

Standard Bank of Canada

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

Capital Authorized \$2,000,000 Paid Up 1,000,000 Reserve Fund 900,000

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 Gordon's new jewelry 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 Insurances effected in the best Stock Companies at lowest rates. Correspondence to Orchardville, P. O., or a call solicited.

FURNITURE UNDERTAKING Prices Out.

A FIRST CLASS HEARSE IN CONNECTION. Embalming & specialty.

JACOB KRESS.

J. SHEWELL Dealer in all kinds of Furniture

Undertaking and Embalming A SPECIALTY DURHAM, - ONT

Farmers, Threshers and Millmen

AT THE BRICK FOUNDRY --WE MAKE--

Furnace Kettles, Power Staw Cutters, Hot Air Furnaces, Shingle Machinery, Band Saws, Emery Machines, hand or power; Cresting, Farmers' Kettles, Columns, Church Seat Ends, Bed Fasteners, Fencing, Pump-Makers' Supplies, School Desks, Fanning Mill Castings, Light Castings and Builders' Supplies, Sole Plates and Points for the different ploughs in use. Casting repairs for Flour and Saw Mills.

--WE REPAIR-- Steam Engines, Horse Powers Separators, Mowers, Reapers. Circular and Cross-Cut Saws Gummed, Filed and Set. I am prepared to fill orders for good shingles

CHARTER SMITH, DURHAM FOUNDRYMAN

The Chronicle is the most widely read newspaper published in the County of Grey.

PALE PEOPLE

Have their blood enriched, their heart strengthened and their cheeks rosy by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Insufficient quantity or poor quality of the blood is one of the evil results that usually follow any derangement of the heart. If the heart becomes weakened in any way it cannot pump the blood to the lungs as it should, there to be purified and impregnated with the life-giving oxygen.



As a result the blood deteriorates. It loses its nourishing, vitalizing, health-giving qualities. The face becomes pale, thin and waxy, the lips are bloodless, the hands and feet cold.

There is weakness, tiredness, shortness of breath and palpitation. When those suffering from thin or watery blood start taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills they are assured of a cure. Every dose acts on the heart itself, causing it to beat strong, steady and regular.

Every dose, too, introduces into the blood those vital elements necessary to make it rich and red.

Soon the pale cheek takes on the rosy hue of health, there is strength instead of weakness, energy and activity take the place of tiredness and lassitude. Miss M. Skillion, 50 Turner Street, Ottawa, Ont., says: "I was greatly troubled with my heart, together with extreme nervousness for many years. These complaints brought about great weakness and feeling of tiredness. My blood was of poor quality, so much so that I became pale and languid. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cured me after all else failed. They built up my system, enriched my blood, strengthened my nerves and restored me to health."

THE PERFECT TEA MONSOON TEA

FROM THE TEA PLANT TO THE TEA CUP IN ITS NATIVE PURITY.

"Monsoon" Tea is packed under the supervision of the Tea growers, and is advertised and sold by them as a sample of the best qualities of Indian and Ceylon Tea. For that reason they see that not only the very fresh leaves go into Monsoon packages, but that they are packed in the most perfect manner.

That is why "Monsoon," the perfect Tea, can be sold at the same price as inferior tea.

It is put up in sealed caddies of 1/2 lb., 1 lb., 2 lbs., and sold in three, four, six, and ten pound packages. If your grocer does not keep it, tell him to write STEEL, HAYTER & CO., 11 and 13 Front St. W., Toronto.

DURHAM MILLS

GRISTING AND CROPPING DONE on shortest notice and satisfaction guaranteed.

FLOUR, OATMEAL and FEED

THE SAWMILL

We are now prepared to do all kinds of custom work. LUMBER, SHINGLES AND LATHS always on hand.

N., G. & J. McKECHNIE.

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may ascertain, free, whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Oldest Agency for securing patents in America. We have a Washington office. Patents taken through Munns & Co. receive special notice in the

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, the largest circulation of any scientific journal, weekly, terms \$3.00 a year; \$6.00 six months. Specimen copies and HAZARD BOOK OF PATENTS sent free. Address MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.

Carpenters' Kidneys.

Carpentering is not an easy trade. The constant reaching up and down, the lifting and stooping over are all severe strains on the kidneys. No wonder a carpenter exclaims, recently, that every time he drove a nail it seemed as though he was piercing his own back. He uses

DOAN'S Kidney Pills

now on the first sign of Backache and is able to follow his trade with comfort and profit.

"I have had kidney and urinary troubles for more than three years with severe pain in the small of my back and in both sides. I could not stoop without great difficulty, and I had severe neuralgic pain in both temples. Seeing the advertisement of Doan's Kidney Pills, I got a box. They have given me quick relief, removing the pain from the back and sides, and banishing the neuralgic pains from my head. The urinary difficulty is now entirely gone. I feel fresh and vigorous in the morning, and am much stronger in every way since taking these pills." CHARLES E. SEEDS, Carpenter and Builder, Trenton, Ont.

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

Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

"You understand nothing. Be silent; you must not presume to pity me. I repeat to you that I will not aid in the carrying out of these directions."

"Yet it must all be done, Miss Neslie; unless it is the blame will fall upon innocent servants. You know Sir Arthur's quiet, cool way; he will ignore all idea of your having failed, and dismiss the whole household."

"Why do you say that?" she asked quickly.

"I know it, Miss Neslie, Sir Arthur is very good, but there is a will of iron under his gentle manner. For my own part, I would submit cheerfully to the dismissal, but I should like to remain that I might—"

"He hesitated."

"That you might take my part, you mean," she said, with a bitter laugh. "Well, I, who thought myself supreme one short hour since, may want a friend. My father would not dismiss you."

"I should like to be the first," he declared. He began to perceive that he might touch her through her generosity, influence her through her kindness, and that she would not consider me," he added; "I would sacrifice myself most cheerfully. But, Miss Neslie—do not be angry with me—is it of any use to begin a course of opposition that you cannot keep up? Sir Arthur is sole master; his will is law. Is it of any use opposing it?"

He saw that she was listening with more attention.

"It seems to me," he continued, "that the more dignified course would be to carry out Sir Arthur's directions. Then there is another thing to be considered. I am quite certain that your sorrow will be gossiped over by every one in the Abbey. If you refuse to recognize these orders in any way, it will be so. If, for example, you leave me to tell Mrs. Spenser what she has to do, she will think that Sir Arthur has ignored you, or that you are too angry to speak. Par- don me if I put matters too plainly; it is only that I may serve you the better."

"So far you are right," said the young girl, sadly. "Oh, Mr. Dorman, what a trouble to fall on me this fair sunny morning. How little I dreamed of it! Is it all a dream? Can it be possible? Nothing around me has changed, yet how changed am I! The sun still shines, the flowers still bloom, even this little white dove is still on my shoulder—yet the whole world is changed to me. How shall I bear the change?"

"Bravely—as the ladies of your race have ever borne trouble," he said. "No, I shall not aid it bravely; even thinking of it makes me a coward. If it were some great trouble that would call all my virtues—hereditary virtues, such as courage and fortitude—into play, well and good; but it is not. There is not a fault or a defect, or a meanness in me but this will not force into a gigantic growth. I can foresee it."

"It may not be so bad, Miss Neslie. May I say one thing more to you?"

"Say what you will," was the indifferent reply.

He looked at her beautiful downcast face.

"A little mouse once," says the fable, "set a lion free; the humblest slave might save his master's life. Let me, without presumption, say that, if by giving my life I could serve you, I would give it. My small talents, my mind, my heart, are at your disposal. I would die for you. Do not, because I am humble—because I am of no account in this great world—despise the offer of my entire devotion. Let me do all I can."

"You are very kind," she said, listlessly.

"Kind!" he repeated; and then he checked himself. It would not do to speak impulsively to Vivien Neslie.

"Look round," he said, "and carry this picture in your mind. Miss Neslie—remember the old sun-dial, the white lilies, the rich red roses, the gladioli crimson and gold, the tame doves, the blue sky—bear the picture in mind, and then remember the words written as it were beneath the picture—I would give even my life to serve you. The gift of foresight is not mine, but I venture to prophesy that the time will come when this morning's picture, and, above all, these words will return to my mind and yours."

"They may do so," she said, indifferently.

"They will, and when they do, Miss Neslie, if ever in some need you want a friend—if ever the strength of a man's arm, the subtlety of his intellect, the devotion of his heart, the sacrifice of his life, can serve you, I offer them to you."

"You are very kind," she declared, listlessly, as with a bow she turned from him and went toward the house.

CHAPTER II.

Lancewood Abbey is one of the show-places of England. Every book of picturesque views contains an engraving of it; artists of eminence without number have sketched it; people travelling within thirty miles of it turn aside to see it.

A grand, picturesque pile, massive in structure, time has colored the stones, and round some of the tallest towers and turrets luxuriant ivy clings. The gardens that surround it are brilliant with many-hued flowers; over the stone balustrades of the terraces passion flowers droop and hang. It is the very best ideal of one of those stately homes of England so famed in story and song.

Vivien Neslie avoided the grand entrance. She went round to one of the side entrances, a small postern door overhung and half hidden by drooping

housekeeper's room, where Mrs. Spenser, of every house and cottage. When she grew older and was able to be more of a companion to him, Sir Arthur resolved upon finding a secretary who would relieve him of some of his correspondence. He was long in pleasing himself. At length he met Gerald Dorman, and found in him the son of an old college friend. There were two brothers, Gerald and Thomas. Sir Arthur went up to London to see them. He found Gerald a quick, intelligent, honorable young man—his brother Thomas was a bookworm. He had no thought or care or interest outside his books; they were everything to him—Gerald used to say he would sit reading while the house was burning around him. Sir Arthur engaged Gerald as his secretary and general assistant.

People said at first that it was a risk to bring a handsome, talented young man like Gerald into a house with a beautiful girl like Vivien. Those who talked in that fashion did not know much of Sir Arthur's daughter. He himself never dreamed of risk. He knew Vivien—he knew her pride, her dignity; he never thought of danger.

The only person who ever said a word to him about it was Sir Harry Lane, an old friend and neighbor. Sir Arthur listened patiently, and then he answered—

"My dear Sir Harry, if my daughter is one quality, one characteristic stronger than another, it is intense pride of race; that alone will keep her from ever doing anything a Neslie should not do. Between ourselves, I wish she had a little less of it."

"Well, you please yourself," said Sir Harry, testily; "but I have seen some very proud girls make very strange marriages."

Sir Arthur, however, was right. To Vivien Neslie the young secretary was her father's paid dependent—nothing more or less.

CHAPTER III.

How the preparations for the home-coming of Sir Arthur Neslie and his bride were ever accomplished was a mystery to Mr. Dorman. Miss Neslie spent the greater part of her time in her favorite garden; she talked little to any one, she gave no orders, she never interfered with any of the arrangements made. Great van-loads of new and beautiful things came from London and Paris—all was activity and disorder at the Abbey; she looked on with supreme indifference, asking no questions, giving no advice.

How the time passed, those days was known only to herself; whatever she suffered, she made no sign, she never by look or word betrayed it. She saw the extensive preparations—great arches of evergreens, with the word "Welcome" in crimson roses; she saw banners and flags flying from the trees in the park; she saw the stir amongst the tenants; the subdued excitement of the household; more than once she heard the servants speak of Lady Neslie's room, but she treated all with supreme indifference.

The young secretary looked at her more than once with wonder; anything that had been better to him than this silence. If she had complained, reproached her fate, broken out into invectives against Sir Arthur, it would have been better than the unbroken silence she maintained.

On the Tuesday that was to bring the travelers home, he felt no slight degree of agitation himself. What would she be like—this new wife whom Sir Arthur called young and beautiful? What difference would her coming make? He felt that amount of uncertainty always produced by the introduction of a new element into one's life.

What Vivien Neslie had suffered during that interval he never knew. No blow so cruel had ever been dreamed of by her—no fate so bitter. She wandered listlessly through the grounds, musing no longer in the sunshine over the great good she was to do; she wandered through the long galleries, the magnificent rooms, never resting, wondering always how matters would end. She felt keenly enough that, let what happen might, she would never again be sole mistress as she had been. It was not possible she should ever again be her father's sole care and his sole love. She would never again be his only source of interest and affection. All the long happy days in which they two had been as one were ended; the loving, happy familiarity would never be again. There would be a stranger present, one whom her father loved and she disliked—a stranger who would always be a barrier between them. Her father would never be to her the father of old; the shadow now lying between them would never give place to love.

"My mother is dead," thought the girl, with a bitter sigh, "and my father will be dead to me."

Gerald Dorman never forgot the day of the baronet's return. It was intensely warm and bright, one of those days in June when the blue sky has no cloud, when no summer wind stirs the trees; even the birds seem to find it too hot for singing, and had retired into the shaded depths of the trees. The warm air was full of sweet odors, the rippling of the fountains made pleasant music—it was a day when nature seems awaiting some unwonted event, and the world seems to stand still in its golden haze.

The day had arrived, the travelers were to be at the Abbey about seven. Still Vivien had spoken no word.

Gerald went to her when the morning was over; he looked at the proud face—it was unnaturally calm, and still.

"I am half frightened, Miss Neslie," he said, "to ask you that carriage should be sent to the station."

"Any you please," she replied shortly. "I have no suggestion to make on the subject, and decline to discuss it."

With that answer he was compelled to be content, but it was to save her that he studied so hard to make all that she pleased, and to carry out Sir Arthur's wishes—it was to save her that he went so carefully and anxiously through the house, trying to find out if everything was as its master would like it.

To be continued.

A favorite Boer sport is to dig a hole in the ground and put a turkey into it. Then they cover the pit with a cloth with a hole in it just big enough to let out the turkey's head. The head of the unfortunate bird is used as a target.

ROYALTY'S DRESS ALLOWANCE.

An enterprising fashion writer tells us that before her marriage, the Duchess of Fife had a very small dress allowance—about \$1,500 a year. Besides yachting and everyday dresses and all the usual costumes required by a girl of the upper classes, royal princesses have also to wear the costly and elaborate dresses which their rank demands at the weddings of near relatives. They are, however, fortunate in having stores of beautiful laces, priceless furs and marvellous jewels, all of which can be used again and again.

On the whole, it may be asserted that a frugal princess may spend as little as \$5,000 a year, on her dress, while her more wealthy and extravagant sister may find her dress bills amount to ten times that sum. Age has nothing to do with the matter, for the Queen of Italy spends far more than does her beautiful young daughter-in-law, the crown princess of

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THE JOB : : DEPARTMENT Is completely stocked with all NEW TYPE, thus affording facilities for turning out First-class work.

W. IRWIN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

The Chronicle Contains

Each week an epitome of the world's news, articles on the household and farm, and serials by the most popular authors.

Its Local News is Complete and market reports accurate

EDGE PROPERTY FOR SALE

IN THE TOWN OF DURHAM. County of Grey, including a valuable Water Power, Brick dwelling, and many eligible building lots, will be sold in one or more lots. Also lot No. 50, Cont. W. G. R. Township of Benlcock, 100 acres, adjoining Town plot Durham. Mortgages taken for part purchase money Oct. 2nd. Apply to JAMES EDGE Edge Hill P.O.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

CURES COUGHS AND COLDS.

Mrs. Alonzo H. Thurber, Freeport, N.S., says: "I had a severe attack of Grippe and a bad cough, with great difficulty in breathing. After taking two bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I was completely cured."

LAXA LIVER PILLS

Work while you sleep without a grip or gripe, curing Sick Headache, Dyspepsia and Constipation, and make you feel better in the morning.

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 of the same.

N., G. & J. McKECHNIE.

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING AT THE CHRONICLE PRINTING HOUSE, BARBARA STREET DURHAM, ONT.

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