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Head Office, Toronto. G. P. REID, Manager.

Capital Authorized \$2,000,000. Paid Up 1,000,000. Reserve Fund 600,000.

Agencies in all principal points in Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, United States and England.

Durham Agency.

A general Banking business transacted. Drafts issued and collections made on all points. Deposits received and interest allowed at current rates.

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Interest allowed on Savings Bank deposits of \$1 and upwards. Prompt attention and every facility afforded customers living at a distance. J. KELLY, Agent.

Medical Directory.

DR. JAMIESON, Durham. Office and Residence a short distance east of McAllister's Hotel, Lambton Street, Lower Town. Office hours from 12 to 2 o'clock.

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DR. A. L. BROWN. Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, Scotland. Office and Residence, opposite Temperance Hall, Holstein.

DENTIST.

DR. T. G. HOLT, L. D. S.

Office:—First door east of the Durham Pharmacy, Calder's Block. Residence:—First door west of the Post Office, Durham.

Will be at the Commercial Hotel, Priceville, first Wednesday in each month.

Legal Directory.

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BARRISTER, Solicitor, etc. Office over C. L. Grant's store, Lower Town.

G. LEFROY McCAUL,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, etc. Office Upper Town, Durham. Collections and Agency promptly attended to. Searches made at the Registry Office.

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OFFICE:—In McIntyre Block, Opposite the Knapp House, Lower Town, Durham.

\$25,000 to loan at the lowest rate of interest.

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JAMES BROWN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Durham, Ont.

HUGH MacKAY, Durham, Land Valuator and Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey. Sales promptly attended to and notes cashed.

JAMES CARSON, Durham, Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey Land Valuator, Bailiff of the 2nd Division Court Sales and all other matters promptly attended to—highest references furnished if required.

JOHN QUEEN, ORCHARDVILLE, has resumed his old business, and is prepared to loan any amount of money on real estate. Old mortgages paid off on the most liberal terms. Fire and Life Insurances effected in the best Stock Companies at lowest rates. Correspondence to Orchardville P. O., or a call solicited.

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Money to lend. Money invested for parties. Farms bought and sold.

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A general financial business transacted. Office next door to Standard Bank, Durham.

Pain-Killer.

(FERRY DAVIS')

A Sure and Safe Remedy in every case and every kind of Bowel Complaint is

Pain-Killer.

This is a true statement and it can't be made too strong or too emphatic.

It is a simple, safe and quick cure for

Cramps, Cough, Rheumatism,

Colic, Colds, Neuralgia,

Diarrhoea, Cramp, Toothache.

TWO SIZES, 25c. and 50c.

FOR GREECE AND MARGUERITE

Marguerite Sylvester leaned forward excitedly. A little impatient exclamation broke from her lips.

Her companion, a tall, good-looking young fellow of about twenty-five or thereabouts was speaking. "I dare say you are right, Miss Sylvester, but—"

"Of course I'm right," the girl cried impatiently. "I tell you if you were me you'd think so to. Do you imagine I can have any feeling of kindness to my grandmother's murderers? To people who sold my mother for a slave? Put yourself in my position. Think of your mother as a poor little baby of two years old being torn away from her mother, and set up for people to buy. Ask my mother to show you the great scars on her wrist where they burnt them, to get her away from her mother. Perhaps then you will realize what makes me feel as I do. Perhaps you have never heard the story. How she was bought by an old woman, who I verily believe would have killed her if Mr. and Mrs. Huntington had not found her, taken her to England, and adopted her. I tell you I hate Turkey and the Turks."

"Perhaps, other people do too," observed her companion.

"Yes," scornfully, "much good it does to sit in your comfortable homes and say the Turks are scoundrels, vagabonds, anything you will. It sounds well. But though they may be all this and more you would not raise your hand against them. Oh, if I was only a man, I'd go to-morrow. Why can't a lot of our young fellows who are idling away their time here go? Because they're afraid. Cowards, mean, detestable cowards, they are not worthy of the name 'men.' To be a man one must be brave. Are they brave? No, most emphatically, no."

"Yes, but see here, Miss Sylvester, suppose now, for an example, England goes and joins Greece. What will be the result? The whole of Europe will be plunged in a general war. Would it not be better to let Greeks and Turks fight it out alone, than to cause such a dreadful thing as a European war?"

"When you put it in that light," reluctantly, "I suppose I must say, yes, and yet it seems very terrible to me that people can stand around and see the Greeks killed by the hundreds and not offer to help them. Of course, I suppose I know nothing about it, but if any man wants my highest esteem and respect he knows how to get it." With these parting words she left the room.

Marguerite Sylvester was English by birth, but rich Grecian blood flowed through her veins. Her father was an American, who had come to England, fallen deeply in love with her mother, and married her. Marguerite was their only child. A few weeks before the above conversation took place, Dick Chester had appeared at the "Grange."

He was a young American whose father had been Mr. Sylvester's greatest friend, so he received a hearty welcome for old association's sake. He had put up at the hotel, intending, as he said, just to spend a few days, there, and then to go abroad. The "few days," however, had lengthened into a month, and still the young gentleman had shown no signs of taking his departure. The truth was he had fallen deeply in love with pretty Marguerite, but, as she treated him exactly as she did dozens of other young fellows, he had felt until to-day, that there was no chance for him.

Her words, however, set him to thinking. Why should he not do as she wished. He was an orphan, without a single relative that he knew of, in the world. He thought of her words: "mean, detestable cowards." That decided him.

The next morning, as Marguerite was on her way to the breakfast room, her maid handed her a note addressed in Dick's well known hand. She tore it open and read:

Dear Miss Sylvester.—I have been thinking over what you said yesterday, and have decided that you are right. I am off to Greece this morning. I shall claim the reward which you offered me, when I come back, after the war is over. If I should meet the fate which hundreds of others, far braver men than I, have met, be assured of one thing, I will not die a coward.

Ever Yours, Dick Chester.

Surely it was not true. He would never go away without coming to say good-bye to her, and yet here it was set down in black and white, in his large, flourishing writing. And so he had gone—gone as she had wished, how noble, and yet she could not feel glad. Burning tears welled up into her eyes. "Oh, God, help him, care for him," she murmured brokenly. That was all she could do now.

It was nearing night. The sun was fast sinking to rest on the distant horizon. Fires were lighted, and around them clustered a small detachment of Grecian soldiers. They had marched many long, weary miles that day, and now lying about on the ground, were enjoying a brief rest and their evening meal. Suddenly a wild cry of "The Turks, the Turks," rang out in the clear air. In an instant every man was on his feet. They had been surprised. A large body of the Turkish troops had come up from behind them, so quietly, that not until they were almost within musket range had they been discovered. As they came, slowly, steadily, pouring one deadly volley into the confused ranks of the Grecian soldiers.

The officers had been sitting together, laying their plans for the next day. Before the alarm was given a small party of Turks had crept from their hiding place and fallen upon the astonished officers, who, unable to offer any resistance, became an easy prey to the enemy. The soldiers panic-stricken at the loss of their commanders began to fly in all directions. "This must be

stopped," cried a young officer in Lieutenant's dress, to a comrade, "Halt," he cried.

Those who were in earshot, admiring his pluck, and feeling that they had behaved like cowards, stopped and followed him.

The confused soldiers, only too glad to accept any one as their leader, turned and faced the foe. The young Lieutenant, who had stopped the retreat, rushed forward saying, "For the honor of Greece—"and Marguerite," he added, softly. Incited onward by the cry, they fought as they had never done before. But look, their young leader has fallen! Fallen, yes, as many another brave young fellow has, but not until he had accomplished his life work. The honor of Greece was saved.

It was a beautiful morning. Marguerite realized that, as she sat by the open window, dreaming that the war would soon be over and Dick would be home again.

A little newsboy was coming down the street. Marguerite could hear his cry of "Latest news from the War, Great bravery of a young Lieutenant, before he was within a block from their house. She rushed down stairs, called the boy, got a paper, and hurried up to her own room, where she might pursue its contents undisturbed. Great, staring black letters greeted her eyes. She read it carefully over until she came to a paragraph, which after its perusal, left her in a swoon, on the floor. It read:

"Friday evening—The Greeks were surprised by the Turks, while enjoying their evening meal. Officers and men were mown down by the bullets of the concealed Turks, and the Grecian soldiers began to retreat in all directions. If it had not been for the great bravery of a young lieutenant, Dick Chester, by name, all would have been lost. He, however, stopped the retreat and faced the foe. Unfortunately for Greece he fell in the early part of the fight. If the life of this young hero had been spared, he might have proved the salvation of Greece."

That was all. It did not mention that he had died with her name on his lips. These, of course, to the world, would be but minor details.

—Eve Lyn. Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Older Women Than the Queen.

The lady famed in story who was present at the ball on the eve of Waterloo, and is still living, hale and hearty, at the truly noble age of 93, is Lady Louisa Tighe. She has a perfect memory, and remembers the incidents of the ball; the figure of Wellington; the bugle sound which called the men to arms.

It was at her father's house, the Duke of Richmond's, in Brussels, that the historic ball took place.

In 1825 she was married to the Colonel, the Hon. William Tighe. He died in 1878, but the dear old lady, one of England's noblest links with the past still lives on, and writes a most beautiful, delicate hand, as if she were still a girl of 19, instead of 90.

The woman who has probably had more political influence during the past fifty years next to the Queen is undoubtedly Mrs. Gladstone, Catherine Glynnne was the daughter of Sir Stephen Glynnne, the owner of the Hawarden and other large estates, and of his wife, the Hon. Mary Braybrooke. The late Sir Stephen Glynnne was her brother, and Lady Littleton was her sister. Thus it is through his wife that Mr. Gladstone came into possession of the famous Hawarden Castle, in Flintshire, now well known over all the world as his residence. The marriage took place on July 25, 1839, about six months before that of her Majesty. She is now considerably over 80 years of age.

The most remarkable member of the aristocracy is probably the aged Duchess of Cleveland, famous by her own individuality, and still more famous in the person of her celebrated son, Lord Rosebery. Though the Duchess is well over 80 years of age, she is more juvenile in some things than many women fifty years younger. Her Grace always dresses in white whenever it is at all possible, and she has a perfect passion for travelling. Half her life is spent on the continent, or at the cape; in fact, she has lately gone there again on a voyage. She perfectly revels in knocking about the world.

She was first married three years after the Queen, to Archibald, Lord Dalmeny, and so she became the mother of Lord Rosebery, and on the death of her husband she married a second time, thus becoming Duchess of Cleveland by her marriage to George, the fourth and last Duke. He died a few years ago. Her Grace was a daughter of Philip Henry, fourth Earl of Stanhope.

Is there any one in London, or out of it, who has not heard the name of Angelina, Baroness Burdett-Coutts? This noble woman was born on April 25, 1814, five years before the Queen, and was the daughter of Sir Francis Burdett. On the death of her grandfather's widow, Harriet, Duchess of St. Albans, who had in early life graced the stage, Miss Burdett succeeded to the vast fortune of the Coutts family, and took that name in addition to her own.

It would be impossible to tell one-tenth of what she has done and given, not only to the London poor, but for England.

Every good society, every charitable scheme, every devoted cause had in her its certain helper with her purse, word, and, until lately, voice. The Baroness has given up to a quarter of a million at once in furtherance of schemes for aiding the London poor.

The Queen created her a Baroness in her own right in 1871, and in 1881 she married Mr. W. L. Ashmead-Bartlett, who took the surname of Coutts. She still goes on at 83 with her noble work of relieving the needy, and London's wish is "Long may she yet live."

THERE'S A MORAL IN THIS.

At Joplin, Mo., a drunken man fell down a mine shaft 70 feet on Saturday and lay there nearly 24 hours before he was discovered. Beyond a few slight bruises he was not hurt. On the following Monday another miner, sober, fell 70 feet down a shaft at the same place and died in half an hour.

THE TIME.

What time is it? Time to do well; Time to live better; Give up the grudge; Answer that letter; Speaking that kind word to sweeten a sorrow; Do that good deed you would leave till to-morrow.

What time is it? Time to be earnest; Laying up treasure; Time to be thoughtful; Choosing true pleasure; Loving stern justice, of truth being fond— Making your word just as good as your bond.

PRESERVED POTATOES.

The opening up of a demand for potatoes peeled, sliced and dried like apples promises to give a fresh impetus to potato cultivation, as decay will be prevented and freight cost lessened. The potatoes are peeled and sliced by machinery, soaked two minutes in brine, drained and dried at a temperature of about 194 degrees. Before using the slices are soaked from 12 to 15 hours, and then have all the freshness and flavor of new potatoes.

PREJUDICE.

A prisoner of the sessions had been duly convicted of theft, when it was seen on proving previous convictions that he had actually been in prison at the time the theft was committed. Why didn't you say so? asked the judge of the prisoner angrily.

Your lordship, I was afraid of prejudicing the jury against me.

PAVING THE WAY.

Mr. Sponger—Wife, what date is this? Mrs. Sponger—The 5th. Why do you ask? Mr. Sponger—I am writing to Uncle Hiram, in Scroogeville, asking why he and the family didn't come down and see us during the winter.

Break Up a Cold in Time BY USING PNY-PECTORAL. The Quick Cure for COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, etc.

Dr. Joseph Norwick, of 63 Soranum Ave., Toronto, writes: "Pny-Pectoral has never failed to cure my children of croup after a few doses. It cured myself of a long-standing cough after several other remedies had failed. It has also proved an excellent cough cure for my family. I prefer it to any other medicine for coughs, croup or hoarseness."

H. O. BARNOUR, of Little Rocher, N.B., writes: "As a cure for coughs Pny-Pectoral is the best selling medicine I have; my customers will have no other."

Large Bottle, 25 Cts. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD. Proprietors, MONTREAL.

The Chronicle is the most widely read newspaper published in the County of Grey.

Strong Points ABOUT B. B. B.

1. Its Purity. 2. Its Thousands of Cures. 3. Its Economy. 1c. a dose.

Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all the impurities from a common Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore, and CURES DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEARTBURN, SOUR STOMACH, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES.

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Cash System

Adopted by

N., G. & 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 and 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