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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.

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A general banking business transacted. Drafts issued and collections made on all points. Deposits received and interest allowed at current rates.

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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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Office and Residence a short distance east of Knapp's Hotel, Lambton Street, Lower Town. Office hours from 12 to 2 o'clock.

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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 farm property.

G. LEFROY McCAUL.  
BARRISTER, Solicitor, etc. McInnes Block, Lower Town. Collection and Agency promptly attended to. Searches made at the Registry Office.

## Miscellaneous.

JAMES BROWN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Durham, Ont.

UGH MacKAY, Durham, Land Valuer 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 Valuer, 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.

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Prices Cut.

A FIRST CLASS REPAIRS IN CONNECTION  
Embalming a specialty.

JACOB KRESS.

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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 Straw 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.

Her Mother—Don't you find Jack Wheeler rather rough Priscilla?  
Priscilla—Yes, mamma. And yet he says he shaves every day.

# "SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY."

## Rev. Dr. Talmage Discourses on a Common Evil.

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text:—"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."—Matt vi. 34.

The life of every man, woman, and child, is as closely under the divine care as though such person were the only man, woman, or child. There are no accidents. As there is a law of storms in the natural world, so there is a law of trouble, a law of disaster, a law of misfortune; but the majority of the troubles of life are imaginary, and the most of those anticipated never come. At any rate, there is no cause of complaint against God. See how much he hath done to make thee happy: his sunshine filling the earth with glory, making rainbow for the storm and halo for the mountain, greenness for the moss, saffron for the cloud, and crystal for the billow, and procession of bannered flame through the opening gates of the morning, chaffinches to sing, rivers to glitter, seas to chant, and springs to blossom, and overpowering all other sounds with its song, and overarching all other splendour with its triumph, covering up all other beauty with its garlands, and out-flashing all other thrones with its dominion—deliverance for a lost world through the Great Redeemer.

I discourse this morning of the sin of borrowing trouble.  
First: Such a habit of mind and heart is wrong, because it puts one into a despondency that ill fits him for duty.  
How poorly prepared for religious duty is a man who sits down under the gloom of expected misfortune! If he pray, he says, "I do not think I shall be answered." If he give, he says, "I expect they will steal the money."

You will have nothing but misfortune in the future if you sedulously watch for it. How shall a man catch the right kind of fish if he arranges his line, and hook, and bait to catch lizards and water-serpents? Hunt for bats and hawks, and bats and hawks you will find. Hunt for robin-redbreasts, and you will find robin-redbreasts. One night an eagle and an owl got into fierce battle; the eagle, unused to the night, was no match for an owl, which is most at home in the darkness, and the king of the air fell helpless; but the morning rose, and with it rose the eagle; and the owls, and the night-hawks, and the bats came a second time to the combat; now the eagle, in the sunlight, with a stroke of his talons and a great cry, cleared the air, and his enemies, with torn feathers and splashed with blood, tumbled into the thickets. Ye are the children of light. In the night of despondency you will have no chance against your enemies that flock up from beneath, but, trusting in God and standing in the sunshine of the promises, you shall "renew your youth like the eagle."

Again: The habit of borrowing trouble is wrong, because it has a tendency to make us overlook present blessings.  
To slake man's thirst, the rock is cleft, and cool waters leap into his brimming cup. To feed his hunger, the fields bow down with bending wheat, and the cattle come down with full udders from the clover pastures to give him milk, and the orchards yellow and ripen, casting their juicy fruits into his lap. Alas, that amid such exuberance of blessing, man should growl as though he were a soldier on half rations, or a sailor on short allowance; that a man should stand neck-deep in harvests looking forward to famine; that one should feel the strong pulses of health marching with regular tread through all the avenues of life, and yet tremble at the expected assault of sickness; that a man should sit in his pleasant home, fearful that ruthless want will some day rattle the broken window-sash with tempest, and pour hunger into the bread-tray; that a man fed by Him who owns all the harvests should expect to starve; that one whom God loves and surrounds with benediction, and attends with angelic escort, and hovers over with more than motherly fondness, should be looking for a heritage of tears! Has God been hard with thee, that thou shouldst be foreboding? Has he stinted thy board? Has he covered thee with rags? Has he spread traps for thy feet, and galled thy cup, and rasped thy soul, and wrecked thee with storm, and thundered upon thee with a life full of calamity? It is high time you began to thank God for present blessings. Thank Him for your children, happy, buoyant, and bounding. Praise Him for your home, with its fountain of song and laughter. Adore Him for morning light and evening shadow.

Again: The habit of borrowing trouble is wrong, because the present is sufficiently taxed with trial. God sees that we all need a certain amount

of trouble, and so he apportions it for all the days and years of our life. I never look at my memorandum-book to see what engagements and duties are far ahead. Let every week bear its own burdens.  
Go to-morrow and write on your day book, or on your ledger, or your money-safe. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Do not worry about notes that are far from due. Do not pile up on your counting-desk the financial anxieties of the next twenty years. The God who has taken care of your worldly occupation, guarding your store from the torch of the incendiary and the key of the burglar, or the red arm of the revolution will be faithful to the last.  
So there are persons here in feeble health, and they are worried about the future. They make out very well now, but they are bothering themselves about future pleuritis, and rheumatism, and neuralgia, and fevers. Their eyesight is feeble and they are worried lest they entirely lose it. Their hearing is indistinct, and they are alarmed lest they become entirely deaf. They felt chilly to-day, and are expecting an attack of typhoid. They have been troubled for weeks with some perplexing malady, and dread becoming life-long invalids. Take care of your health now, and trust God for the future. Be not guilty of the blasphemy of asking him to take care of you while you sleep with your windows tight down, or eat chicken-salad at eleven o'clock at night, or sit down on a cake of ice to cool off. Be prudent, and then be confident.

Again: The habit of borrowing misfortune is wrong, because it unfits us for it when it actually does come. We cannot always have smooth sailing. Life's path will often tumble and be devious, and mount a steep, and be thorn-pierced. Judas will kiss our cheek, and then sell us for thirty pieces of silver. Human scorn will try to crucify us between two thieves. We will hear the iron gate of the sepulchre creak and grind as it shuts in our kindred. But we cannot get ready for these things by forebodings. They who sought imaginary woes will come out of death into conflict with the armed disasters of the future. Their ammunition will have been wasted long before they came under the guns of real misfortune.

Finally: The habit of borrowing trouble is wrong, because it is unbelief. God has promised to take care of us. The Bible blooms with assurances. Your hunger will be fed; your sickness will be alleviated; your sorrows will be healed. The summer clouds that seem thunder-charged really carry in their bosom harvests of wheat, and shocks of corn, and vineyards purpling for the wine-press.

"Let Pleasure chant her siren song,  
'Tis not the song for me;  
To weeping it will turn ere long,  
For this is Heaven's decree.  
But there's a song the ransomed sing  
To Jesus their exalted King,  
With joyful heart and tongue,  
Oh, that's the song for me!"

Courage, my brother! The father does not give to his son at school enough money to last him several years, but, as the bills for tuition, and board, and clothing, and books come in, pays them. So God will not give you grace all at once for the future, but will meet all your exigencies as they come. Put everything in God's hand, and leave it there. Large interest money to pay will soon eat up a farm, a store, an estate, and the interest on borrowed troubles will swamp anybody. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

# AN EXCITING ADVENTURE.

## A FIGHT FOR LIFE IN A BUFFALO HERD.

How a Showman Was Killed With Companions a Few Feet Away, But Helpless.

When buffaloes could be found within half a day's ride from almost any ranch in the great plains, and killing half a dozen in a day was no particular feat, the most exciting sport was to dive into a herd with well-trained cattle-roping horses and bring out one or more yearling heifers for the purpose of raising them among the tame cattle on the ranch. It was dangerous sport, for the entire herd would unite with the greatest ferocity to defend the calves.

A cutting-out horse, that was also accustomed to the lasso, was the first essential in an equipment. Strong hair ropes, heavy revolvers and sharp hunting knives were the next things in the sportsman's outfit. As soon as the calf was thrown upon its side hoppers were placed upon its feet to limit its power to run, so that it would fall behind the stampeded herd. Every precaution had to be taken for safety, since a single mistake or tardy action would cost the life of both horse and man.

When all was ready the herd was approached as near as possible through a gulch that led up near the animals or from behind a hill near which they were grazing. A sudden dash was necessary in order to prevent the bulls from getting to the point of attack before the calf was roped. Generally there was at least 100 yards of space to be covered in the run to the herd, the calf must be shot down, and the calf lassoed, tangled, thrown, hopped, and the drag rope tied to its neck, all in time for the horseman to mount their horses and get safely away before the infuriated bulls could respond to the cries of the calf.

When there was no ravine or hill from which the animals could be approached, the hunters could usually approach within easy shooting distance by crawling up after their horses, who were caused to feed toward the herd. The first stamp or snort of a bull was the signal for the hunters to spring upon their horses and make a dash at the selected victims.

### PITCHED FROM HIS HORSE.

Early in the eighties a venture-some buyer for a noted managerie lost his life through a trivial mishap while endeavoring to assist two experienced men in roping calves for his show. A score of bulls, twice as many cows and a dozen or more calves were found far out on the open prairie. It took an hour to come within shooting distance by the slow process of creeping through the grass after the feeding horses. Still the old leader, a ponderous bull, who stood as sentinel and guard upon a little mound around which his flock was feeding, remained immovable as a statue. Nearer and nearer the horses fed until within 50 yards, when a whiff of scent-laden air seemed to strike the bull's nostrils, warning him of impending danger. His head at once began to sway back and forth, he sounded a low, deep bellow of warning and began to paw the sand slowly as he gazed at the three horses.

"Now!" exclaimed one of the hunters. Two Winchesters were leveled, and in a moment two cows fell beside their calves. The three men sprang into their saddles and before the amazed herd could respond to the call of the sentinel bull two lassos cut the air and circled the shoulders of the bellowing calves.

The horse of the showman was trained for such work better than the man. He was at full speed when the calves were thrown upon their sides. The horse planted his front feet in the sand and came to a sudden stop, braced for a pull on the rope that he supposed had been thrown from his saddle. The showman struck the earth 10 feet or more in front of the horse.

### BOLWARK OF CARCASSES.

At the first cry of distress from the calves the whole herd in fury rushed to their assistance. The bulls with lowered heads and eyes like coals of fire came bellowing upon the showman. A cannon could hardly have been heard over their roars. With great pluck he got to his knees and fired both his revolvers at the foremost animal. The bull's legs gave way under him, but his tremendous momentum threw his body forward and knocked the showman senseless several yards away. The horse dodged the lowered heads and leaped outside of the line of their charge.

Meanwhile one of the hunters had hopped his calf, fastened the trailing rope to its neck and got out of the way, but the other found himself surrounded before he could make his lariat into a trailing rope. To escape the charge of one of the animals he sprang aside and found himself separated from both his horse and the calf. The huge brutes massed themselves around the bellowing calf, and, becoming tangled in the rope, drew the horse closer and closer to them. The furious group of beasts

were defeating their own purposes of revenge by crowding together in one another's way. None of them could turn upon the enemy and have the room in which to make a charge. There was an instant of confusion and then one of the bulls made a leap for the horse. A shot from the hunter killed the animal, but not before the bull had struck the imprisoned horse with such force as to knock him over upon his side. He began to scream with pain and fear. His cries immediately attracted the attention of the other bulls, and a dozen bulls sprang upon him, trampling and goring him to death. The man was now in the midst of the grinding herd. Several shots at close quarters made him a temporary bulwark of shaggy bodies, around which the herd roared and surged.

### COMPANION'S RUSE SAVED HIM.

Presently there was heard the shrill scream of a calf 50 yards or more beyond the woolly mass. Its pathetic cries arose above all the bellowing of furious bulls. There was a sudden pause in the surging mass and a silence through which the wails of the calf came with startling distinctness. The bulls raised their heads over one another's backs. The pause was only for a moment. With one fierce, deafening roar, all heads were turned in the direction of the cry for help and the earth seemed to tremble under the terrific charge. The imprisoned hunter sprang upon one of the bodies as the cordon of animals broke away and saw that his companion hunter had saved him by a stratagem that was effective but full of peril. He had caught a yearling and wound it up in his rope so as to make it utter the loudest calls for help. When he had succeeded in drawing the attack upon himself he cut the rope and mounted his horse barely 20 feet in front of the foremost bull. A single misstep of his horse and both would have been trampled and gored to death. With the instinct of a race for life, the horse sped on before the roaring beasts.

The hunter that had just escaped death by this stratagem saw the showman's horse feeding 100 yards away. He sprang from the carcass on which he was standing and called the familiar signal. The trained animal came toward him at full speed. He sprang into the saddle and dashed away after the pursuing herd. He was soon in the midst of the roaring animals, firing his Winchester and revolvers as fast as he could pull the triggers. The herd became terror-stricken and in a panic plowed straight across the plains. The flying horseman in front, being no longer pursued, turned his horse out of the road of the fleeing mass and in a few minutes joined his companion. Together they went to look for the showman. They found him near the buffalo he had killed, crushed to death.

### A BRIGHT BIRD.

He was an English starling, and was owned by a barber. A starling can be taught to speak, and to speak well, too. This one had been taught to answer certain questions; so that a dialogue like this could be carried on:  
"Who are you?"  
"I'm Joe."  
"Where are you from?"  
"From Pimlico."  
"Who is your master?"  
"The barber."  
"What brought you here?"  
"Bad company."

Now, it came to pass one day, that the starling escaped from his cage and flew away to enjoy his liberty. The barber was in despair. Joe was the life of the shop; many a customer came attracted by the fame of the bird, and the barber saw his receipts falling off. Then, too, he loved the bird, which had proved so apt a pupil. But all efforts to find the stray bird were in vain.

Meantime, Joe had been enjoying life on his own account. A few days passed very pleasantly, and then, alas! he fell into the snare of the fowler, literally.

A man lived a few miles from the barber's home who made the snaring of birds his business. Some of the birds he stuffed and sold; others, again, were sold to hotels near by, to be served up in delicate tidbits to fastidious guests. Much to his surprise, Joe found himself one day in the fowler's net, in company with a large number of birds as frightened as himself. The fowler began drawing out the birds, one after another, and wringing their necks. Joe saw that his turn was coming, and something must be done. It was clear that the fowler could not ask questions, so Joe piped out:  
"I'm Joe!"  
"Hey! What's that?" cried the fowler.

"I'm Joe," repeated the bird.  
"You are!" said the astonished fowler. "What brings you here?"  
"Bad company," said Joe, promptly. It is needless to say that Joe's neck was not wrung, and that he was soon restored to his rejoicing master, the barber.

Don't forget that shabby gloves and shoes spoil the handsomest toilet.

### DAINTY CARE OF HEALTH.

Not one business man in a thousand breathes properly. Not one in ten knows how to breathe properly. And yet it is the oxygen in the air that brightens the blood and makes it life-giving. Children run and romp and shout and laugh and cry. They fill their lungs with air and empty them almost to the last inch, maybe 20 times a minute, if the play be violent. They do as nature demands. The busy man rides when he can, walks when he must, and exerts himself as little as possible. Very likely half the air in his lungs remains unchanged for hours maybe for days at a time. He breathes from the top of his lungs only. The blood that is being pumped into his lungs every second meets the languid touch of vitiated air.

What wonder that there is a deadened pulse, a dimmed eye, flabby muscles and signs of premature old age! That man is poisoning himself. He would not permit a horse to be neglected so foolishly. And there is absolutely no excuse for his neglect—not even the poor one of lack of time. No special time is needed—no special apparatus. The man has but to breathe deeply to take the first great step in the right way. Let him do this wherever the air is reasonably pure—on the ferryboat, at the station in the park, on the street, even in an upper room. Empty lungs by breathing as much as possible and then slowly draw in and in until the chest is expanded to its fullest. Do this half a dozen times, morning and night, and, perhaps, once or twice during the day, for a week or ten days, always with the shoulders and head thrown back, and new health and vigor will come to any one. The purer the air the better for these deep inspirations. But no matter what the surroundings, do not let dead air stagnate in the lungs.

Breathe through the nose. Try it for a week, taking chest measurements at the beginning and end of the term. See if every fiber of the body isn't helped by it.

Not every man can be a great walker, but every normal man can be a good walker. There is no better exercise. Even slothly walking is good, but it is easy to drop the sloth part and make the everyday walking one of the best of health-helpers. Every normal man does miles of walking each day, regardless of cars and carriages. Let him make his walking a little more careful, a little more thoughtful. No need to take an extra step unless the delight of it inspires the effort. Walk with head up, chin down, shoulders back, abdominal muscles tensed, and ending each step from a toe-top. "Toe-out" slightly, bend knees without a wabby motion, and avoid pounding the pavement with heels. Carry head and shoulders steady, without any side swaying. If unused to such effort, it will require much thought at first to keep from lapsing into careless ways. After a few trials, the ease, comfort and inspiration of such a walk will encourage persistence. Breathe deeply, slowly and through the nose.

Walk when you can, bearing in mind that, perhaps, "He who rides in a carriage rides toward his grave." Do not sit hunched up at a desk or a table. Hold the upper body as in walking. Bend at the hips, and at the neck, when necessary, but never hump the back and shoulders. Give the lungs room, keep them filled with new air, and do not let the back curve curve either to the right or the left. Sleeping on the right side is best. On the back is the snoring position. Take plenty of sleep; to rest in bed is the best of nerve tonics. Worries are sleep scarers. Easy to say, "Don't worry," but worries come just the same. Eating with sense and moderation just before going to bed tends to sleep-bringing—draws blood to the stomach. Animals eat and sleep. If insomnia is persistent, get up, work

The "Chronicle" is a 12-page Local Newspaper, Western Ontario.

# "I Can Eat What I Like."

Many people suffer terribly with pain in the stomach after every mouthful they eat.

Dyspepsia and indigestion keep them in constant misery. After trying the hundred and one new-fangled remedies without much benefit, why not use the old reliable Burdock Blood Bitters and obtain a perfect and permanent cure?

Here is a case in point:

"I was troubled with indigestion and dyspepsia for three or four years, and tried almost every doctor round here and different dyspepsia remedies, but got little relief. I then started using Burdock Blood Bitters, and when I had finished the second bottle I was almost well, but continued taking it until I had completed the third bottle, when I was perfectly well. Before taking B.B.B. I could scarcely eat anything without having a pain in my stomach. Now I eat whatever I like without causing me the least discomfort." — MRS. THOMAS CLARK, Brussels, Ont.



chest weights, swing arms, walk, get physically tired, and you are sure in time to be sleepy.

### PYRENEAN DWARFS.

Professor Miguel Marazta has reported a curious anthropological discovery in the Valley of Rebas, at the end of the Eastern Pyrenees. He says:—

"There exists in this district a somewhat numerous group of people, who are called Nannas, dwarfs, by the other inhabitants, and, as a matter of fact, are not more than four feet in height. Their bodies are fairly well built, hands and feet small, shoulders and hips broad, making them appear more robust than they really are.

Their features are so peculiar that there is no mistaking them among others. All have red hair; the face is as broad as long, with high cheek bones, strongly developed jaws and flat nose. The eyes are not horizontal, but somewhat oblique like those of Tartars and Chinese. A few struggling, weak hairs are found in place of beard. The skin is pale and flabby. Men and women are so much alike that the sex can only be told from the clothing.

"Though the mouth is large, the lips do not quite cover the large projecting incisors. The Nannas, who are the butt of the other inhabitants, live entirely by themselves in Rebas. They intermarry among themselves, so that their peculiarities continue to be reproduced.

"Entirely without education, and without any chance of improving their condition, they lead the life of pariahs. They know their own names, but rarely remember those of their parents, can hardly tell where they live and have no idea of numbers."

### LOW VALUATION.

He—A penny for your thoughts!  
She—It's a bargain, but I'm afraid you will not get full value for your money.  
He—Well, here's the penny. Now, what were you thinking of?  
She—You.

# 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.