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**THE CHRONICLE.**  
DURHAM, January 11th, 1900

The Canadian contingent is doing good work having succeeded in their first brush with the enemy in driving them from their position and capturing forty, without a casualty. The London Times publishes the following despatch from its correspondent:

Modder River, Jan. 6.—News from Belmont shows that the Queensland and Canadian contingents have been so energetic in that neighborhood that a belt across the border of the Orange Free State has been deserted by the Boers.

This makes it all the more surprising that colonial rebels should have dared to establish a camp within a relatively short distance of General Methuen's army.

Col. Pilcher's troops completely sacked the Boer laager. They destroyed nothing, but removed everything in waggon, including the records of the routed commando, which is almost sufficiently complete to betray the political standing of every adult in a mile wide district.

Reports from Ladysmith show a determined effort of the Boers to force a surrender of General White. Instead of harassing the plan at long range as heretofore, the enemy advanced on the town which they pressed hard and caused much anxiety. After seventeen hours of hard fighting the intelligence was signalled that the Boers were repulsed at all points with great loss. The loss to General White's force is not made public but will likely be considerable. General Buller is still unable to advance to his relief. His army is divided into three divisions, one being at Chieveley, another at Frere, and a third at Estcourt, and as long marches were necessary to concentrate the three divisions, nothing more than an ineffective demonstration could be made in response to General White's heliograph message when hard pressed on Saturday.

**GENERAL WHITE'S REPORT.**  
Jan. 8—2 p. m.—An attack was commenced on my position, but was chiefly against Caesar's camp and Wagon Hill. The enemy was in great strength and pushed the attack with the greatest courage and energy. Some of our entrenchments on Wagon Hill were three times taken by the enemy and retaken by us. The attack continued until 7.30 p. m. One point in our position was occupied by the enemy the whole day, but at dusk in a very heavy rain-storm they were turned out of this position at the point of the bayonet in a most gallant manner by the Devons, led by Col. Park. The troops have had a very trying time and have behaved excellently. They are rested at the service they have rendered the Queen. The enemy were repulsed everywhere with very heavy loss, greatly exceeding that on my side which will be reported as soon as the lists are completed.

**FLESHERTON.**  
At the annual meeting of Center Grey Farmers' Institute held in June last Flesherton was chosen as the place for holding one of the regular meetings of the Institute this month and such took place in the Town Hall, here, on Wednesday afternoon and evening last week the deputation consisting of Major Sheppard, of Queenston, and Mr. John Echlin, of

Carleton Place. In the absence of Pres. Irwin, Mr. J. M. Davis, Vice President, presided throughout. At the afternoon meeting the attendance was not as large as on some former occasions and one is led to wonder why farmers do not take a deeper interest in matters pertaining to the successful handling of the dairy, raising of stock and tilling of the soil. Mr. Echlin spoke on Co-operative Dairying and urged the importance of attending to all the little details so essential to success. Our average curing room is not up to the mark and an improvement must be made in order to properly govern the temperature. The care of stock was touched upon, and the necessity of absolute cleanliness was pointed out if an article is to be produced that will hold a first place on the market. The British market favors cheese not so firm as ours and a little richer. Mr. Richardson, of this place, followed with a short address on Good Roads in which he showed from the amount of money expended and statute labor performed in this county that the best result had not been obtained. Major Sheppard was then introduced and before entering on his subject said he fully agreed with the previous speaker that better roads could be had with the money expended. He pointed out the large amount of excellent material lying on our roads and fields which could be used, but to get the best results for the expenditure should be used under the direction of a practical roadmaker. Coming to his subject—Export Bacon Trade—Major Sheppard stated that the increase in the last seven years has been from seventy-five thousand to seven and a half million. In speaking of the type of hog the speaker went back 500 years to the razor back and then came down to the recent improvements, but the longer and leaner breeds suit the American and British markets best. The poor quality of some of the Canadian bacon keeps down the average price, but the best Canadian product brings from 3% to 5% more than the American. Some would have us believe that the ideal bacon hog should weigh 160 to 200 lbs., but those very men when acting as judges at the Fat Stock Show awarded the prize to hogs weighing 220 lbs. Hogs weighing 160 to 200 lbs. are made into Wiltshire bacon, the sides weighing 47 to 50 lbs. with backbone and shoulder bone out. Cumberland Cut is made from hogs weighing 200 lbs with hams off, and bring the same price. Mr. W. G. Pickell followed and spoke on the hog and his price, and the advantage of home manufacture. Mr. John Bland spoke for a short time on roads and gave his experience in raising hogs. In the evening there was a fair sized audience. Mr. Echlin spoke on creamery in connection with cheese factory work but there was little that was either new or instructive in his address. Major Sheppard spoke interestingly on "Four reasons why we till the Soil," and later in the evening described the Battle of Lunday's Lane in which he took part. "The battle" said the speaker "began a little before dusk and three times during the night both armies had to cease firing from sheer exhaustion and nothing could be heard but the moans of the wounded and dying. When before day the third call to arms was sounded it was found that the Americans had retreated and the battle was won." Rev. Jas. Ward, of this place, gave an interesting half hour's address on "Our Dominion." Music was furnished during the evening by Mr. W. Barnhouse, Mr. T. J. Sheppard and Miss Joy. The National Anthem brought the meeting to a close. Mr. J. I. Graham the energetic Institute Secretary, had on exhibition some very fine varieties of fruit. Mr. Graham is one of the most successful fruit growers in Northern Ontario. He last fall, disposed of a car load of apples alone which netted him \$600.

At the semi-annual business meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society of the Presbyterian Church held last week officers were elected for the current half year as follows:—Pres., Miss Ellie Stewart; Vice Pres., Miss E. M. Herron; Cor. Sec., Mrs. F. Tucker; Rec. Sec., Miss Herron; Treas., Miss Hattie Sullivan.—Committee: Prayermeeting Mrs. Tucker, Mrs. McCalmon, Miss Sullivan, Pres. and Vice Pres.; Social, Mrs. Jos. Blackburn, Miss Blanche Hamilton, Miss Ethel Crossley; Lookout, Messrs J. F. VanDusen, John Madill, Harry Stewart; Sick and Flower, all the officers of the Society.

Rev. Jos. Ward conducted a memorial service in the Methodist Church on Sabbath morning last in memory of the late Dr. Roseborough, of Grand Rapids, Mich. Among the relatives from a distance as well as the deceased's widow were Mr. J. Bannon, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Roseborough, Dundalk, Mrs. A. Neilson, Proton Station, and Mrs. Lefflar, Mich.

Rev. A. J. Darroch, commenced a

series of special services in the Baptist Church last week. The rink in the drill shed under the management of the I. O. F. band opens this week. The thaw on Sunday threatened the ice but Jack Frost came to the rescue and the glassy bed is all o. k. With a good supply of music the boys intend giving lovers of the ringing steel a good time this winter.

The Methodist Sabbath School anniversary on New Year's evening was as usual a success. Rev. W. Buchanan, preached the anniversary sermons to the School on the Sunday previous.

Mr. Bert Armstrong, late principal of the Kimberley school was recently presented by his pupils with an address accompanied by an album and a pair of gauntlets as a token of their appreciation of his labors in their behalf.

Mr. Lcu Karstedt, Mr. and Mrs. Jeckler and Mrs. J. Thaler, of Elmwood, visited over New Year's with Mr. and Mrs. F. Dufoe.

Mr. Harry Stewart returned last week from Tavistock, where he spent the summer butter-making.

Messrs. John and Bert Osborne, and their sister, Miss Allie, of Notawa, are visiting their sister, Mrs. W. J. Bellamy.

Miss Minnie Munshaw is on a month's visit with relatives in Toronto and Brougham.

Dr. E. K. Richardson, of Toronto, spent Sunday with his parents here.

Mr. W. P. Crossley spent Sunday in Toronto visiting his I. O. F. brother, Mr. M. Cairns, who is ill in the hospital.

Mr. Chas. Pedler, a member of the I. O. F. here is dangerously ill in the hospital at Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. Charlie located in that town in October last and was doing well.

Messrs. W and R Bentham are home from New York State visiting their mother on the back line.

Mr. John Stewart is visiting relatives at Guelph.

Mrs. R. N. Henderson and Miss K. Bellamy returned from Brighton and Toronto respectively.

Dr. T. and R. E. Henderson of Toronto, accompanied by the latter's sister-in-law, Miss Mable Tyson, visited their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Blackburn, and other friends here on Monday and Tuesday.

Mr. Carlton Bellamy left last week to spend the winter in Parry Sound.

Rev. L. W. Thom attended the meeting of Orangeville Presbytery at Erin on Tuesday.

At the inaugural meeting of the Artesia Council on Monday, Mr. C. W. Bellamy was appointed assessor and Messrs. R. N. Henderson and Jos. Blackburn, auditors.

**ASK YOUR DOCTOR!**  
Ask your physician this question, "What is the one great remedy for consumption?" He will answer, "Cod-liver oil." Nine out of ten will answer the same way.

Yet when persons have consumption they loathe all fatty foods, yet fat is necessary for their recovery and they cannot take plain cod-liver oil. The plain oil disturbs the stomach and takes away the appetite. The disagreeable fishy odor and taste make it almost unendurable. What is to be done? This question was answered when we first made

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**  
of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. Although that was nearly twenty-five years ago, yet it stands alone today the one great remedy for all affections of the throat and lungs.

The bad taste and odor have been taken away, the oil itself has been partly digested, and the most sensitive stomach objects to it rarely. Not one in ten can take and digest the plain oil. Nine out of ten can take SCOTT'S EMULSION and digest it. That's why it cures so many cases of early consumption. Even in advanced cases it brings comfort and greatly prolongs life.

See and get, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

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See our \$1.50 Men's Legging, also Women's 40c Felt Slippers.

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Everything at bottom Prices. **PEEL,** THE SHOE MAN.  
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Now This Has Been Our Misfortune!

THIS TIME we bought far too many Youth's Suits of Clothes in Size 33 Long Pants, and to get rid of them we cut prices away down. How we do it:

Come early and get the BEST.

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**1900 is Here..**

And Fresh Groceries . . . For the Festive season have just arrived at MacArthur's. Call and test our Canned Goods, and other supplies suitable for the 'Xmas trade.

**We Invite You** To see our display of Gent's Furnishings.

OUR BOOTS AND SHOES ARE ALWAYS TO THE FRONT.

**C. MacARTHUR**

**His Mother-in-law**

"You've come, have you," said my mother-in-law, in a deep voice as she stood on the threshold grimly surveying me with eyes that shone like hard, greenish-blue gooseberries, behind her spectacles. For such modern trifles as eyeglasses were as unsuited to my mother-in-law's fine Roman nose, as a point-lace collar would be to the Venus de Milo. I could feel her glance penetrate to the very marrow of my bones, and yet I contrived to keep a bold, front as I stood facing her.

It was rather a curious complication. My mother-in-law had not the least idea who I was. I had cheerfully intended to take her by surprise; but now that the eventful moment had arrived, my courage, like that of Bob Acres, was oozing out at the ends of my fingers.

My name is Richard Dalton. I was then just twenty-one, with a face that was not absolutely ugly, a sublime audacity, and pockets not particularly well lined, and I had just distinguished myself by running away with a pretty girl from boarding-school.

"But, Dick," she had remonstrated, "we have nothing to live on."

"Don't be a goose, darling," had been my reply. "What do people need to live on? All the wants of this world, more or less, are fictitious. A crust of bread and a glass of water three times a day, and now and then a suit of clothes—we must be poor, indeed, if we can't manage to compass that."

Nettie had looked favorably upon me and acquiesced to my argument. We had taken board at the Angel Hill Hotel, and began our honeymoon royally. At the end of a month mine host had become a little importunate on the subject of his bill, and Nettie's mother had written a letter to her signifying that she wanted nothing whatever to do with us. We had made our own bed, she signified, and now we might lie on it.

"Oh, Dick!" cried Nettie, clasping her hands, "what are we to do?"

"Hanged if I know!" was the rather blank response. "But don't cry darling, I'll go and see her myself."

"You, Dick?"

"I, myself!"

"She'll have nothing to say to you!" "She can't help herself."

"She'll turn you out of doors."

"We'll see about that."

"But, Dick, you don't know—you can't have any idea how terrible she is," sighed Nettie.

"St. George conquered the dragon, my love," I asserted cheerfully, "and I mean to conquer your mother. So pack my valise, there's a darling, and I'll be off before the landlord comes back."

"But, Dick, if he's troublesome what can I say to him?" appealed poor little frightened Nettie.

"Tell him I've gone out of town and shall be back in a few days," said I confidently.

But valiantly as I spoke, my mental sensations by no means corresponded with this bold part. I was beginning dimly to realize what a very unwise step I had taken and also persuaded poor Nettie to take.

And I was secretly making up my mind that if Nettie's mother refused to receive us, I would ship myself off to sea as second mate or third purser, or something of that sort, send my advanced wages to my poor little wife and commence the world over again in this irregular fashion.

But when I walked resolutely up to my mother-in-law's door she greeted me as if I had been expected for the last week.

"You've come, have you," was the salutation.

"Well, yes," I admitted. "I've come."

"What on earth detained you," said she.

In my mind I cast about what to say, and settled on the first convenient excuse that came into my head.

"The train was delayed at Bogletown," said I.

"Well, come in, now that you're here," said she, "and get warm. It's awful cold weather for this time of year, isn't it?"

"Yes," said I, with an assenting nod.

"Let me see," said my mother-in-law, as she took a steaming platter of ham and eggs out of the oven and lifted a shining coffee-pot from the stove. "how old are you?"

"One-and-twenty," said I.

"Do you think," said she, pensively feeling of her chin, "that you are able to take care of the place? There's a great deal to do, you know, on a farm like this. Do you think you're up to the work?"

"Of course I think so," said I, wondering what on earth my mother-in-law meant.

"You are married, I suppose," said she.

"Oh, yes," said I, swallowing the hot coffee and winking my eyes very hard. "I'm married."

"Can your wife make herself generally useful about the place?" sharply demanded the old lady.

"Certainly she can," said I, beginning vaguely to see my way through the mists of perplexity that had heretofore obscured my brain.

"How old is she?" asked Mrs. Martin.

"Eighteen," I answered.

Mrs. Martin frowned.

"What does possess girls to get married nowadays," said she, "before they're left off dolls and patchwork?"

I looked thoughtfully down at the pattern of my plate—a pink Chinaman crossing a carnine bridge with two very red willows drooping at the far end of it, and some impossible streaks of water below—and made no direct answer.

My mother-in-law was doubtlessly laboring under a misapprehension, but I