

Seeds!

the best British, seeds, and prices (qual- ity) are favorably with
 OW and White Fleshed Tur-
 Cartor's Broad leaved Early
 One car of selected Ameri-
 Seed Corn, (three of the
 varieties), also hard, dry
 American Corn for fodder.

Druggist and Seedsman,

Market Report.

DURHAM, Mar. 24th, 1898.

Wheat	82 to 83
Barley	27 to 28
Oats	55 to 57
Hay	35 to 40
Straw	5 00 to 8 00
Butter	14 to 14
Eggs	10 to 10
Per doz.	50 to 50
Per bag	50 to 50
Per sack	1 75 to 2 50
Per pair	2 00 to 2 25
Per lb.	75 to 1 00
Hogs per cwt.	5 75 to 5 85
Per lb.	8 to 8
Per lb.	65 to 1 00
Per lb.	9 to 10
Per pair	5 to 6
Per pair	40 to 50
Per pair	20 to 30
Per pair	17 to 20

UPPER TOWN.

Goods.

Cashmere in Navy Blue and
 Black 12c. a yard.
 Black and Colored Wool
 Serges 25c. a yard.
 figured Lustres (a snap)
 30c. and 35c. a yard.
 Gingham 7c. a yard.

BEAN & CO.

Goods You Want!

HOLIDAY JEWELRY.

We have it in every
 line and every style, set with
 Diamonds, Pearls, Opals and
 other stones according to de-
 sign, and will be found the
 Nattiest and Most Suitable
 Goods on the Canadian Market.

Styles are the Newest
 and best on the market. You
 can save money by buying our
 goods. It is more pleasing to
 visit our store and examine
 our large and complete stock of
 Silverware, Watches,
 Clocks, Flatware and
 Jewelry

A. GORDON,
 UPPER TOWN.

Standard Bank of Canada
 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 On-
 tario, Quebec, Manitoba, United
 States and England.
Durham Agency.
 A general Banking business transact-
 ed. Drafts issued and collections made
 in all points. Deposits received and in-
 terest allowed at current rates.
SAVINGS BANK.
 Interest allowed on Savings Bank de-
 posits of \$1 and upwards. Prompt
 attention and every facility afford-
 ed 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.
 DR. A. L. BROWN,
 Licentiate of the Royal College of
 Physicians, Edinburgh, Scotland. Of-
 fice and Residence, opposite Temperance
 Hall, Holstein.

DENTIST.
 DR. T. G. HOLT, L. D. S.
 Office—First door east of the Dur-
 ham 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.
J. P. TELFORD.
 BARRISTER, Solicitor, etc. Office over C.
 B. Lucas' store Lower Town.
 Any amount of money to loan at 5 percent.
 on farm property.
G. LEFROY McCAUL.
 BARRISTER, Solicitor, etc. McIntyre's
 Block, Lower Town. Collection and
 Agency promptly attended to. Searches made
 at the Registry Office.

Lucas, Wright & Batson,
 BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS,
 NOTARIES, CONVEYANC-
 ERS, ETC.
 Money to loan at lowest rates. Easy terms.
I. B. LUCAS, MARKDALE.
W. H. WRIGHT, OWEN SOUND.
C. A. BATSON, DURHAM.
 RESIDENCE—Middaugh House.
 Office hours—9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
 Will be at the Commercial Hotel, Priceville,
 first and third Wednesdays in each month.

Miscellaneous.
JAMES BROWN, Issuer of Marriage
 Licenses, Durham, Ont.
HUGH MacKAY, Durham, Land Val-
 uator 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
 required.
JOHN QUEEN, ORCHARDVILLE, has
 resumed his old business, and is prepar-
 ed to loan any amount of money on real
 estate. Old mortgages paid off on the
 most liberal terms. Fire and Life Insur-
 ances effected in the best Stock Companies
 at lowest rates. Correspondence to
 Orchardville P. O., or a call solicited

D. JACKSON
 Clerk Division Court. Notary Public.
 Land Valuator Insurance Agen-
 Commissioner, etc.
 Money to lend. Money invested for parties
 Farms bought and sold.
CONVEYANCER ETC.
 Open 7 days financial business transacted.
 Office next door to Standard Bank, Durham

The "Chronicle" is the only
 12-Page Local Newspaper in
 Western Ontario.

TRUE HAPPINESS.
 Mrs. Muggers—I see a prominent so-
 ciety belle is dead. If there ever was
 a perfectly blissful existence on earth,
 she enjoyed it while she lived.
 Mr. Muggers—Because she was a so-
 ciety belle!
 Mrs. Muggers—No. Because she was
 engaged twenty-four times and never

IT.

I was called "It." Try as I would, I
 could find no patron saint in the calen-
 dar who answered to that name, and
 there was really no excuse for "it" but
 the negligence of the Johnson family
 to christen its children. They baste-
 rized themselves early only in the case
 of my elder sister, who was named
 Maggie. Even I, the youngest of a
 batch of five, never knew the second
 child, a boy, by any other name than
 "Brother." Then came "Sis," the third,
 and "Babe," another boy, and finally
 I, the last of the Johnson brood.
 "It" rang in my baby ears long be-
 fore I knew what was meant. I sup-
 pose that being the real baby it would
 have caused confusion in the house-
 hold, where there was already a "Babe,"
 and so they substituted "It," for that
 was my title by right of succession.

I never knew my mother. She died
 soon after I opened my blue eyes to the
 world. Perhaps if she had lived my
 nomenclature would not have been so
 slightly treated. Maggie, the eldest,
 a quiet, faithful girl, took charge of us
 at mother's death. Father was a team-
 ster and away all day from the little
 family, for whom he provided generos-
 ously out of his slender earnings. He, too,
 called me "It" when he took me up in
 his lap and rubbed his harsh, stubble
 beard over my baby cheeks or pinched
 my little fists with his big, horny fin-
 gers. Maggie gave me a mother's care,
 as she did the other children, and I
 had really no trouble about my in-
 complete name until I went to school
 for the first time.

"Your name is what?" asked the
 teacher when my turn came in a long
 line stretching from the foot of her
 desk to the last bench in the room.
 "'It' Johnson," I answered promptly.

"'It' Johnson?" she repeated with
 a doubting shake of the head. "Lit-
 tle girl, you must have forgotten your
 name."
 "No," I gasped for a lump in my
 throat almost choked me. To be the
 first in the whole room who had any
 difficulty about her name was mortify-
 ing even to a little 6-year-old.

"Have you any brothers or sisters
 in this school?"
 "Yes, my big brother is in No. 3."
 "Go up-stairs and bring him down
 to me."
 I trundled off, perplexed, to find
 "Brother." Up to the top floor I climb-
 ed and soon espied him in a front seat
 of Room No. 3, the door of which stood
 wide open. He answered the summons
 of my vigorously beckoning finger and
 I confided to him the dilemma I was in
 about my name.

"Well, 'It,'" he said, "you are in a
 bad fix. You never had any other
 name."
 "But isn't your name 'Brother' and
 nothing else?"
 "No, I've been christened James be-
 sides."
 "James?" I queried. "I thought that
 was father's name."
 "And it's my name, too—James John-
 son."

Then for the first time I learned that
 "Brother's" name was James, that
 "Sis" had been christened Cordelia,
 and that "Babe, the infringer," was
 Andrew in the Baptismal record. Only
 poor, little slighted me, was "It" and
 nothing more.

"Brother" made matters clear to the
 teacher, and she laughingly inscribed
 the name of "It" Johnson upon the big
 roll book of the school.
 I passed through my school days as
 "It." Then, tired of book learning, I
 went to work in a shoe factory. "Bro-
 ther" was a teamster now, like father.
 "Sis" was married and lived in the
 country. "Babe" had run away to en-
 list in the army, and there was no-
 body at home but father, and Mag-
 gie, and me, for James was boarding
 in another part of the city where
 most of his hauling had to be done.

I hadn't been in the factory long
 when that old phrase "you're it" was
 revived on the vaudeville stage, and
 of course the young men about the
 place teased me by applying it to me,
 a real "It," an "It" from her birth
 to her 16th year.
 "You're it," they shouted, as they
 came up with me in the street. "You-
 came up with me in the street. 'You-
 re it!' said their mischievous eyes as
 I entered the shop and passed the fore-
 man to go to my table. The foreman
 was strict and permitted no noisy con-
 vats inside the factory. He was a seri-
 ous looking man, with a young face,
 but the mien of one beyond his years.
 He called each girl by name as he par-
 celed out the work and told her what
 to do. "Mollie! Rosina! Gertie! Becky!
 Annie! You!" he said when my turn
 came.

"Her name is 'It' said a saucy miss
 who stood close by.
 The foreman shot a forbidding glance
 at her, then looked rather pityingly
 upon me. "You," he repeated, "mea-
 sure these vamps and make sure that
 they all tally with the sample." And
 "you" I remained to Mr. Joe Parkin-
 son, the foreman, for weeks and
 months.
 The factory hands still called me
 "It." I was "It" at home to father
 and Maggie. But, somehow, there was
 nothing calling in it any more so long
 as Mr. Parkinson refrained from using
 the family name.
 I had always been a frail young thing
 though not ill, and the foreman gave
 me the most exacting tasks. Other girls

showed me no favoritism. I paid my
 fine when late, the same as the rest,
 and if I made a blunder I paid for the
 damage. Withal, I felt sure that Mr.
 Joe Parkinson liked me the best of
 all, and my little heart, craving affec-
 tion and only too ready to give it, went
 out to him in the first flush of awaken-
 ing womanhood.

He must have read it in my eyes, for
 his glances grew warm when he spoke
 to me, and his hands often lingered
 around mine as he placed the work in
 my outstretched arms. The girls at my
 table were all friendly but one. Some-
 how a silent antagonism had sprung up
 from the first between Rosina Freoli
 and me. Rosina was of Italian descent,
 a buxom, crimson-cheeked girl, with a
 well-poised, vain little head. She was
 of a quarrelsome and jealous disposi-
 tion, feared by the girls and relentlessly
 pursued by the young men with
 admiring glances, impudent innu-
 endoes in compliment to her beauty, and
 invitations to all the parties in the
 cheap dancing halls of the town. To
 all of these Rosina went, and often
 more than once a week was she fined
 for being tardy the morning after. She
 stood her punishment with a saucy
 smile for she knew her beau of the
 evening would make good her finan-
 cial loss.

Aware of Mr. Parkinson's hobby for
 promptness, I had been invariably on
 time. One night Maggie was taken ill.
 I nursed her till daybreak. Then I fell
 into a sound sleep at the foot of the
 bed and was awakened only by my
 sister's anxious cry that it was long
 past rising time. I hurried away with-
 out a morsel of breakfast and reached
 the factory just three minutes late. Mr.
 Parkinson stood at the desk, noting my
 time.

"My sister was ill all night," I stam-
 mered, blushing to the roots of my
 hair. He must have read in my eyes
 the penitence expressed for having
 crossed him in his efforts to promote
 promptness.

"All right, little girl," he said, with
 a kindly glance from his handsome
 brown eyes, "I'll forgive you this
 time."
 As I turned to go to my place I saw
 Rosina at my elbow. She had heard
 the foreman's remark. An evil expres-
 sion spread over her darkly beautiful
 countenance. All day she pursued me
 with her jealous grudging eyes. At
 noon she held a confab with three of
 her stanchest admirers, and their
 sneering faces, bent upon me, boded
 me no good.

"You'd better go home earlier," ad-
 vised Becky, my particular chum. "Tell
 him that your sister is too sick to get
 supper, and hurry away from here be-
 fore closing time. They mean mischief,
 sure!" I dared not offend a second
 time by losing a quarter of an hour
 at the busiest season of the year, so I
 staid until the gong announced the
 close of day. Becky and I were not
 more than half a block from the shop
 when Rosina and her noisy escorts
 came toward us from the middle of the
 street.

"There goes 'It'! Joe Parkinson's
 'It'! I'll pay de fine! There it goes!"
 And the rudest of the quartet picked
 up a handful of mud and plastered my
 back with it. I turned to run back to
 the factory, when out of the darkness
 the arm of a man shot squarely into
 my assailant's face.
 The foreman knocked him down!"

whispered the excited Becky. "I'm glad
 of it!" And we took to our heels and
 made good time in getting home.

As I crept into my bed that night
 the sweet thought that he had defend-
 ed me kept me awake many hours.
 When I slipped into dreamland at last
 it was with his face bending over me,
 his lips whispering that he loved me,
 me—poor, nameless, insignificant "It."

Next morning I hurried to the fac-
 tory long before the opening hour to
 thank him for his gallant defense. To
 my utter dismay a stranger was at
 his desk. I gave him my number and
 passed on. Soon the other girls ar-
 rived in groups of two and three. Their
 faces were grave, and they seemed to
 discuss with subdued voices a calam-
 ity.

"What has happened?" I gasped,
 filled with anxious foreboding.
 "Mr. Parkinson has been arrested,"
 said Becky. "The blow he dealt the
 scapegrace who insulted me was more
 effective than he had meant. The fel-
 low was lying unconscious at his home.
 It was even feared that his injuries
 would result in death. His two com-
 panions had sworn out a warrant
 against the foreman. Neither they nor
 Rosina made their appearance at the
 shop that day.

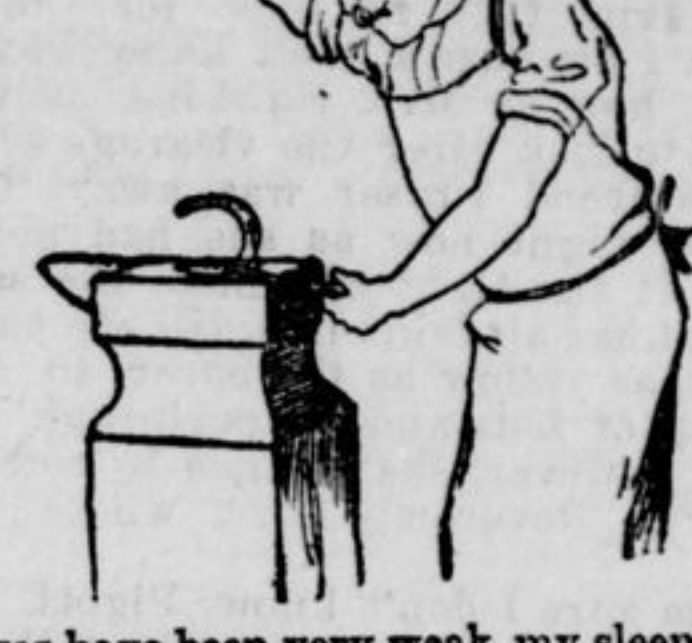
Even now I cannot bear to dwell on
 the miserable days that followed. Joe
 Parkinson languished in prison, while
 the victim of his gallantry slowly re-
 covered. I went to him with a break-
 ing heart. He stretched out his hands
 through the bars and drew me toward
 him until he kissed my forehead. I
 was a woman at last, and my cup of
 love and suffering was full.
 "I can bear it all, little one!" he
 said, manfully. "It was all for you!"
 He was acquitted at the trial. On the
 day of his release we were quietly mar-
 ried, and that night he left me to go
 to the far West and commence life
 again.
 It did not take him long to get a
 start, and I soon joined him in the cozy
 little home he had prepared for me.
 "You!" he cried, as in the days of
 old. Only now he clasped me in his
 arms and kissed me. "Little wife!" he
 added. "Dear little wife!"
 And I was "It" no longer.

UNAPPRECIATED.
 Perhaps few experiences of life are
 harder to bear than when an appeal
 to another out of the fullness of one's
 heart is received with an utter lack
 of sympathy. Such a situation is por-
 trayed by the biographer of the Rev.
 S. C. Malan.
 A dishonest gardener had received no-
 tice of discharge, and after an un-
 successful attempt to vindicate his char-
 acter by plausible platitudes, said
 mournfully to the vicar:
 "Ah, sir, you will miss me before I
 be gone half an hour!
 "I shan't mind that, answered Mr.
 Malan, cheerfully, if I don't miss any-
 thing else!"

STRENGTH CAME BACK.

The Anvil once more rings with the
 strokes of his hammer.

Mr. Thos. Porteous, the well known
 blacksmith of Goderich, Ont., tells how
 sickness and weakness gave way to health
 and strength. "For the past four years my



nerves have been very weak, my sleep fitful
 and disturbed by dreams, consequently I
 arose in the morning unrested. I was
 frequently very dizzy and was much
 troubled with a mist that came before my
 eyes, my memory was often defective and I
 had fluttering of the heart, together with a
 sharp pain through it at times. In this
 condition I was easily worried and felt
 enervated and exhausted. Two months ago
 I began taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve
 Pills, since that time I have been gaining in
 health and strength daily. They have
 restored my nerves to a healthy condition,
 removed all dizziness and heart trouble, and
 now I sleep well and derive comfort and
 rest from it. That Milburn's Heart and
 Nerve Pills are a good remedy for Nervous-
 ness, Weakness, Heart Trouble and similar
 complaints goes without saying." Price
 50 cts. a box at all druggists or T. Milburn
 & Co., Toronto, Ont.

Laxa-Liver Pills cure Dyspepsia.
ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE.

**A. H. Hutchins Send-Back a Word of Ad-
 vice to Prospective Gold Hunters.**

A. H. Hutchins, of Rochester, N. Y.,
 who is now on his way to the Klondike,
 has written a letter from Juneau. In
 the course of his letter he says:
 "If I were to start out again I
 should not buy a single article before
 reaching here. If any of your readers
 think of going to the gold fields, my
 advice is, first of all, don't go; but if
 you don't take that advice, just pack
 your grip with enough old clothes to
 last you for about three weeks. Buy
 your ticket for Juneau, and go to the
 American Express Co. and buy their
 signature checks to the amount of \$600.
 Then, when you get here you will have
 a chance to change your mind and you
 will have had a run well worth your
 money.
 "There are many who would turn
 back about this time if they had not
 already spent their money, and in many
 cases spent it for goods not suited for
 the work in hand. This is a splendid
 place to catch your breath—the last
 chance I am told—and calmly view the
 situation.
 "While I write there are in the
 rooms with me, three men who have

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

IS PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
 AT THE CHRONICLE PRINTING HOUSE, CARAFRAX STREET
DURHAM, ONT.
 SUBSCRIPTION The CHRONICLE will be sent to any
 address, free of postage, for \$1.00 per
 year, payable in advance—\$1.50 per
 year, if not so paid. The date to which every
 subscription is paid is denoted by the number on the
 address label. No paper is returned until all arrears
 are paid, except at the option of the proprietor.

ADVERTISING For transient advertisements 8 cents per
 line for the first insertion; 3 cents per
 line each subsequent insertion—minimum
 measure. Professional cards, not exceeding one inch,
 \$4.00 per annum. Advertisements without specific
 directions will be published till forbid and charged ac-
 cordingly. Transient notices—"Lost," "Found,"
 "For Sale," etc.—50 cents for first insertion, 25 cents
 for each subsequent insertion.
 All advertisements ordered by strangers must be paid
 for in advance.
 Contract rates for yearly advertisements furnished on
 application to the office.
 All advertisements, to ensure insertion in current
 week, should be brought in not later than TUESDAY
 morning.

THE JOB : Is completely stocked with
DEPARTMENT all NEW TYPE, thus af-
 fording facilities for turning out First-class
 work.
W. IRWIN,
 EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

**The Chronicle
 Contains . . .**

Each week an epitome of the
 world's news, articles on the
 household and farm, and
 serials by the most popular
 authors.
Its Local News is Complete.
 and market reports accurate.

just come out. There are plenty of
 them about town, but I have never yet
 met one who has made even a moder-
 ately rich strike, and that too after
 several years of constant prospecting.
 They have all made a living; but how
 many of the thousands who are flock-
 ing to Alaska can keep up their cour-
 age on a bare living in this God-for-
 saken country for a year or two, in
 the hopes of ultimately making a
 strike, which, after all, may not pay
 for the ammunitions.
 "There seems to be no doubt that
 the claims in the vicinity of Dawson
 City have panned out rich, and that
 there are many more such places when
 discovered. The ordinary finds, how-
 ever, will not enable a man to save
 much more, if any, than he could out
 of an ordinary salary in the east, if the
 stories of those coming out are
 true."

Willie Boy—If I promise to learn my
 lesson papa, will you give me a quart-
 er? Papa—Yes, my son. Willie Boy—
 And what will you give me if I do learn
 it?

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 Equiv-
 alent, 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