

The Durham Review.

VOL.—XX. NO. 13.

DURHAM, THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1898

WHOLE NO. 1046.

The CASH System

ADOPTED BY

N. C. & J. McKechnie.

We beg to inform our Customers and the Public generally that we have adopted the Cash System, which means Cash or its equivalent, and that our Motto will be

"Large Sales & Small Profits."

We take this opportunity of thanking our customers for past patronage, and we are convinced that the new system will merit a continuance of the same.

N., G. & J. McKECHNIE.

Durham, Aug. 9th, '96.

AT **C. MCKINNON'S.**
UPPER TOWN IMPLEMENT WAREHOUSES.

Stoves of all kinds,
COOKING STOVES,
HEATING STOVES,
BOX STOVES

At prices that will surprise.

Cutters Cutters and Sleighs of the best quality and at prices away down.

Our Piano and Organ trade is firmly established. Best makes. Purest tones.

Do you want a Sewing Machine? Try the New Williams.— Highest price paid for Wood in exchange for goods.

C. MCKINNON.

The Big 4
Upper Town Durham
New Goods 36in Cashmere in Navy Blue and Black at 12c a yard. 40 inch Black and Colored Wool Serges at 25c a yard. Fancy Figured Lustres (a snap) 30 and 35c a yard. Tartan Gingham at 7c a yard.

SHOES

We have just received a shipment of Sterling Bros. celebrated hand-made shoes for Men, Women, Boys, Girls. Just the thing for Spring.

Don't forget we sell "Salada" Ceylon Tea at 25c, 30c and 40c a lb. Black or Mixed, in lead packets—pounds and half pounds. Come and see what a lot of Time we give you for a dollar. A fresh shipment just in.

BEAN & CO...

UPPER TOWN DURHAM

HIGHLAND FOLKLORE.

AN OLD TALE OF THE ISLE OF MULL, BY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

When the five years had passed he was eighteen years of age. Then came a New Year's Day, and there was a great scattering made by the Earl for a shinty (hocky) match. Murdoch was chosen captain of one side in the game, and the son of the Earl was the leader of the other side. There was no shinty player there so good as Murdoch, for he would trip up all who came in his way, and take the ball from any one who sought to pass him.

The Earl, who was watching the game, admired much his prowess, and when all was over he called Murdoch to him and said, very kindly, 'You have now been a long time about my place, and to-day I have particularly noticed your smartness in the game, and now I wish to know your name and whence you came.'

Murdoch answered: 'It is of little consequence who I am or whence I have come. I am only a poor fugitive from Mull, who has obtained sustenance and protection from you, and I am deeply grateful to you for it.'

'But of what people are you?' 'I am a MacLaine. I am a son to MacLaine of Loch Baie. Duart took possession of my inheritance, persecuting me and seeking my life, and I fled, and to you I owe my safety since that time.'

So Murdoch told all he knew, and said that were he to get as followers only eighteen of the men who had played shinty that day he would be willing to venture to Mull and try to recover with them the Castle of Loch Baie.

'I shall let you select eighteen men, and if they will go with you, you shall take them,' cried the Earl, full of admiration at the youth's courage.

The next day he presented the young man with a handsome dress and kept him as a companion till the spring of the year. Then he gathered his men, told them who Murdoch was, and asked if any would volunteer to help him; and told them that Murdoch authorized him to say that, in case of success, they should have land on Loch Baie, and that they and their descendants should be tenants there as long as the young man or his posterity possessed the estate. Many at once volunteered. The Earl gave them all arms, and clothes, and plenty of food, and a fine boat, and the adventurers embarked in high spirits.

They reached Mull at a place called Tontire, in the nether part of Glen Leudale, and they climbed up to the top of the moor called the Shelly Ground, above the Castle of Loch Baie. Concealed in a wood of short oak and ash and hazel trees, they took council together, and agreed that they would forthwith construct what was called a bending ladder, namely, one that could be taken to pieces and put up again. With this they thought they could at night climb the castle wall, get to the roof, and, breaking a hole there, surprise the garrison. On the third evening after their arrival Murdoch wanted to venture near the castle to get news, although one of the Irish strongly objected, saying he would be discovered, and they would all be lost.

'No fear,' he answered. 'I will disguise myself in beggar's clothes,' and he descended cautiously to where the cow-fold was, where he found the dairy woman milking. He crept behind the girl, and then leaped and seized one of the cow's horns, which made the cow start back and overthrow the woman, who, as she fell, exclaimed: 'God be with you, Murdoch!'

She rose, and seeing a beggar, scolded at the top of her voice, Murdoch waiting until she had done, and then he said quietly, 'What did you call out when you tell?'

'That's no business of yours,' she answered; 'many an unlucky word comes out of a woman's mouth when she meets with an accident.'

But he pressed her with questions, and at last, thinking she could do no harm in having a little talk, said: 'Well, I will tell you. A foster-son of mine is always in my mind, although

he was obliged to flee the country long ago, and it has become a habit with me, when I am startled, to say, 'God be with you Murdoch,' and I am sometimes quite ashamed of myself, but the people of the house take no notice.

'Would you know Murdoch were you to see him?' he asked.

'I do not think that. He was but a laddie. It is more than five years since I saw him.'

'Was there any mark on him?'

Yes, he had a mole under his right breast.'

Murdoch showed the mark, and she pushed the milking pail away, and, leaping to him, put both arms round his neck and kissed him, crying, 'Oh you are Murdoch! you are Murdoch!'

After the first expressions of delight were past he unfolded to her his plans, saying how he hoped to get into the castle. You cannot get in by force,' she said; 'there is a strong oaken door on the outside of the entrance, and just within is a strong iron door, and a great wooden bar so heavy that it takes two men to draw its end out of the wall on the one side and to put the other end of it into the opposite wall's hole. No man can enter by mere strength.'

'Try said Murdoch, 'to think of some way we can surprise the guard.'

She pondered long, and then said: 'It seems to me that the best way to make an entrance is for you and your men to come down to the castle by night, and to put the cows and the calves opposite, but apart from each other, near the castle wall, so that they shall be heard, and when the cattle begin to low to one another, go you with your men and be at the side of the castle within easy reach of the gate. My own man is the doorkeeper, and he must let me out of the castle to separate the cows and calves from each other, and when the door shall be opened to let me out, see that you and your men rush into the gateway before the gate can be shut, and so you may seize the place.'

'But,' said Murdoch, 'how are we to know your man from others, so we may not kill him?'

'Never mind,' she answered, 'let the tail go with the hide, and take you possession of the place.'

PRICEVILLE.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. McPherson, and Arch. McLean, left for Montana this Monday afternoon, the 28th March. They will board the G.T.R. on Tuesday morning bound for Billings, which is as far as they can make the journey by rail and will have to travel ninety miles further before they will get to the end of their journey. They expect Neil McLean, Mrs. McPherson's brother, to meet them at Billings on Thursday evening the 31st. It will probably take them 3 or 4 days from Billings to their journey's end as the roads are not first-class. Mr. Peter Muir and Malcolm McDonald also left this morning for the west. We wish them all a pleasant journey and much success in their future career and that they may all return bringing back of the sheaves of their labors abundantly.

We have not much to write this week as most of the farmers are busy at their spring work, we heard in some instances of sowing done the latter part of last week. Heavy rains recently which will help in clearing all frost from the ground.

Mr. Donald McLachlin is home from Michigan where he spent the last year or two. He is to stay home now for a time at least.

Mr. James McDougall has rented Wm. McDonald's place along side the townline, south of the village. Mr. McDonald is going to Toronto to live with his son Alex.

Mrs. McLeod and family moved into the old manse last week. Rev. Mr. Matheson and family will be moving up tomorrow, (Tuesday), into the new manse. So the world is kept on the move, one family goes and another comes.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mather were visiting friends in Bentinck later part of last week.

We would remind again the readers of the Review in the vicinity, and elsewhere of the Induction on Thursday the 31st in the Presbyterian Church at 1.30 in the afternoon, also the grand concert in the evening. Owing to the rain on Sunday last the audience was not so large as it would have been in the Presbyterian

Seeds "1898" Seeds

Our Field and Garden Seeds are from the most reliable British American and Canadian Seedsmen and Growers, and include all the leading Field and Garden Seeds, Soliciting the favor of your orders.

H PARKER.

Druggist and Seedsman, Durham.

Garden Seeds in Bulk and Papers. Clover Seed, Timothy Seed, and other Grass Seeds.

Field Corn—The best adapted for this locality.

Mangel Wurtzel—Carter's Mammoth Long Red, and Yellow Intermediate, Evan's Saw Log.

Carrot—Large White, Yellow, Red and Orange.

Swede Turnip Seed—Carter's Elephant

Carter's Imperial Hardy, Hall's Westbury, Hartley's Bronze Top, Sutton's Champion, London Purple Top and King of Swede.

Yellow and White Fleshed—Aberdeen Green and Purple Top, Greystone and Mammoth Red Globe.

Dwarf Essex Sewing Rape. Fine ground Oil Cake. British Cattle Spice.

Thomas' Powder Phosphate. Land Plaster in Bags. Land Salt in Bags. Windsor and Seaforth Bbl. Salt.

H. PARKER, DURHAM

Touches the spot
MacLeod's System Renovator

—FOR—

Weak and Impure Blood,
Liver and Kidney Diseases,
Female Complaints, etc.

Ask Druggist or write direct to J. M. MACLEOD, Goderich, Ont. Sold by H. PARKER, Druggist, Durham.

Church here, Mr. Mitchell is a mild speaker for an evangelist, he did not hold special meetings here during the week on account of the bad roads.

ROBB.

Thomas Quinn has rented the Sinclair farm for a term of years. Tom is a hustler but we think he will want some one to help him.

W. R. Bowman attended a sale near Guelph lately and bought a fine pair of Clyde-dale mares which cost him the sum of \$315.

A party from near Cedarville were passing through Robb on their way to Holstein to lay the mystical knot tied. They were delayed by the breaking of their rig, but our obliging smith soon sent them on their way rejoicing. We do not know what was to blame for this accident, the weakness of the rig or the state of the roads or the weight of the occupants. [The latter reason is not admissible, people are never heavy when on such an errand.] Ed.

W. J. Wallace who had his hand taken off in a straw cutter last week is doing nicely and is able to go around the house. A Sinclair left for Manitoba last week. Everybody is busy making maple sugar now till we are fairly sticky.

W. C. T. U.

The following is an address by Mrs. McKinnell, which we give in full:—

Although it seems impossible to say anything fresh on temperance, there is one point upon which we can all agree and that is, that when Satan taught men to take the good fruits and grains of the earth and by decomposition, turn them into alcoholic drinks, he introduced a curse into the world which has destroyed more of God's creatures, and hindered the work of the Kingdom to a greater extent, than any other scheme emanating from his fertile brain. The vast hosts of men and women who have sunk into drunkard's graves do not make up the number of those destroyed by alcohol; we must take into consideration the millions of children, who, because their fathers, grandfathers, and great-grandfathers, drank more or less deeply, have been born into the world physically and mentally, poorly equipped for the battles of life. Most of these children fall victims to the first serious disease which seizes them, and we say on the death notice "Died of fever, grip-diphtheria," but we should rather write in letters of fire, "Another innocent victim of the drink habit." Some of these weaklings live on for a while, but can never take their place as perfect men and women, able to do a perfect work. Again, how many christian workers could do far better work

for Christ, were it not that grief and shame for the drunken degradation of some of their loved ones have taken all the joyousness of life out of them. They exist, but the best half of life is never theirs. Intemperance also financially hinders the missionary work of the Kingdom. The fields of the world are open. Hosts of consecrated men and women are ready for mission work, but the same cry comes from every Christian Church, "No funds." "The silver and the gold are mine, saith the Lord of Hosts." And are there not funds enough to carry on the King's work in His own Kingdom? Not the wealth has been spent in building up and strengthening the Devil's position. The drink bills of the so-called Christian nations taken for one year, would flood the world with missionaries and Bibles. Then consider the cost of maintaining the idiot and insane asylums, the poor-houses, the hospitals, rescue homes, orphan homes, jails and prisons; all needed to mitigate the misery let loose upon the world by licensing the cursed traffic. This money, the third generation after Prohibition, would be nearly all of it available funds. These institutions would contain but few inmates, and the money would place buildings for educational and sanitary purpose in all parts of the habitable world. Those who oppose missionaries say, "Oh, all the missionary does is to take the Bible in one hand and the bottle in the other, to offer to the natives of heathen lands." This is a vile slander; but it is a fact that as soon as a missionary penetrates into a country, if it be under the British or American flag, he is quickly followed by the licensed liquor dealer, who with his traffic destroys a hundred of God's children, body and soul, to one soul saved by the gospel message. Let Britain look to herself. This licensed drink traffic and opium abomination are eating away her honor, and her usefulness in Christ's Kingdom, and unless she rids herself of the cancer, she will share the fate of Assyria, Persia, Rome, and other mighty nations of antiquity, which were weighed in the balances and found wanting. The skirts of her daughter, the United States, are also stained with the blood of the liquor victims. Macaulay said, the New Zealander might stand in the future upon London Bridge and moralize on the ruin of the great Empire. If so, shall not the Canadian be spared to stand there also? If this is Canada's work, let her drive the accursed traffic off the soil of her bright young empire, and so guide her steps that she may be accounted worthy to stand in her place when the Master comes.—Ex.

This is a vile slander; but it is a fact that as soon as a missionary penetrates into a country, if it be under the British or American flag, he is quickly followed by the licensed liquor dealer, who with his traffic destroys a hundred of God's children, body and soul, to one soul saved by the gospel message. Let Britain look to herself. This licensed drink traffic and opium abomination are eating away her honor, and her usefulness in Christ's Kingdom, and unless she rids herself of the cancer, she will share the fate of Assyria, Persia, Rome, and other mighty nations of antiquity, which were weighed in the balances and found wanting. The skirts of her daughter, the United States, are also stained with the blood of the liquor victims. Macaulay said, the New Zealander might stand in the future upon London Bridge and moralize on the ruin of the great Empire. If so, shall not the Canadian be spared to stand there also? If this is Canada's work, let her drive the accursed traffic off the soil of her bright young empire, and so guide her steps that she may be accounted worthy to stand in her place when the Master comes.—Ex.

WANTED: Farmers' sons or other industrious persons of fair education to whom \$40, a month would be an inducement. I could also engage a few ladies at their own homes.

T. H. LINSKOTT, TORONTO.