

Children's STRAW HATS

25c.

Take your choice of any-
thing in the window, 25c

Regular prices were
50c, 75c and \$1.00

Come Early for First Choice

Sole Agents "Peabody Overalls"

The J. D. Abraham Company

THE PARIS MILLINERY PARLOR

New Arrivals in the Latest Touches in Spring Millinery

Our openings being so successful in pleasing the public, made our supply a little short of what we expected, making it necessary for us to reorder all the New Creations in Spring Millinery, consisting of Small, Medium and Larger Hats.

Now our Stock is complete again, and we would be pleased to show you through at any time.

Don't fail to see the hats this season, as they are very different from other seasons.

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

Large Sales

Small Profits

McKECHNIES' WEEKLY NEWS

Here is Something for Our Customers

Especially those who want a Good Shoe. The Spring is now with us and with it comes the need of Good Substantial Shoes to resist the damp, in order to preserve your health. We are glad to inform you that we can supply you with good watertight shoes at very reasonable prices. Those shoes are the famous **Handmade Sterling Shoes** for which recommends are coming in daily. We do not ask you to take our word alone as to their quality, but we can point you to scores of people who wear them and are pleased and satisfied with them, and will be pleased to tell you all about them.

Here is a **Special Shoe** for now, guaranteed waterproof and a good solid shoe for \$2.50. We also have one at \$2.25 and one at \$2.00

We have a good strong shoe, very pliable, for Women at \$1.75.

For the Boys we have a heavy Split Blucher, nicely made, which will keep your feet dry, at 1.75.

Misses' and Children's Shoes in all sizes and weights. Ladies who want their fancy shoes for spring, come along and select them. We have just received them, so you will get your choice.

A fine stock of Linoleums just arrived, in Canadian and Scotch makes, and we are selling them at last year's prices.

A fine stock of Prints and Crepes, in the newest designs.

THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE FOR PRODUCE

G. & J. McKechnie
Departmental Store Durham

PEG O'MY HEART

Continued from page 7.

ture the future. His imagination ran riot. It took wings and flew from height to height. He saw himself the leader of a party—"the Kingsnorth party"—controlling his followers with a hand of iron and driving them to vote according to his judgment and his decree.

By the time he had reached home he had entered the cabinet and was being spoken of as the probable prime minister.

He poured out a liquor and stood sipping it as he turned over the letters brought by the night's post. One arrested him. It had been delivered by hand and was marked "Most Urgent." As he read the letter every vestige of color left his face.

CHAPTER VI. A House of Cards.

KINGSNORTH sank into a chair. The letter slipped from his fingers. All his dreams had vanished in a moment. His house of cards had toppled down. His ambitions were surely and positively destroyed at one stroke. He mechanically picked up the letter and reread it. Had it been his death sentence it could not have affected him more cruelly:

Dear Nathaniel—I scarcely know how to write to you about what has happened. I am afraid I am in some small measure to blame. Ten days ago your sister showed me a letter from a man named O'Connell.

Kingsnorth crushed the letter in his hand as he read the hated name—the name of the man who had caused him so much discomfort during that unfortunate visit to his estate in Ireland. How he blamed himself now for having ever gone there! There was indeed a curse on it for the Kingsnorths.

He straightened out the crumpled piece of paper and read on—

—a man named O'Connell—the man she nursed in your house in Ireland after he had been shot by the soldiers. He was coming to England and wished to see her. She asked my permission. I reasoned with her, but she was decided. If I should not permit her to see him in my house she would meet him elsewhere. It seemed better the meeting should be under my roof, so I consented. I bitterly reproach myself now for not acquainting you with the particulars. You might have succeeded in stopping what has happened.

Your sister and O'Connell were married this morning by special license and left this afternoon for Liverpool en route to America.

I cannot begin to tell you how much I deplore the unfortunate affair. It will always be a lasting sorrow to me. I cannot write any more now. My head is aching with the thought of what it will mean to you. Try not to think too hardily of me and believe me, always your affectionate cousin,

MARY CAROLINE WREXFORD.

Kingsnorth's head sank on to his breast. Every bit of life left him, everything about his feet ashes, the

frightingstock of his friends.

Were Angela there at that moment he could have killed her.

The humiliation of it! The degradation of it! Married to that lawless Irish agitator! The man now a member of his family! A cry of misery broke from him as he realized that the best years of his life were to come and go fruitlessly. His career was ended. Despair lay heavy on his soul.

Standing on the main deck of an Atlantic liner stood Angela and O'Connell.

They were facing the future together. Their faces were turned to the west. The sun was sinking in a blaze of color.

Their eyes lighted up with the joy of hope.

Love was in their hearts.

A year after the events in the preceding chapter took place O'Connell and his young wife were living in a small apartment in one of the poorer sections of New York city.

The first few months in America had been glorious ones for them. Their characters and natures unfolded to each other as some wonderful paintings, each taking its own hues from the adoration of the other.

In company with a noted Irish organizer O'Connell had spoken in many of the big cities of the United States and was everywhere hailed as a hero and a martyr to English tyranny.

But he had one ever present handicap—a drawback he had never felt during the years of struggle preceding his marriage. His means were indeed small. He tried to eke out a little income writing articles for the newspa-



All His Dreams Had Vanished in a Moment.

pers and magazines. But the recompense was pitiful. He could not bear without a pang to see Angela in the dingy surroundings that he could barely afford to provide for her.

On her part Angela took nothing with her but a few jewels her mother had left her, some clothes and very little money. The money soon disappeared, and then one by one the keepsakes of her mother were parted with. But they never lost heart. Through it all they were happy. All the poetry of O'Connell's nature came uppermost, leavened, as it was, by the deep faith and veneration of his wife.

This strangely assorted ferret man and gentle woman seemed to have solved the great mystery of happiness between two people.

But the poverty chafed O'Connell—not for himself, but for the frail, loving, uncomplaining woman who had given her life into his care.

His active brain was continually trying to devise new ways of adding to his meager income. He multiplied his duties. He worked far into the night when he could find a demand for his articles. But little by little his sources of revenue failed him.

Some fresh and horrible agrarian crimes in Ireland, for which the home rule party was blamed, for awhile turned the tide of sympathy against his party. The order was sent out to discontinue meetings for the purpose of collecting funds in America—funds the Irish Americans had been so cheerfully and plentifully bestowing on the "cause."

O'Connell was recalled to Ireland. His work was highly commended.

Some day they would send him to the United States again as a special pleader. At present he would be of greater value at home.

He was instructed to apply to the treasurer of the fund and arrangements would be made for his passage back to Ireland.

He brought the news to Angela with a strange feeling of fear and disappointment. He had built so much on making a wonderful career in the great new world and returning home some day to Ireland with the means of relieving some of her misery and with his wife guarded, as she should be, from the possibility of want. And here was he going back to Ireland as poor as he left it, though richer immeasurably in the love of Angela.

She was sitting perfectly still, her eyes on the floor, when he entered the room. He came in so softly that she did not hear him. He lifted her head and looked into her eyes. He noticed with certainty what had been so far only a vague, ill defined dread. Her face was very, very pale and transparent. Her eyes were sunken and

had a strange brilliancy. She was much slighter and far more ethereal than on that day when they stood on the deck of the ship and turned their faces so hopefully to the new world. He felt a knife-like stab startle through his blood to his heart. His breath caught.

Angela looked up at him radiantly. He kissed her and with mock cheerfulness he said laughingly:

"Such news, me darlin'! Such wonderful news!"

"Good news, dear?"

"The best in the wurrid," and he choked a sob.

"I knew it would come! I knew it would. Tell me, dear."

"We're to go back—back to Ireland See, here are the orders," and he showed her the official letter.

She took it wonderingly and read it. Her hand dropped to her side. Her head drooped into the same position he had found her in. In a moment he was kneeling at her side.

Continued next week.

LESS CRIME IN BRITAIN

Since the war began there has been a marked decrease in the number of criminals in Britain.

This tendency was clearly in evidence during the years immediately preceding, but the decline in the last eight months has been surprising. When charging the grand jury at the recent London sessions, Mr. R. Wallace, K.C., said the calendar was the lightest in the history of the county, the number of prisoners being only a fifth of what it was three or four years ago. This he attributed in part to the earlier closing of public houses, but also to the great restraint which people had shown since the beginning of the war.

This is only another sign of the change that has passed over the British people at this greatest of crises in their history. All observers agree that a similar transformation has taken place in the case of the Belgian, French and Russian nations. They have all been moved to the very core of their being and the influences that have awakened them into newness of life will remain after war has given place to peace.

PERSONAL

Mr. J. A. Black of Chesley, was in town Saturday.

Mrs. John Crutchley spent a week in Toronto.

Miss Mildred Hopkins visited in Toronto for a few days.

Mr. George Wright was in Markdale on Sunday.

Mr. G. H. Mitchell of Hanover gave us a brief call Tuesday.

Mrs. Orton of Hamilton, spent a few days with Mrs. Arrowsmith.

Mr. Colin McLeish returned yesterday to resume work with the Cement Co.

Mrs. J. F. Grant and twin babes arrived home from Toronto last week.

Mr. A. J. Chisholm of Owen Sound, was in town a day or two the latter part of the week.

Mr. C. M. Bowman, M. P. P., was the guest of his daughter, Mrs. Bradshaw Jamieson, over Sunday.

Mr. Norman McDougall, from near Priceville, has moved to Port McNicoll for the summer.

Mr. Thos. Morton, Jr., has accepted a position in St. Marys, and will move his household effects there shortly.

Mrs. Thos. Cowan and two children left last week for St. Marys, where Mr. Cowan has secured a position.

Messrs. J. H. Harding and M. D. McGrath, and Misses Vaddie Caldwell and Rita Irwin, were in Markdale on Tuesday.

Geo. Pilkey, a well-known farmer living near Sarnia, was badly gored by a bull. His 17-year-old son, who was suffering from blood-poisoning, as the result of a cut in his finger, died from the shock.

The Graham Evaporator people of Belleville, have lost the third of their five factories through fire by the burning of the one at Frankford. As the company has a large contract for the allies, the blazes are blamed on some of the Austrians still at large in the Eastern Ontario district.

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Your System

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Extract

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now is the time to do it, while our stock is complete. **Fit and Satisfaction Guaranteed.**

Everything New and Up-to-date in Men's Wear always on hand. Large shipment of **Spring Hats and Caps** just arrived, which you ought to see before buying elsewhere.

G. C. Rife

Ladies' and Gent's Tailor
DURHAM - ONTARIO