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 Paid Up 1,000,000
 Reserve Fund 600,000

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Durham Agency.

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.
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DR. A. L. BROWN.
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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.

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 BARRISTER, Solicitor, etc. Office over C. D. L. Grants' store, Lower Town. Amount of money to loan at 5 percent farm property.

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MEN 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 Insurance effected in the best Stock Companies at lowest rates. Correspondence to Orchardville P. O., or a call solicited.

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The "Chronicle" is the only paper Local Newspaper in Western Ontario.

AN ODD BICYCLE-STAND.
 A bicycle-stand has been made by turning off the spokes of an old wagon wheel to about one-half their length. The hub is then fastened on top of the remains of the wheel occupying a horizontal position. Bicycles are held by it with their front wheels between the spokes of the wagon wheel.

In India the rhododendron grows to a height of 30 feet. Marigolds in Africa reach a height of 4 or 5

ABOUT SOUDAN WARFARE.

FIRST MAHDIST OUTBREAK AND WHAT CAUSED IT.

Picturesque Episodes of the Mahdists Battles Against the British Troops—Brilliant of the Charges—Checked in the Midst of a Terrific Advance by the Sound of a British Cheer.

"Bombash" writing to the London Daily Telegraph, says: I was sitting on day in December, 1882, on a Nile dahabeah, at Assouan, when Minchetta, Sheik of the Ahabdeh Arabs, came to pay me a visit. He was a good type of an Arab gentleman. His aquiline nose, deep brown eyes, high features, and well-formed hands and delicate fingers betrayed the noble stock from which he descended, and, black though he was, his voice and manner were those of a polished man of the world. Alas for Minchetta his partiality for Mahdism led him to an untimely end—his bones now whiten the sands of his wide domain. In 1882, however, Minchetta was with Mohammed Pasha, Khalifa, and Saleh, all important characters in the Eastern desert. His men travelled constantly to Berber, Kossin, Suakin, and Kassala, and wide was his knowledge of the politics of the Soudan. It was during this visit that he told me of the Mahdi, of whom till then I had never heard, and prophesied his greatness. It was natural that I should not believe him. Mohammed Achmed was a native of Dongola, and the Dongolawi are of the vilest type of riverain Arabs; so I laughed at the idea of his becoming a formidable enemy or a power. But Minchetta, even then a disciple, was right, as four years' campaigning and many a hard fight taught me. I little thought that sixteen years later his followers would still be possessors of the Soudan and Khartoum.

THE POWER OF FANATICISM.

Mohammed Achmed conquered Darfour and Kordofan, destroyed Hicks and Gordon, held his own against the English in the Byuda and the Eastern Soudan, and actually fought a battle of Toski, within 100 miles of Assouan. It shows us the power of fanaticism when we consider that the Mahdists took Obeid, Khartoum, Kassala and Berber, destroyed Hicks, shattered the Abyssinian army led by the King himself, and killed that monarch, fought and all but won the battles of Abu Klea and Gubat, to say nothing of Teb, Tamai, Giness and Toski; and if today their race is nearly run, they still hold Omdurman, and 20,000 men, armed with every civilized instrument of destruction, accompanied by the English Grenadier Guards, a dozen powerful gunboats, and led by the Sirdar in person, are thought necessary to give a final blow to their power. Long experience of their tactics has made me consider the Mahdists as a brave, but not a dangerous enemy. Favored as they were in the wars of 1883-1887 by the best of luck they were only able to hold their own, while at Abu Klea and Gubat, the flower of their army, in overpowering numbers, failed to defeat the little camel corps—an incongruous weak force without artillery, a force, indeed, which was not intended for anything but a dash across an undefended road. The public, even if the Khalifa makes his threatened stand at Omdurman, need have no fear of the result; this, to use a racing expression, will be a walk-over for the Sirdar and his huge army. I shall be surprised if he loses many men, especially as the Dervishes are supposed to be behind walls in a strong position. A Dervish in a fort is indeed a fish out of water; to be dangerous he must be on his feet or on his charger, spear in hand; behind a wall, bombarded by modern artillery and howitzers, he cannot be considered an enemy at all to a civilized army.

MEMORIES OF GUBAT.

It is sad to think that we shall never see again the charge of the true Dervish. I am inclined to think that the great charge on the Second Brigade at Tamai, which shattered the square, the overwhelming attack at Abu Klea, and, finally, the beautiful advance at Gubat, were the most picturesque episodes of the Mahdists' battles against the English. As long as I live I shall never forget the memories of Gubat. The Camel Corps, shattered by the losses at Abu Klea, started on the evening following the battle to march to the Nile. No sooner had darkness fallen than we had every proof of the disadvantages of night marches over an unknown and bushy country. Soon we were wandering, a confused mass of camels, cattle, horses and bewildered infantry. Notwithstanding this unpleasant night we arrived next morning at daybreak on the high ground above Metemneh, and the sun painted us a picture on the plain in front that well repaid our unpleasant vigil. The golden desert stretched before us until it merged into the green dourra-clad valley of the Nile, through which the great river ran like a thread of silver. Far in the distance rose the blue hills, the ramparts of the mysterious stream, and the desert at our feet was peopled with the chivalry of the Soudan. Horsemen galloped too and fro, thousands of spearmen wended their way to intercept us, lances glittered in the sun, and a myriad waving banners spread out to the morning breeze.

A GRIM MOMENT.

It was a grim moment when eventually the little force of Guards and

mounted infantry, perhaps not 800 strong, advanced to meet the huge army in front of them, and to pierce a lane through it to the Nile. Aching, zereba, where lay our general, stricken comrades, with only enough water to last till morning. The vultures, anticipating a certain meal, soared over the little square, and, soared over rudely awakened by this unaccustomed strife, rushed madly here and there, or stood spellbound as we passed. At last we reached an open plain, and the Mahdist host, which had been gathering round us, only waiting for a favorable moment to attack, massed on some rising ground to our left. For almost into each other's eyes. The English, despairing of victory, but calm and steady, each soldier wearing on his face that stern, determined look peculiar to an Englishman when he finds himself in a tight place. The Mahdists, all animation and exaltation, led by their emirs and standard-bearers, stood forth in all their glory; 10,000 spear tips glistened in the sunlight, and with loud cries of "Allah Akbar" this beautiful force dashed at its enemy. As the charge began the soldiers of the English square cheered.

THE CHARGE CHECKED.

Whether there was something ominous in the sound—for indeed the cheer of English soldiers going into battle is a sound which no enemy can hear without emotion or whatever the cause, the Arabs checked their charge and paused for one moment as one sometimes sees a huge flight of birds stop before they turn in their flight; it was but for one instant, then the hope and flower of Mahdism, like a great wave whose white crest was formed by a thousand banners, dashed out its strength against the wall of determined men who waited silently at the bottom of the hill. Nor is it easy to forget the surpassing bravery of the old Sheik who led his men into the square at Abu Klea. Amid the storm of battle he rode calmly in front of his men reading his Koran, up to the muzzles of our rifles, and fell actually inside the square. I saw him afterwards, and never saw a face so calm and serene. Let us hope his spirit has entered the Paradise which Mohammed promised, and which this disciple had surely earned.

The charge of the Hadendowas, though more effective, was nothing like so picturesque. There was a sudden rush, generally when least expected, for they were as a rule hidden, their dark naked bodies almost the color of the bush. General Graham at Tamai charged them with the 42nd Highlanders, and not successfully. On the other hand, as large a body of Arabs attacked Sir Redvers Bullers' force simultaneously with the charge of the Black Watch, and was driven off without the loss of a man.

TOO MUCH FOR THE DERSIVISH.

Discipline and steadiness were always too much for the Dervish, who is an able adversary against an indifferent leader, and fatal to troops the least out of hand.

Sir Herbert Kitchener knows every move on the board in the game he has so successfully played. I only hope that he will spare all the Arabs he can in memory of the star, medals, promotions and glorious recollections of which Mahdism was the direct cause. But for the Mahdi and Osman Digna the names of Kitchener, Hunter, and Wingate might have been unknown. It was Mahdism which gave these gallant and able soldiers their chance. Therefore, I hope that the bloodthirsty but brave Bagaras will not be exterminated in their vain attempt to defend an imposters' tomb. Let us recollect that their only line of retreat is across an unfriendly desert on one side, or by the river on the other, where they would be shut off from water by the gunboats. And they have none of the transport necessary to support even their hard lives in the desert. Finally, they are brave men. I long to hear that the Khalifa has flung up the sponge, or that the Bagaras, who are by no means fools in their own interests, have thrown him to the vultures and wolves.

Royal Peep-Show.

The Duchess of Portland is an untiring charity worker, and her name has headed many a list of distinguished patronesses of bazaars and church social affairs. While she is seven duchesses behind the Duchess of Marlborough, she is said to be the greatest duchess in England. Her popularity is something tremendous. As most will remember, she was Miss Yorke, and her capture of the wealthy, good-looking duke was one of the greatest catches ever recorded in the annals of gossip-tattling London town. She is the devoted mother of two children. The Marquis of Titchfield was born in 1893 and Lady Victoria Dorothy in 1896.

The reigning Duchess of Roxburghe is the mother of the present duke, who is now but 22 years old, having been born on July 25, 1876. Before her marriage the duchess was Lady Anne Spencer-Churchill, daughter of the seventh Duke of Marlborough. Among many other distinctions she is now the aunt of her American grace, Duchess Consuelo. As the young duke is a cousin of Consuelo, he is more than likely to meet a host of pretty and gold-possessing American girls, and it is ten chances to one that the next great international marriage will have him for its groom. Unlike the others, the Duke of Roxburghe is not poverty stricken. Floors Castle, in Roxburghshire, is beautifully situated at the confluence of the Teviot and the Tweed, near Kelso,

and has been the scene of many a brilliant gathering in which several members of the royal family have figured. When the young duke came of age the Kelso people became wildly enthusiastic in their rejoicings, presenting the young duke with an address and a massive silver bowl of Georgian design. Their hero has been educated at Eton and Sandhurst, and was, some time ago, gazetted to a lieutenancy in the Second Life Guards. His mother, who was mistress of the robes to the queen from 1880 to 1885, is a great friend of her majesty, for whom his sister, Lady Victoria Alexandrina Innes-Ker, is named.

Outside of Great Britain one hears little of the Duke of Westminster except in the role of an immensely rich man. Next to Li Hung Chang and John D. Rockefeller he takes his turn in the list of millionaires. But among those who know him, his tenants and his peers, his greatest title is that of the best-liked man in England. It is said that he would as soon race horses with his tenants as with princelings. The hunting field has brought about his popularity, not the tangled web of politics or diplomacy, as is usually the case. No other living man is a better judge of horses than he is; and once, as master of the "glorious Cheshire hounds," he won the blue ribbon of the day. He is now more than 70 years old, but his popularity wanes not with his age. Grosvenor was the family name, and the duke delights to trace back his ancestry to the time of the Norman conquests. His father was a marquis, and he himself was created a duke in 1874. Much of the vast property that he owns in London was bought by one of his illustrious ancestors in the sixteenth century. His wealth, his horses and his magnificent homes in Great Britain are beyond estimating. At the smallest estimate it is thought that the yearly income from his property and investments is more than two and a half millions.

The family has been thrifty and saving. Not a single marriage has been made that has not added to the great wealth of the Grosvenors. Eton Hall, one of his best known houses, became a family possession in the time of Henry the Sixth by the marriage of Sir Ralph Grosvenor to Joan, only daughter of Sir John Eton de Eton. In the early part of this century the hall was completely remodelled, the work continuing from 1803 till 1816. The collection of paintings and sculpture at Eton is priceless. The heir to all his wealth and magnificence is Hugh Richard Arthur, Earl Grosvenor, grandson of the present duke. He is now 19 years old and still a student at Cambridge.

It has been particularly noted in England of late that royalty is taking a more active hand in the providing and distribution of charity funds. A pro-royalist publication sees so much encouragement in the fact that it says: "It is a delightful thing that it is really becoming traditional not only for royalty to be charitable, but also for the very young princesses—princesses even of the second and third generations below her majesty—to be trained up in the practice of good works. Not only is there in the Isle of Wight a needlework guild, at the head of which stands Princess Henry of Battenberg as president, and of which the long arms stretch far enough to assist the poor and needy who exist even in the 'Garden of England,' but there is also a junior branch of the same society. Of this charity of the children the Princess Victoria Eugenie, one of the most charming of the queen's grandchildren,

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 EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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 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.

is at the head, and for it she works with her own busy fingers." Lady Egerton, wife of the English minister to the Greek court, is receiving much praise for her philanthropic work in behalf of poor Greek women. During the Greco-Turkish war great numbers of penniless refugees came flocking to Athens, having been driven from their homes by the terrors of war. Lady Egerton thought out a plan to help these unfortunate Hellenic women by establishing the Thessalian School of Embroidery in Athens, for which she furnished the material. Her project received the warm approbation and practical aid not only of the Queen of Greece, but also of Queen Victoria, the Princess of Wales and many influential members of London society.

A DISGUSTED TREASURER.
 What made you quit the club, Bully? Reason enough, I can tell you. I worked five years to be elected treasurer, and then they insisted on putting in a cash register.

Cash System
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N. G., & J. McKechnie.

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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