

WHAT UNCLE SAM IS
ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE
BUSY YANKEE.

Neighboring interest in his Doling-Moment and Birth Gathers from Daily Record.

C. P. Huntington has bought the famous iron mountain at Durham, Mexico.

Russell Sage is said to be contemplating an Oriental journey for the coming winter.

It cost the city of Boston for the maintenance of its Public schools last year \$2,848,413.

G. C. Clemens, Mark Twain's first cousin, was a candidate for mayor of Topeka and received only 700 votes.

Mrs. Henry Siegel, wife of the New York and Chicago merchant, has graduated in law from the New York University.

General Nelson A. Miles was initiated into the mysteries of golf recently and has now become an ardent devotee to the game.

S. S. Grant, Jr., of California, resembles his famous father, not only in face and in figure, but in voice and in a thousand little mannerisms and traits.

Gen. Arthur MacArthur was one of the boy heroes of the civil war, was decorated with a medal at 18, and a year later was in command of a fighting regiment.

The first woman pensioner of the Spanish war is Mrs. S. C. Gibbreath, Austin, Texas, whose husband, a major in the 11th Infantry, died in Porto Rico last summer.

It is rumored in Washington that Senator Hanna intends to buy a lot on Mount Circle, tear down the present building and erect a handsome dwelling place thereon.

At the laying of the cornerstone of a new Chicago post-office building General Merritt will be marshal of the parade and General Wheeler commander of a division.

President Harrison's recent trip to Paris proved him as good a seaman as old. Nautical travel did not then have it ever produced any unpleasant effects upon him.

movement is on foot among Lips Brooks' former Boston parish to purchase for the Boston library the bust of Mr. Brooks by George Dexter.

late Simon Armour, brother of the Armour, spent the first 42 years of his life on a farm, and did not get into the packing business, wherein he has his fortune, for some years later.

for Anthony Wayne Scott, who in Kansas the other day, was a student of the famous "Mad" Bray, and the first man in Ohio to list when Lincoln issued his first

widow of Gov. Morton's In- was executive, is compiling a from letters and conversations of her husband, who played so important a part in the war of the re-

pen and penholder with which Thomas, of Colorado, recently and the bill making the new Territory was made of solid Cripple and was given to Representative Montgomery.

King of ex-Secretary John Sherman Lodge recently said—body respects him, but I have known anybody to be too familiar with him, to slap him on the shoulder.

Elizabeth Plankinton, of Milwaukee, daughter of the late John Plankinton, has made a gift of \$100,000 to a Young Woman's Christian home in that city, to be in memory of her father.

the degree of LL.D., and not as generally reported, which conferred on Gen. Nelson A. At Harvard Ph. D., is no longer, and LL. D., is the highest in the gift of the university.

P. Hubbard, of New York, celebrated his 90th birthday, and at Yale, in 1828, and he is survivor of his class. He is full-chair of chemistry, mineralogy, in Dartmouth College to 1866.

Entwistle, who when 14 held the throttle in the first Stephenson's first passenger engine, the Rocket, on the and Liverpool railroad, in just celebrated his 84th at Des Moines, Ia.

the rag carpets covering the the Washington mansion at on are woven on an oldloom by an ancient colour—"Aunt Pheny," whose fore- for generations been on the Washington estate and

Wilson is determined to of a human being can live in the coldest portion of and has sent there to experi- gardening Prof. C. C. Corgen- who is an expert in north- lature, and who will start a Sika.

Platt, of New York, has al- a careful keeper of scrap- on the declaration of hosti- open Spain and the United efforts and those of his sev- aries were redoubled, and believed to own one of the mporary histories of the r extant.

Standard Bank of Canada
 Head Office, Toronto.
 G. P. REID,
 Manager.

Authorized Capital \$2,000,000
 Paid Up 1,000,000
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Business in all principal points in Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, United States and England.

Durham Agency.
 A general banking business transacted. Drafts issued and collections made in all points. Deposits received and interest allowed at current rates.

SAVINGS BANK.
 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 Knapp's Hotel, Lambton Street, Lower town. Office hours from 10 to 2 o'clock.

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.

Legal Directory.
 J. P. TELFORD,
 BARRISTER, Solicitor, etc. Office over Gordon's new Jewellery store, Lower town.
 Any amount of money to loan at 5 per cent. from property.

G. LEFROY MCCAUL,
 BARRISTER, Solicitor, etc. McIntyre's Block, Lower Town. Collection and legal business promptly attended to. Searches made at the Registry Office.

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

CAMPERS
 should take with them a supply of Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

Those who intend going camping this summer should take with them Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Getting wet, catching cold, drinking water that is not always pure, or eating food that disagrees, may bring on an attack of Colic, Cramps and Diarrhoea. Prompt treatment with Dr. Fowler's Strawberry in such cases relieves the pain, checks the diarrhoea and prevents serious consequences. Don't take chances of spoiling your summer's outing through neglect of putting a bottle of this great diarrhoea doctor in with your supplies. But see that it's the genuine Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, as most of the imitations are highly dangerous.

A QUEEN'S GENEROSITY.
 The Queen Regent of Holland has de- voted the whole of a gift \$25,000, which was presented to her at the celebra- tion of the coronation festivities, to the erection of a sanatorium for con- sumptives, and has further given, for the site of the building, her property, Orange-Nassau Oord, near Borkum. An open-air life is the key-note of sanatorium treatment. The patient instead of being kept in a carefully warmed room ventilated from other parts of the house, according to the popular notions of old, lives in the open air from morning to night, at all seasons and in all weathers. Lack of fresh air is the greatest predisposing cause of consumption; fresh air is the most potent means of restoring him to health.

NEVER!
 She—If I were to die you would never get another wife like me.
 He—What makes you think I'd ever want another like you?

Losing of Bourner's Baby.

It was a bad day for me when old Stormer died and left the house next door vacant for a new tenant. Not that Stormer was an ideal neighbor! Far from it. He kept hens. It is enough to have a man fling adverse politics at you over the garden fence, without his hens following them to scratch up the last thing you have planted. Still, Stormer had his good points. He was a widower, and he had no children.

Those facts were links between us, so to speak, and we rubbed along without any serious friction till Stormer thoughtlessly died of apoplexy, and left me to face the ordeal of new neighbors. Can my horror be described when these turned up in the shape of a young couple and a baby?

If there is one thing in the world I cannot stand, it is a squalling baby. And they all squall, no matter what their mothers say to the contrary! For forty years I had done my best to keep clear of that nuisance, and succeeded pretty well. Now, allowing to Stormer, it had landed virtually on my very doorstep. For what signifies a three-foot high wall between your garden and the one next door? It doesn't keep out either sight or sound. It had not kept out Stormer's hens. I felt morally certain that it would not for long keep out Bourner's baby.

They were irritatingly friendly, those Bourners. Scowl and growl as I liked, they never seemed to take it seriously. Such a pair for laughing and singing and taking the world as a joke generally I never saw. It was no joke to me, I can tell you. Everything turned out just as blackly as I had to see in my mind's eye. Never I went into my garden for a quiet smoke and read, there were those two in theirs, and they would sit on the wall and chatter like two magpies. Then the baby, if it was not there already, would be brought out for my special benefit, and they would play and quarrel and babble over it till I got perfectly wild and went indoors again. Just when I had settled down quietly there that young incubus would take a howling fit, and keep it up till my last rag of patience was worn out, and I would send in a message to that effect, only rather more forcibly put. Back would come the answer, as sweet as if my demand for quiet had been a royal telegram of congratulation.

"Mr. and Mrs. Bourner's compliments, and they consider it very kind of Mr. Girder to take such an interest in baby. The darling is not seriously unwell; this teeth are troubling him a little, that is all."

Coals of fire, or sheer audacity? I suspected the latter, and nursed my wrath accordingly. I also suspected housekeeper of not delivering my messages verbatim. Who can trust a woman in such circumstances?

I will not say that I absolutely longed for or planned revenge. My nature is not deliberately malignant. Nevertheless, I am distinctly human, and when an opportunity for vengeance came in my way, I stopped and seized it.

There is no need to shudder or lay down this simple narrative with anticipations of horror. I did not cut off Bourner's baby's head, or drop it surreptitiously into the rain water tank, or put arsenic in its feeding bottle. There was no tragedy. I simply took that precious infant round a corner and lost it.

It came about thus. I was strolling home one fine afternoon through a quiet part of the town when I saw a perambulator at a shop door. I knew it, and its occupant, who was, for the time being, wrapped in angelic slumber. All too familiar were those fixings of green leather and cream lace, and the deceitful cherub face they shrined!

I can only call it an inspiration that seized me as I thus came suddenly upon my enemy. I glanced at the shop; the doorway was crowded with goods in such a manner as to render the interior invisible. I glanced up the street and down the street. Nobody was near; nobody was looking. Then I grasped the handle of the perambulator and wheeled it smartly round a corner close by. I came very near to upsetting it, but my lucky star was in the ascendant, and that catastrophe was averted. With a grim chuckle of satisfaction I deposited it in a quiet, dark archway, and then went on my way rejoicing. It was perfectly safe, I argued, and would be found sooner or later. In the meantime there would be a fuss and a scare, and a few of my wrongs would be amply yet secretly avenged.

I proceeded home in a leisurely fashion, like one making the very most of the mild air and slanting sunshine. As I heard my own gate Mrs. Bourner came flying out of hers, her hat all awry, and her gloves unbuttoned.

"Oh, Mr. Girder," she said—and there was a queer catch in her voice—"a dreadful thing has happened! That wretched, careless girl has lost the baby! Actually she went into a shop and left him at the door, and when she came out he was gone. Somebody has stolen him—our precious darling baby! Oh, do tell me what I ought to do, for I am too distracted to think myself."

Here was the scare begun, and no mistake. I hugged myself mentally at the success of my plot, but outwardly I tried to appear as concerned as herself.

"The baby lost! You do not mean it seriously, I hope, ma'am. Surely no girl in her senses would leave a baby of crime, and violence, and anarchy unprotected in the street in these days

of crime, and violence, and anarchy!" I had meant to frighten her, but I did not calculate the exact result. She turned as white as death, and clutched at me to steady herself.

"You do not think—oh, surely, surely nobody would hurt him, our sweet little baby! But they shall not! I will find him, no matter where he may be!"

And away she went like a mad thing. I followed at my best pace. It would have looked badly to go in and get tea as if nothing had happened; besides, I wanted to see the end of the business, and have the full benefit of my little scheme. I soon overtook Mrs. Bourner, for she was stopping nearly every one she met to make inquiries of them. She accepted my offer to assist in the search with tears of gratitude, and a little farther on we came upon the luckless nurse girl, narrating her tale of woe to a huge and solemn policeman. She was surrounded by a sympathetic crowd, volunteering all sorts of infallible recipes for finding lost babies, bloodhounds being the most prominent.

The sight of the man in blue gave me an uncomfortable sensation. I had not counted on the law having its finger in this pie of mine. Suppose some one accused me of stealing the baby! It would be horribly awkward, for it was too late now to try to pass my action off as a practical joke. Imagine me, James Girder, the chief member in the Union Club, put in the dock to answer a charge of baby-snatching! My flesh crept at the idea.

However, the situation had to be faced; so I marched boldly up to the officer and asked his opinion as to what had become of the baby.

He gazed about him, and cuffed a little boy's ears before replying. Then he said:

"Anything might have happened to it." Sensation. "I'm going off. I'll report it."

The crowd made way in admiring awe, and he went off. The boy of cuffed ears weepingly suggested that being "off" was the officer's normal condition, and this remark found support when the object of it was well out of hearing.

Deprived of the policeman, the bystanders made us a centre of attraction. More and more kept flocking after us; to my excited fancy every eye turned upon me, and the dread of a possible witness to my deed increased. Still I kept cool. I took a five dollar bill from my pocket and held it up.

"This is the person who finds the baby," I said, and lol in ten seconds the throng melted and we were left alone.

"Now show your mistress and me the exact spot where you left the baby," I ordered the nurse girl.

She obeyed, with sobs and groans, and starting from the shop door I made several strategic movements, leading finally to the archway where I had bestowed the sleeping cherub. Yes, I, who had deliberately hidden it, was now voluntarily about to restore it. In fact, strange as it may seem, I absolutely longed to see it in its mother's arms. I was haunted by one ominous word—baby-snatcher!

I stepped confidently into the dark arch. I stared into its depths; I groped along its walls. Then I, metaphorically, fell in a heap.

The baby was gone, perambulator and all! If ever Nemesis overtook a man, it was on this occasion. Up to this point I had never taken the baby itself into consideration. I had counted upon its perfect safety; it was my own good name that had seemed imperiled. Horrible visions now rose before me. I fancied I realized Mrs. Bourner's feelings, and remorse fastened me with tiger claws.

I will not seek to describe my sufferings during the next two hours. Between mental anxiety and bodily weariness, for we scoured the town from end to end. I was on the verge of collapse. As for Mrs. Bourner and the maid, their grief and terror kept increasing every moment.

"It is not as though baby could walk and had strayed away himself," the former kept saying. "Some one has taken him, and they must have had a motive. Oh, what will Geoffrey say when he comes home and finds no baby?"

As dusk began to fall I at last induced Mrs. Bourner to go home for a short time and get some refreshment. I had barely got her to her own door, when a hum of voices and a scuffle of feet mingled with a loud and familiar wail, reached our ears. Mrs. Bourner lifted her head, gave a low, intense sort of cry, and dashed down the garden path into the heart of a small crowd that had just reached the gate. The next minute she was straining her baby to her breast and sobbing and laughing like a person demented.

I could have done something ridiculous myself, the relief was so great, but dignity forbade it. I went down to the gate and found a keen-faced, ragged urchin of twelve, or thereabout, grasping the perambulator with one hand and an equally ragged little girl with the other.

"Here she is, sir! Here's the one what stole your kid!" My kid indeed! "I found her, so give me the reward."

"I didn't steal the kid," protested the small damsel, indignantly. "I found it up a dark arch, an' it was cryin', so I took it for a nice walk in the country."

So there was the explanation. I rebuked the little girl, but mildly, for I felt suddenly filled with peace and goodwill. Then I gave the boy the five dollars he had justly earned, and appeared the accompanying crowd by a handful of coppers.

Later in the evening I had a visit from the entire Bourner family. The mother eulogized my zeal and services till I positively blushed. The father grasped my hand and thanked me till I felt like a scoundrel. The baby pulled my moustache and broke my best pipe, thereby restoring the balance of affairs somewhat.

My secret never came out, and in gratitude to Providence I have buried the batchet against my neighbors.

PROPER MOURNING APPAREL.
 Mourning Silk for Ceremonious Occasions
 —No Figured Goods in Order—Eudora or Henrietta (1-1) Quite Stylish.

The custom of wearing mourning is slightly in abeyance, but by no means done away with. Many people in moderate circumstances, content themselves with dressing simply in black and laying aside all ornaments for a year instead of adopting the conventional mourning garb.

But "wearing black" is not necessarily dressing in mourning. Certain materials and modes are set apart as belonging exclusively to mourning. In dress material Henrietta and Eudora cloths are recognized fabrics for first mourning. They are the dead jet black that is required for mourning, for a blue black or brown black are absolutely impossible for this purpose. The Eudora cloth is much like Henrietta, but is heavier and of a different weave. Both are soft in finish and are especially suited to the styles of the current year, which are soft and clinging. Eudora makes the best street gowns, and in coat and skirt a costume of this material is very smart. All trimming is out of place, unless it is milliner's folds on skirt and revers. Machine stitching does not look well on these goods. If buttons are used on the coat they should be covered with the dress material. The merchant of whom the material is bought will usually send a piece to a button-maker and have the required number made. The present styles call for a coat of medium length, either double-breasted or buttoned on a flap; it should have narrow revers that open a little at the throat, and have turned over, pointed cuffs.

For a business suit or every day street wear, in short for general service, serge and chevot are suitable. No figured goods are mourning remembrance. Be careful that the color is a dead black. It is always wise to get samples and compare them at home, in a strong light. They are made up like the Eudora.

More elaborate mourning gowns, to be worn on ceremonious occasions, are of mourning silk. This is a silk that is absolutely lustreless, and the trimming used on it is dull jet. No white is allowed anywhere, unless for evening wear, when folds of white tulle, are sometimes put round the neck, and black tulle or net sleeves used.

FOR WIDOWS' WEAR.
 Widows wear sheer white collars and cuffs, even in the first six months of mourning, and a little white ruching in the bonnet. Veils, crape, are worn in the first six months, and then laid aside for face veils of net with crape border. Widows, however, generally wear the crape veil for a year. Crape is better than it used to be. It cannot be said to be less expensive, and is better in quality, is lighter, and has not so much dressing as formerly. It is used a great deal as trimming, but is not durable and collects dust. It is better to use it in a veil and trim gowns with milliner's folds of the dress goods or of mourning silk.

Mourning styles are characterized by a plainness that amounts to severity. Jewelry is tabooed. Flowers, even in

Youthful Recklessness.

The natural exuberance of youth often leads to recklessness. Young people don't take care of themselves, get over-heated, catch cold, and allow it to settle on the kidneys. They don't realize the significance of backache—think it will soon pass away—but it doesn't. Urinary Troubles come, then Diabetes, Bright's Disease and shattered health.

A young life has been sacrificed. Any help for it? Yes!

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

These conquerors of Kidney Ills are making the rising generation healthy and strong.

Mrs. G. Grisman, 505 Adelaide St., London, Ont., says:

"My daughter, now 13 years old, has had weak kidneys since infancy, and her health as a consequence has always been poor. Two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills have removed every symptom of kidney trouble, and restored her to perfect health. I am truly thankful for the great benefit they have conferred upon her."

EDGE PROPERTY FOR SALE
 IN THE TOWN OF DURHAM,
 County of Grey, including a valuable Water Power, Brick dwelling, and many eligible building lots, will be sold in one or more lots. Also lot No. 80, Con. 2, W. G. R. Township of Bentick, 100 acres, adjoining Town plot Durham.
 Mortgages taken for part purchase money Apply to JAMES EDGE,
 Oct. 2nd, Edge Hill P.O.

ORDINARY CIVILITY.

Mr. Gobbly on the Advantages and Pleasures Derived From It.

"I should recommend as an investment," said Mr. Gobbly, "the practice of civility. As a matter of fact, I don't suppose that a very great number of men have suddenly become wealthy through this means; that is, I don't suppose that a large number of very rich people have left fortunes to men who had been at one time or another polite to them, but I don't doubt, either, that there have been just such cases, and I don't for a moment doubt that substantial advantages have often accrued to men through their consistent civility.

"But aside from any question of material profit though there is still always the chance of that the exercise of civility would pay for another reason. There are lots of people who like civil treatment, who are, in fact, really pleased by it, and though we might not get anything in dollars and cents out of civility extended in this way toward people in general, yet I should say it would pay, for we should get from it, at least, the pleasure that is always to be derived from affording pleasure to others.

"So I should say that from whatever point of view we look at it, civility is a good investment; we are sure to get something out of it, anyway, and it doesn't cost us a cent."

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.