

The price of hogs in Austria again has risen considerably and the Austrian Housewives' Union has resolved to continue its boycott against all hog meat.

It is learned that the Italian Government is not interested in the modus vivendi as regards Germany and England which was proposed by the United States, since it is regarded as certain to fail.

Justice Gavegan of the New York Supreme Court has approved the certificate of incorporation of the American Legion, now being organized as a first line reserve for instant call in case of war.

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"WAR"
A SERIAL STORY BY
BARONESS BERTHA VON SUTTNER

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sion of heart and pricking of conscience just as if I were being commanded to stop it. And only when fully awake would I realize my entire incapacity to stem such a tide—as well might I face the swelling waves of the sea, and command them to dry up.

Frederick and I had made very definite plans for the future. At the close of the war he was to resign, and we would retire to some small country place, and live with his pension and my allowance in a simple way.

Frederick intended to take up the study of international law and science apart from its sentimental and utopian aspect, and make himself capable of grasping the practical side of all these ideas. He felt that the world was coming into a new era of thought, and he desired to lead his life into these lines along with our domestic pleasures.

We had not communicated our thoughts to my father, who had quite other ambitions for our future.

"You will be a colonel at a very early age, Tilling," he said one day, "and in ten years you will certainly be a general. A fresh war will certainly give you the command of an entire corps, and you may even reach the rank of commander-in-chief, who knows. It may come to your lot to restore the glory of the arms of Austria, which is for the moment under a cloud. When once we adopt the needle-gun or some more effective weapon we shall soon have the best of these Prussian gentlemen."

"Who knows," I suggested, "we may even make it up with the Prussians and become their allies."

My father shrugged his shoulders. "If women would only keep out of politics! Our honor and our position as a Power of Europe demand that we should punish these insolent braggarts, and take back the states which they have annexed. What! friendship with these dastardly enemies! Never! unless they come and humbly beg for it."

"In that event," remarked Frederick, "we would set our feet upon their necks. Alliances are only sought with those whom we fear or need as a protection against a common foe. In statecraft egotism is the ruling motive."

"Yes, indeed," my father replied, "when that ego represents our own fatherland everything else is secondary."

"We can but wish," replied Frederick, "that communities may adopt the same rules of behavior as is demanded of individuals, which does away with the law of the fist and the vulgar self-seeking, and declares that our own interests are best advanced when we are in harmony with the interests of others."

"What's that?" asked my father, with his hand to his ear, but Frederick wisely dropped the discussion.

I shall arrive at Grumitz to-morrow at one o'clock.

CONRAD

The delight with which this dispatch was received by Lilli can be imagined. No welcome is so loving and gracious as that given to him who returns from war. Naturally he would have preferred to return victoriously, to have aided in conquering his emperor, but it was honor enough to have fought at all—and to be among the fallen was a specially glorious fate. Otto said that in the military academy every one who was left dead on the field was specially inscribed in the roll of honor, and the more ancestors one could boast as having fallen in battle, the prouder were the descendants, and the less value should they place upon their own lives. To show one's appreciation of such ancestors need one actively and passively rejoice in all kinds of bloodshed in war?

Perhaps it is better that so long as war exists there should be plenty that find pleasure and inspiration in it. Alas! this class is daily growing less, while the armies are daily increasing. Where will it finally lead?

But Conrad did not think so far ahead, and my brother Otto was his envious admirer—of the hussar uniform, the scar that decorated his chin, which he got in passing through a rain of bullets—all this surrounded him with a halo of glory.

"I will admit it was an unfortunate campaign, but I have brought back glorious memories of it."

"Oh, tell us, tell us!" Lilli and Otto cried.

"The details are gone, but the whole lies behind me like a dream, for powder gets into one's head in such a strange way. The moment the order comes to march, the intoxication and the fever begin, even at the very moment of suffering the pain of farewell from loved ones. But when surrounded by comrades, filled with the demand of patriotic duty, marching with the bands playing and the flag fluttering, I would not have turned back even to the arms of my sweet heart. Nor would I be worthy of her if I did. One never doubts one's marching to victory. The needle-guns you say? Ah, they alone were the cause of our defeat—their bullets fell upon us like hailstones. Also Benedek's generosity was poor. They

should court-martial him. If I were ever general, I should play a forward game, ever advancing on the enemy. However, since the Emperor did not put me in charge, the tactics were not my fault. We officers and soldiers were ordered to fight, and fight we did. And that was the glorious sensation of it. The anticipation, the suspense, waiting for the order to charge—the consciousness that in the next moment we should be creating history—the delight in one's own courage, with Death to the right and left—bidding this awful mystery defiance—"

"Just like poor Gottfried Tessow," murmured Frederick to me. "Of course it is all from the same teaching."

Conrad continued eagerly: "One's heart beats higher, one's pulse quickens, there awakes—that is the peculiar ecstasy of it all—there awakes the mad delight in battle, the ferocious hatred of the foe, the blazing passion for one's menaced fatherland—and on we rush, and hewing down becomes a mad revelry. One feels as if transported to another world. Ordinary feelings have changed to their opposites. Life itself is our motive; to slay is the law. The only motives that do not disappear in the conflict are magnificent heroism and self-sacrifice. To this add powder, smoke, and battle-cries. It is a sensation unparalleled—there is nothing like it—except perhaps a lion or tiger hunt, when one stands face to face with maddened beasts."

"Yes," Frederick added, "while man was still subject to attack from two or four-legged savages, to protect his life by killing the latter was a delight. The hereditary thirst for blood has not completely died out of civilized man, and since in Europe we have no longer beast nor barbarism to fight, we create an artificial enemy for ourselves, and the hunt goes thus: You here have red coats, and over there blue coats. Three claps, and presto, the red coats are changed into tigers and the blue coats become wild beasts to them. Again attention! Trumpets blow, one, two, three; drums beat; now begin; eat each other up. And if 100,000 such beasts eat each other 1 at X—, history records the famous X— battle. Then the men who clapped their hands assemble about a green table in X—, lay down their maps, rearrange the frontier lines, haggle over who shall pay the bills, sign a paper which figures in history as the Peace of X—. The magicians clap again three times, and order the red coats and the blue coats: 'Now, dear children, embrace each other again as men and brethren.'"

CHAPTER V.

The Prussian troops were quartered everywhere about Grumitz, and the villagers were possessed with terror of the hated enemy, whose name became the synonym of every evil, and when the quartermaster approached to arrange quarters for his men they trembled as if the wolves were upon them. An occasional patriot sent a rifle bullet from some place of hiding after the foe, and his quick execution forced the villagers to suppress their hatred. Much to the surprise of the villagers, when they quartered the soldiers, they found the "enemy" was usually a very good-natured friendly lot, who punctually paid their bills.

I was sitting one morning near a big window in the library, which gave a wide view over the surrounding country. A troop of horsemen suddenly came in sight. "Prussians coming for quarters," I thought. Seizing the glass, I saw a group of possibly ten surrounding what appeared to be a hunter. If the prisoner had fired upon them there was little hope for him. I ran to the library and called my aunt and father.

"The Prussians, the Prussians!" I exclaimed breathlessly. "The devil take them," my father exclaimed, while Aunt Marie rushed to make final preparations for the enemy, whom for several days she had expected.

"Where is Otto?" I asked. "We must warn him from speaking out his hatred of Prussia."

"Otto went out early to hunt birds. And how fine the youngster did look in his new hunting-suit. How proud I was of him."

The house was suddenly all in an uproar of loud voices and hasty steps. Franz the footman, pale with terror, flew into the room, and as though he were shouting "Fire!" called out "The Prussians, the Prussians, and your Excellency, they have a prisoner—your son—who is said to have fired on them."

My father, with an exclamation of alarm, hurried down the steps. His heart stood still. The situation before us was terrible; I dared not think of the conclusion. But it was soon all over, for father returned with Otto with the explanation that in crossing the field he had stumbled and accidentally discharged his rifle. They had seized him, but learning who he was, had brought him to the house, and had accepted his explanation.

"It would be impossible for an honorable soldier, and the son of a soldier, to act like an assassin," they said, as they released him.

Later, I asked Otto if he was really innocent.

He answered, "I hope in the future to have plenty of opportunities to shoot a few of them, but never would I be guilty without offering my own breast to their bullets."

"Bravo, my boy," cried my father. But I did not share the enthusiasm. Words which tossed about and cheapened human life so boastfully had a most repellent sound to me.

We had as our self-invited guests two colonels and six subordinate officers, and with the cellar full of provisions, and comfortable beds, they

were treated with every courtesy given to friends.

The Prussians bore distinguished names, and among them was a Prince Henry of the house of Ruess. Our enemies seemed to be very courteous gentlemen, with the most approved conventional manners of the best society. It is true that in these days we do not war with Huns and Vandals, but it is slightly hard to realize that the other side can possibly stand for the same civilization as our own.

"O God, thou who protectest those who trust in Thee, hear us as we pray for Thy gracious mercy. Protect us from the rage of our enemies, that we may praise Thee to all eternity."

The priest in Grumitz prayed thus daily. Certainly these elegant, gentlemanly fellows could hardly be considered as raging enemies as they took the ladies in to dinner. Perhaps God had this time listened to the prayers of the other side, and had protected them from our "rage"—or perhaps it was the needle-guns which had done it. At any rate it was a queer pious jumble to me. As we chatted with the stately colonel and the tall lieutenant, mention of war was shunned with the greatest caution on both sides. The strangers were treated as though they were guests travelling for pleasure, and the real state of things was never hinted at—that they were chartered with us as conquerors.

The gentlemen enjoyed the soft summer moonlight on the terraces—the same moonlight which so lately had lighted up the mouldering corpses against the churchyard wall. Under this soft light the Prussian Prince Henry lost his heart to our beautiful Rosa; and to our astonishment my father made no objection, so the engagement was announced to the family.

I had believed that my father's hatred of the Prussians would make it impossible for him to accept one as a son-in-law, but he separated altogether the individual from the nation. We often hear people protest: "I hate them as a nation, not as individuals." This is quite as sensible as if one were to say: "I hate wine as a drink, but the drops I swallow with pleasure." But popular sayings are not expected to be rational.

Perhaps the possibility of an alliance for his daughter with a princely house flattered my father, at any rate he said yes with apparent pleasure.

But Otto rebelled at the idea: "How would it be should war break out again, and I were obliged to chase my brother-in-law out of the country?" However, he was soon converted to the famous theory of the difference between nations and individuals. I confess I never could understand it.

How quickly happy surroundings swallow up misery, and how soon are catastrophes forgotten! Gradually the pictures of terrors which I had experienced in the few previous weeks faded from my thought. I realized this and my conscience pricked me at times when the lamentations of the villagers reached us. Many had lost their worldly goods, others their friends; reports came of financial troubles, and it was even rumored that the cholera had shown itself among the Prussian troops. One case had also occurred in our village, but we comforted ourselves that it was of no consequence.

"Do you realize, Martha," Rosa said to me one day, "what a blessed thing this war has been to me—though I know it is something terrible, I should never have been so happy and met Henry, and he—where would he have found such a love as mine?"

"I wish I might think it with you, Rosa, and believe that your two happy hearts might outweigh the many thousands of broken ones."

"Oh, we must not think of the individual losses when the war brings such great gain to the conquerors and the whole nation. You should listen to Henry. He says the Prussians have won a grand result, and the entire army is enthusiastic for its generals. This victory has done so much for German civilization and commerce. He says the prosperity of Germany—I forget the word—is its historical mission—but you should hear him talk about it."

"I should think he would have other matters than politics to talk with you."

"Oh, he does talk about everything, and I sympathize with it all and am so proud and happy that he has played such a glorious part in this war for his King and country."

"And carries you off as his booty," I replied.

The future son-in-law quite suited my father, and certainly he was a fine young fellow. He gave him his blessing with all manner of protests.

"My dear Ruess, you suit me exactly as a man, as a soldier, and as a prince"—this he repeated in manifold expressions—"but as a Prussian officer, I maintain the right—family matters aside—to wish that Austria may fully revenge herself for this victory which you have snatched from her. Separating politics from personal questions, I hope I may live to see my son take the field against Prussia. Old as I am I would be willing to accept a command to fight William I and humble the arrogant Bismarck. I acknowledge the military readiness of the Prussian army and its strategic leaders, and would think it quite a matter of course if in the next campaign your own battalion were compelled to storm our capital city, and even burn down your father-in-law's house, in short—"

I interrupted: "In short, your confusion of sentiments is frightful—your inconsistencies are as intermingled as are the infusoria in a drop of putrid water. You fill one with repugnance through your paradoxical conceptions—to hate the whole and love its parts; to think one way as a citizen and the opposite as a man. No, let us have it the one way or the

FOURTH LINE, ARTEMESIA.

Too late for last week. Miss Marguerite Leslie of Vandeleur was a week-end guest of Miss Kate Fletcher.

Mr. R. Whittaker took in the concert at Rock Mills Baptist church on Monday evening.

Mr. T. J. Irwin and lady friend spent Monday with Eugenia relatives.

Mr. Russell Purdy attended the party at Mr. Wm. Hill's, east back line, on Friday evening last.

Miss Janet Fletcher of Corbetton paid a visit to the parental home on Saturday.

A few from this burg attended the reception given by the pupils of the township High school in Flesherston last Friday night.

March came in like a lamb, but at time of writing, Tuesday noon, is very much like a lion.

Miss Aggie McPhail visited recently at the Harrow home here.

BUNESSAN.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ryan and little son, of Durham, visited at Mr. John Gray's one Sunday recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ewing spent a couple of days last week with the latter's sister, Mrs. McQueen, of Egremont.

Mr. Hugh McCool, who has been engaged with Mr. T. H. Binnie for the past summer and winter, returned to his home in Toronto a couple of weeks ago.

We welcome Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Brown and family to our burg, they having moved in last week to their farm at the school. We hope they are here to become permanent residents of this burg.

A jolly crowd from the north line spent Monday evening at the home of Mrs. Kennedy.

Miss Lizzie Bartja of Moncton is at present visiting with her cousins, the Binnie family.

A number of the friends and relatives of Mr. Chas. McAulair on account of his own inability to work, turned out and cut a pile of wood for him one day last week.

The remainder of the Edwards

family moved last week to their home in Luther township. We will miss Mr. and Mrs. Edwards and family from this burg, as they were always regarded as good, kind neighbors, but our loss will be another's gain.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Brown entertained a number of their friends at their home a couple of weeks ago.

Mr. Henry Beaton has had a very sore lip for a week or so. Henry says he bit it in the first place but it might have been some one else that did the biting so we would recommend a little more two-lip salve.

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