

Standard Bank of Canada

Head Office, Toronto.
G. P. REID, Manager.
Capital Authorized \$2,000,000
Paid Up 1,000,000
Reserve Fund 600,000
Agencies in all principal points in Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, United States and England.

Durham Agency.

A general Banking business transacted. Drafts issued and collections made on 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. JAMESON, Durham.
Office and Residence a short distance east of Knapp's Hotel, Lambton Street, Lower Town. Office hours from 12 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. on firm property.

G. LEFROY McCAUL,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, etc. McIntyre's Block, Lower Town. Collection and Agency 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.

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

On the first indication of Diarrhoea or Dysentery a few doses of **DR. FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY** will promptly check the advance of these dangerous diseases.

It has been over 40 years in use and has no equal for the cure of bowel complaints of young or old. There are many dangerous imitations on the market, so it would be wise to see that the full name, **Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry**, is on every bottle you buy.

A SLY DIG.

Mrs. Henpeck—No doubt the ancients were considered wise because there were fewer temptations in those days.

Henpeck—Why, my dear, the proportion of women in the world must have been about the same.

THE UNATTAINABLE.

Oh, that I had the wings of a dove! she exclaimed, and sighed and sighed.

The Fates exchanged meaning glances.

She's a blame-sight more likely to get crow's feet, observed the Fates, speaking among themselves.

This fable teaches us the unwisdom of hankering too hard for the unattainable.

ONE CHRISTMAS EVE.

There was a bright fire burning in the grate and the soft fragrance of violets in the pretty room. Over the mantel hung the brave face of Sir Galahad, with his snow-white steed, dark foliage behind them, and paler clouds, showing up the steadfast look on the knight's noble countenance. The girl on the crimson covered sofa raised her eyes to the picture once or twice, and then sighed a little, though a smile succeeded the sigh each time. She was very pretty, too, with lovely, shimmering hair and violet-blue eyes, but the delicate features were too fragile for perfect health, and the tiny hands were white and waxen as palest marble, and she was a cripple, "so that ends it all!" she said of herself, with a frankness very sad and yet very childlike.

She took the darkest view of the case, her friends told her sometimes, for the great doctor, who was deeply interested in her somewhat complicated ailments, was distinctly hopeful at heart, and that is always a good sign. But she would never sing as she had sung in the old days, like a lark rising from his bed in the yellow corn land, above the sea, pouring out a flood of wonderful wild melody, all his heart's story of love and thankfulness and praise, or like a wave on the golden margin of the shining sands, plaintive and plashing and sinking into silence with a long-drawn sigh.

For a little while she had come and sung the people who listened into happy wistfulness and sweet remembering. She had smiled and changed the tune, and they were all children again, swinging under the pink and white apple blossoms, and amid the scented May, and the cuckoo called from the fragrant pine wood, and the thrush sang in the swaying beeches, and then had come silence.

One night at a great concert there had been an alarm of fire—nothing serious, and almost nobody hurt, except the little white-robed singer alone on the curtained platform where the lights were hurriedly extinguished, so that she could not find her way out.

She had fallen then, and hurt herself badly, so badly that she stirred not from where she fell until they came later and found the small crushed heap of satin and flowers, all scented and pale and broken.

And then they carried her away to an hospital, and some one else sang at the next concert and received the plaudits of the audience and the bouquet of white roses which would have been hers too.

And the newspapers deplored her loss to the concert-room and said it was very sad.

It was very sad—very sad indeed, to the girl in the long ward, where the white-capped nurses came and went and spoke tenderly to her as they passed, but she bore a brave heart through it all. She asked who was singing at Bristol that night, and when they told her she only smiled and said that her successor would be glad of such a good opportunity, and that she hoped she would do well, and I believe that she meant it, too.

And then came the after-time—the days when she was better, and yet not well—unable to do anything for herself, and yet well enough to leave the hospital and the kindly care of the good nurses.

A relative, good hearted and generously inclined, gave her shelter and treated her tenderly, yet with strong disapproval of the public life that the poor, pale girl had led. "A woman is meant to live in her own home," the benevolent lady said, drawing upon her little store of maxims for the benefit of her sister's child.

And Ernestine listened and smiled, though her heart felt heavy as lead.

Then the thought of the past came back.

There was one who had come before fascination of her beautiful voice dawned upon her, one who had offered her his all if she would love him too.

And his kindly eyes had charmed her and his tender voice had thrilled her through and through, till she forgot everything in the joy of being beloved, but with the waking knowledge of her power she began to chafe under the stretch her dainty wings and soar, and her little world seemed small and narrowed and trivial. And so the difference began and so it ended. And the daisied meadows above the way of love changed to the crimson-hung walls and the stately palms that screened her as she sang.

"I don't mean to settle down in a little, sleepy town all my life," she had said, petulantly, as an April shower.

"I want to make somebody, you all, proud of me. I have a chance; why shouldn't I take it?"

Yes, it was true, the chance and the opportunity offered—love or fame, and she chose fame.

And now? She turned away from the cozy fire with a shrug of her dainty shoulders. Where was fame now? Another's name shone on the concert party's bills—and very splendid bills they were, too—in her place. Another voice sang, perhaps, the very songs, new songs all of them, that she

had practised so often, and with such varying delicacy of expression. Another won the murmur of applause that was wont to be hers.

And she lay here, on the comfortable sofa that was her aunt's, by the warm fire, with nothing in the stiff, but expensive room, her own, save the bunch of violets in the little green vase yonder. Who sent her those, by the way? The thought was a new one, and diverted the other vexed strain for a while.

Some listener, perhaps, who had not yet forgotten her in the siren voice of somebody else, and Ernestine blessed the unknown donor for the kindly thought of her.

And with the pleased smile still lingering on her face, the door opened, and the friend of olden days entered, as he had entered long ago into that quaint rectory in the North Country. He was very kind and gentle in his manner, and the girl's high spirit rose to the occasion, until the rose color mounted to her cheek and the flash of animation gleamed in her pretty eyes. "He should never think her despondent, beaten, crushed!" she said proudly to herself as they laughed and chattered over the days gone by and the people of old times. But of the future not a word, nor of the immediate past, until, as he was leaving, and her aunt stood with them, he ventured to say that he hoped she would soon be better.

"I shall be all right directly," she answered recklessly, heedless of her aunt's frown and sigh, and when he asked questioning, and a little nervously, "And then?" she answered quickly and lightly, "And then I'll work again, and lots of it, I hope, if Miss de Vere hasn't stolen everyone's heart from poor little me!"

So there was nothing left for him to do but to say "good by," with a glimpse of his violets on the little table at his dear one's side.

"How foolish you are, Ernestine!" her aunt said, crossly, when he had gone. "Anyone can see how dearly he loves you, and yet you are playing with him still—now that he is a better part than ever," she added to herself, though her quick-witted niece caught the words at once.

"Why is he more eligible now?" she answered languidly. "I thought asquire he was the great man of the country long ago."

"He has fresh fortune now, you silly girl," the old lady said, taking up her knitting. "His uncle left him a great estate, and I don't know how much money. Let me see—that uncle was connected with my father's family through the Trevelyns, and then I'da Trevelyan married—and the good lady went calmly through a string of names and marriages, and connections which pleased her greatly, though Ernestine never listened to one.

She would never marry anyone who proposed to her from pity—come what would. And when he did ask her—very gently and humbly—with a world of pleading in his honest voice, and wistfulness and love in his eyes, if she could not love him now a little, and try to love him more hereafter, with a sudden pain at her heart, nevertheless she only laughed, and told him that she was nearly well now, and he must not pity her any more—though she loved his flowers dearly. She had found her unknown lover out by then.

And for the second time they drifted apart again.

One Christmas eve the snow fell softly over the city, making it pure and beautiful, and the people came and went on their happy marketing, with presents for the children and greetings and good will. But in the dingy house on a side street, poor little Ernestine wondered where to-morrow's fire was to come from, and if her one or two music pupils would pay their little sum to-night. She was teaching music and singing now—from her chair directing the awkward girls in their studies—a worn, plaintive little figure, with only a glimpse of its old gayety left.

The kindly aunt was dead, and strangers reigned in the prim house, and showed no inclination to keep the niece that had come to them with the old lady's property.

And Ernestine had fled at once—to a life of hardship and privation, and yet independence, which pleased the yet unbroken spirit and the brave heart.

The doctor had been right; she was better, though still far from strong, and she worked her hardest in the narrow sphere, for the beautiful, fairy-like voice had failed her, and was now, though sweet and true as ever, very weak and feeble.

And it was Christmas eve, and others were meeting with old friends, and laughing and wishing them a happy season, and out in the street the sound of merry footsteps came and went, while she sat on alone.

The pupil for whom she waited, came as last, and practised a song that she wished to sing at some festive gathering, and then she, too, hurried away without a thought of the few shillings that would have made the morrow brighter for another. She did not mean to be unkind, and she wished Ernestine a happy Christmas as she hastily put on her hat and ran away.

"Have I kept you waiting?" the little teacher heard her say to some one outside, and then there was more laughter, and quick footsteps passed the window in a little whirl of questions and answers and happy mirth.

And the lamp burned very low on the table, and the fire sank and sank, and Ernestine sobbed over the open piano and the scattered music scores. Quite suddenly her utter loneliness broke upon her, and the strong soul failed at last.

A light shone in from the passage, and a firm footstep crossed the room. Some one stood by her—kind, brave, protecting—holding her cold hand in his own, calling her every pet name he could think of; then he took her poor little face between his hands and kissed the drooping mouth. And she clung to him in her happiness, laughing and crying together—overcome by the scent of the great bunch of violets

Mr. G. O. ARCHIBALD'S CASE.

Didn't Walk for 5 Months. Doctors said Locomotor Ataxia.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Cure a Disease hitherto regarded as Incurable.

The case of Mr. G. O. Archibald, of Hopewell Cape, N.B., (a cut of whom appears below), is one of the severest and most intractable that has ever been



reported from the eastern provinces, and his cure by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills the more remarkable from the fact that he was given up as incurable by worthy and respected physicians.

The disease, Locomotor Ataxia, with which Mr. Archibald was afflicted is considered the most obstinate and incurable disease of the nervous system known. When once it starts it gradually but surely progresses, paralyzing the lower extremities and rendering its victim helpless and hopeless, enduring the indescribable agony of seeing himself die by inches.

That Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills can cure thoroughly and completely a disease of such severity ought to encourage those whose disorders are not so serious to try this remedy.

The following is Mr. Archibald's letter:

that he had brought for her—dazzled at her swift delight at seeing him once more!

And when once he had calmed her, and she sat to talk with him as in the olden days, he told her that he had come to her for sympathy. "I have lost some money," he said, "and you wouldn't marry me when I was rich, but now I hardly like to ask you, darling, and yet—and yet—"

The delicate face was flushed and quivering with joy, the dainty lips were parted like rosebuds, the little hands played nervously on her knee. "Do ask me, please," a tiny voice said, coaxingly, and he took her into his protecting arms—and kept her there.

And the violets breathed their sweetness over the quiet room, and the fire flames burned slowly, slowly down, and the lovers talked of the new glad life.

"You have deceived me a little," the bride said to her husband in the golden days thereafter, "and you are not poor at all!"

"But I did lose some money—and I am glad of it, for your sake, my sweet," he answered, tenderly.

And she gathered pale Christmas roses for her hair, and gave him one.

MESSRS. T. MILBURN & CO.—"I can assure you that my case was a very severe one, and had it not been for the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I do not believe I would be alive to-day. I do not know, exactly, what was the cause of the disease, but it gradually affected my legs, until I was unable to walk hardly any for five months.

"I was under the care of Dr. Morse, of Melrose, who said I had Locomotor Ataxia, and gave me up as incurable.

"Dr. Solomon, a well-known physician of Boston, told me that nothing could be done for me. Every one who came to visit me thought I never could get better.

"I saw Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised and thought I would try them anyway, as they gave more promise of helping me than anything I knew of.

"If you had seen me when I started taking those wonderful pills—not able to get out of my room, and saw me now, working hard every day, you wouldn't know me.

"I am agent for P. O. Vickey, of Augusta Maine, and have sold 300 subscribers in 80 days and won a fifty dollar prize.

"Nothing else in the world saved me but those pills, and I do not think they have an equal anywhere.

"The seven boxes I took have restored me the full use of my legs and given me strength and energy and better health than I have enjoyed in a long time."

G. O. ARCHIBALD.

Hopewell Cape, N. B.

In addition to the statement by Mr. Archibald, we have the endorsement of two well-known merchants of Hopewell Cape, N. B., viz: Messrs. J. E. Dickson and F. J. Brewster, who certify to the genuineness and accuracy of the facts as given above.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists, or sent by mail, T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

IMPROVEMENT.

Physician—Hallo, Dobbs! You're looking well. It's hard to believe that you were so sick a year ago, when you called me in.

Dobbs—Yes, I'm feeling first rate, thank you. I have gained 125 pounds since then.

Physician—A hundred and twenty-five pounds! Why, where have you put it, man?

Dobbs—Oh, it's at home all right. I got married last September.

SLOW AND SAFE.

You are too leisurely for this office. I advise you to go into some other business.

What kind of business?

Well, you might hunt a job of unloading dynamite.

Arrests of suspected members of the Young Turkey Society continue on an unprecedented scale.

It is reiterated in Berlin that the Anglo-German agreement has secret clauses referring to South Africa which will eventually allot Tiger Bay to Germany.

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 or the same.

N., G. & J. McKECHNIE.