

Standard Bank of Canada

Head Office, Toronto.
G. P. REID,
Manager.

Capital Authorized . . . \$2,000,000
Paid Up . . . 1,900,000
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. JAMIESON, 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 Gordie's new Jewellery Store, Lower Town.
Any amount of money to loan at 5 per cent. in 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 Insurances effected in the best Stock Companies at lowest rates. Correspondence to Orchardville, P. O., or a call solicited.

The "Chronicle" is the only Large Local Newspaper in Western Ontario.

Leg A Solid Sore.

When it comes to healing up old running sores of long standing there is no remedy equal to Burdock Blood Bitters.

Bathe the sore with the B.B.B.—that relieves the local irritation.

Take the B.B.B. internally—that clears the blood of all impurities on which sores thrive.

Miss D. Melissa Burke, Grindstone, Magdalen Islands, P.Q., says: "It is with pleasure I speak in favor of B.B.B. which cured me of a running sore on my leg. I consulted three doctors and they gave me salve to put on, but it did no good. Finally my leg became a solid running sore. In fact for nearly a month I could not put my foot to the floor. I was advised to use B.B.B. and did so. Three bottles healed my leg entirely so that I have never been troubled with it since."

SOMEWHAT INCONVENIENT.

Jones—I had a good chance to say I told-you-so to Thompson to-day.
Brown—How so?
Why, I strongly advised him against marrying Miss Ernot, but he wouldn't listen to me, and now he repents it himself.
I don't see why. She is a most charming woman.
But she's as deaf as a post.
That isn't any defect with her. She can read your lips so cleverly that you would never suspect she wasn't hearing every word you said.
That's all right at times, but he claims that it is wearing him to skin and bones to have to get up and light the gas every time he has to tell her that the baby is crying.

The Tuft of Hair.

A beautiful woman found dead in the gray morning on the outskirts of the town! Two laborers going to their work in the woods had discovered the body, and in their fright had thrown their axes down and beat a hasty retreat to the village, where, under great excitement, they reported the matter to the authorities. All Brounfield was excited over the terrible news. Never in the history of the town had such a tragedy occurred. The woman was well known in the community as a young widow, whose husband had led a somewhat reckless life, but who had left her well provided for at his death, which occurred after two years of wedded life.

The squire, five constables, the chief inspectors, and perhaps fifty villagers of Brounfield, after they had heard the story of the two laborers, followed them to the spot where the body lay. It was a fitting spot for a murder. The sandy road, arched by meeting trees that shut the sunlight out, led abruptly to a covered bridge, which spanned a bleak and sluggish stream, and just fifty yards from the water, in a clump of bushes by the roadside, the body lay.

Why did the murderer leave it there? was the question we involuntarily asked ourselves, as the white face and staring eyes met our gaze. Why did he not seek to conceal his crime by throwing the body into the river? The woman had been strangled; the print of human fingers was visible on her white throat. The fingers of the right hand were closed tightly, until the blue nails seemed to pierce the bloodless palm. Evidently she had not died without a struggle.

"Look!" cried one of the men, pointing to the closed hand, and we saw for the first time that it held a little tuft of coarse, black hair.

"This may be a clue to the murderer," said the squire. "Mr. Brown, you will hold the inquest. Had we not better remove the body at once to Brounfield?"

Brown assented, and we formed a little funeral procession and bore the dead woman to the town.

The two laborers who had discovered the body were witnesses, but the inquest developed nothing except that the woman was fond of taking long walks in the afternoon, and that on the evening of her death she had been seen leaving her house, by a woman who testified that she saw a man, who wore no coat, join her in the little town park and enter into conversation with her. Here the witness lost sight of them, so thought nothing of the incident. She could not describe the man in his shirt-sleeves, for she was not near enough to distinguish his features. She remembered, however, that he was a tall man and seemed to have a stick or walking cane in his hand.

Who could have committed the crime? Robbery was not the object, for the woman's purse, containing two dollars, was found by her side, or rather in a little satchel which she carried suspended from her neck.

My business kept me in Brounfield a week after this event, but when I left they were no nearer to solving the mystery of the murder than they were when the body was found.

I remember how, a month afterward as I lay on my bed in a distant town thinking it over, the testimony of that woman at the inquest recurred to me and set me thinking.

She had spoken of a man "with his coat off" who had stopped the woman and engaged her in conversation in the park. Had they looked upon this as a clue and followed it up?

Was there a man in that town who habitually went in his shirt-sleeves? A man who had been familiar enough with the woman to address her as this man did?

The more I thought of this the more it appealed to me. I could not ridicule it into silence. It seemed to take in my mind the indefinite shape of a clue to the murder, until at last I felt confident that I could clear up the mystery in which it was shrouded.

I packed my bag and bought a ticket to Brounfield. I had yet some unfinished business there, and so a good excuse for going.

Arrived there, I made inquiries concerning the murder. A reward had been offered for the murderer, but as yet he had not been captured.

My room was in the second story of the little hotel. It was a hot night in July, and although fatigued by my journey, I could not sleep.

It was perhaps near twelve o'clock, when the stillness of death seemed to reign in the house, that I arose and resolved to seek the balcony for a breath of fresh air. As I walked out I saw a man in his shirt-sleeves, bareheaded, sitting at the far end, with his feet on the railing. He gave an involuntary start at my approach.

"Ah," he said, with something like a sigh, "out for a breath of fresh air, eh? It was so plagued hot in the house, I thought I'd try it out here myself."

I do not know that the man's manner would have impressed me if I had not seen him in his shirt-sleeves, but putting this and that together—the way he started at my approach—his nervous, jerky manner of speaking—and then his being in his shirt-sleeves—but pshaw, I wore no coat myself. Who could on such a burning July night?

I do not know whether fate or Providence led me to this man, but I do know that a half hour's conversation with him made me suspect that he knew something about the murder of that poor woman whose body I had seen on that memorable morning by the roadside.

I naturally led the conversation to the murder. He did not seem inclined to talk of it, and soon changed the subject. But I brought him back to it by easy stages, until at last, with a gesture of impatience, he said: "I don't care to talk about it; the authorities are at work on the case, and I expect they'll ferret out the murderer in time."

The best detectives sometimes blunder in their work. I was an amateur in the business; hence my great confidence in my theories. "A tall man," the woman had said. Here was a tall man. A tuft of coarse, black hair clutched in the dead woman's palm. My friend in his shirt-sleeves had just such hair. These were the mental notes I made while I was talking with him there on the balcony.

"Are you a stranger here?" I asked.

"Not exactly," he replied. "I've been in business here a little more than three months. I'm a surveyor."

We parted for the night, and before I retired I decided to dismiss my foolish impression of the man and turn my attention to other matters.

But I could not quite rid my mind of the idea that in some way or another he was connected with that murder.

In the morning, after breakfast, he walked across the street to the post-office in his shirt-sleeves. I saw him a dozen times that day—always in his shirt-sleeves. All that week, whenever I met the man, he was coatless. It seemed to be his habit to go that way.

I was strangely attracted to him, and the more I thought of him the more I felt convinced that he knew something about the murder.

He said he was a surveyor. Perhaps that was the reason he took long walks every afternoon. I had seen him in the park a dozen times, but he seldom wore his coat.

I sought the woman who had testified at the inquest. If she saw that man in the park again, would she be able to recognize him?

She thought she would if she could see him standing in the same position.

I slipped a dollar bill in her hand, enjoined her to secrecy, and obtained her promise to be in the park every evening after that until she met the man.

The next day at twilight I saw a man standing in the park with a coat on his arm. In his hand he held a heavy cane, and appeared to be contemplating some object in the distance.

While he was in this position, the woman, true to her promise, passed hurriedly by, keeping her eyes fixed on him as she went.

I followed her, and when we were well out of hearing, she stopped, and said: "Before God, I think it's the man I saw with Mrs. Huntley. I know him by his shape."

I was wild with excitement. "Do not breathe a word of this to any one," was my caution to the woman as I hurried to the squire's mansion, as he was the magistrate.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed, when I laid the story before him. "That is Captain Carleton, a surveyor, whose character is above reproach. It is true he had paid the dead woman some attention, but—"

I interrupted him with an impatient gesture.

"You are bound to take this woman's testimony," I said, "and place this captain under arrest. It matters not what his character may be. The woman says it is the man!"

The inspector was called in. "Find Captain Carleton," said the squire, "and tell him I wish to see him immediately, on business."

It was, perhaps, a full half hour before the captain put in an appearance, and when he did the magistrate did not know what to say to him.

"Well," he said, with an inquiring look, "what can I do for you?"

The squire said nothing, but looked appealingly at me.

"We should send for the woman," I said.

"What woman?" asked Carleton, excitedly.

"Why, captain," said the squire, in a nervous voice, "there is a woman here who says that she saw you with Mrs. Huntley."

The man started at the name, and a faint pallor overspread his face, which soon changed to an indignant red. He did not wait for the squire to finish the sentence, but, stamping his foot, furiously exclaimed: "It is a lie—a black lie; and I'll strike the man or woman dead who says it."

"Don't commit another murder, captain," I said, placing my hand on a revolver which I always carried. "I accuse you of the crime."

He sprang forward with a fearful imprecation, but drew back at the sight of my weapon, which was leveled at his breast.

By this time the room was crowded with curious villagers, who had overheard the oaths of the caged captain.

He was soon secured and taken to jail. The woman was brought face to

face with him, and he covered before her.

The lock of hair in the dead woman's hand matched his own exactly, and finally a confession was wrung from him. He had loved the woman, but she had repulsed him. He soon found that she loved another, and on the evening of the murder he had met her by accident, and walked with her to the place where her body was subsequently found. In a fit of jealous rage he had choked her to death, though he did not mean to kill her.

The sound of a waggon approaching had frightened him, and he fled, leaving the body where it was found next morning.

The captain paid the penalty of his crime in due course. It was the first detective work I had ever done, and I hope it will be the last. I was not working for the reward, but the squire thought I deserved it, and I was five hundred dollars better off in the bank when the case was concluded, and I left Brounfield.

BOERS' CREUSOT GUNS.

A Fine Battery of Light Artillery—Effectiveness of the Fire of these Admirable Weapons.

In the first few engagements of the present war in South Africa it became apparent that the Boers were wonderfully well provided with field artillery. The guns were handled in an admirable manner, but they were up-to-date guns to begin with. A battery of six 75 millimetre pieces—practically 3 inch guns—has attracted particular attention from the war correspondents. This battery was purchased in 1896, and was constructed at the famous works of Canet & Schneider, at Creusot, France.

The rapidity of the fire of these guns has led observers in the British camps to call them repeating or machine guns. This is obviously a mistake. They are merely "rapid fire" guns. A rapid fire gun is one for which a cartridge, containing powder and projectile has been prepared. The old style of breech loader used shot and shell that were detached from the packages of powder. Hence a good deal of time was required to load a piece. But when fixed ammunition is used a great improvement is affected with heavy ordnance just as with the small arms of the infantry. The description of this Boer battery of 3 inch guns given in certain technical journals two years ago leaves no doubt that they are of

THE RAPID FIRE TYPE.

When the Boers purchased this battery, with its ammunition wagons and suitable ammunition, the negotiations were closed only after a series of trials at Creusot, in the presence of a committee of French artillery officers delegated by the French Government by special request of the Transvaal authorities. According to Black and White, the gun, when mounted in its carriage, fits inside a jacket, or hood, which carries on each side two cylinders, containing strong, spiral springs; it is further supplied with hydraulic buffers, which permit about eleven and a half inches of recoil of the gun from the jacket at the moment of firing, the gun being brought back each time to its firing position by means of the aforementioned strong spiral spring.

The recoil of the carriage is checked

by means of a spade placed half way between the point of the trail and the axle-tree of the carriage, and also by a wheel tire brake, which is put on from the front by means of a handwheel. The spade is connected by a rod, the end of which is attached to spiral springs contained in a cylinder underneath the trail. This particular form of spade and attachment is identical with that employed by the Russian Field Artillery, and is the invention of General Englehardt.

THE ACTION IS SIMPLE.

At the shock of discharge the spade is forced into the ground, and the carriage recoils, at the same time bringing the springs into tension; these, again, are compressed as soon as the recoil is checked, and the carriage is automatically run forward.

The gun is provided with one row of sights, and with the maximum elevation of 20 degrees, the range is said to be eight kilometres, or, roughly, eighty-seven hundred yards. The shells are shrapnel, common and case; the former contain 234 bullets of forty-four to the pound, each nature of projectile weighing 6.5 kilograms, or fourteen and a half pounds. The muzzle velocity is reputed as 500 metres, or 1,836 feet, per second, which seems remarkably high when the weights are taken into consideration, the gun and timber complete only weighing thirty-four hundred-weight. The charge of smokeless powder is 3.00 kilograms, or one pound 12 ounces, and is contained in metal cases separated from the shell. The piece is served by six gunners, two of whom are employed in the service of the ammunition, while one member is detailed to set the time fuses only.

At the trials carried out in October, 1896, with trained personnel, the reports show that a rate of fire from eight to ten rounds per minute was kept up. The battery of six guns carried 144 rounds per gun, or 864 per battery, so that this amount will soon be expended in two or three engagements, if these phenomenal rates of fire are kept.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Corn Chowder.—Fry out a large slice of fat salt pork and slice six potatoes and one small onion. Do the frying in the kettle in which you make your chowder, and when the meat is fried to a crisp take it out, put in the vegetables and just cover with boiling water. Cook till the potatoes are done, then add one can of sweet corn and a quart of rich, sweet milk. Season with a piece of butter the size of an egg, and salt and pepper to taste. Let just come to the boiling point, and serve with crisp crackers.

Hickory-Nut Gingerbread.—One half cup each of molasses, brown sugar and sweet milk; one egg; quarter cup of butter; one teaspoonful each of soda and ginger; half a teaspoonful of salt, and two small cups of flour. Pour the batter into a shallow pan and strew the top with pounded hickory-nut meats mixed with brown sugar.

Walnut Wafers.—Many delicious cakes are made with the addition of nut meats. Among them walnut wafers make a pleasing variety, and something odd. The rule calls for one cup of chopped nuts, three tablespoonfuls of flour, one cup of brown sugar, two beaten eggs and a pinch of salt. Add the nuts last. Drop in small quantities on buttered tins.

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.