kindred the first of the week. Messrs. John O'Neill, J. P. McMillan and Elmo Edwards are enjoying their new positions in parliamentary life at Toronto immensely.

T. Cook cut up about 70 cords of poplar wood for J. H. Robson on Friday with his gasoline outfit and on Monday clipped up the big pile of poles Basil Davis had been hauling up all winter, and the pile at home as well. Grandma McClocklin is afflicted with very sore eyes at present. With the coming in of Lent Cattle prices took a drop; With the dancing in of Easter, We hope they'll take a hop. Word has been received at the old home here that Miss Emma Edwards and her niece, Essel, arrived at Maxbass, N. D., from Portland, Ore., on Monday of last week.

Mrs. Wm. Williamson, a pioneer mother of the 12th concession, passed over on Wednesday of last week after but four days illness. She was a native of Scotland and, with her husband, came to Canada in 1868 and settled on lot 10, concession 12, where the rest of her days were spent. Mr. Williamson died 17 years ago. She leaves one son, William, called after his father. The deceased was a woman of wonderfully strong and active physical powers, among many a time in the early days of pioneer life trudged the 15 miles to Durham, carrying a pail of butter or basket of eggs, and returned the same day, loaded with the goods purchased. Big-hearted, kindly and strong in mental powers, she won many friends. Interment took place to Zion cemetery on Friday afternoon. Rev. R. M. Phalen of Markdale officiating in the home and by the graveside. Life has its strong contrasts. On Thursday evening, the sweet and winsome six months' old baby girl of Mr. and Mrs. Will Jack, "entered the Pearly Gates," after an illness of a couple of weeks, and the home, made so bright by her presence, is saddened sorely. This just a couple of years since their first-born, Carmen, a bright baby boy, was taken, now the sorrow doubles. The whole neighborhood deeply sympathizes with the young couple, as was evidenced by the big concourse that gathered to the funeral. Rev. W. W. Prudham conducted a most thoughtful, helpful service in Zion, after which the beautiful white casket was lowered softly into the white-lined resting place. As we looked at the little rosebud, with its peaceful smile, the Master's words kept recurring to our mind, "Weep not, she is not dead, but sleepeth." Mrs. Rutherford and Mrs. N. McKechnie of town, were out to assist in nursing and the latter is remaining for a few days.

A happy union took place on Tuesday afternoon of last week in the manse, Markdale, when the Rev. R. M. Phalen wedded Miss Vina Anderson, daughter of Mr. Jas. Anderson of Port William, to Mr. Albert W. T. Kleist of Markdale. The fair young bride wore a lovely gown of navy blue silk, with white lace trimmings, and hat to match. Miss May McKechnie made a sweet bridesmaid. Mr. Harold Watson ably performed the duties of best man. After the ceremony, the bridal party drove to the home of her grandparents. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Watson, where a rich dinner awaited them and the many friends present. In the evening, the young folk gathered, and a night of music, song and dancing followed. Guests were present from Walkerton, Markdale, Irish Lake and the vicinity. The bride was the recipient of a host of valuable presents, conspicuous among them being some handsome cheques. The best wishes of the community go with the young couple in their new life together.

#### 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 general medicine. It was prescribed by some of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular remedy. It is composed of the best known medicines, 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

#### For Sale

FOUR HEIFERS, RISING THREE years old, due to calve early; are in good flesh, and good colors; or two young cows, due in April—one brown,illy rising 3, make an excellent driver; general purpose gelding rising 3. R. T. Edwards, R.R. No 1 Markdale.

## Large Sales Small Profits

# McKECHNIE'S WEEKLY NEWS

One of Our Specials This Week Ladies' Fine Dongola Blucher. Sizes 1 to 4. <b>\$1.39</b>	Walk a Little Farther Save a Little More	One of Our Specials This Week Ladies' Dongola Bluc. Very dressy shoe. <b>\$1.99</b>
---	---	---

## 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 overs ..... 90
- 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 overs ..... 65
- Ladies' felt lined ..... 70
- Ladies' Maltese Cross..... 75
- 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

# G. & J. McKechnie

Departmental Store Durham