

Grand Trunk Railway TIME-TABLE

Trains leave Durham at 7.15 a.m., and 3.45 p.m.
 Trains arrive at Durham at 11.55 a.m., 2.00 p.m., and 8.55 p.m.
EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY
 G. T. Bell, C. E. Horning,
 G. P. Agent, D. P. Agent,
 Montreal, Toronto.
 J. TOWNER, Depot Agent
 W. CALDER, Town Agent

Canadian Pacific Railway Time Table

Trains will arrive and depart as follows, until further notice:-

P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
3.10	6.20	Lv. Walkerton Ar.	12.55 10.35
3.24	6.34	" Maple Hill "	12.38 10.22
3.34	6.43	" Hanover "	12.30 10.14
3.43	6.52	" Allan Park "	12.20 10.04
3.58	7.07	" Durham "	12.06 9.50

A.M.

4.09	7.18	" McWilliams "	11.54 9.34
4.12	7.21	" Glen "	11.51 9.34
4.22	7.31	" Priceville "	11.41 9.23
4.35	7.45	" Saugeen J. "	11.30 9.18
4.10	11.20	Ar. Toronto Lv.	7.45 5.25

R. MACFARLANE, - Town Agent

CANADIAN PACIFIC
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 LEAVE TORONTO 10.20 P.M. DAILY
 Attractive Tours to PACIFIC COAST POINTS
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 R. Macfarlane, Town Agent
 E. A. Hay, Station Agent

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HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS TO WESTERN CANADA.
 Particular attention is directed to the remarkably low round-trip fares in connection with Home-seekers' Excursions to Western Canada via Canadian Pacific Railway. Tickets are on sale each Tuesday until October 26, inclusive, and are good to return within two months from date of sale. The C. P. R. offers the finest possible equipment and fastest train service via one of the most scenic routes in the world. It is the only line operating through standard and tourist sleeping cars, also dining cars to Winnipeg and Vancouver. All equipment is owned and operated by the C. P. R., affording the highest form of efficiency. If such a trip is under consideration apply to any C. P. R. Agent for full particulars or write M. G. Murphy, D. P. A. Toronto.

A VALUABLE DOG

By MARTHA V. MONROE

When Stephen Yardley returned from Europe he brought a dog with him. The animal was evidently not of a breed that would enable him to take a prize in a dog show, and since Yardley was rich and always had the best that money could buy there was some curiosity among his friends to know why the beast had taken his fancy. This was enhanced by noticing that Yardley led the dog down the gangway himself and on leaving the dock took him with him into the carriage.

"What did you pay for him?" asked a friend.
 "Five thousand dollars."
 "Five thousand dollars?"
 "Yes, and ten thousand wouldn't buy him."

"There must be something about him that is not discernible to the eye. What is it?"

"I'll tell you. I was in Paris when the great European war broke out. Indeed, for the past few years I've been more in Paris than at home. Well, you know we Americans in Paris organized an American corps to join in the dispute between the allies and Germans. I enlisted—why I don't exactly know. The United States remained neutral, and I suppose we should have remained neutral, but we didn't. We went into it the way most men volunteer in war-time—to be in the excitement.

"Anyway, we formed a corps and after a certain amount of training were marched to the front. You remember that there was a lot of fighting in a wood near the center of the line. I was fighting one day in the wood when we suddenly came upon a lot of Germans, and a lively scrimmage followed. Our fellows were driven back, and I, shot in the body, was left on the field. The Germans didn't know that they had licked us, or, fearing an ambush or something, retreated.

"Well, there I was, deserted by friend and foe, left to bleed to death in a wood. Night came on, and the horror and loneliness were enough to kill a man without his dying of a wound. Fortunately the cold weather had not yet come on, and I didn't suffer with the cold. It was a relief to see the day coming, for it brought a hope that there would be more fighting in the wood and I would be within the lines of either one side or the other.

"But the firing that began with dawn seemed to recede rather than approach. I had nothing to sustain me either of food or drink. I crawled toward the nearest dead body—a German—and tried to find some sustenance on him, but there was neither a crust of bread nor a swallow of water. I crawled on a little farther to a dead Frenchman and found some bread and a flask of wine.

"If it hadn't been for these I would have perished, for I lay there all that day and another night. I had stuffed a part of my shirt into my wound, and it choked up the bleeding, but I didn't dare draw a long breath for fear of starting the hemorrhage again. While I was intent on myself and my dreadful condition incidents about me were ever present. The birds that had been frightened-away by the firing returned and were flitting in the branches above me. Insects were buzzing, attending to their daily affairs, unmindful that a human being was gradually sinking to death.

"Finally I fell into a stupor. I didn't know whether it was night or day and I didn't care. I heard a distant booming, but that was going on all the while. I heard the bark of a dog and had I been in a better condition might have especially noticed it. The bark sounding nearer, I made an effort to arouse myself. When it was close by me I opened my eyes and there was the dog looking at me and barking.

"Pretty soon he scampered off, barking as he ran; then I could hear him drawing nearer again. But I was too weak to take much notice of him. He was gone so long that I forgot all about him. But after awhile I heard his bark again far away, but drawing nearer. The next thing I knew I felt a hand on my wrist. Opening my eyes, there was a man with a red cross on his arm kneeling beside me.

"As soon as he knew that I lived he gave a call, and assistance came. I was put on a stretcher and carried to the rear, where I was placed in a hospital and received proper attention.

"As soon as I got well enough to think of anything except myself I asked about the dog that had saved me. I was told that he was one of the dogs that had been trained to hunt for the wounded. He had gone off into the wood where I lay and had come back barking and indicating that he wished to be followed. A man was sent with him and found me very near death's door. Probably another hour without attention would have finished me.

"I asked to see the dog, and he was brought in to me. When I offered to buy him I was told that the Red Cross dogs were not for sale. Then I agreed to subscribe \$1,000 to the Red Cross fund in exchange for him. My offer did not produce any effect till I raised it to \$5,000. Then by some means the Red Cross managers got around the selling of one of their dogs for money, and my offer was accepted.

"And now you know why I have brought home a dog that originally was bought for perhaps \$5 or \$10, having paid \$5,000 for him."
 And Yardley hugged his pet.

Agatha's Wedding Gift

By EUNICE BLAKE

The passes in the Swiss mountains have doubtless been used by man ever since he began to travel, but in former times they were crossed very differently from the present. During the middle ages small parties or even individuals would cross the mountains on foot, usually conducted by a guide.

During that period when William Tell is supposed to have shot the apple from his son's head, in the village of Aldorf, where he flourished, lived a young Swiss named Friedrich Sohm. His occupation was to guide persons over the St. Gothard pass down into northern Italy, then bring others back to Lucerne. Friedrich loved and was loved by a young girl named Agatha, and they were only waiting till he had made one more trip over the pass to be married. Then he was intending to build a boat on the Lake of the Four Cantons in which to carry passengers back and forth between Fleweln and Lucerne.

One day came Leonardo Morelli, a Florentine who had been to Paris with some jewels which he had sold and was taking back the gold he had received for them. He engaged Friedrich to conduct him across the pass to the point on the Italian side where now is the mouth of the tunnel, whence he could proceed by road to Lugano.

All day guide and man toiled up the mountain and in the evening rested at an inn on the Italian side. The merchant carried his gold in a leather bag sewed to a belt at his waist. When he entered the inn and the landlord conducted him to his room Sohm tossed his bag on a table, causing the gold pieces inside to give out the sound of coins. This excited the cupidity of the landlord, and during the night, when the merchant was asleep, he stole into the room and took his gold. Then, in order to avert suspicion, he opened the door to the guide's room and dropped one of the coins on the floor.

In the morning the merchant made a great ado about his loss, and the landlord suggested that he search the guide's room. Of course a piece of gold was found on the floor. Friedrich protested his innocence, but was unable to make the merchant believe that he was not the thief. The guide consented to continue the journey to Lugano, where he would give himself up, preferring this course to being a fugitive and an outlaw.

It was the month of May, when the snow in the Alps is melting, and in certain parts of the journey the guide and the merchant traveled joined by a rope. In passing over a narrow path where on one side was a precipice the snow gave way and the merchant would have gone down with it had not the guide braced himself so firmly as to save him.

Sohm was so grateful that he offered to forgive Friedrich the theft of his gold provided he would return one-half of it. Friedrich still insisted that he knew nothing about the money, that the landlord must have stolen it and proposed that they return to the inn and investigate the matter. To this the merchant consented, and they retraced their steps. When they reached the inn they accused the landlord of the theft and declared that if he did not restore the property a constable would be brought to take him where he would be tried.

The landlord was much agitated at this, for in those days criminals were usually put to the torture to make them confess. However, he stuck to his denial, claiming that the coin found in the guide's room was proof positive that he was the thief.

The inn stood on a southern exposure which in summer was free from snow, but though it was now getting thin the ground, or, rather, the rock on which it stood, was still covered. The day had been very warm, and since the departure of the two men in the morning the sun, shining through the thin atmosphere, had left several bare spots. Friedrich just before sunset went out on the ledge, where the Italian sunset was spread out before him, to think of some plan for finding the gold which he believed the landlord had hidden. While sitting there water was trickling from the melting snow. Before arising to return to the inn a space had been uncovered and, looking down beside him, he saw what at first he believed to be a yellow stone, but on closer inspection proved to be a gold coin.

Friedrich's first impulse was to accuse the landlord anew, fortified by this proof, but he was not used to acting on impulse. Instead, he went to the merchant, told him what he had found and suggested that the thief had buried the gold in different places under the snow and if they waited till the sun uncovered the ground they might recover it all.

The merchant consented, and they remained where they were, one or the other being outside all day to watch both the ground and the landlord to see that he did not remove the gold. As the sun melted the snow here and there a dozen or so pieces of gold appeared, which were taken in, and at last every piece was recovered. Then without a word to the landlord they went down the mountain into Italy.

The merchant, being indebted to Friedrich for his life as well as for the recovery of his gold, insisted on dividing the money with him. Friedrich refused, but at last consented that Morelli should send it by him to Agatha for a wedding present.

CHICKEN CHATTER.

Filthy houses and well bred fowls don't go well together. It's enough to turn the pessimist into an optimist to hear the hens sing on a cold day as they dig their grain out of deep litter. He who neglects to provide a comfortable home for the chickens should blame no one but himself if the fowls are a nuisance about the barn. You may experiment a long time before you find a better litter for the houses than that from the hay. During very windy or stormy weather, and also while snow is on the ground, the fowls should be kept indoors.

HANDLING GEESE IN COLD WEATHER

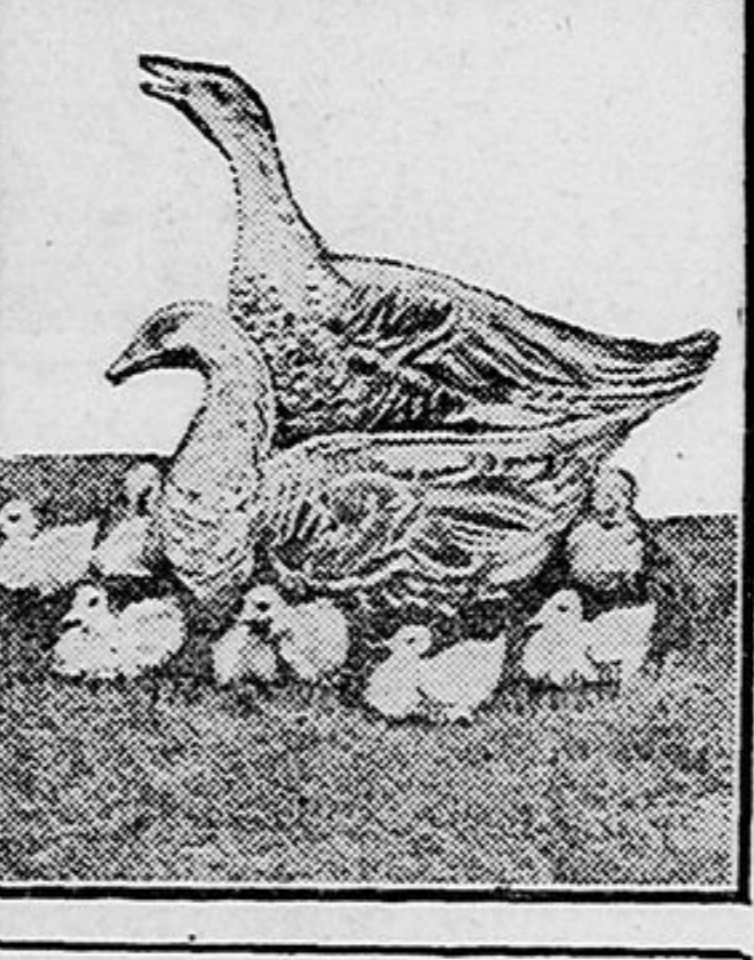
It is a very simple matter to care for geese in the winter. All they require in the way of shelter is a low shed open on the south that is well bedded with straw, says the Iowa Homestead. The bedding should be kept changed so that it is not damp. The shed would need to be a little higher than an ordinary chicken coop.

Breeding geese may have some grain, but in some localities, notably the grain belt, it seems that farmers cannot keep from overfeeding everything with grain, from a fowl to the hogs. The natural feed for geese is grass and clover or alfalfa, or silage, if you have it, is excellent.

Better results are obtained if no eggs are used until the second year of the life of a goose.

There is practically no difference in the markings of the different sexes. There is a difference in the general appearance of the head. The gander has a coarser neck. Also there is a difference in the noise they make when calling or disturbed. A successful poultry keeper must be a good observer. This is of more real value and will help solve more problems than can well be explained.

A good feed mixture is equal parts, by weight, of bran, middlings, cornmeal and 7 per cent of beef scrap. A light feeding of this should be given in the morning and a feeding of crack-



Years ago on almost every farm could be seen a nice flock of geese. At the present time the many good qualities of the goose are not valued as they should be. There are many advantages over other fowls to be had in raising geese. They do not require costly shelter; a very common cheap shed of rough lumber, built near the ground, is a sufficient house for the flock. The picture shows father goose and his family.

ed corn and wheat at night. For green feed give the geese all they want of steamed clover, alfalfa or cooked vegetables. Keep oyster shell and water always before them. Geese should be plucked the first time when the feathers are "ripe," meaning that the quill is nearly void of animal matter and the feather drops or pulls out. They may be plucked every sixty days thereafter until cold weather. The geese should not be plucked when sitting, and it is not advisable to pluck them while laying eggs. It is better to not use the first few eggs a goose lays. The better way to incubate is under Plymouth Rock or Wyandotte hens.

All Year Chicken Mash. Professor Kirkpatrick of the Connecticut Agricultural college has used the following mash during the past three years in feeding the birds entered in the egg laying contests held under his direction. The dry mash is composed of coarse wheat bran, 200 pounds; cornmeal, 100; gluten feed, 100; ground oats, 100; standard middlings, 75; fish scrap, 30; beef scrap, 30, and low grade flour, 25. The scratch grain is a mixture of cracked corn, 60 pounds; wheat, 60; heavy white oats, 40; barley, 20; Kaffir corn, 10; buckwheat, 10, and coarse beef scrap, 10.

Feeding Hens In Winter. A safe method to follow in feeding hens is to give each ten hens about one quart of grain per day and keep before them at all hours of the day a dry mash in connection with the grits and beef scraps. The latter two feed from hoppers. The grain may be given in the morning or divided into two meals. The latter has proved the most satisfactory. Do not underfeed, but remember it is bad to overfeed. Give them what they will clean up in grain within fifteen minutes after feeding. This rule should bring success.

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Come in and have a look at our new lines of Classic Shoes and Pumps for Ladies, Weston's and Eclipse for Misses and Children, Astoria and Brandon for Men, before selecting your next pair of footwear.

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