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

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The coast line of the Chinese empire exceeds 2,000 miles and the land frontier is 4,400 miles.

THE ALPHA AND OMEGA

The Rev. Dr. Talmage Exhorts the World to Seek Christ, the Rock of Salvation.

A despatch from Washington says:—Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: "I am Alpha and Omega."—Revelation 1: 8.

Alpha is the first letter of the Greek alphabet, and Omega is the last; so that Christ in his text represents himself as the A and the Z.

That is one reason why I like the Bible; its illustrations are so easy to understand. When it represents the Gospel as a hammer, everybody knows it is to knock something to pieces; or as salt, everybody who has put meat in barrels knows it is to keep things from spoiling, or as a salve, that is to cure the old sores of the heart. The Bible illustrations go not on stilts, but in a plain way walk straight into the understanding.

When we learn to call things by their plain names, we will be getting back to the old Bible way of teaching. Anybody who knows the A and the Z understands that the text means that Christ is the Beginning and the End of everything good.

He is the A and the Z of the physical universe. By him were all things made that are made. He made Galilee as well as hushed it. He made the fig-tree as well as blasted it. He made the rock as well as rent it. No wonder he could restore the blind man, for he first made the optic nerve and the retina. No wonder that he could give hearing to the deaf man, for he first set the drum of the ear. No wonder he could cure the withered arm, for he made the bone and strung the muscle. He flung out of nothing the first material out of which the world was formed. He set spinning around the first axle, and drove the first pivot, and hung to the throne the first constellation.

The same hand that put up this universe will pull it down. I think the time will come when the worlds will have done their work, and must be removed, so that a vast desert of suffering, swinging through immensity—the abode of the bad; the other a blooming paradise for all the good. For eternal ages will the two swing around in their orbits of light and darkness. We know not by what process any of the worlds will be taken down, save one; that will go by fire. All the universe will know by fire. All the universe will know by fire who set on fire the one world, and who shattered the others, for Christ, my Lord, will stand amid the roar, and crackle, and thunder, and crash of that final undoing, proclaiming, I am the Omega!

Christ is the A and Z of the Bible. Here is a long lane, overshadowed by fine trees, leading up to a mansion. What is the use of the lane if there were no mansion at the end? There is no use in the Old Testament except as a grand avenue to lead us up to the Gospel Dispensation. All the statements, parables, orations, and miracles of the Old Testament were merely preparatory, and when all was ready, in the time of Christ there pours forth the Oratorio of the Messiah—all nations joining in the Hallelujah chorus.

Moses, in his account of the creation, shows the platform on which Christ was to act. Prophets and apostles took subordinate parts in the tragedy. The first act was a manger and a babe; the last a cross and its victim. The Bethlehem star in the first scenery shifted for the crimson upholstery of a crucifixion. Earth, and heaven, and hell the spectators. Angels applauding in the galleries; devils hissing in the pit.

Christ is the Beginning and the end of the Bible. In Genesis, who was Isaac, bound amid the faggots? Type of Christ, the Alpha. In Revelation, what was the water of life? Christ, the Omega. In Genesis, what was the ladder over Jacob's pillow? Christ, the Alpha. In Revelation, who was the conqueror on the white horse? Christ, the Omega. In Exodus, what was the smitten rock? Christ, the Alpha. In Revelation, who was the Lamb before the throne? Christ, the Omega. Take Christ out of this book, and there are other books I would rather have than the Bible. Take Him out, and man is a failure, and the world a carcass, and eternity a vast horror.

Christ is the A and Z of the Christian ministry. A sermon that has no Christ in it is a dead failure. The minister who devotes his pulpit to anything but Christ is an impostor. Whatever great themes we may discuss, Christ must be the beginning and Christ the end. From His hand we get our commission at first, and to that same hand we at last surrender it. A sermon devoted to metaphysics in a stock of dry corn-stalks after the corn has been ripped out with the husking-peg. A sermon given up to sentimental and flowery speech is as a nosegay flung to a drowning sailor. A sermon devoted to moral essay is a basket of chips to help on the great burning. What the world wants now is to be told of Jesus Christ, who

comes to save men from eternal damnation. Christ the Light, Christ the Sacrifice, Christ the Rock, Christ the Star, Christ the Balm, Christ the Guide. If a minister should live one thousand years, and preach ten sermons each day, those subjects would not be exhausted. Do you find men tempted? Tell them of Christ the shield. Or troubled? Tell them of Christ the Comfort. Or guilty? Tell them of Christ the Pardon. Or dying? Tell them of Christ the Life.

Scores of ministers, yielding to the demands of the age for elegant rhetoric, and soft speech, and flattering apostrophe have surrendered their pulpits to the devil, "horse, foot, and dragon." If these city exquisites won't take the old-fashioned Gospel, then let them go on the downward road where they want to go, and we will give our time to the great masses who want to hear the plain Gospel, and who are dying by the millions because they do not hear it. Be Christ the burden of our talk; Christ the inspiration of our prayers; Christ the theme of our songs; Christ now, and Christ for ever. Oh for more consecration!

Christ is the A and the Z in the world's rescue. When the world broke loose, the only hand swung out to catch it was that of Jesus. Jesus, swift as a roe on the mountains, comes down over the hills. The shining ones stand back as he says, "Lo! I come." Amid the wrathful surges He beats His way out to the dying world; and while, out in the deep waters, with bloody agony He wrestled with it, and it seemed for a little while uncertain whether it would take him down or whether He would lift it up those on the heavenly shore trembled and when at last, in his great strength He lifted it in His right hand and brought it back, there went up a hosanna from all the cloud of witnesses. He began the work, and He shall complete it. Ring all the bells of earth and heaven to-day in honour of Christ the Alpha and Christ the Omega!

Young Folks.

THE BEST WAY.

If I make a face at Billy,
He will make a face at me,
That makes two ugly faces,
And a quarrel, don't you see?
For then I double up my fist
And hit him, and he'll pay
Me back by giving me a kick,
Unless I run away.

But if I smile at Billy,
'Tis sure to make him laugh;
You'd say if you could see him,
'Twas jollier by half
Than kicks and ugly faces,
I tell you all the while,
It's pleasanter for any boy
(Or girl) to laugh and smile.

A BUSY DWARF.

One day when Charles I. of England and his Queen were being entertained at a dinner by the Dukes of Buckingham, a big pie was put upon the table. When the pie was carved their majesties were astonished to see a dwarf step out and bow profoundly. At that time he was 8 years old and was just 18 inches in height. The Duke then and there presented him to the Queen, who kept him as her dwarf. After this he began to grow, till at the age of 30 he was just three feet nine inches tall. But that was as high as he ever grew.

In those days people did not have much to read nor did they have one quarter the amusements that we do to-day. So the dwarf because of his grotesque body and impish ways was considered a great source of entertainment, and people made much of him. After awhile Jeffrey Hudson, that was the little man's name, began to consider himself of great importance in the world. Just for fun he was given the title of Lord Minimus, which means, as you probably know, "the littlest."

One day Jeffrey was sent to France on a mission of importance. He brought back many rich presents from the French Queen to the English Queen, who was her daughter. Besides, Lord Minimus had about \$10,000 which had been given him by people of the French court. At Dunkirk, which is the northernmost city in France, he was attacked by some brigands who took all his jewels and money. From this time he commenced to grow cross and morose. He had many squabbles with his new arch-enemy—a seven-foot porter in the King's service. One day a young gentleman at court by the name of Crofts, teased him till the furious Jeffrey challenged him to a duel. Crofts treated it as a joke, and came armed with nothing else than a squirt. This made the dwarf more furious than ever and the result of it all was that they fought a duel with pistols, both being mounted on horses to make them more even. With the first shot Crofts was killed.

This by no means ended Jeffrey's adventures. He was captured by a Turkish pirate, who sold him into slavery in Barbary. He was soon released, however, and made a Captain in the English army. Afterward he attended the Queen into France when Cromwell seized the throne. He returned to England at the time of the restoration, but unfortunately for him, he was suspected of being mixed up in some political plot, and was thrown into prison, where he died at the end of his 63rd year.

DOG FISH.

In our country ponds and smaller lakes the cat and dog fishes meet upon about the same footing that their namesakes do on shore. The catfish loves to dig around in the mud of a lily bed, and there the dogfish is very likely to be found. The two species fight shy of each other unless the dogfish is much larger than the catfish. In that case the catfish must run for its life, just like the cat out of water.

At the breeding time these natural enemies also come into conflict with each other, for both of them have large families, and each love to feed upon the other's children. In the summer it is no uncommon thing to see a big mother catfish swimming about near the surface of the water and surrounded by hundreds of little black baby "bullheads." At about the same time you will be likely to see a great dogfish swimming in the centre of a school of hundreds of her babies, each one of them looking very much like a tender little sunfish.

If you should toss a stick at either of these families, the mother would give a great flirt of her tail, dive and whirl about, until the water became muddy and rolled. By the time it cleared there would be not a baby fish in sight and the mother fish might be seen swimming alone in another part of the pond. Now, evidently, when the mother fish took the approach of a human enemy for the fish have been taught by cruel experience to consider all humans enemies, she said to her little ones:—

"You are in danger, so when I roll up the water you hide in the

mud and keep as still as a clam until I signal you to come to me." This is proved by the fact that the little fishes always bury themselves in the mud until the mother gathers them together again after they have been frightened. How she does this, is a secret, but if you keep quiet for a few moments after having disturbed her you will suddenly discover her swimming near the top of the water with a frolicsome crowd of her young ones about her. It is said that when the babies are very young and small they take refuge in their mother's mouth. This is also true of certain kinds of snakes.

More than once a hungry looking dogfish has been seen following a school of infant catfish, and evidently waiting for a chance to rush up and get a mouthful of juicy young "bullheads" while the mother was not looking, for the mother cat is a dangerous fish for any other to quarrel with when her family is around her.

When the young of the catfish have reached a length of two inches the mother begins to wean them from following her, teaching them to shift for themselves. But she keeps a close eye on them long after and is ready to come to their rescue in time of danger.

HORRIBLE CHINESE EXPERTS.

Will Transform Human Being Into Monster, Sh. pe.

The Chinese authorities from time to time, by official proclamation, warn the people of the country against child thieves. Monsters are often made of stolen children, and so profitable is the trade that vigilance has to be used to thwart those engaged in it.

To transform a man into a beast would at first seem impossible. It is accomplished, however, by the Chinese, to whom nothing seems to be unknown. The skin is removed in small particles from the entire surface of the body, and to the bleeding parts bits of the hide of living animals, bears and dogs, are usually applied.

The operation requires years for its full accomplishment. After the person has had his skin completely changed and becomes a man-beast or a man-dog, he is made mute to complete the illusion, and also to deprive him of the means of informing the public he is intended to amuse of his long torture.

A Chinese journal, the Hupao, prints a description of one of these human animals exhibited in the Kiangs. His entire body was covered with dog-skin. He stood erect, although sometimes the feet are so mutilated that the beast is forced to walk on all fours, could utter articulate sounds, rise and sit down; in short, make the gestures of any human being.

A mandarin who heard of this monstrosity had him brought to his palace, where his hairy skin and bestial appearance caused quite as much terror as surprise. Upon being asked if he was a man the creature replied with an affirmative nod. He also signified in the same manner that he could write. A pencil was given to him, but he could not use it, his hands were so deformed. Ashes were then placed on the ground in front of him, when the man-dog, leaning over, traced in them five characters indicating his name and country.

Investigation showed that he had been stolen, imprisoned for years and subjected to long tortures. His masters, who was condemned to death, testified during the trial that barely one in five failed to endure the process of skin changing. He practiced it according to a traditional and, doubtless, old formula.

The Chinese have another still more horrible method of monster making. They know how to graft a child on an adult in imitation of natural teratology. The operation is on the same principle as that of skin grafting. The circulatory systems are brought into close contact by means of deep wounds. According to a note of Consul Ginatti, the Chinese are skillful in performing such experiments on animals. They delight in giving chickens the feet of ducks and in putting cocks' combs on the heads of ducks.

Darkness alone, it seems, is sufficient to make a curious specimen of a child, especially if a certain kind of food is given to it, and its vocal cords are made useless. A living Buddha was made in this way and exhibited by the bonzes to their congregations. This child, after years passed in absolute darkness, had become as white as wax. He had been obliged to remain motionless in the posture of Buddha until his muscles had become rigid. No one had ever spoken to him, and he had grown in his cellar as a fungus would have done. Brought out to the light, this mute, blinking, living statue was eagerly worshipped by the credulous.

At Shanghai, shortly after the opening of the port, there was an exhibition a monster whose enormous head, with its long hair and mustache, was that of a person of 30, while the body was as small as that of a child of 2. This marvelous result had been obtained by placing the victim, when a child, in a jar, from which the head alone protruded. This grew abnormally large, while the body remained stationary in its narrow prison house.

The Business Girl and The Home-Bird.

The stay-at-home girl whose parents are numbered among the well-to-do, has far more opportunities of meeting possible suitors and marrying well than the girl whose time is almost entirely taken up in the struggle for self-maintenance. The former has little else to do but attend to her dress, help in the domestic arrangements, and make herself attractive and agreeable; the latter spends all her time in traveling, working hard all day, returning home tired in the evening. Her complexion is not so fresh as her butterfly sister's, her dresses are plainer and quieter; yet, when it comes to the question of marriage, one has only to look round to see which of the two would make the best wife.

"The stay-at-home girl is the girl for me," says the unthanking youth. "She is prettier, more girlish, and more domesticated."

This may be. She would be a pretty little housekeeper, no doubt; keep the place neat and spotless, and cook the daintiest little dinners in the world. But would the average man be content with that? Does he marry because he wants a cook or a kind of superior housekeeper? Let us have a better opinion of him than that. He marries because he wants a wife and a companion, and as long as things are fairly comfortable, he is not particular as to the condition of his home—in fact, he objects to fussiness, and grumbles at having to change his boots or clear up his papers. A pretty wife does not satisfy a man now—adays. He wants to be entertained and amused. To be happy, he must have a smart wife, a lively wife, and a wife with plenty of fun as well as commonsense. For that he has to seek further than the girls who have lived a butterfly existence at home.

"When I marry," said a young man the other day, "it will be a girl who has never been further than the village in which she lives—a sweet, country girl, unhardened by contact with the world!"

"Then you would make the biggest mistake you ever made in your life!" said a practical friend. "You would get tired of her in a month. Take my advice, and when you do marry, choose a wife, whose charm lies in her self-helpfulness and her developed mind. Select a wife for everything but her ignorance, and you will not go far wrong."

And there is a great deal of truth in this. A man takes a fancy to a girl he has seen but three or four times—perhaps on the tennis-court, or at a friend's house. She is pretty and girlish, and well-dressed, and by and by the two become engaged. If he is fortunate, he finds out his mistake before it is too late. Even then he sometimes sacrifices his future happiness by honourably carrying out his contract. The girl he has married is vain, simple, and narrow-minded. She has but few ideas in her head, and those he knows by heart. He cannot imagine how he could possibly have been attracted by such a very uninteresting woman. Yet she is as pretty and as well-dressed as when he first saw her.

Thus the girl who spends the best part of her life in a city office has far better prospects of married happiness. The strain of daily travelling and close work may have stolen the



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bloom from her cheek; she may make hideous failures in her first attempts at cookery; but she has every advantage of keeping a man's affection. She can hold her own with him, for she has had almost as much worldly experience and she knows just how far money will go. Pettiness and spite—woman's greatest pitfalls—no longer sway her. Her life has improved her mind, if not her appearance.

"There is no reasoning with my wife!" said a much worried man to his father-in-law, as he overlooked his housekeeping bills. "She knows exactly what my income is, and yet she is for ever pestering me to buy things I can't afford!"

"You took her from a luxurious home to a poor one!" said the father calmly. "You must remember that and bear with her and teach her the value of money. If you had been a wise young man, you would have chosen a wife who needed no instruction. Romance is nothing but a blind, and scarcely lasts the wedding-clothes out!"

There is no happiness in a home, rich or poor, which is governed by an extravagant wife; and there are few women in the world who can be taught to know the worth of money, except by suffering from the lack of it.

"I used to keep myself entirely on twenty-five shillings a week," said a happy bride, who had given up a Government appointment to become the wife of a struggling young artist. "Now I shall think myself rich indeed to keep house on the same money, and without earning it!"

Had the daughter of a wealthy man left her father's luxurious home for the artist's modest little studio, she would have wept bitter tears over that paltry twenty-five shillings a week. Why, it would be nothing for her to without earning it."

Again, the business-girl has had the corners knocked off her. She doesn't expect to be made much of and fussed after. In fact, she would think this rather boring than otherwise. She would rather be treated with ordinary deference and as a rational being than be called all the most endearing names in the world. Thus, unlike the spoiled home-bird, instead of fretting for the lover's carelessness in the husband she is perfectly content with a steady affection.

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.