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LOOKING AHEAD. And so you have decided to name your baby James, have you? Yes, but, of course, we shall call him Jim right from the start.

MARVELLOUS KLONDIKE.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE COUNTRY AND ITS DISCOVERER.

It is a Fascinating Story—Unfolded Wealth in the Far North—Hardships of the Miners—Many and Bitter Disappointments—Stamped from Circle City—Told by a Special Correspondent of Harper's Weekly.

Leaving Henderson and his partners at work, we will follow Carmack homeward. A few miles' walk along bald crest of the divide brings one into the forks of "Rabbit" Creek, some distance from its head. Five miles more in the thick spruce-timbered valley, a large tributary puts in on the left-hand side. Edges of rock extending from the hill-sides show the rock formation of the country. The stream winds over a bed muck, in which the only stones or rocks are those that have tumbled down from the crumbling ledges. Bedrock, the solid bottom of the creek, is no one knows how far down below this muck.

About half a mile below the large tributary just mentioned the party stopped to rest. They had been panning here and there. Carmack dropped off to sleep, it is said. Skookum Jim, taking the pan, went to the rim of the creek, at the foot of an old birch-tree, and filled it with dirt. Washing it in the creek, he

FOUND A LARGE SHOWING OF GOLD.

Right under the grass-roots, Jim said, he found from ten cents to one dollar to the pan. In a little while, it is said, they filled a shot-gun cartridge with coarse gold. The strangest thing was that this gold was not from the creek-bed proper, but had slid down from an ancient creek-bed on the "bench," or hill-side, diggings that were unknown and not discovered until a year later. Carmack staked off Discovery claim for himself, and five hundred feet above and below for his two Indian companions, Skookum Jim taking No. 1 above Discovery, and Cultus Charlie, No. 1 below. The date of this is variously given as the 16th and 17th of August.

After staking, they rushed off for Forty Mile, or rather Fort Cudahy, established by the North-American Transportation and Trading Company on the opposite side of Forty Mile Creek. The recorder, or acting gold commissioner, was here in the person of Inspector Constantine of the detachment of North-West Mounted Police. The creek was named Bonanza.

Carmack's story of \$250 to the pan was not believed, though it was not doubted that he had found gold. A stampede followed. Drunken men were thrown into boats. I knew of one man who was tied and made to go along. But there was no excitement beyond what attends a stampede for locations on any creek on which gold has been found. It differed in no respect, apparently, from scores of other stampedes. There are always persons about a mining camp ready to start on a stampede simply as a chance, whether good prospects have been found or not. Whole creeks have been staked out on the belief that gold would subsequently be found. So the excitement of this earlier stage was of small significance. It was that of the professional stamper, so to speak—rounders about the saloons, some new arrivals, but few old miners, the latter being still in the diggings up the creek.

The first to arrive at the scene of the new discovery began staking down stream. The chances were considered better there than above. It is all nonsense the talk one has begun to hear of persons, who would have one believe "GOT IN ON CHOICE LOCATIONS" by reason of their superior foresight. It was blind luck. The staking went in down stream for six miles, and then began above, continued for seven or eight miles up stream, before the side gulches were thought of seriously.

Ladue, who had started for the mouth of the Klondike behind Henderson, was among the first to reach the heart of the strike. Ladue staked the town site on a broad flat, below the mouth of the Klondike. There already was one building there—a fish-drying shed belonging to Fritz Klote. Then Ladue started for Forty Mile, but meeting a man who wanted some lumber, he sent his application by another party, returned to the mill at Sixty Mile, and soon after returned to the mouth of the Klondike with nails, spikes and lumber, built a warehouse of lumber just opposite the present Alaska Commercial Company's warehouse, 22 by 40 feet, and built a cabin—the first in Dawson—the name given the new town in honor of the Canadian geologist. It was torn down last winter on account of being in the middle of the front street. The Alaska Commercial Company steamer Arctic having arrived at Forty Mile, bound for Fort Selkirk, hurried on to the new town, arriving in September. The ice was running in the river. After discharging, she hurried back to Forty Mile, but was frozen in before she could be placed in a safe place, and the next spring, in trying to get her free of the ice before she was

crushed, a stick of dynamite, intended for the ice, destroyed the steamer.

Among the first to hear of the strike were four men who came from above—Dan McGillivray, Dave McKay, Dave Edwards and Harry Waugh—and they located Nos. 3, 14, 15 and 16 below Discovery. These men did the first sluicing that was done on the creek, and they made the first clean-up with five boxes set. The figures are lacking for their first shovelling, but on the second they cleaned up thirteen and a half ounces of gold, \$329.50, being five hours' work of one man shovelling. The gold varied from the size of pin-heads to nuggets, one of \$12 being found. Now the Klondike magnifier began his work with this curious result, that the lies of to-day were surpassed by the truth of to-morrow, until it came to be accepted that, "You can't tell no lies about Klondike." McGillivray and the rest had perhaps fifteen hundred dollars, surely a large sum in that country and for the time they had worked. Ladue weighed the gold, and as he came out of the store he said to some assembled miners, "How's that for two and a half days' shovelling in—\$4,000?" Next time it was an even \$4,000, TWO DAYS' SHOVELLING.

The liability to exaggeration about a mining camp is so great that it is impossible for any one to escape who writes or speaks in the midst of affairs concerning any specific find. A man with a town site must also be allowed a great deal of latitude in such matters. But soon the joke was on the other side. Men who were on the spot would not believe anything they heard. Two of the men working on Indian River, came down, heard of the strike. Says one to his partner, "Shall we go up and stake?" Replied the other, "Why wouldn't you go across the river on that old Swash's word," meaning Carmack. They wish now they had, but they went on down to Forty Mile.

There were a few old-timers in the procession up from Forty Mile. They knew all about Klondike. It was nothing but a moose pasture. It was not like some other place where they had seen gold, and so there could be none there. They climbed the hills and walked along the divide until they could look down into the valley of Bonanza. Here many of them stopped and threw up their hands in disgust. Others went the round of the creek, cursing and swearing at those who told them to come there. One old-timer got up as far as 20 above, where the last stakes were. He surveyed the prospect, and as he turned away remarked, "I leave it to the Swedes." The Swedes were supposed to be willing to work the poorest ground. Another, or it may have been the same, is said to have written on the stakes of 21, not the usual, "I claim," etc., but, "This moose pasture is reserved for the Swedes and Cheechakoes," new-comers. Louis Rhodes staked it right afterwards. When he had written his name, he said to his companions, being ashamed of staking in such a place, that he "would cut his name off for two bits," twenty-five cents. From that claim the next summer he took out

FORTY-FOUR THOUSAND AND ODD DOLLARS.

But all that and much more was hidden in the future. A Klondike claim was not considered worth anything. One-half interest in one of the richest El Dorado claims was sold for a sack of flour. A few thousand dollars could have bought up the creek from end to end.

Some who had provisions remained to prospect, others returned to Forty Mile, just as the miners were beginning to come in from the diggings, to learn for the first time of a strike on Klondike. Among these was a Swede of the name of Charlie Anderson. Anderson must have heard something favorable about the prospects. A person approached him, and said, "Charlie, don't you want to buy a claim on Klondike?" "I don't care if I do. How much do you want?" "I'll let you have 29 on El Dorado for \$800." "I'll take it," replied Anderson, and weighed out the dust. The enterprising salesman went about boasting how he had played Charlie for a "suck-ler," only he wanted some one to kick him for not having asked him \$1,200. He believed he could have got it just as easily as he did the \$800. The man who sold the claim was in Dawson last winter, and had he cared he could have watched Charlie Anderson getting out his

THIRD ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.

with the probability of at least another hundred thousand to come out of ground yet unworked. El Dorado was not liked as well as Adams Creek, just below it. A late comer went up Adams, and a man staking for himself and family, by this time the real excitement had begun. Said the late-comer: "I've come a good way. What you are doing is illegal, and I want a claim and mean to have one." The man who was staking told him he would like to have his friends near him, and offered him stakes on 15 El Dorado, if that would do as well. It was accepted. Nothing has yet been found on Adams.

How was the news of the Klondike discovery received on the lower river? Forty Mile, being the seat of the recorder, was of course the first to hear all the reports and rumors. This can best be told in the words of one who was there in Forty Mile town at the time. "Nobody believed any of the first reports about gold on the Klondike. You see, there never was any money in the lower country. A man would come in later a hard summer's work with a poke, a poke is a gold-sack, that a man would be ashamed of here in Dawson. They owed the stores for their last year's outfit, and they'd pay for that, and get credit on next year's outfit. The stores had rather have it that way than not. They were sure a man would not leave the country without paying, or with a small stake, so they'd be sure sooner or later of getting all he made, they

were a pretty good class of men in the lower country, and most of them could get credit. A man would come into a saloon, and all he'd have would be one drink or one dance. You'd never see them asking up three or four at once to drink. Why, there weren't but three men in Forty Mile that could afford to get drunk. They did nothing all winter but sit around where it was warm, playing pedro, solitaire, and casino. Word came to Forty Mile that Louis Rhodes had two men working for him, and was getting good pay. "That's a lie," says one man, "Louis Rhodes! when was he able to hire two men?" Next word came down that Ben Wall was getting two-bit dirt "Hell!" says Nigger Jim, "I've known Ben Wall these ten years, and he's the all-freest liar in the Yukon." When they heard that Berry was getting one dollar to the pan, they laughed. Klondike was a bunco—nothing but a bunco. These words were spoken in what the miners call "josh," but they were true, nevertheless.

Circle City, 230 miles farther away than Forty Mile, did not get the news so soon. The first report that reached Circle was of a discovery on Klondike—an ounce to the "shovel," shovelling off the surface. "This, in miners' parlance, means that one man had shovelled into the sluice-boxes gold to the value of one ounce—seventeen dollars—per day. The next news was when Sam Bartlett came down with a raft of logs which he had failed to land at Forty Mile. Bartlett said it was a "bilk," that Joe Ladue was only trying to get men up to his town site—he had stopped there, but would not stake. The next news came to Oscar Ashby from a friend, about the middle of November. The river was then closed, and the letter came down over the ice. There were about seventy-five men in Oscar's saloon when the letter was read. It was somewhat to this effect, telling Ashby to buy all the property he could on Klondike, it did not make any difference what the prices were: "This is one of the RICHEST STRIKES IN THE WORLD. It is a world-beater. I can't tell how much gold we are getting to the pan. I never saw or heard of the like of such a thing in my life. I myself saw \$150 panned out of one pan of dirt, and I think they are getting as high as \$1000." The crowd in the saloon had a big laugh, and thought so little of it that they never spoke of it again. "It disgusted them that men were so crazy as to write that way," to quote the words of one who was present. Soon after another letter came. This time it was to Harry Spencer and Frank Densmore, from a party with whom they were well acquainted. Densmore at once fitted out a dog team and went up. After he got up he wrote back to Spencer, relating the whole particulars. He repeated the words of the others—namely, that he really could not tell what they were finding; it was immensely rich; he had never seen anything like it. Now Spencer and Densmore had large interests in Circle City, so the men knew it could be no lie; they were compelled to believe it. The wildest stampede resulted. Every dog that could be bought, begged, or stolen was pressed into service, and those who could not get dogs started hauling their own sleds, men and even women, until in two weeks there were not twenty people left in Circle, and of those that were left, many were not even that number left, a report giving the actual number as two men and one woman. No. 31 El Dorado sold for \$100; in six months it resold for \$31,000. It may be

BEST WAY TO PACK A TRUNK.

It is not the wearing of clothing that tells so sadly as the manner in which it is kept. Clothing all moist and dusty tossed into a dark closet, trunk or drawer can never be nice again, and its appearance proclaims the character of the wearer more than the purse. A garment aired, dusted and put properly away will outlast many changes of fashion, and if the owner has taste and individuality, it takes on an air or suggests a sentiment impossible to associate with new apparel—the tone and personality of the wearer.

Fresh rose leaves or sprigs of sweet herbs sprinkled in a trunk or drawer, or on closet shelves, lend almost a witchery to clothing—a dainty fragrance, evanescent as fancy and so delicate that the most sensitive and fastidious must enjoy it. For going away the closer a trunk is packed the better things will carry. It will be well to fold a dress-skirt in an old sheet or unstarched muslin, or cambric kept for the purpose, so as to decrease to a minimum the possibility of cutting or creasing. Now that frills and ruffles have come back these should be turned up, so that when the dress is unfolded they may "fluff" down. Fold as broad and smooth as possible as nearly fitting the receptacle as may be. Have little soft rolls of flannels or stockings to fit into crevices. Shoes should never be put in loose but each in a case or cover so arranged as to prevent rubbing. A wise lady's maid will not use shoe polish, — but a little fresh, sweet milk on a flannel cloth and rubbing gently.

Plenty of brushes and whisk brooms and squares of woollen cloth are well to tuck in to clean with. Tissue paper crumple in bonnet boxes, among ribbons, neckwear or millinery will save many a headache. Then be sure to have one or two tiny irons in your trunk, and a frame may be had to set over a lamp or the gas. Then the tissue paper comes handy to lay over veils, or lace, or ribbon, or a crease in a dress. Never let the iron touch the fabric, but iron over the tissue paper.

INFLUENCE OF DRESS.

"It is strange to me," says a thoughtful woman, "that people do not better understand and take more advantage of the influence of dress. It has an influence entirely out of proportion to its value and is stronger in proportion than any other one thing I know. I have seen beauty, wit and intellect apparently subjugated by a woman who was well dressed and possessed the confidence that a good gown will give. I know one naturally timid woman who has what may be called a distingue bearing, and she attributed it all to the good clothes she wears. She dresses with great care. Then when at some moment her natural timidity assails her she gets if possible a glimpse of herself in a long mirror. There she sees a fine-looking woman who does not look at all like the shrinking creature she feels herself to be. That one glance gives her confidence. With the vision of the woman in the mirror in her mind's eye she plays the part of that woman, and is equal to anything, even an after-noon toast, though she laughs to herself when people praise her for her powers of self-control and great confidence. In dealing with the world at large good clothes are of vast importance, and obtain for the wearer consideration and an easy passage through its devious ways that nothing else will give."

WANTED HIS STUD.

Mrs. Joy—Oh, John, run for the physician. The baby's swallowed your diamond stud! Bachelor Brother—Physician be hanged! I'll bring a surgeon.

have been common property six months before the excitement outside is heard whether to attribute the world's attack of insanity to the

SIGHT OF THE GOLD DISPLAYED

in the windows of San Francisco and Seattle or to the adroit manipulation of the story of the miner's arrival by certain sensational newspapers—in one case to boom the Alaska outfitting business, in the other as the result of the rivalry of New York and San Francisco newspapers. But, where, during the time that Bonanza and El Dorado were being staked, were Bob Henderson and his partners? They were shovelling and digging away on their claims on Gold Bottom. Henderson had also been up on another fork of the stream and made another discovery, one painful showing as high as thirty-five cents to the pan.

After Bonanza was staked into the 80's above and El Dorado to 33— or over three miles—a party of miners, including George Wilson and James Gold Bottom, came over the divide to Henderson. Henderson asked them where they were from. They replied, "Bonanza Creek." Henderson says that he did not want to display his ignorance. He had never heard of "Bonanza" Creek. At length he asked where Bonanza Creek was. They pointed over the hill. "Rabbit" Creek! What have you got there? "We have the biggest thing in the world." "Who found it?" "McCormick." It is said Henderson threw down his shovel and went and sat on the bank, so sick at heart that it was some time before he could speak. (To Be Continued.)

FURNITURE UNDERTAKING

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CHARTER SMITH, DURHAM FOUNDRYMAN

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