

tyr to diarrhoea.
 relief from suffering by
 of Wild Strawberry.
 many people martyrs to
 who would find Dr.
 of Wild Strawberry a
 to them. It not only
 hose but soothes and heals
 irritated bowel, so that
 it is obtained.
 Jackson, Houghton, Ont.
 writing letter: "For the
 past two or three
 years I have been a
 martyr to that dreadful
 disease diarrhoea.
 I tried every remedy
 I heard of and spent
 a good deal of money
 trying to get cured
 but all failed until
 I happened to read
 of a lady who was
 cured by using Dr.
 Fowler's Extract of
 Wild Strawberry.
 I purchased a bottle
 and taking it according
 to directions was
 cured in a very short
 time. I praise the remedy too
 much to say."

RIPANS
 modern stand-
 Family Medi-
 Cures the
 mon every-day
 of humanity.

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 D CHOPPING DONE
 notice and satisfaction
 guaranteed.

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J. McKECHN.
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 or not. Communications strictly
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TEA
 TEA PLANT TO THE TEA CUP
 THE PURITY.

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 of the best quality of Indian
 and its the greatest care in the
 and its blend, that is why they
 and sell it only in the original
 and its purity and excellence
 and 5 lb packages, and never

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 not keep it, tell him to write to
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 States and England.

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 terest allowed at current rates.

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 property.

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 County of Grey. Sales promptly attended
 to. Cash advanced.

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 Auctioneer for the County of Grey
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 attended to—highest references furnished
 on request.

QUEEN, ORCHARDVILLE, has
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 ing to move any amount of money on real
 estate mortgages paid off on the
 usual terms. Fire and Life Insur-
 ance in the best Stock Companies
 at lowest rates. Correspondence to
 Orchardville, P. O., or a call solicited.

"Chronicle" is the only
 Local Newspaper in
 Ontario.

WOMEN OF PERU.
 Women of Lima are proverbial for
 beauty. Such large, liquid, soul-
 ful eyes, such rosy lips and pearly
 teeth, such dainty hands and feet,
 such arms and graceful figures it
 is hard to find so common any-
 where else in the world. A few of
 these ultra-fashionable wear mod-
 ern hats and bonnets for state occa-
 sions but the majority still cover their
 black tresses with the lace man-
 tua of black mantua of silk or wool.
 The latter is the only correct
 for church wear among young
 ladies, rich and poor, and a bonnet
 is no more to be allowed during the
 season than a gentleman in the north
 is expected to go to the com-
 munion with his hat on his head.
 The mantua, is no longer worn as
 formerly, so that only one eye of the
 face is visible, but is fastened with
 a more becoming to the Castilian
 beauty than the most elabor-

The Karoo Wanderjahr.
 Charlie Jenkins had resolved to see
 life. He was tired of the monotony
 of his father's farm on the Great Karoo
 where for twenty years he had led a
 placid existence disturbed only by lo-
 custs and hailstorms, enlivened at
 times by visits from stolid Dutch farm-
 ers. Old Mr. Jenkins had come out
 from home and built up a competency
 after years of struggle in South Af-
 rica. He was content now to sit among
 his flocks to watch his ostriches
 and his angora goats, and to pass his
 old age in peace. And Mrs. Jenkins
 had no ideas about things beyond her
 own household. But Charlie wished
 to escape from the lethargy which
 hangs so heavy upon African farmers;
 he wanted to know something of the
 world. He was restless rather than
 ambitious, for his aspirations were
 vague.

And now he was bound to Kloofburg,
 and perhaps to places as great and
 wonderful as Port Elizabeth. He had
 been reading books that unsettled him,
 for curious waifs of literature pene-
 trate to remote parts of Africa, and
 he had picked up some cant phrases
 about the necessity of a "Wander-
 jahr," for some people. He could no
 longer bear a life which was simple
 as that of the unthinking Hotten-
 tot herds on the farm. In Kloofburg
 he would meet men who knew the out-
 er world.

It is curious that the mass of Af-
 rikanders are so lazy and apathetic,
 for there is a mysterious influence in
 the scenery and the very atmosphere
 of their country that makes for rest-
 lessness. As Charlie cantered along
 the rough track he passed gaunt iron-
 stone kopjes of fantastic shapes, fringed
 by clumps of prickly pear, whereon
 rock-rabbits basked impudently at the
 mouths of their holes; the noise of his
 horse's hoofs drove gay lizards scurry-
 ing into the low shrubs, and started
 some stately secretary birds, who
 paced solemnly away in dignified se-
 curity, conscious that they were un-
 der the protection of the law. Charlie
 rode on until, from a height, he saw
 the square tower of the Kloofburg
 Dutch Church enshrined in rows of
 Lombardy poplars. He was soon trot-
 ting down the dusty street past small
 iron-roofed houses. The place was life-
 less enough. A few storekeepers in
 shirt sleeves lounged at the doors of
 their shops, and one or two drunken
 Hottentots were chattering round
 the well in the market square. He
 passed a square patch of sand, on
 which the ladies of the place, gorge-
 ous in satin dresses, were playing cro-
 quet. A pompous little man, whom
 Charlie recognized as the postmaster,
 was strutting about for he had just got
 promotion, and as he had endeared
 himself to the local gossips by a habit
 of divulging telegrams, he was now
 being honored by a farewell tea at the
 hands of the Croquet Club. But Char-
 lie rode on until he reached the prin-
 cipal hotel and, handing over his pony
 to a Kaffir groom, he passed on to the
 shady stoop, where one or two in-
 viduals were lying, languid, in deck chairs.
 The hotel was full, but Charlie found
 that he could share a bedroom with a
 young Englishman named Hickson.
 Hickson presently appeared; he was a
 tall, blue-looking man of about twen-
 ty-five ready enough to chat. He had
 seen several continents, and tried many
 failures, he had come to South Africa,
 to try his luck afresh. Charlie's na-
 tive seemed to amuse him, and he held
 forth to the young farmer on the un-
 satisfactoryness of life, telling him
 many new things, and nothing cheer-
 ful. He had seen life more thorough-
 ly than Charlie could hope to see it,
 and the survey had, it seemed, brought
 him little pleasure.

After dinner most of the people went
 off to amateur theatricals, organized
 with the purpose of giving a new
 window to the diminutive English
 church. Jenkins would have gone to
 see this phase of life, but was disheart-
 ened by a ratlike man on the stoop,
 who was saying that he did not care
 to see people making asses of them-
 selves. This was a storekeeper who
 disapproved of the drama because the
 stage manager had lately detected an
 inaccuracy in his account and had
 transferred his custom to another store.
 But, to Charlie, ignorant of these de-
 tails, the man seemed to speak with
 a voice of authority.

And so he joined the knot of loaf-
 ers, men who considered the year wast-
 ed if they had not spent 365 evenings
 at a drinking bar. Now Charlie had
 always lived abstemiously, for his fa-
 ther, like many African farmers, kept
 no spirits in the house, thinking an
 occasional spree in Kloofburg more
 salutary than the presence of an in-
 salubrious liquor in his dining-room. And
 sidious liquor in his dining-room. And
 sidious liquor in his dining-room. And
 sidious liquor in his dining-room. And

last night on earth would be a merry
 one. The whole gathering trooped in-
 to the little smoking room where Gor-
 don ensconced in an arm chair. Jacky,
 the landlord, broke into a childish song
 with a banjo obligato. He had in his
 eventual career once been a public en-
 tertainer, but little talent remained
 except an air of assurance and an
 adroit handling of his instrument.
 Song succeeded song until at last a
 burly doctor, in the corner cried:
 "Won't you give someone else a chance
 Jacky?" The artistic temperament was
 wounded; the landlord rose, picked up
 his instrument, and booted. Hickson
 volunteered a hunting song. Then there
 were cries for "Potgieter," and the
 ratlike storekeeper stood up, smirking
 and said: "I'm afraid I can't only
 give you a recitation, gentlemen, and
 I hope you'll tell me when you've had
 enough." So saying he started one of
 those melodramatic pieces endeared to
 the suburban drawing-room by spas-
 modic lady reciters. He had just come
 to the description of the cherubic
 child, which is inevitable in this kind
 of literature, when a sepulchral voice
 from the doctor's corner whispered:
 "That's enough!" But Potgieter was
 not to be daunted, and led his yawning
 audience to the point where the
 infant is run over by his mother on a
 bicycle. He sat down amid a storm of
 applause, broken by a proposal from
 the doctor, that they should all toss for
 drinks.

The room grew noisier. Charlie
 found himself beside a dilapidated sol-
 dier, who began to tell him thrilling
 tales of his Indian adventures, empha-
 sizing the points with a shaky forefinger.

The room was full of smoke. Three
 men were singing at once, and their
 voices were hardly audible above the
 clink of glasses.

In the corner Gordon lay in his
 chair, pallid, fighting for breath.
 Suddenly a report, as of some fire-
 arm, was heard, "What's that?" said
 the doctor. "Oh, I expect it's old
 Isaacs," some one replied, "trying to
 shoot an owl. There's an owl that
 comes round his house, but he always
 sees two owls, and he's sworn to shoot
 them both."

The revelry went on. Charlie's head
 began to ache, and the soldier's sto-
 ries, which were steadily growing in
 strength, somewhat disgusted him. He
 rose and made his way to the bedroom.
 Hickson had for some time vanished
 from the smoking room, and Charlie
 called his name as he struck a match.

There was no answer, but the splut-
 tering match revealed Hickson lying
 on his bed with his face to the wall.
 Charlie approached him, when he sud-
 denly saw that the sleeping man's
 hand held a revolver. He bent to take
 the weapon away, but as he touched
 the hand a shiver passed over him.
 Hastily Charlie raised his candle to
 look at Hickson's face, but when he
 saw it he cried aloud and staggered
 back.

Two or three of the revelers came
 into the room. "Are you two fellows
 fighting?" one of them asked. But a
 look at the figure on the bed told him
 the truth. "My God!" he cried: "that
 was the shot we heard!"

The landlord came grumbling in.
 Such an event was bad for his house,
 he said. He seemed to be more an-
 noyed than shocked. Charlie broke
 away from the crowd, now sobered
 and soon left the hotel behind. As
 he passed he heard Gordon's racking
 cough. Soon he was on the open veld.
 The distant kopjes looked grim and
 threatening in the moonlight. The
 harsh note of the night-locust jarred
 on his ear, and far away a jackal
 was howling. The splendor of the
 southern cross over his head seemed
 to him an irony of the heavens.
 At early dawn Charlie rode home. His
 Wanderjahr was over.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

It takes a pretty good carpenter to
 floor a pugilist.

Cruel words seldom cut a lazy per-
 son to the quick.

Many a man punctures his tire on
 the road to wealth.

Weather-strips will soon be classed
 as long felt wants.

The more bread the baker makes
 the more he kneads.

Some people spend the most of their
 time in nursing animosity.

Some men become crooked in trying
 to make both ends meet.

The more innings a man has the
 more he enjoys his outings.

It is sometimes difficult to get even
 with a man who credits you.

Nothing worries some people like the
 absence of worry in others.

The early milkman catches a glimpse
 of a woman's true complexion.

The heiress who invests in a title
 doesn't always purchase happiness.

Work is nature's physician, but most
 people prefer some other doctor.

A woman's idea of religion is to have
 kindly thoughts of her rival.

Women probably talk most because
 men are too polite to interrupt them.

Perhaps it is the microbes in kisses
 that cause people to fall "dead in love."

A few men "think," others "guess,"
 some "fancy," while still others "recon-
 kon."

Some people prune their genealogical
 trees by cutting their poor relations.

The end of one man's failure is oft-
 times the beginning of another man's
 success.

The less thought some men give to
 a subject the more liberal their views
 are.

With the exception of ourselves no
 one ever does things as they should
 be done.

It must be hard on the fingers of
 the jolly mute who is always cracking
 jokes.

It always makes a man feel cheap to
 be caught looking at a photograph of
 himself.

Social etiquette doesn't interest the
 man who is wearing a porous plaster
 on a hot day.

The happiness of some people de-
 pends upon their ability to make others
 unhappy.

Nothing contributes more toward al-
 leviating domestic storms than a clear
 conscience.

Some men go abroad to complete
 their education and others marry for
 the same purpose.

An act of charity pushes a man fur-
 ther along on the road to glory than
 an act of heroism.

The criminal judge may be a man
 of few words, but he is not always a
 man of short sentences.

Many a man who has the sand to
 propose to a girl lacks the necessary
 rocks to get married on.

Love may laugh at locksmiths, but
 it never smiles at the owner of a bicy-
 cle repair shop.

People who denounce the stage
 should remember that the minstrel is
 never as black as he is painted.

Capital and labor would commingle
 better if there weren't so many men
 trying to get capital without labor.

A southern railway has a female
 train dispatcher. Nearly every small
 boy is acquainted with a woman
 switch-tender.

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EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
 AT THE CHRONICLE PRINTING HOUSE, BARBARA STREET
DURHAM, ONT.

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 week, should be brought in not later than TUESDAY
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DEPARTMENT all NEW TYPE, thus af-
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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.

FASTEST YET.
 The extraordinary record 40.8 miles
 an hour was made at the second trials
 of the torpedo boat destroyer Hai
 Lung, just built at Elbing, Germany,
 by the Schichau works for the Chinese
 Government. The runs were made in
 the open sea, between the lighthouses
 at Pillau and Brusterort, which are
 19 knots apart. The wind was fresh
 (five by the scale) and there was con-
 siderable sea on. The Hai Lung, ac-
 cording to the Kolnische Zeitung, tra-
 versed the course several times, the
 average time for the runs being 32
 minutes 28 seconds, which gives a
 speed of 35.2 knots, or 63 kilometers,
 or 40.8 statute miles. This exceeds by
 far any speed heretofore made on the
 water, surpassing even the best per-
 formance of the Turbinia.

BLONDES ARE DYING OUT.
 Fair-haired people are said to be
 becoming less numerous than former-
 ly. The ancient Hebrews were a fair-
 haired race; now they are, with few
 exceptions, dark. So it is in a lesser
 degree with the Irish, among whom
 150 years ago a dark-haired person
 was almost unknown.

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