

Remnants In FLOOR OILCLOTH At About Half-Price

1 piece Oilcloth 1 yd. wide
2 yards long per yd. 19c.

1 piece Oilcloth 2ft. wide
2 yards long per yd. 12½c

1 piece Oilcloth 1yd. 5 ins.
wide, 2 yds. long per yd. 20c

1 piece Oilcloth 2 yds. wide
1½ yds. long, per yd. 40c

1 strip heavy Linoleum 27
inches wide 4 yards long
per yard 25c.

1 laid Tapestry Carpet 4½
yards long, regular price
60c., remnant sale 39c.

If you can use any of these
remnants it's like getting
them for nothing.

Large sized Clothes Bas-
kets—Special 50c.

MOTHERS

Will be interested in our
Special showing of New
Spring Suits for Boys. The
styles are very correct, the
materials serviceable and
the prices lower than you
would expect.

**The J.D. Abraham
Company**

"WAR"

Continued from page 7

sensible to bow to the settlement or
reason than force? What this London
conference attained could always be
secured by rulers if they wished to
avoid war, and thus accomplish what
Frederick III. declared to be their
highest duty.

May found us in Paris, seeing the
great exhibition. It was my first visit,
and I was dazzled by its brilliancy.
The empire was in its highest splendor.
Many European rulers were
visiting there, and it seemed almost
like a great international capital—this
French city which was in three short
years to be bombarded by its eastern
neighbor.

All the nations were assembled in
this great peaceful and profitable
pageant of industry—this productive,
not destructive, strife of business. All
the riches which art and manufacture
contribute to use and beauty were here
displayed, and one felt proud of the
progressive times one lived in, and
how natural it was to feel that never
more should all this development be
threatened by the brutal process of
destruction. And I breathed easily
when I realized that all these royal
guests commingled in congratulatory
festivities. Certainly they would never
again exchange shots with their mu-

tual entertainers and hosts. All this
splendid public recognition and con-
gratulatory association seemed like a
pledge that an era of unbroken peace
and plenty had come. Never again
would these civilized nations draw
the sword—only barbarians and tartar
hordes would be capable of that.

In the midst of it all it was rumored
that the Emperor was seeking the
earliest suitable opportunity to present
his favorite idea to the Powers for
general disarmament. The informa-
tion came from reliable sources.

What government could refuse such
a suggestion without unmasking its de-
sire for conquest? What nation would
not revolt at such a refusal? The pro-
posal must succeed.

Frederick was not so confident as I.
"First of all," he said, "I cannot
believe Napoleon will ever propose it
since the war party is too strong.
Occupants of thrones cannot govern
public opinion; they are prevented by
their closest advisers. In the second
place, one cannot command a great
organic body to cease to exist as
such. It would set itself in oppo-
sition."

"Of what great body are you speak-
ing?"

"Of the army. As a body, it has
life and has the power to sustain its
existence. As an organism, it is to-
day full grown, and if universal con-
scription is introduced it is on the
point of enormous expansion."

"And yet you plan to oppose this
thing!"

"Yes, but not by stepping up and
crying, 'Die, monster!' Such an in-
stitution would hardly respond by
stretching itself dead at my command.

I will urge war against this monster
by introducing another living, though
fragile form, which as it unfolds will
finally wipe the other out. It was
you, Martha, who introduced me to
the ideas of modern scientists. An
inexorable law is changing and mov-
ing the world, and what is opposed
to it must go. Politicians, rulers,
and soldiers seem not to have the
slightest notion of this truth. A few
years ago I was just as blind to it."

We lived at the Grand Hotel, but
since I had not laid aside my mourn-
ing, we did not seek acquaintances.
Of course Rudolf was with us, but he
did not make many long excursions
with us for the time had come for
him to learn, and he spent much of
his time with his English tutor.

The world which opened to us here
was all new to me. There had come
together, from the four corners, the
rich, the famous—and I was fairly
confused by the turmoil, the fêtes,
the luxuriance, all so enchanting and
interesting. But I longed for the
quiet and peace of home as ardently
as one wishes for the gray world when
entirely shut out from it.

We kept ourselves outside the hub-
bub and sought only the acquaintance
of the prominent thinkers who could
be of benefit not only to our mental
life, but also who could help further
Frederick in his new ideas. We were
busy at home collecting what we
called a "Peace Protocol," a sort of
scrub-book on the history of the peace
ideal as it had developed from the be-
ginning. It soon grew into quite a
volume. (Since I have carried it
down to the present day it has grown
into several.) But, as a whole, it is
but a small drop as compared to the
oceans of war literature which flood
our libraries. But when we reflect
that in a single acorn is hidden the
possibility of a whole oak forest we
need not be discouraged when the his-
tory of a new movement can be
chronicled in a few pages.

And now came the fulfillment of a
cherished hope. A girl was born to
us. We knew the joy of having a son,
and now we should realize the promise
of happiness a little daughter might
bring to her parents, and of course
our little Sylvia would unfold into a
paragon of beauty, grace, and clever-
ness. Happiness makes us so selfish.
Under the fair sky of our domestic
heaven all else seemed to evaporate;
even the terrors of the cholera faded
into a cloud-like dream, and even
Frederick slackened in the pursuit of
his ideal. No doubt much discouragement
as well as the reason for this, for
everywhere his plans met with shrugs
and doubts, and even pitying
smiles and condemnation. The world
seems to prefer to be swindled and
kept wretched. Every proposed plan
to wipe out misery and war is dubbed
"Utopian," and even put aside as
childish.

However, Frederick never entirely
lost sight of his aim. His studies led
him into correspondence with learned
men of every type. He planned to
write a great book called War and
Peace.

The winter after Sylvia's birth was
quietly spent in Vienna, and the fol-
lowing spring we visited Italy. Our
new programme demanded that we
should know other countries. Those
were lovely days, and I am sorry
I kept no note of them in my red
book. The next winter found us again
in Paris, and this time we plunged
into the great whirl. We rented a
small furnished house where we
could entertain our friends, by whom
in turn we were constantly invited.
Our ambassador presented us at court
and we were frequently the guests of
the Empress. All the foreign em-
bassies were open to us, as well as
those of foreign notabilities. The
literary stars of the times were all
invited to our home except the great-
est of all—Victor Hugo—who was in
exile.

In all this fascinating whirl of
amusement it is easy to drift into the
heartless and thoughtless life, to for-
get the real problems which lie be-
yond it all, and even domestic ship-
wreck is apt to be the result. But
we steadfastly kept our hold on the
heartstone, and neither did we forget
our deep and universal interests.
Every morning a few hours were de-
voted to the domestic side and to our
study, and we succeeded in getting a
great deal of real happiness even
in the midst of all this round of
pleasure.

As Austrians we found much sym-
pathy expressed in Paris, even sug-
gesting revenge upon the Prussians
for our defeated army. But such con-
solutions were all rejected, and we
assured our sympathetic friends that
we desired only peace, for revenge
never made anything right. If old
hows were wiped out by fresh ones,
when would the dreadful business of
war cease?

We assured our friends that we
helped the present peace would never
be broken again, and we were given
to understand that this was also the
wish of Napoleon III. We were close-
ly associated with many of his intim-
ates, and they gave us the assur-
ance that he actually desired to pro-
pose a general disarmament. But the
populace was seething with discon-
tent, and many of the imperialists
considered it impossible to remove the
antagonism against the French throne,
except by diverting their attention by
a foreign war, a sort of grand pro-
menade against the Rhine. That the
Luxembourg matter failed to bring
this about was considered unfortunate.
But the newspapers continued to say
much about the unavoidable war be-
tween Prussia and France.

The brightest season reached even
more extravagant heights with the
spring time, and we began to long for
rest. We were overwhelmed with in-

itations to visit the country-places of
our friends. But we refused to think
of it, and not desiring to return to
Grunitz on account of the unhappy
memories, we settled in a quiet spot
in Switzerland, and promised our
Parisian friends that the following
winter would find us in their midst
again.

And what a refreshment was this
summer with its long walks, its long
hours of study, and longer hours of
play for the children. But there
were few pages in the little red book,
which always meant a mind free of
care, and peace.

Europe as a whole also seemed toler-
ably peaceful. There were no "dark
spots," and no more talk of revenge.
But the only thing which annoyed us
was that Austria had introduced con-
scription; and that my Rudolf, like
the rest, must some day also become
a soldier was a thing I could not bear
to contemplate.

"And yet people dare dream of free-
dom!" I exclaimed.

"A year of volunteering is not
much," said Frederick, trying to com-
fort me.

I shook my head. "Even a day is
too much. To have to pretend for a
single day to do unwillingly what you
detest—to live; lie—is abhorrent,
and I mean to train my son for the
truth."

"Then he should have been born
a few centuries later, my dear," re-
plied Frederick. "To be a perfectly
true man and a perfectly free one
seems impossible in our day. The
deeper I go into my studies the more
I see it so."

Double time was now possible to
Frederick for his work, and in our
quiet summer we determined to return
the next winter to Paris, not for
gaiety, but to devote the entire sea-
son to the one object of our lives. We
wished to help bring about some
practical results, and hoped to be able
to co-operate with the plans of the
Emperor for disarmament, for we
might get his ear through our friends.
Through our old friend the Cabinet
Minister we hoped also to get to the
ear of the Austrian government. Frederick
also had influential relatives
at the Berlin Court, through
whom such a plan might be brought
to the consideration of Prussia.

But our return to Paris was dis-
arranged. Our little Sylvia, our
treasure, became seriously ill. These
anxious hours filled with fear of death
threw everything else into the back-
ground. But she did not die. In two
weeks the danger was past. Then
the winter's cold delayed our depar-
ture till March.

BOOK VI.

CHAPTER I.

Forebodings? There were none in
my mind when we again entered Paris
on that beautiful sunny March day
in 1870. It was all cheer and promise,
but one knows now what horrors
were hanging over it all.

We engaged the same little house
which we had occupied the year be-
fore. The same servants awaited us,
and as we drove through the streets
on our way home, we met many ac-
quaintances, who were driving at that
hour, among them the beautiful Em-
press, who graciously saluted us in
passing. Violets were being sold
everywhere, and the air was full of
the promise of spring.

This season we were determined to
avoid the gaiety; we declined all in-
vitations, seldom went to the theatre,
and kept ourselves quite apart, spend-
ing our evenings at home or in the
society of a few choice friends.

Our plans regarding the Emperor's
scheme of disarmament were at a
standstill, for the time seemed not
ripe for such an idea. The people
were in a turmoil, and the throne it-
self seemed not on the surest founda-
tion. We grew accustomed to hear
that the only safety of the dynasty
would be in a fortunate campaign.
There seemed no possibility of war,
and yet talk of disarmament was
dropped for the Bonaparte halo largely
depended upon its military glory.
Neither Prussia nor Austria respon-
ded to our plan. Expansion of the
army was everywhere the fashion, and
our dream of disarmament fell upon
deaf ears.

"The time is not ripe," said Freder-
ick. "I may need to abandon my hope
to help personally to hasten the peace
of the nations. What I can contribute
is small indeed, but from the first hour
it dawned upon me, it possessed me
with the conviction that it was the
one most important thing in the world.
I must be faithful."

If for the moment the project for
disarmament must be postponed, yet I
was content that there was no im-
mediate threat of war. At court and
among the people those who believed
the dynasty must be rebaptized in
blood had to give up all hope of glory
in a charming little campaign on the
Rhine. There were no French allies,
the harvest had failed, forage was
scarce, the army had to sell its
horses, the extra recruits had been
cut off by legislation, and above all
there was nowhere any political com-
plicity; in short, so Olivier com-
plained from the forum: "The peace
of Europe is assured."

Assured! How the word rejoiced
me. The papers repeated it, and
thousands rejoiced with me. What
greater good can be given to the ma-
jority of humanity than the assurance
of peace?

Continued next week.

Basil D. Rorison, aged 82, said
to be the oldest railway mail clerk
in America, is dead at Windsor.
Edward C. Walker, president of
Hiram Walker & Sons, distillers,
died at Walkerville. His funeral
took place on Monday.

GREY COUNTY'S POPULATION

Grey County Clerk Rutherford
of Owen Sound sent last week to
the Educational Department, a re-
port of the population of each of
the Grey County municipalities, as
follows—

- Artemesia, 2,550.
- Bentinck, 1,500.
- Collingwood, 2,590.
- Derby, 1,673.
- Egremont, 2,608.
- Euphrasia, 1,378.
- Glenelg, 1,748.
- Holland, 2,299.
- Keppel, 2,391.
- Normanby, 3,108.
- Osprey, 2,446.
- Proton, 2,462.
- Sarawak, 630.
- St. Vincent, 2,396.
- Sullivan, 2,625.
- Sydenham, 2,489.
- Owen Sound, 12,385.
- Durham, 1,627.
- Hanover, 3,418.
- Meaford, 3,068.
- Thornbury, 768.
- Chatsworth, 353.
- Dundalk, 790.
- Flesherton, 394.
- Markdale, 940.
- Neustadt, 583.
- Shallow Lake, 611.

Last year's population of Grey
County was 61,738, according to
the assessors' rolls.

Count Witte, the first Prime
Minister of Russia, is dead.

Wheat brought \$1.38 a bushel at
Hamilton on Saturday.

The death is announced in Lon-
don of Walter Crane, the artist,
writer and lecturer.

All the food on the U. S. vessel
Dacia, seized by a French cruiser,
will be sold by auction at Brest.

The average man thinks he is
many notches above the average
man.

Men talk to amuse others, but
women talk just to amuse them-
selves.

Hamilton Hydro Commission has
reduced the lighting and power rates
very materially.

Lincoln Beachey, the noted Amer-
ican aviator, died at his death at
San Francisco last week.

In order to lower prices, the
Australian Government proposes
to nationalize the bread industry.

An Opinion of Marriage.

A maid who had been employed in
the Benner home for several years
took unto herself a husband and went
to a nearby town to live. One day
about a month after the wedding she
came to call on her former mistress,
who said:

"Well, Phoebe, I hope that you are
happy in your new home. How is your
husband?"

To this the bride of a month made
reply:

"Well, I reckon I'm happy enough,
but the chitney in the kitchen don't
draw none too good, an' the water in
the well is so brackish I ain't never
goin' to git used to it. As for my
husband—well, ma'am, it's with him
as it is with your man an' all the rest
of 'em—if the Lord had 'em to make
over he could improve some on the
job. Ain't eggs turrible high?"

So She Was!

The two oldest inhabitants were
very ignorant, neither of them being
able even to tell the time of day. A
friend of Uncle Ben's gave him a
watch of which he was very proud.
One day before the crowd at the cor-
ner store old Pete, being slightly jeal-
ous of such wealth and wishing to
embarrass his rival, said, "Say, Ben,
what time have ye got?"

The other old fellow drew out his
watch and turned its face toward his
inquisitor. "There she be!" he ex-
claimed.

Peter was almost at a loss, but he
made a magnificent effort and retort-
ed, "Blame if she ain't!"

Force of Habit.

A humorist was looking over a mill,
and while in an unguarded moment he
was perpetrating one of his jokes upon
an innocent operative he was drawn
into some ponderous gearing and badly
crushed.

They extricated him from the ma-
chinery and laid him on the floor.

"Who is it? Who is it?" was the
anxious inquiry as a crowd collected.

Nobody knew.

Then the funny man suddenly open-
ed his eyes and strove to speak. A
sympathetic bystander bent down to
catch his words.

"There's good reason why nobody
recognizes me," he whispered pain-
fully.

"What is it?" asked the sympathetic
one.

"Because," the humorist explained as
he saw a chance to get one home, "it's
because I've been traveling incog."

That was his final effort, for he never
spoke again.—London Tit-Bits.

"Towel" of Hot Air.

In hotel, factory and public lavat-
ories, where roller towels should not
be used, because of the danger of
spreading skin disease and where the
expense of furnishing individual paper
or cloth towels is considerable, the
electric hand drier may be used eco-
nomically and satisfactorily. A San-
itary hand drier described in the Elec-
trical World consists of a sheet metal
case with an opening in its top in
which the hands can be inserted and
dried by a current of hot air. A foot
pedal operates a quick-acting switch
which starts a blower, forcing air
through the electric heater. The hand
drier is, of course, absolutely sanitary,
as it is unnecessary to touch any part
of the apparatus when using it. The
hands can be thoroughly dried, it is
declared, in from thirty to forty sec-
onds, which is less time than is re-
quired to perform the same operation
with a linen or paper towel.

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
--	---	--

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 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