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G. P. REID,
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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.

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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.

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BARRISTER, Solicitor, etc. McIntyre's Block, Lower Town. Collection and Agency promptly attended to. Searches made at the Registry Office.

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JAMES BROWN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Durham Ont.

HUGH MacHAU, 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.

FURNITURE UNDERTAKING

Prices Out.
A FIRST CLASS HEARSE 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.

Khaki neckshields are now worn in sunny weather by the London police force.

NECESSITY OF GRACE.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Tells How the Grace of God Preserves Through Temptations and Sorrows.

A despatch from Washington, says:—Dr. Talmage chose as his text Luke xiv. 34. "Salt is good."
The Bible is a dictionary of the finest similes. It employs, among living creatures, storks and eagles, and doves and unicorns, and sheep, and cattle; among trees, sycamores and terebinths, and pomegranates, and almond, and apples; among jewels, pearls, amethysts, and jacinths, and chrysopteras. Christ uses no stale illustrations.

In my text, which is the peroration of one of His sermons, He picks up a crystal, and holds it before His congregation as an illustration of Divine grace in the heart, when He says, what we all know by experiment: "Salt is good."
I shall try to carry out the Saviour's idea in this text, and in the first place say to you that grace is like salt in its beauty. You need not go far to find the beauty of salt. We live in a land which produces fourteen millions of bushels of it in a year, and you can take the morning rail-train, and in a few hours get to the salt-mines and salt-springs and you have this article, morning, noon and night, on your table. Salt has all the beauty of the snow-flake and water-foam, with durability added. It is beautiful to the naked eye, but under the glass you see the stars, and the diamonds, and the white tree-branches, and the splinters, and the bridges of fire, as the sun glints them. There is more architectural skill in one of these crystals of salt than human ingenuity has ever demonstrated in an Alhambra or St. Peter's. It would take all time, with an infringement upon eternity for an angel of God to tell one-half the glories in salt-crystal. So with the grace of God; it is perfectly beautiful. I have seen it smooth out wrinkles of care from the brow; I have seen it make an aged man feel almost young again; I have seen it lift the stooping shoulders, and put sparkle into the dull eye. Solomon discovered its anatomical qualities when he said, "It is narrow to the bones." It helps to digest the food, and to purify the blood, and to calm the pulses, and quiet the spleen; and instead of putting a man in a philosophical hospital, it is experimented upon by prayer, it keeps him so well that he does not need to be prayed for as an invalid. I am speaking now of a healthy religion—not that morbid religion that sits for three hours on a gravestone—a religion that prospers best in a bad state of the liver! I speak of the religion that Christ preached. I suppose when that religion has conquered the world that disease will be banished; and that a man a hundred years of age will come in from business, and say, "I feel tired. I think it must be time for me to go," and without one physical pang, heaven will have him.

But the chief beauty of grace is in the soul. It takes that which was hard, and cold, and repulsive, and makes it all over again. It pours upon one's nature what David calls "the beauty of holiness." It extirpates everything that is hateful and unclean. If jealousy, and pride, and worldliness, and lust about, they are chained, and have a very small sweep, Jesus throws upon the soul the fragrance of a summer garden, as He comes in, saying: "I am the rose of Sharon;" and He submerges it with the glory of a spring morning as He says: "I am the light."

Ah! you may search all the earth over for anything so beautiful or beautifying as the grace of God. Go all through the deep mine-passages of Wieliczka, and amid the underground kingdoms of salt in Hallstadt, and show me anything so exquisite, so transcendently beautiful as this grace of God fashioned and hung in eternal crystals.

Again, grace is like salt, in the fact that it is a necessity of life. Man and beast perish without salt. Chemists and physicians, all the world over, tell us that salt is a necessity of life. And so with the grace of God; you must have it or die. I know a great many people speak of it as a mere adornment, a sort of shoulder-strap adorning a soldier, or a light, frothing dessert brought in after the greatest part of the banquet of life is over; or a medicine to be taken after calomel and mustard-plasters have failed to do their work; but ordinarily a mere superfluity—a string of bells around a horse's neck while he draws the load, and in no wise helping him to draw it. So far from that, I declare the grace of God to be the first and the last necessity. It is food we must take, or starve into an eternity of famine. It is clothing without which we freeze to the mast of infinite terror. It is the plank, and the only plank, on which we can float shoreward. It is the ladder, and the only ladder, on which we can climb away from eternal burnings. It is a positive necessity for the soul.

You can tell very easily what the effect would be if a person refused to take salt into the body. The energies would fail, the lungs would struggle with the air, fevers would crawl through the brain, the heart would flutter, and the life would be gone. That process of death is going on in many a one because they take not the salt of Divine grace. The soul becomes weaker and weaker, and after a while the pulses of life will stop entirely. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." Salt, a necessity for the life of the body—the grace of God a necessity for the life of the soul.

Again, I remark, that grace is like salt in abundance. God has strewn salt in vast profusion all over the continents. Russia seems built on a salt-cellar. There is one region of that country that turns out ninety thousand tons in a year. England and Russia and Italy have inexhaustible resources in this respect. Norway and Sweden, white with snow above, white with salt beneath. Austria yielding nine hundred thousand tons annually. Nearly all the nations are rich in it—rock-salt, spring-salt, sea-salt. Christ, the Creator of the world, when He uttered our text, knew it would become more and more significant as the shafts were sunk, and the springs were bored, and the pumps were worked, and the crystals were gathered. So the grace of God is abundant. It is for all lands, for all ages. It seems to undergird everything. Pardon for the worst sin, comfort for the sharpest suffering, brightest light for the thickest darkness. Around about the salt lakes of Saratoy there are ten thousand men toiling day and night, and yet they never exhaust the saline treasures. And if the twelve thousand millions of our race should now cry out to God for His mercy, there would be enough for all; for those farthest gone in sin, for the murderer standing on the drop of the gallows. It is an ocean of mercy, and if Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, and all the islands of the sea, went down in it to-day, they would have room enough to wash and to come up clean.

Though your sin may be deep and raging, let me tell you that God's grace is a bridge not built on earthly piers, but suspended and spanning the awful schism of thy guilt, one end resting upon the rock of eternal promises, and the other on the foundations of heaven. Demetrius wore a robe so incrustated with jewels that no one after him ever dared to wear it; but our King, Jesus, takes off the robe of His righteousness, a robe blood-dyed and heaven-impeached, and reaches it out to the worst wretch in all the earth, and says: "Put that on! wear it now! wear it for ever!"

Again, the grace of God is like salt in the way we come at it. The salt on the surface is almost always impure—that which incrusts the Rocky Mountains and the South American pampas, and in India; but the miners go down through the shafts and through the dark labyrinths, and along by galleries of rock, and with torches and pickaxes find their way under the very foundations of the earth, to where the salt lies that makes up the nation's wealth. So with the grace of God. It is to be profoundly sought after. With all the concentrated energies of body, mind, and soul, we must dig for it. No man stumbles accidentally on it. We need to go down to the very lowest strata of earnestness and faith to find it. Superficial exploration will not turn it up. We must strive, and implore, and dig until we strike the spring foaming with living waters.

Then the work of evaporation begins; and as when the saline waters are exposed to the sun the vapours float away, leaving nothing but the pure white salt at the bottom of the tank, so, when the Christian's soul is exposed to the Sun of Righteousness, the vapours of pride and selfishness and worldliness float off, and there is chiefly left beneath, pure, white holiness of heart. Then, as in the case of the salt, the furnace is added. Blazing troubles, stirred by smutted strokes of darkness, quicken the evaporation of worldliness and the crystallization of grace.

But, I remark again, that the grace of God is like the salt in its preservative quality. You know that salt absorbs the moisture of articles of food, and infuses them with brine which preserves them for a long while. Salt is the great anti-putrefactive of the world. But for the grace of God the earth would have become a stale carcass long before this. That grace is the only preservative of laws, and constitutions, and literatures. Just as soon as a government loses this salt of Divine grace, it perishes. The

philosophy of this day, so far as it is antagonistic to this religion, putrefies and stinks. The great want of our schools of learning and our institutions of science, to-day, is not more Leyden jars, and galvanic batteries, and spectroscopes, and philosophical apparatus, but more of that grace that will teach our men of science that the God of the universe is the God of the Bible. We want more of the salt of God's grace in our homes, in our schools, in our colleges, in our social life, in our Christianity. And that which has it will live—that which has it not will die. I proclaim the tendency of everything earthly to putrefaction and death—the religion of Christ is the only preservative.

My subject is one of great congratulation to those who have within their souls this Gospel antiseptic. This salt will preserve them through the temptations and sorrows of life, and through the ages of eternity. I do not mean to say that you will have a smooth time because you are a Christian. On the contrary, if you do your whole duty, I will promise you a very rough time. But I think that God Omnipotent will see you through. I think He will. Why do I talk like an atheist when I ought to say I know He will? "Keep by the power of God through faith unto complete salvation."

Governor Geary, recited to me the scenes through which he had passed in the Civil war. He said that there came one battle upon which everything seemed to pivot. Telegrams from Washington said that the life of the nation depended upon that struggle. He said to me: "I went into that battle, sir, with my son. His mother and I thought everything of him. You know how a father will feel towards his son, who is coming up manly, and brave, and good. Well, the battle opened and concentrated, and it was awful! Horses and riders bent and twisted and piled up together; it was awful, sir! We quit firing and took to the point of the bayonet. Well, sir, I didn't feel like myself that day. I had prayed to God for strength for that particular battle, and I went into it feeling that I had in my right arm the strength of ten giants." arm the strength of ten giants. Well," he said, "the battle was desperate, but after a while we gained a little, and we marched on a little. I turned around to see the troops and shouted, 'Come on, boys!' and I stepped across a dead soldier, and lo! it was my son! I saw at the first glance he was dead, and yet I didn't dare to stop a minute, for the crisis had come in the battle; so I just got down on my knees, and I threw my arms around him, and I gave him one good kiss, and said, 'Good bye, dear; and sprang up and shouted, 'Come on, boys!' So it is in the Christian conflict. It is a fierce fight. Eternal ages seem depending on the strife. Heaven is waiting for the bulletins to announce the tremendous issue. Hail of shot, gash of sabre, fall of battle-axe, groaning on every side. We cannot stop for loss or bereavement, or anything else. With one ardent embrace, and one loving kiss we utter our farewells, and then cry, 'Come on, boys! There are other heights to be captured, there are other crowns to be won.'

Yet, as one of the Lord's surgeons, I must bind up two or three wounds. Just lift them now, whatever they be. I have been told there is nothing like salt to stop the bleeding of a wound, and so I take this salt of Christ's Gospel, and put it on the lacerated soul. It smarts a little at first, but see! the bleeding stops, and lo! the flesh comes again as the flesh of a little child. "Salt is good!"

WANTED IN CANADA.

In Donegal there is a custom of engaging both farm hands and servants for six months at hiring fairs, the girls receiving board and only a low wage because their ignorance hitherto has made them only fit for the roughest work.

It is, however, more astonishing that girls from these poor little homes should know anything at all about service than that they should be, as some of course are, bad servants. Their own homes having mud floors, windows that do not open, no stairs, hardly any kitchen utensils, no range the cooking scarcely extending beyond boiling potatoes and cooking griddle cake, how can they know even the names, still less the uses of the thousand and one things in our houses? How learn to scrub, or sweep, or dust? Yet given a short training, not too late in life, and a good example, there is not a servant the world over to compare with a good Irish servant. She has a heart which is wholly given to her mistress, she never degenerates into a mere machine, and she may be trusted to cling even closer in times of trouble, sickness or poverty than when all goes smoothly.

When you see a young woman making a fuss over a widower's children, it's a sign that if she doesn't soon acquire a right to correct them it won't be her fault.

SOME METALS

Are Worth Considerably More Than Gold, Pound for Pound.
Some people are under the impression that the now fairly familiar whitish metal platinum is one of the few substances more expensive than that fascinating yellow material we spend so great a portion of our lives in hunting.
This, however, is not so, even allowing that, bulk for bulk, platinum is hardly less than twice as heavy as gold. At the standard rate of \$4.50 per troy ounce gold is worth nearly \$235 a pound, platinum only \$100.

If, though, you were the fortunate possessor of a lump of platinum equal in bulk to a pound of gold the silvery-looking lump would be worth not \$100 but \$175 for platinum, if not the dearest, is the heaviest thing on earth.
Three times as costly and practically as heavy is that wonderful metal iridium, known to the users of gold-nibbed pens as furnishing the intensely hard, noncorrodible silvery points. Pure iridium is priced at \$300 per pound and is so heavy relatively that this weight of it would be in bulk rather larger than half the size of a pound of gold.

Yet the so-called "iridium" points of a gold nib are not of pure iridium, but of a natural blend of iridium and another rare metal, osmium. This blend is found in the form of scales—some flattened, some of a pin-head shape—in localities where placer gold is found, placer gold being that sort that is obtained by washing loose dirt and not by crushing. Of these "iridosmine" scales the pin-head type alone are suitable for pen points, and do not exceed a fifth of the entire yearly find, which may average three and a half to four ounces per ton of gold obtained. Of the pin-head scales 10,000 do not weigh more than one ounce, and are worth about \$250. Pure iridium is alloyed with platinum to make the closing faces of breech blocks for modern artillery, this compound being the only thing that will stand the corrosion of the gases and the enormous heat—about 4,000 degrees centigrade. Over 1,000 rounds have been fired from a trial gun without the vent showing the slightest sign of wear.

For pure osmium there is not a great deal of use, except in chemistry, yet the rarity of it drives up the price to \$50 an ounce, \$600 a troy pound. At a temperature of 100 degrees centigrade this singular metal vaporizes and gives off a gas which stains the experimenter's skin a permanent black and which may blind him by depositing a film of the metal on the eyeball.

Rhodium is another of the precious metals belonging to what is known as the "platinum group." It is one of the hardest metals to melt, and will only yield to the electric arc or the oxyhydrogen furnace. It can be used like iridium, for pointing gold pens. Its cost figures out to \$425 a pound, but at that it is a trifle lighter than gold when taken bulk for bulk.

The curiously named metal "palladium" stands at \$375 per pound, and in appearance is of a silver-white to steel-gray. One per cent of it makes gold brittle and yellowish-white, 20 per cent turns the compound quite white. The air has no influence whatever upon palladium, nor does it tarnish in sulphuric gases. For these reasons it is used, in alloy with gold, for the finely graduated scales of valuable astronomical instruments. If, instead of a silver currency, we employed any of these almost incredibly costly metals—supposing we could get enough of them, which would be difficult—our ideas of value would undergo a sudden change.

YOUNG EAGLES.

Eagles are very affectionate and faithful to their little ones as long as they need care, but once the young eaglets are able to take care of themselves the parent bird drives them from the nest, and even from the hunting ground. The young birds are often taken from the nest by hunters, who, with skill and daring, scale the rocky heights during the absence of the parents, which return to find a desolate and empty nest. But it goes hard with the hunter if the keen eyes of the old birds discover him before he has made his safe descent with his booty. Darting at him with terrific fury they try their utmost to throw him from the cliff; and unless he be well armed, and use his weapons with skill and rapidity, his position is one of the utmost peril.

The strength of the eagle is such that it will bear heavy burdens in its talons for miles until it reaches its nest, where the hungry little ones are eagerly waiting the parent's return. Here, standing on the ledge of rock, the eagle tears the food into morsels, which the eaglets eagerly devour. It is a curious fact that near an eagle's nest there is usually a storehouse or larder—some convenient ledge or rock—where the parent birds lay up hoards of provisions. Hunters have found remains of lamb, young pigs, rabbits, partridges and other game heaped up ready for the morning meal.

FRAME GILDERS

Are Compelled to Work in Almost Intolerably Hot Rooms.
Picture-frame gilding is not an enviable occupation when the thermometer stands at 90 degrees in the shade. The men must work in intolerably hot rooms, and any one opening a window would be instantly dismissed, for the slightest breath of wind sends the gold leaf flying in all directions.

"In my gilding room," said the manager of a large picture frame factory the other day, "the work is done in the evening, and often, in the hottest weather, far into the night. But when we have a rush of orders, and the men have to work overtime, the heat becomes almost unbearable. Two of my best men have been down with heat apoplexy this year, and barely pulled round, and few can stand the unhealthy conditions for long. Many deaths result every year from the terrible conditions under which the poor fellows work."

"The work itself is light, and would be pleasant if it was only possible to keep the rooms cool. The gilder holds the leaf on a small board, about three sides of which stiff paper has been fixed. A thin, broad camel's hair brush and a steel knife are used in applying the gold, the knife cutting it to a convenient size and the brush laying it on. A solution of alcohol and water is used to make it stick. Each time the gilder gathers a bit of the gold upon his brush he rubs the camel's hair of the brush along the side of his head. His object is to impart some of the natural electricity of the hair into the hair of the brush, and the gold is more readily picked up. Gold dust, of course, clings to the gilder's hair, but he carefully washes it out every evening."

THE ELOPEMENT WAS OFF.

He had adjusted the rope ladder and stood waiting in breathless silence. Suddenly her face appeared at the window.

"Darling," she murmured, "you will have to go without me."

"What?" he cried hoarsely. "Do you falter at the last moment? Speak, Miriam. What is it that keeps you back?"

The young girl buried her face in her hands.

"I am sorry, John," she moaned, "but pa has just left a note in my desk saying that I may have that new hat after all."

John knew it was all over then, and took away his rope ladder to look for another girl.

ROYAL ALTRUISM.

Here is a little anecdote regarding the bereaved Queen Marguerite of Italy. Her Majesty, whose kindly thoughtfulness is proverbial, became interested in the condition of a poor girl who had, in simple kindness, knitted a pair of stockings, and sent them to her on her birthday. Her Majesty often resorts to ingenious ways of showing her generosity, and on this occasion she sent the little girl a pair of stockings in return for those she had received. One of these stockings was filled with coin and the other with candies. With the gift the kindly Queen sent a letter, written with her own hand, which contained the following words:

"Write and tell me, my child, which

When Travelling

Always take with you a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.



The change of food and water to which those who travel are subject, often produces an attack of diarrhoea, which is as unpleasant and discomforting as it may be dangerous. A bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in your grip is a guarantee of safety. On the first indication of Cramps, Colic, Diarrhoea or Dysentery, a few doses will promptly check the further advance of these distressing cases.

As Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is being widely and shamelessly imitated, your safety lies in seeing that the full name is on every bottle you buy.

The "Chronicle" is the only 16-page Local Newspaper in Western Ontario. You like the better of these two stockings—which one gives you the more pleasure? Next day Queen Marguerite received this disappointing reply: "Dear Madame Queen—About the stockings I have had just sorrow, and nothing more, for my father took the one with the money, and my brother the one with the bon-bons."

OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN.

Quite recently the Bishop of Lagos escorted Mrs. Randle, an African lady, and her two little children, by royal command, to Windsor castle, where Her Majesty received the visitors with the utmost cordiality, and gave presents to the negro children, whom she kissed. The Queen has long taken the warmest interest in this West African family. Many years ago the then King of Dahomey gave a little slave girl, who was of royal blood, but captured in a slave raid, to the late Capt. Forbes, commanding a British cruiser. The Captain brought the child to England and introduced her to the Queen, who became godmother to the little African girl and had her well educated. Ultimately she married a negro merchant in Lagos. She had a daughter, who likewise became the Queen's godchild and was educated at the Queen's expense. It was this daughter, now Mrs. Randle, who visited the Queen with her children.

CARE OF THE MOUTH.

If you put two drops of camphor on your tooth brush it will give your mouth the freshest, cleanest feeling imaginable, and will make your gums rosy and absolutely prevent anything like cold sores or affections of your tongue. The gums, by the way, are barometers of our condition. If they are clear, bright and red we are in good health, while if our blood is thin and wanting in the mysterious red corpuscles that make us healthy the gums will be pale pink, or if we are in a very bad way indeed, and much in need of a course of dialyzed iron, they will be almost white.

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.