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The best makes of English Kip, Urus Calf and Heavy Split Bluchers.

Extra Special Values
2.00, 2.50, 2.75 and 3.00
If you see these you'll buy them.

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Just a little better than the rest. We have them in all sizes and styles. We are Sole Agents for Durham.

Did you get a sample of Crystal Granulated Sugar? We sent your name to the Refiners to have a sample sent you. Crystal Granulated Sugar is according to Government test the highest quality. It is the very best Sugar for preserving fruit.

We unloaded a car this week. While it lasts the price will be \$7.25 per sack. We expect sugar will be higher. Better buy a sack to-day.

The J. D. Abraham Company

Announcement

The A.Y.P.A. Players announce their Annual Dramatic Entertainment for the evening of

MONDAY, APRIL 5, 1915

When they will present in the

Town Hall, Durham

An Original Comedy in Three Acts, Entitled

"Married to Order"

An object lesson to bashful lovers
A sermon to designing maidens
A hilarious evening for everybody

Wit without suggestion — Humour without coarseness
Satire without a sting

VIHRS ORCHESTRA

Popular Prices Plan at Macfarlanes'

SEE PROGRAMMES

Spring Opening and Display of Millinery

Thursday, Friday and Saturday
March 25, 26 and 27, 1915

Invitation is extended to inspect this showing of the latest models in Spring Millinery.

Charming effects in small, medium and larger hats. Copie of imported originals & American creations

THE PARIS MILLINERY PARLOR

Mrs T. H. McClocklin, McIntyre Block, Durham
One door west of Standard Bank.

"WAR"

Continued from page 7
"Oh, for that the time is past. The war now being carried on is of so mighty a character that it will drag its martial spirit long after it. It has sown broadcast such a store of hatred and revenge that future battle harvests must grow therefrom; and upon the other side it has produced for the victors such magnificent revolutionary results that a like harvest may be brought about by their haughty martial spirits."
"What is it that is so important?"
"King William has been proclaimed Emperor at Versailles. There is now really a Germany, one single empire—and a mighty one. That is a new event in the world's history. And you can easily perceive how this great result will deduce to the honor of the work of war. The two most advanced representatives of civilization on the continent are the ones who from now on for some time to come will cultivate the war spirit—the one in order to return the blow, the other in order to maintain the position won. Shut up your peace protocols—for a long time to come we shall stand under the bloody and iron sign of Mars."

"I will acknowledge that the union of divided Germany is a desirable thing, and that the readiness with which all these German princes joined in offering the imperial crown to the gray-haired victor is inspiring and admirable. Only it is a pity that the union was not brought about through peaceful rather than warlike measures. Religious hatred has about disappeared, but national hatreds form a part of the education of the citizen."
In the quiet of the next few days we had many discussions as to our future. With the establishment of peace, which we could now hope for, we might again dare to think of our personal happiness. During the eight years of our married life there had been no discord, not a discourteous or unkindly word or thought had passed between us; as the years drew on we knew we could look forward to an old age together—the golden evening of our lives—with sure content.

Many of the preceding pages I have turned over with a shudder. It is not without repulsion that I have recorded my visit to the battlefields of Bohemia and the scenes of the cholera week in Grumitz. I have done it as a duty. I had been told: "In case I die first take up my work and do what you can to further the cause of peace among men."

But I have now reached a point when I cannot go on. I have tried; many half-written sheets lie on the floor beside me; but my heart fails and I can only fall to weeping—weeping bitterly like a child. Some hours later I again made the attempt, but the particulars of the circumstances it is not possible for me to relate.

The fact is enough. Frederick—my all!—was seized by a fanatical mob who, finding a letter from Berlin upon his person, accused him of being a spy. He was dragged before a so-called patriotic tribunal, and on the 1st of February, 1871, was sentenced to be shot.

EPILOGUE

When I again awoke to consciousness peace had been declared, the Commune had been defeated. For months, attended by my faithful Frau Anna, I lived through an illness without knowing that I was alive. The chapter of my illness I have never known. Those about me tenderly called it typhus, but I believe it was simply insanity.

Dimly I remember that the latter part of the time seemed filled with the rattling of shot and the falling of burning walls; probably my fancies were influenced by the actual events, the skirmishes between the communists and the party of Versailles.

That when I recovered my reason and realized the circumstances of my profound unappetence I did not kill myself, or that the anguish had not killed me, was owing to the existence of my children. For these I could, I must, live. Even before my illness, on the day when the terrible event occurred, Rudolf had held me to life. I had sunk on my knees, weeping aloud while I repeated, "Die—die! I will die!" Two little arms were thrown around me, and a sweet, piteous, pleading, childish face looked into mine.

"Mother!"
My little one had never called me anything but Mamma. That he at that moment, for the first time, used the word "Mother" said to me in two syllables, "You are not alone, you have a son who shares your pain, who loves you above all things, who has no one in the world but you. Do not leave your child, Mother!"

I pressed the precious being to my heart, and to show him that I had understood him I murmured, "My son, my son!"

I then remembered my little girl—his child—and resolved to live. But the anguish was unendurable, and I fell into mental darkness. For years—at longer and longer intervals—I was subject to these attacks of melancholy, of which upon my restoration to health I knew nothing. Now, at length, I have outlived them, and for several years have been free from the unconscious misery, though not from the bitterest, conscious sorrow.

Eighteen years have passed since the 1st of February, 1871; but the deep anguish and the deepest mourning, which the tragedy of that day brought to me, I can never outlive though I should live a hundred years. If, in later times, the days are more frequent when I can take part in the events of the present, can forget the past unhappiness, can sympathize in the joys of my children, not a night

passes when I escape my misery. It is a peculiar experience, hard for me to describe, and which can only be understood by those who have similarly suffered. It would seem to indicate a dual life of the soul. If the one is so occupied, when awake, with the things of the outer world as to forget, there yet remains that second nature which ever keeps faithfully in mind that dreadful memory; and this I—when the other is asleep—makes itself felt. Every night at the same hour I awake with this deep depression. My heart seems torn asunder.

And I feel as if I must relieve my agony in sighs and bitter weeping; this lasts for several seconds, without the awakened I knowing why the other is happy or unhappy. The next stage is a sentiment of universal sympathy, full of the tenderest compassion: "Oh, poor, poor humanity!" Then amidst a shower of bullets I see shrieking figures fall—and then I remember for the first time that my best-beloved met such a death.

But in dreams, singular to say, I never realize my loss. It often occurs that I seem to talk with Frederick as if he were alive. Many circumstances of the past—but no sad ones—are frequently alluded to by us: our meeting after Schleswig-Holstein, our joking over Sylvia's cradle, our walk through Switzerland, our studies of favorite books, and now and then a certain picture of my white-haired husband in the evening sunset-light, with his garden shears, clipping his roses. "Is it not true," he says to me, smiling, "that we are a happy old couple?"

My mourning I have never laid aside—not even on my son's wedding day. The woman who has loved, possessed, and lost—so lost—a man must feel that love is indeed stronger than death. With this may exist a longing for revenge which can never grow cold.

But how should I seek revenge? The men who were guilty of the act could not be personally blamed. The sole responsibility rested upon the spirit of war, and this was the only force with which I could attempt—though in a feeble way—to settle my account.

My son Rudolf shared my views in regard to war—which did not, however, prevent his going into camp for the annual military drill, nor would it hinder his marching over the border, should that gigantic European contest break out which we are all anticipating. I might yet live to see the dearest one left to me sacrificed to this relentless Moorish, and the hearth of my old age fall in ruins.

Should I live to experience that and again be driven to madness, or should I see the triumph of justice and humanity, for which all nations and alliances of peoples are now striving?

My red journals are closed, and under date of 1871 I marked with a great cross the record of my life. My so-called protocol—my peace record—I have again opened, and of late have added much to the history of the growth of the international idea of the settlement of the strifes of humanity by peaceful methods.

For some years the most influential nations of the continent have been watching each other, both absorbed in thoughts of war—the one in arrogant review of past successes, the other in burning hopes of revenge. Gradually these sentiments have somewhat cooled, and notwithstanding, or by reason of, the great increase of our standing armies, after ten years the voices petitioning for peace are once more heard.

To-day there are few to whom this dream of peace seems an impossibility. There are sentinels on every hill, to wake humanity out of its long sleep of barbarism, and to plant the white flag. Their battle-cry is "War against war"; their watchword "Disarm! Disarm!" The only thing which can now prevent the most appalling disaster to Europe is the universal cry, "Disarm! Disarm!"

Everywhere, in England and France, in Italy, in the northern countries, in Germany, in Switzerland, in America, societies have been formed with the common object to educate public opinion, and by the united expression of popular will to demand of governments that future dissensions shall be submitted to international arbitration, and by so doing to set justice for ever in the place of ruda force. That this is not the impossible fancy of a dreamer has been proved by facts. It is not only people of influence and position, but members of Parliament, bishops, scholars, senators, ambassadors, who stand on the list. To these is added that ever-growing party which will shortly number millions, the party of "Labor" and of the people, upon whose programme the demand for peace is a first condition.

"Mother, will you lay aside your mourning the day after to-morrow?"

With these words Rudolf came into my room this morning. For the day after to-morrow—the 30th of July, 1889—the baptism of his first-born son is to be celebrated.

"No, my child," I answered. "But, think, surely at such a festival you will not be sad; why wear the outward sign of sorrow?"

"And you surely are not superstitious enough to think that the black dress of the grandmother will bring ill-luck to the grandchild?"

"Certainly not. But it is not suitable to the occasion. Have you taken a vow?"

"No, it is only a quiet determination. But a determination connected with such a memory has all the force of a vow."

My son bowed his head and urged me no longer. "I have disturbed you in your work. Were you writing?"

"Yes—the story of my life. I am, thank God, at the end. That was the last chapter."

Continued next week.

Opinion on all sides in Saskatchewan, irrespective of politics, is favorable to the Government's banish-the-bar announcement.

This German Professor is 'Strictly Canadian'

Prof. Riethdorf, of Woodstock College, speaking before the Women's Canadian Club in London last Saturday afternoon, reiterated the statement he made in a previous address in that city, that for Germans in Canada to-day there is but one proper course.

"For Germans in Canada there is no middle road. They cannot be neutral in this war because the land of their adoption is involved. Canada must have their whole-hearted support," declared Prof. Riethdorf. "Canada is now my fatherland. Of course, I do retain a love for my native land; I would be a scoundrel if I didn't but I am opposed to militarism."

Speaking of the effects his campaign is having among his own people in Canada, Prof. Riethdorf stated that one night recently in New Hamburg, Ont., a German Baptist minister seconded a vote of thanks to him, and in doing so made the statement: "I have been accused of being pro-German. I do not think I have been so, but now I see things in a better light and I subscribe to and heartily indorse everything that Prof. Riethdorf has said." This statement by the professor was greeted by the applause of the ladies present.

Prof. Riethdorf stated that the uneducated Germans in Canada are not to blame for upholding the German side. They are fed with German literature and by German ministers, he said. "However, after the war is over they will be better Britishers. I tell them to be Canadians, and not German-Canadians."

"The Germans," said the speaker, are imbued with the spirit of militarism. The German jingoists and German militarists are to blame for the war. They have come to believe that Germans excel in civilization over all other races, and that they are the God-chosen race to force Germanism on other nations. The German Government and militarism are doomed, never to rise again after this war."

Prof. Riethdorf stated: "Young Germans are taught that military officers belong to an exalted class, separate from civilians—that God means them to be above others, and the young officer at 19 thinks himself a demagogue. They are taught that war is necessary to a nation's life."

"Non-commissioned officers' sons become non-commissioned officers. They cannot become officers. After 12 years in the army they get a Government position. Railroads, post office and police positions are filled with them. They all talk militarism and become a graver menace than the officers. As dependents they become fond of the system. It stretches out its hands in all conditions of life. The country has been preparing and wishing for war 24 hours a day."

"The whole German Empire is smaller than the Province of Ontario, and yet nearly a million soldiers on a peace footing. The Government feeds them. The storekeepers are for militarism."

"Blood," said the speaker, "never counted so little as in this war. King George and Kaiser Wilhelm are blood relations, but a difference in environment makes them as far apart as to the two poles. Britain has turned over her interests in France to the American ambassador, the son of German parents. Britain never had a better ambassador in Berlin than Goschen, also a son of German people."

In the German army, Prof. Riethdorf stated, the higher a man's rank the higher his social position. Babies are taught to throw bombs on model cities, and it is significant that these cities are always models of London or Paris. The speaker also mentioned Bernhardt's pro-German campaign previous to the war, among the German settlements in America. This, he believed, was at the instigation of the Government, to prepare German-Americans for this war. Von Bernhardt, he referred to as "the mouthpiece of the kaiser."

Another cause of the present war, Prof. Riethdorf said, "is the Machiavellian character of German diplomacy." German statesmen believe that the end justifies the means, no matter what it may be. It is a process of systematic lying. The one ideal handed down from one monarch to another since 1500 A.D. has been to increase territory at any cost.

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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 leather 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.

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