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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.

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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.

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Legal Directory.

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BARRISTER, Solicitor, etc. Office over Gordon's new Jewellery Store, Lower Town. Any amount of money to loan at 5 per cent. on farm 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.

ERYSIPELAS.

This dangerous Blood Disease always cured by Burdock Blood Bitters.

Most people are aware how serious a disease Erysipelas is. Can't rout it out of the system with ordinary remedies.

Like other dangerous blood diseases, though, B.B.B. can cure it every time.

Read what Rachel Patton, Cape Chin, Bruce Co., Ont., says:

"I wish to state that I used Burdock Blood Bitters for Erysipelas in my face and general run down state of my health. I tried many remedies but all failed to cure. I then tried B.B.B. Two bottles nearly cured me and four bottles completely cured me."

FAVORITE PERFUMES.

A great many well-known men and women have been fond of different scents, as is historically known, but it is hard to say how far their characters fit in with this new idea. For instance, Nero loved the scent of roses, whether distilled or from the freshly-cut flowers; Louis XIV. delighted in the perfume of orange flowers; while Richelieu liked a different scent in each of the rooms; the Empress Josephine soaked her things in musk; and Napoleon is said to have emptied a whole bottle of eau-de-Cologne over his clothes when he was dressed; Victor Hugo rejoiced in wild flowers; Alexandre Dumas loved the flowering myrtle, and Charles Dickens adored white jasmine.

WHAT I FOUND IN THE MINE

HORRIBLE EXPERIENCE OF OLIVER ROBERTS, MINING ENGINEER.

Descended 300 Feet Into an Unused Mine—Fought for His Life With a Vast Swarm of Bats—Hundreds of Rattlesnakes to Contend With—Mr. Roberts Says He Did Not Explore Further.

Last January I received a note which read as follows:—

General Oliver Roberts, 1833, Broadway, San Francisco, California.

Dear Sir,—Will you please call at 10 p.m., Palace Hotel, room 937, on business of importance?

Signed, M— and W—.

I called at the above-named place at the hour appointed, and met two English gentlemen, to whom I introduced myself. After we had exchanged greetings, Mr. M— asked me if I would go for them to Inyo County, California, to examine the Govebold and Napoleon mines, and report as to their value, location, and feasibility as properties upon which to expend capital. I said that I would. Thereupon I set a price upon my services, which was promptly accepted. Without delay, I packed up a camping and mining outfit, and was off, by way of Mojave and through Mojave desert.

The mines mentioned are situated on the east side of the Panamint range of mountains, facing the famous and terrible Death Valley—a country well known to me from years of residence and travel in that portion of the State. I was to meet two men with horses and a wagon at Mojave. They were to accompany me on the trip, and to assist me in every way possible to explore and investigate the mines.

We bought a 300-ft. rope, 3-4 in. in diameter, and secured grub, and a larger camping outfit, all of which we put into the wagon, with a ten and twenty-five gallon water-barral the country before us being almost entirely without springs, creeks, or even rains, and good water therefore almost wholly lacking. We struck out from Mojave, and by the first night made Indian Wells.

The next day brought us to Shepherd's Station, in Shepherd's Canon. On the day that followed we had a long, hot ride across Panamint Valley, and into Wild Rose Canon. That night we arrived at the old cool camp where I had been so many years before. At this place we left the wagon.

PACKED BOTH HORSES.

and started on foot to finish the trip—a distance of twelve miles, over towards Death Valley. When night came again we were at the mines, where we camped until morning. All up to this time had been comparatively easy sailing—fatiguing, certainly, under the blistering sun, but yet not attended by any particular discomforts to one accustomed to the mountains and barren country.

After breakfast that morning I took a look around the locality and surrounding mountains. The men showed me a tunnel which had caved in. It had formerly tapped the shaft of the mine which I was to investigate. The cave had filled it in completely from floor to roof; we therefore climbed the hill, at the top of which was the shaft. Here we found an old windlass of ancient and primitive construction. It had two sticks thrust through holes in each end, the extremities sticking out like four spokes in a wheel. This sort of windlass is much more difficult to control than the type on which a crank is employed. This mechanism we put together, erected over the open mouth of the shaft, and then braced it strongly in position. Finally the rope was made secure and wound on, after which we fastened to the end a cowhide tub, stout and large, and, of course, portable.

While the preparations for my descent into the shaft were being completed, I could hear mysterious noises proceeding from the dark hole. Pebbles and small pieces from the ledge fell in and rattled down, finally to strike on the bottom. I could not imagine a reason why these things should fall in, and asked one of the men what he thought the noises were, or what they indicated. He said he thought they were made by wood rats or kangaroo rats, which were numerous about the place. The other man said that undoubtedly lizards were the cause. Their explanations, however, failed to give me entire satisfaction; I thought of other far more objectionable things which might be inhabiting the old, deserted works.

It was exceedingly hot down there in that desert country. I had started to go down the mine in a silk negligé shirt and stout overalls, but on second thought I put on a heavy brown duck coat, lined with blanket wool. The overalls were made of the same material. I then put on a pair of heavy buckskin gloves, took my pick, got into the raw-hide tub, and TOLD THE MEN TO LOWER AWAY.

Well, they lowered with a vengeance. Instead of letting me down slowly, controlling the windlass by holding to the spokes on each end of the rickety old affair, they employed a brake, which they had rigged up for the purpose. It consisted of a rope wound around the roller. This, however, was not strong enough, or else it was too stiff to bind or tighten. At any rate, it failed to give sufficient friction on the wood—so down, down,

down I went into the apparently bottomless pit.

Finally, my descent was not so swift then the speed began perceptibly to slacken. Soon I stopped altogether, suspended in the shaft. I could just see above me a speck of light. It did not appear larger than my hand. I shouted up for the men to lower more slowly. At the first sound of my voice, however, an enormous flock of bats started suddenly up the shaft—so thick about me that my candle was instantly extinguished. Then came a fight. The situation was well calculated to appal the stoutest.

I shouted again and again for the men to hoist, for I was being overwhelmed and choked by the vast swarm of creatures. But instead, down and down I went. The men evidently could not hear my cries. I held tightly to the rope with one hand and tried to get a match to light the candle, but the bats flew against my face and hands, striking their sharp little claws into my flesh. I was completely covered by the evil-smelling and nauseating creatures. There were thousands of them, which I tried to fight off from me.

BUT NOW CAME THE WORST.

I was shot down until I was entirely through the bat "line" or "belt," and was still descending. Kneeling down in the cow-skin tub, or bucket, I got out a match and relighted the candle. Instantly a dozen or more rattlesnakes set up their fearful and unmistakable sound of warning. I say a dozen, but there must have been hundreds of these deadly reptiles in that old shaft. Years before there had been good mining done, and, therefore, the shaft was timbered up in the lower portion where the rock was loose. Now, on each of the shelf-like cross-timbers I saw one or more of the snakes. They had crawled up, I suppose, trying to get out; but it is a well-known fact to all miners and hunters of the Far West that rattlesnakes climb even the trees, whether necessity for such a course exists or not.

Now, as I went down among this rattling, ghastly, mass, a big fellow struck from his position on a timber, and fastened his fangs in my sleeve. Creeping with horror in every nerve, I caught him quickly by the back of the head, tore him off, and dropped him down the pit. I heard him strike the bottom, and knew that I was not far above it, by the promptness with which the sound came back. Two or three other rattlers had struck in a similar manner, but had fallen short of their mark and gone down. One struck me, or rather my coat, at the small of my back, but the coat was loose, so that the snake failed to penetrate to the skin, and he finally fell off and down to the bottom of the hole.

By this time the sound of rattling had increased a hundred-fold; the falling snakes having aroused countless numbers of their fellows at the bottom of the shaft. The bucket now stopped abruptly. I was suspended there 300 ft. below the surface and about 15 ft. only from the snake-inhabited bottom of the mine. Such rattling no one ever heard before; and the

STENCH OF THE SNAKES

was stifling. Only those who have ever smelt rattlesnakes in a horrid, close, writhing mass can realize what this dreadful odor is. I was sick and faint with it, and the prospect of being lowered helplessly into the very midst of this den of snakes was something awful. I fairly shivered with terror at the mere thought.

I shook the rope in desperation; I shouted and kept shouting, and shaking more and more frantically. I felt as though I were frozen, so cold and horrified had my whole body become. It seemed as if nothing could save me from shooting down that last paltry 15 ft. to a death from which it would be absolutely impossible to escape.

But at last the bucket began to ascend—slowly—slowly. Oh, it was maddening! I felt as if it would reverse and go down at any moment lower than ever. I crouched in its cow-hide depths and struggled with all my power of will to endeavor to make the men hoist faster. The slowness with which the thing went up was enough to make a man go crazy. The ordeal I had already undergone before was now repeated. I was continually being struck at by the snakes left on the timbers. I was hit time after time—so much so, indeed, that my duck coat was wet in many places with the poison of these horrid reptiles. The thing would have been horrible enough God knows, had it happened above ground in the light of day. But down in that awful pit—

One monster, about 31-2 ft. long, finally got into the bucket with me. He must have reached out too far, when striking, and fallen in. I quickly stamped my foot upon him and ground it down and held it there; I put my whole weight upon it, and got him just behind the head, where he could not move to strike. His body writhed about my ankles; his skin slipped on his body, beneath my weight. It was

A SICKENING SENSATION

to feel that awful slippery form under my heel; the chill and the crawling of my nerves never departed for a second. But the bucket still moved upward, slowly, slowly. I now arrived in the belt of the bats again, and such a mess I don't think any man ever got into before. The erratic winged creatures beat about me—it seemed with added fury. They struck me repeatedly in the face, and once more put out the candle. It was hideous, I tell you. Their mouse-like squeaks and the dying rattle of the snake beneath my heel nearly froze me to death. I could not fight such a cloud of foes—it was all I could do to protect myself a little from their flapping wings and blind hurrying against my cold face.

Now, at last, I could see daylight

and could make myself heard. I shouted to the men to hoist quickly. The two miners did their very best, and soon had me up at the top, or within a few feet of it. They now discovered, and I also saw, four large rattlesnakes hanging to the bottom edge of the leather tub. These had struck me, and had got their fangs caught in the raw hide in such a manner that they could not get away.

With the butt-end of my pick I smashed the head of the fellow I had under my foot, and then I was hoisted to the level of the top, where I crawled out of my cow-hide bucket on to the dump. The sun was blazing hot, but I shivered from head to foot, and was so nauseated that I vomited for an hour. For a long time I lay upon the earth in the hot glare of the sun trying to get warm. My flesh was as cold as ice and my face, they told me, as white as a piece of marble.

The men killed three of the rattlers which were hanging to the bottom of the bucket, and I guess the other fellow killed himself, for he broke loose and fell down the shaft again, which was more than the 300 ft. deep which we had calculated. I now learned that the only reason why I had not been lowered entirely down to the bottom, among the deadly and disgusting mass of snakes inhabiting the place, was that the rope had been all paid out, and therefore could not let me down farther. It had held me suspended not more than 10 ft. or 15 ft. from the floor of the place; a distance which I was well able to judge from the many sounds of falling matter—animate and inanimate—I heard while in

THAT DREADFUL POSITION.

Had the rope been 20 ft. longer, what would have become of me I do not now know, for the two men on top would have continued to let me down, and I should have been landed in the thick of a living mass of venomous and enraged serpents, at the number of which I can only guess.

After I had got over my fright and had begun to regain my self-control, and my blood had again begun to flow through my veins, I asked the men why they did not hoist when I shouted up. They answered that they had not heard a sound, and that furthermore it was all they had been able to do to stand at the edge of the shaft when the bats came out. The cloud of the creatures, they told me, was so thick as it poured from the mouth of the hole that it was like, so much smoke. Then the sun had made the bats blind, so that they flew against the men, and battered them as they had done me, and all but made them blind themselves for a time. My assistants, indeed, had been unable to see anything but bats, and could hardly control the windlass, assailed as they were by the winged myriads. They did not dare, at the time, to pull me up again through the mass, but thought it would be best to let me drop below the belt where the creatures lived. They did not, of course, know of the other still more fearful danger.

My adventure put an end to all exploration of that particular mine—by me, at any rate. The rope was pulled off the windlass; the outfit was packed, and my coat thrown away on account of its being covered with the poison of the snakes. The venom looks very much like albumen, but is very thin and watery.

The explanation of the presence of the snakes in the mine is that about the shaft which I descended, until hoisting out the rock and ore became too difficult, when they went down the mountain side and drove in the tunnel which tapped the shaft at the bottom. The tunnel was completed as planned, but the miners found that the ore was too poor or "low-grade,"

to warrant their pursuing the work further. At that time mining facilities were almost wholly lacking, so that rich ore was the only sort worth taking from the earth. The prospectors therefore abandoned the mine, which thereupon became the den of snakes, scorpions, tarantulas, and sundry other denizens of the rock and brush, with which the country swarms. After many years the tunnel caved in, imprisoning the snakes and anything else which had made the pit their home. Doubtless creatures less tenacious than are the rattlers perished, but the snakes fed on the young bats that fell into the shaft, and there the serpents have been breeding and flourishing ever since.

I weigh 250 lbs., and had I lost my nerve and fallen to the bottom of the pit those snakes would have had enough to eat and keep them alive for two years.

The trip down the shaft did not turn my hair grey, but if anything like that ever happens again, I believe it will become as white as snow.

I returned to San Francisco and reported to my English friends that I had made the trip and found—the biggest rattlesnake mine in the country!

HERO OF ELANDSLAAGTE.

Lieut. Meiklejohn, of the Gordons, Struck Over Eight Times.

Possibly, writes former Major Tappin, in the Cape Times, the real hero of Elandslaagte will prove to be Lieut. Meiklejohn, of the Gordon Highlanders.

This young officer, one of the "Dargai Boys," helped the charge in an endeavor to embrace the Boer flank. Supported by a party of Gordons, says that paper, Meiklejohn waved his sword and cried out to his party hastily gathered round him. But the Boer ranks were alert, and poured in a deadly fire on the gallant band. Lieut. Meiklejohn received three bullets through his upper right arm, one through the right forearm, a finger blown away, a bullet through the left thigh, two bullets through the helmet, a "snick" in the neck, and his sword and scabbard were literally shot to pieces. He has by now lost his right arm, but, happily, being left-handed, we may hope for his continuance as the valiant commissioned officer he is.

PUT TO TEST.

Both in the northern and western islands of Scotland the natives have some peculiar customs unfamiliar to the dwellers of the main land. One of these, known as the "marriage test," is practiced in the island of St. Kilda, where the population barely exceeds a hundred. The desire among the islanders to increase this number does not seem to be exceptionally strong, and every man before he is deemed an evolution with no little bodily risk. The St. Kildans are, of course, adept dock climbers, and the aspirant for matrimony is therefore subjected to the test of balancing himself on one leg on a narrow ledge overhanging a precipice, bending his body at the same time in order to hold the foot of his other leg in his hands. If found lacking in courage the maiden withdraws her betrothal, and should the man fall over the ledge it is presumed that, in his case, he will be disqualified.

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.