

Store:

\$1 per 100 lbs.  
20c. a lb.  
at 18c.  
16c.  
10c. a package.  
5c. "  
40c. a gal.

ER,  
URHAM.

Don't pay you  
at the following  
Bals. reg. \$2.75 for \$2.00  
als. reg. 2.25 1.75  
uchers reg. 2.25 1.75  
als and Bluchers  
reg. \$2.50 2.00  
kip Bals. and  
rs. reg. \$3.50 2.50  
es' Bals reg. \$1.25 for 80c

EL,  
THE SHOE MAN.

our Straw and  
at the following

75c.  
50  
50  
20  
40  
25  
20  
40  
30  
20

RANT.

esdale Boy."

ERSIGNED BEGS TO  
the Farmers and Horse-  
ham and vicinity that he  
Thoroughbred Clydesdale  
esdale Boy," as per an-  
nals.

GEO. LAWRENCE, SR.

ches

than ever. See our  
ore buying. Always  
st goods and up-to-  
ces. Waist Sashes.  
d Neck Buckles are  
t. You are always  
seeing the latest in  
ng in Jewellery

A. M. ARLANE,

BANK.

OWN.

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

Authorized Capital \$2,000,000  
Paid-up Capital 1,000,000  
Reserve Fund 600,000

Branches at all principal points in On-  
tario, Quebec, Manitoba, United  
States and England.  
Durham Agency.

General Banking business transact-  
ed. Drafts issued and collections made  
on all points. Deposits received and in-  
terest allowed at current rates.

SAVINGS BANK.  
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. J. J. JAMIESON, Durham.  
Office and Residence a short distance  
from Knapp's Hotel, Lambton  
Street, Lower Town. Office hours from  
9 o'clock to 6 o'clock.

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.

Legal Directory.  
J. P. TELFORD.  
BARRISTER, Solicitor, etc. Office over  
Dunlop's new Jewellery Store, Lower  
Town. Amount of money to loan at 5 per cent.  
on real property.

Miscellaneous.  
JAMES BROWN, Issuer of Marriage  
Licenses, Durham Ont.  
W. H. MACKAY, Durham, Land Valu-  
ator 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  
and 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 prepar-  
ed to loan any amount of money on real  
estate. Old mortgages paid off on the  
most liberal terms. Fire and Life Insur-  
ance effected in the best Stock Companies  
at lowest rates. Correspondence to  
Orchardville, P. O., or a call solicited.

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

Youthful  
Recklessness.

The natural exuberance of  
youth often leads to reckless-  
ness. Young people don't  
take care of themselves, get  
over-heated, catch cold, and  
allow it to settle on the kid-  
neys. They don't realize the  
significance of backache—  
think it will soon pass away—  
but it doesn't. Urinary Trou-  
bles 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, 95 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  
my child."

THE CHEERFUL FACE.  
Next to the Sunlight of heaven is  
the cheerful face. There is no mis-  
take in it. The bright eye, the un-  
clouded brow, the sunny smile, all  
tell of that which dwells within. Who  
has not felt its electrifying influence?  
One glance at this face lifts us out  
of the mists and shadows into the  
beautiful realms of hope. One cheer-  
ful face in the household will keep  
everything warm and light within. It  
may be a very plain face, but there  
is something in it we feel, but can-  
not express, and its cherry smile sends  
the blood dancing through the veins  
for very joy. There is a world of  
blessed magic in the plain, cheerful  
face, and we would not exchange it  
for all the soulless beauty that ever  
graced the fairest form on earth.

LONG-SUFFERING CHILD.  
Well, Bobby, what do you want to be  
when you grow up?  
Bobby, suffering from parental dis-  
tance—An orphan.

AT THE BOTTOM  
OF THE SEA.

A DIVER'S STORY.

"It was almost enough to craze a  
man outright," said the old diver.  
"Ay, it was a tight fix—that in the  
Conqueror. She was coming in from  
the Mediterranean after a three years'  
cruise, and went down in a gale in  
sight of home with every soul on  
board. I was young then and anxious  
to be the first sent down into her for  
the sake of the reputation it would  
give me, for reputation meant money,  
and money, you see, was the only rea-  
son why Hettie and I were deferring  
our marriage.

"The sea was running high as I was  
carried down in my heavy armor from  
the deck of the steamer to the float  
alongside, where the ropes by which  
I was to be supplied with air was ad-  
justed.

"Now, my dear boy," said my old  
friend and instructor, Lott, the fam-  
ous deep-sea diver, who came forward  
to close the little glass window in my  
helmet, "take good care of yourself,  
and don't stay long below. The cur-  
rents are swift."

"I dropped into the waves with a  
splash, sinking swiftly down through  
the brilliant sunlit waters which,  
though rough and boisterous at their  
surface, suddenly grew calm as I passed  
below.

"I glanced up at the sun, which ap-  
peared as a great ball of fire, but  
growing smaller and smaller as I sank  
lower, it finally seemed like a tiny red  
spark of a candle, and then faded from  
sight.

"I cleared a bank of thick sea-weed  
and stood at last upon the bright,  
sandy bottom.

"Passing round a reef of rocks fan-  
cifully honey-combed, I came upon a  
mass of tangled rigging, and a few  
steps brought me to the man-of-war  
half-buried where she lay in the drift-  
ing sand.

"Great caution was necessary lest I  
should become entangled among the  
ropes or caught under the shifting  
timbers, and making my way slowly  
to the companion-way I sent up the  
signal:

"I am about to enter the vessel—  
I shall be in danger—play out rope  
freely and give me plenty of air."

"I made my way to the lower deck  
and found myself in the forward cabin.  
I groped about for the doorway, know-  
ing that once in the main saloon the  
deck lights would enable me to see  
more distinctly.

"Clearing the rubbish and drifted  
sand from about the doorway I put  
my shoulder to the door, shoved it  
back against the waters, and resolute-  
ly entered. An awful silence was up-  
on everything—a silence as of death.  
I was alone at the bottom of the sea,  
in the saloon of the Conqueror, and  
close about me were postured, like  
grim sentinels set to watch me in my  
work, the officers and a crew of two  
hundred!

"Yes, there were the ill-fated men,  
as they stood when death overtook  
them on that awful night when they  
were sinking.

"Before they had reached the com-  
panionway the mighty water had rush-  
ed in upon them, and they died where  
it had met them at the threshold.  
"The eddying waters carried them  
here and there through the cabin, but  
still, so close were they now and then  
that I had to part them, and more  
than one turned and followed in the  
wake I made behind me. Their faces  
were often close against my helmet,  
and it horrified me to notice that they  
all wore still upon their faces the im-  
press of the terror that had come up-  
on them with death.

"A moment passed and I was terri-  
fied at receiving no response from a  
second or third signal.  
"I pulled the rope again violently—  
waited—still no reply.  
"Great heavens! What did it all  
mean? Had they forgotten me? Were  
they going to leave me there at the  
bottom of the sea with that awful  
crew? I no sooner realized my help-  
lessness than an uncontrollable ter-  
ror took possession of me. Surely they  
would not desert me! Surely they had  
not forgotten me! I pulled madly at  
the cord once more, and glancing up  
perceived that there was something  
steadily resisting my efforts from the  
mast-head above.

"Was it some monster who was play-  
ing with my rope—some great fish  
that was holding it in his jaws? In  
that was holding it in his jaws? In  
my desperation I threw my whole  
weight on it, and—it gave way, and  
fell, slowly, silently on the deck at  
my feet. The ragged, frayed ends  
which had become entangled in the  
rigging were in my hands, and the up-  
per half of the rope had floated away  
with the tide.

"I was alone at the bottom of the sea  
with no means of signalling my dis-  
tress.  
"The india-rubber tube, which was  
my only means of breathing, was yet  
fast to me; but as soon as they should  
begin to wind in the ropes and tube,  
on some supposed signal from me, it  
would snap in two, and the water  
would come in upon me.

"My terror grew wilder. I knew  
the men were close to me—only thirty  
yards above me—yet I must die be-  
cause I could not reach them.  
"I raved like a madman, and tried  
to tear my armor from me, but its iron

rivets held me fast. I shouted piteous-  
ly, uselessly.  
"I fell upon the deck at last, ex-  
hausted—in an ominous stupor—a sul-  
len despair—and sank into uncon-  
sciousness.

"When I recovered I was calm—  
prayer came to my lips.  
"I closed my eyes quietly and waited  
for the death I was powerless to de-  
fer—waited for it with my head laid  
on my arms, as I used to sleep in the  
dear old days at home—waited quietly  
for its coming, praying God that it  
might come upon me gently.

"Was I crazed? Was I mad, or was  
this a new torture for me in my last  
moments?  
"I had lain quiet but a moment  
when I started up in terror, uttering  
a cry—a weak, miserable cry, which  
died on my lips as I sank again on  
the deck and closed my eyes to a ter-  
rible sight before me.

"I had left the cabin door open, and  
freed the imprisoned men.  
"One of the dead sailors had floated  
up to the deck, and, by some horrible  
chance, the tide bore him directly to-  
ward me.

"Was I to die surrounded once more  
by those ghastly sentinels, as a death  
watch?  
"He was borne slowly along on the  
current, his eyes wide open in an aw-  
ful stare, his arms outstretched as  
though to embrace me, welcoming me  
to the unknown world.

"I fell prostrate on the deck in my  
terror, but he floated on slowly, the  
tide casting him up against me, when  
he fell at my side.

"I caught him in my desperation to  
fling him from me, but his arms closed  
tight about me in an iron embrace,  
and his face was close to mine—the  
face of old Lott, the diver, who had  
come down through the waters to save  
me, and in whose stout arms I was  
borne up and carried insensible to the  
boats above.

"We saw what was wrong," he said  
to me afterward, "when the ragged  
ends of your rope floated to the sur-  
face. There was only one way to  
reach you, old fellow, and I can tell  
you we flew around quick. We had  
no "bell" to go down to you in, so  
we just fastened some weights to my  
feet and ropes to my arms. I took a  
rubber mouth-piece between my teeth  
and dropped overboard. The water  
oppressed me fearfully, and I couldn't  
have stood it more than a few minutes,  
in that few minutes I found you,  
caught you up in my arms, and signal-  
led to them to haul us up quick. It  
was killing me."

"I took his dead hands in mine, and  
looked into his good, honest eyes.  
"With a swelling heart I told him,  
in such words as I could, of my grate-  
itude for his heroic efforts when he  
came down through the waters at the  
risk of his own life to save mine.

"Hettie and I were married a month  
later."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.  
Molasses will remove grass stains  
from woollens. Rub in and rinse in  
clear water. To remove ink stains soak  
in ripe tomato juice.  
A cork that is steeped for a few mo-  
ments in hot vaseline will serve all the  
purposes for which a glass stopper is  
used.

The reason that a cake sometimes  
"falls" on taking it out of the oven  
is that it was not done. To ascertain  
when the cake is done press the cake  
gently with the finger. If it is firm  
to the touch, and leaves no dent, it is  
done; or the surer way is to hold the  
pan close to the ear, if there is no  
noise inside the cake is done.

To remove a tight ring from the fin-  
ger hold the hand in cold water and  
then apply soap, glycerine or any  
greasy substance that may be handy,  
and remove the ring with a circular  
movement from the finger.

To prevent silver articles from turn-  
ing black through the effects of gas  
and fog they should be wrapped in  
tissue paper and kept in bags made  
of flannel or soft baize; that is, if they  
are not provided with velvet or lined  
cases.

Plated goods that are to be put  
aside after use should be rubbed with  
spirits of ammonia and water and then  
rinsed in clean water; this will keep  
them bright and prevent any ill ef-  
fects should any salt have been left  
on the surface.

In washing knives never allow the  
handles to get wet or lay in the wa-  
ter, as they will split, the blades  
will become loose and the bone or ivory  
discolored. The blades should simply  
be wiped with a damp cloth and then  
cleaned.

BETROTHAL.  
When first upon her slender hand  
He slipped the little shining ring,  
A dewdrop trembling on a band,  
A costly, slight familiar thing,  
She drew the merest space apart;  
"I'll nevermore be free," she said,  
A half reluctance in her heart;  
And flowerlike drooped her golden  
head.

"Nay, love, forever free," he cried—  
"Free at my side, and queen of me;  
In all the world so wondrous wide,  
You are the only one to me."  
He kissed the hand that wore the  
ring,  
The rose flush deepened in her  
cheek;  
If one was queen, then one was king,  
What further need for words to  
speak?

NOVEL WEDDING PRESENT.  
One of the recent brides has received  
a small hand "flash light" as a wed-  
ding gift. It may be turned on in a  
moment by the mere pressure of an  
thumb, which when removed extin-  
guishes the light. It is of a conven-  
ient size for carrying about in one's  
pocket, and would be fine to flash a  
light on burglars. The charge gives  
8,000 flashes, or will burn steadily for  
over five hours. It is the most in-  
genious little novelty for a wedding or  
birthday present.

The Home

THE PATH OF WEARINESS.

We all pity the victim in the clutches  
of a sudden and severe onslaught of ill-  
ness; our hearts are wrung at the  
thought of his sufferings and we long  
to help him. All of us who have a  
spark of humanity in our make-up are  
sorry for the really ill. But there is  
another class of people, who are, per-  
haps, even more in need of our sym-  
pathy, and who too seldom receive it.  
They are the people who, although not  
dangerously ill, are yet far from well.  
Happy is she who, during some period  
of her existence, has not belonged to  
the army of martyrs who have been  
"under the weather" for so long that  
their friends get used to the fact, and,  
it may be, in their secret souls rather  
weary of it.

Perhaps one of the most trying  
things about being only passively ill,  
and that for a long time, is that the  
patient becomes ashamed of her indis-  
position, and is mortified that she can  
never truthfully say, "Very well, thank  
you!" to the frequent inquiries con-  
cerning her health. Of course among  
the lower class there are those who  
"enjoy poor health," and who may be  
said to "glory in their infirmities"—  
though hardly in the Scriptural sense.  
But this is not the class to be pitied,  
except as we have compassion for any  
poor, ignorant creature with distorted  
views of life.

But she who needs sympathy is the  
refined, educated woman who would be  
well if she could, and who keeps much  
of her discomfort to herself. She is  
thankful that she is not confined to her  
bed, to her room, or even to the house.  
As the phrase is, "She can go about  
like other people." Like other people!  
But, oh, with what a difference!

Where others awake refreshed in the  
morning, she drags herself from her  
bed with a prayer for physical strength  
to bear her bravely through the hours  
that must intervene before she can  
again lay her weary body down.

Where others attack work with joy,  
she spurs or whips herself on to per-  
form it so satisfactorily that nobody  
may suspect how hard it is for her.  
She often works with a perseverance  
and a nervous conscientiousness that,  
her task accomplished, leave her with  
flushed cheeks, shortened breath, and  
trembling hands. "Just a little ner-  
vousness," she explains laughing. Or,  
when urged to participate in some  
pleasure, she excuses herself with the  
plea that she is "a little tired." Ah  
how tired only God and she know!

Perhaps if those she loves knew all,  
they would not speak as did a good  
woman to such a never-ill, but  
never-well sister.

"I declare, Emma," she exclaimed,  
in her energetic way, "it would be a  
comfort to see you once when you did  
not look tired! It must be a regular  
nuisance to be forever worn out! It  
is bad enough to see you feel like that;  
it must be worse to be the victim. Oh,  
I wish you were well!" with a final  
outburst of impatience.

Let those of us who have never trod-

den this long path of weariness be very  
patient with those who must feel that  
the road "winds upward all the way."

FRUIT ICES.

Orange Ice.—Juice six oranges, two  
tablespoonfuls extract orange, juice of  
one lemon, one quart water, one pound  
powdered sugar, one gill rich, sweet  
cream; add all together and strain.  
Freeze same as ice cream.

Lemon Ice Cream.—One quart best  
cream, eight ounces white pulverized  
sugar, three whole eggs. Place on fire.  
Stir continually, until it reaches boil-  
ing point. Then immediately remove  
and strain. When cold, place in freezer,  
and flavor with one tablespoonful  
extract lemon and freeze.

Peach Ice Cream.—One dozen of best  
and ripest red-cheeked peaches; peel  
and stone; place in china basin, crush  
with six ounces pulverized sugar. Now  
take one quart best cream, eight ounces  
pulverized white sugar, two whole  
eggs. Place all on fire until it reaches  
boiling point; now remove and strain;  
place in freezer and freeze. When  
nearly frozen stir in peach pulp, with  
tablespoonful extract almonds; give  
few more turns of freezer to harden.

Raspberry Vinegar.—The most sim-  
ple method is to crush the berries  
with sugar enough to insure fermenta-  
tion into a cask with a small opening  
stopped from below, and from which  
the plug may afterward be drawn. As  
fermentation proceeds remove the  
plug and let the fermenting juice run  
through into a keg or barrel that has  
contained spirits. After all the juice  
has been pressed from the berries into  
the keg add one pound of sugar and  
one quart of water to each quart of  
juice, filling the keg to the brim. Ev-  
ery day or so fill up with sugar water  
while fermentation proceeds, and when  
that has subsided pour into a cask that  
has held white wine vinegar and let  
it stand till ripe.

ADJUNCTS OF DRESS.

Never wear a pad at the back under  
a plain-fitting dress-skirt, as it will  
make an unsightly hump. If you need  
filling out at that point, a piece of  
fine crinoline set in at the band in  
the form of a long ruffle will give a  
more natural and more graceful full-  
ness. Pads should only be used where  
there is a gathered fulness to hide  
where the addition begins and leaves  
off.

An ill-fitting corset will make the  
best figure in the world misshapen. A  
medium-length corset with short hips  
and low bust suits the majority of wo-  
men.

The most elegant gown is ruined in  
good and graceful effect if the front is  
in any degree too short, and this fault  
is plainly in evidence in ninety-nine  
gowns out of a hundred, when viewed  
from the side. Rather have a dress-  
skirt long enough to step on it than  
short.

YEARLY EXECUTIONS IN CHINA.  
At Canton the average number of  
executions is about 300 per year, but  
in 1885 50,000 rebels were beheaded.  
The headsman formerly received 15s a  
head, but the supply and competition  
have reduced the wages to 2s apiece.  
Most of the criminals who are behead-  
ed are water pirates or land bandits.

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 or the same.

N., G. & J. McKECHNIE.