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Manager.
Capital Authorized \$2,000,000
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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.
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Any amount of money to loan at 5 per cent. on farm property.

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JAMES BROWN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Durham, Ont.
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JOHN QUEN, 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 Cut.
A FIRST CLASS HEARSE IN CONNECTION
Embalming a specialty.

JACOB KRESS.
Dealer in all kinds of Furniture

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Dealer in all kinds of Furniture
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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--
Engines, Horse Powers, Separators, Mowers, Reapers, Circular and Cross-Cut Saws, Dammed, Filed and Set.
I am prepared to fill orders for shingles.
CHARTER SMITH,
DURHAM FOUNDRYMAN

The Chronicle is the most widely read newspaper published in the County of Grey.
Some persons are capable of making sacrifices, but few are capable of becoming how much the effort has cost them, and it is this concealment that constitutes their value.

FILTHINESS OF THE SPIRIT.

Rev. Dr. Talmage on the Violence of the Unregenerated Heart.

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your iniquities, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh. And I will put my Spirit within you."—Ezekiel xxxvi. 25, 26, 27.

There is a dearth in all denominations. Millions of dollars for ministers' salary; millions of dollars for choir; millions of dollars for church buildings. Where is the return for the investment? You say that one soul saved is worth more than all that money. True enough; but be frank, and confess that, considering the great outlay the religious advantage reaped has been insignificant. What is the matter? I think in trying to adopt the Gospel to the age, men have crippled the Gospel. Starting with the idea that the people will not come to church, if the old-fashioned doctrines of grace are presented, they have not sufficiently insisted upon the first theory of the Gospel, namely the utter and ruin and pollution of the natural heart. The inference in many of our churches is, "Now, you are a very good set of fellows; not as good as you might be and in some respects, indeed—if we must say it—quite wrong; but then we are hoping everything from education, refinement, the influence of the nineteenth century, and a genteel religion; and so we have gone to tinkering the human heart with soft solder, and putting a few patches on the coat of morality, when it is all worn out. We have harped on the theory of development, and hoped that man, who according to the scientists, began as a monkey, will go on improving until, after a while, under each arm will be felt sprouting the feathers of an angel's wing. There is nothing but a little pimple on the soul, which needs a piece of court-plaster.

My friends, depend upon it that is all wrong. It is infamous to try with human quackery to cure the cancer of the soul. The reason that more men are not saved is because we do not show their infinite need, their ruin—the rottenness of the human heart. If I am very sick, and I call in a doctor, I do not want him to begin telling me that there is nothing special the matter with me, and that all that I need is a little panada, or gruel, or catnip tea, when I want the most radical and thorough treatment, or in a week I am a dead man. The Bible is either a truth or a lie. If it be a lie, cast it out and shut up your churches. If it be true, listen to Paul in Ephesians, where he says, "We are by nature children of wrath;" to Jeremiah, who says, "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked;" to Moses, who says, "The imagination of a man's heart is evil from his youth;" to the Psalmist, who says, "They are all gone aside; they are altogether become filthy."

Ah! sin is no half-and-half thing. The human heart is not in a tolerable condition. It is unclean. "From your filthiness will I cleanse you." Sin is not like wine, that gets better by being kept; it gets worse and worse. All the impure thoughts of your life have left their mark on your soul. The text is not too strong when it speaks of the filthiness of the heart. Your soul is vilely, terribly unclean. It is loathsome in the sight of God. I only take the Bible imagery when I say that your heart, unchanged, is a sepulchre, reeking and stenchful with corruption. Sin has cursed you through and through. It is a leprosy. People who had that disease in the older time put bandages over their mouths as they walked in the street, and cried "Unclean!" And if we could realize our moral defilement as we advance, we would cry, "Make room for the leper!" Sin comes into the heart farther and farther, until it takes full possession. It is a black, a horrible, a damning thing. It is not satisfied until it has pushed the soul into an eternal prison-house, and slammed and shut the door, and shoved the bolts, and turned the locks of an everlasting incarceration. A heart under such unclean sorcery, how it must appear to God's all-searching eye! He sees it through and through. Think of the Holy One before whom seraphic purity is sullied—the One in whose quiver are all the thunder-bolts of an omnipotent God—watching a soul unclean, and wilfully unclean.

Again; the text represents the heart as idolatrous. "From all your idols will I cleanse you." From our very nature we must worship something. If we do not worship the God in heaven, we worship something on earth. This man worships pleasure; this one, applause; this one money,

this one his family; That to which a man gives his supreme thought and affection is his idol. How often it falls down, crushing its worshipper! God will have no rivals. Amid fire and darkness, thunder and earthquake, the command went forth, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." If there is anything on earth that you think more of than you do of God, then you are an idolater.

Again; the text represents the heart as stony or insensible. If we had any appreciation of our unclean and idolatrous nature, could we be as unmoved as we are? No; before God's universe we have been indicted. The law has pleaded against us. The cross has pleaded for us. [This might be announced our condemnation or our acquittal. We are insensible. I saw men walking the Louvre Gallery in Paris half-asleep; no flush came to their eyes, no flush to their cheeks, no exclamation to their lips, amid the most thrilling triumphs of painters' pencil and sculptor's chisel. And so, until grace touches our soul, we walk through the great picture-gallery of the Gospel, and the wonders of Christ and the glories of heaven strike no thrill through the heart. Ah! there are people who acknowledge that their heart is hard; they carry it about like a cake of ice in their bosom; and they wish it would melt; they say, "I cannot feel; I want to, but cannot." The text is true. Cold as a stone; hard as a stone; dead as a stone. A company of persons suspected of crime were brought before a judge; only one of them was guilty, but how to find out which one was the question. The judge put his ear against the heart of each one and listened; when he came to the guilty one, he heard, in every thump of his heart, the acknowledgment of the crime. And so, although all may seem fair in our case, if we could listen at the door of our own hearts, every pulsation would confess, Guilty! Guilty!

But I will not leave you here. I have told you of the disease. Hear now of the healing process that God proposes for every one of you: "I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh."

Ah! it is no insignificant process. This change of heart. It is a change from black to white, from down to up, from the highway to hell to the highway to heaven—the whole nature made over again.

Scene the first; Paul, the persecutor. He says, "Kill that man; he loves Christ. Whip that woman; she believes in Jesus. Open the prison doors, and get ready the sharp knives, and we will put an end to Christ's religion. Bring up my horses—fetch up a troop of horses, and let us dash down to Damascus and exterminate this religion, Mount and away!" I hear the quick clatter of the swift hoofs as they dash off.

Scene the second; Paul's back bared to the scourge, and the blood running. For whom? For Jesus. Paul on the floor of the Mamertine prison, his feet fast, and the cold shivering through his agonized body. For whom? For Jesus. Paul standing before the rulers, making a speech that would have thrilled another audience into tumults of approval, yet interrupted, scoffed at, coughed down, charged with being crazy, and sentenced to die. For whom? For Jesus.

There are men who once rejected the Bible, cared not for God, talked against high heaven, and now all their hopes are hung on one strong nail—the nail of the cross. One of them is to them more glorious than any other—the form of the Son of God. "I take him," they cry, "through joy and sorrow, through fire and flood, for time and for eternity. None but Jesus! none but Jesus!" They have a new heart—new in its sentiments, new in its hopes, new in its affections, new in its ambitions.

"Well, you say, 'how queer a man must feel to turn around like that.' The change is wonderful. If now, you hate somebody with a perfect hatred, one of your first desires would be, after such a change, to go and shake hands with him. If, now, your chief aim is to gain dollars, then you would be more anxious for a fortune in the skies. Now you shudder at the thought of eternity; then the word would chime like wedding-bells in your soul.

Water has sometimes worn away the rocks; but if that stone of a heart were placed under the water that drops from the eternal fountain, the hardness would not wear away. God says in the text, "I will put my

spirit within you." God's holy, gracious, quickening, arousing, rekindling, omnipotent Spirit only can do it. That Spirit comes to every one of your hearts at some time. There a man says, "Oh for something better!" That is a stroke of God's Spirit. Here a man says, "I wish I could be like my old father and mother before they died." That was a stroke of God's Spirit. Here is a man who says, "I wish I could get over these perplexities of the future world." That is a stroke of God's Spirit. Yonder is a man who looks all unconcerned, but he trembles. He knows that eternity is all around him, and that one step may plunge him beyond all rescue. Oh eternity! eternity! eternity! How many here feel that they are not ready for it! They know that they are keeping their old nature, and that except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God. Oh that God's Spirit would strike harder to-night and that each one of these citadels might be captured! Forward, ye troops of light. Wheel round the thundering field-pieces of God's law. Charge! charge! Up! on the parapets with the standards of Emmanuel! Surrender, oh immortal man! Surrender, oh immortal woman! You want a new heart. Why not get it right away? Have you not postponed it long enough? I would with both hands lay hold and rattle the gates of your soul. For this work you and I must answer when the earth is burning, and God is coming, and the trumpet is sounding, and the song of the righteous shall rise into a perpetual anthem, and the wail of the wicked drop into the groan of unending pain.

Oh man and woman of many broken resolutions, when you were on the sea in that storm you vowed; when you had that great sickness you vowed; when that last child was born you vowed; when you were bending over the grave of some loved one you vowed; when, in some great revival, there was a stamped for heaven, you vowed. These vows have been broken. Here you are, getting older. You have marched many a mile on toward the end of your earthly journey, and the opening of your eternal destiny. No pardon, no peace, no prospect of heaven. O Lord God, lay hold of that man! If this be his last chance, tell him so. Let him not plunge off where there are no soundings. I have no sympathy with that cowardice that dare not speak of future punishment without apology, and that thinks the word "hell" too vulgar to be used in polite assemblies.

The storm is coming; the cloud that was only a speck of darkness on the sky has become a squadron of black sails, and the port-holes of the thunder are opening for the cannonade in which all those who reject God shall go down. Canst thou contend with him whose arm upholds the universe, and whose voice shall announce the doom of all the dead? I tremble to offend him. Rather would I have all heaven and hell arrayed against me than to stand one moment in the darkness of his frown. Tremble, oh unforgiven soul, tremble before him. The God in whose hands is thy breath is angry with thee. Wilt thou defy him any longer? Who will bail thee out of the prison-house of despair? Who will help thee ashore from an eternal shipwreck? I take the words of the prophet and cry out, "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" The gate of refuge is open—it is wide open. The Spirit of God, with flying feet, will bear thee within if thou wilt. Let not the bells of eternity toll the death-knell of thy soul. Escape for thy life, lest thou be consumed.

PHOSPHORESCENT BACTERIA.
M. Raphael Dubois, in a paper read before the Academie des Sciences, describes a series of experiments in which he obtains a luminous source of considerable intensity by the use of certain microbes of photobacteria, which have the power of emitting light. These are allowed to propagate in a liquid bouillon of special composition. When the experiment is made with good microbe cultures to start with, and at the proper temperature, the development is rapid, and the liquid soon contains the microbes in sufficient quantity to give the luminous effect. A glass vessel is used to contain the liquid, preferably with plain sides, and it is possible in this way to light a room strongly enough to distinguish the features of a person placed at several yards distance, and newspaper type may be read. The light has scarcely any calorific effect, and the properties of its chemical rays seem to be also feeble, as it requires several hours' exposure with an instantaneous plate to obtain a good image; on the other hand the rays seem to possess considerable penetrating power, as impressions may be made upon the plate even though screens of wood or cardboard are interposed. A sheet of aluminum is, however, not traversed by the rays. If well prepared, the phosphorescent solution will keep for a long time without deteriorating; the experimenter has kept some samples in a basement at a low temperature for more than six months. He expects to be able to increase the luminous effect and thinks that a practical outcome may result from these experiments.

HOUSEHOLD.

CARE OF BROOMS.
In buying a broom choose one with greenish brush. See that the broom head does not shake on the handle; if it does reject it; for the handle having been green when the broom was made, in sweeping the brush will keep falling out. Next, open the broom below the sewing, and see if there are any stalks. It should be clear brush; for as the stalk of broom corn is brittle, if there are any below the twine they will be continually breaking off.

Take a large ring, such as one used in the back of a picture frame, costing about one cent, and screw it to the end of the broom handle; then drive a lath or shingle nail, or what is better, a small hook, where you wish to hang your broom. If brooms are wet in boiling suds once a week, they will become very tough, will not cut the carpet, last much longer and always sweep like a new broom. Do not keep a broom before the fire, the brush is liable to break, being so dry. The dampening lengthens out its days of usefulness. Do not store brooms where there are rats and mice; they like the corn. A broom that is all out of shape may be restored by soaking, then pressing into shape.

EGGS FOR GARNISHING.
To poach eggs hard for garnishing add a teaspoonful of salt, and a tablespoonful of vinegar, to a small sauceron of boiling water, and drop the eggs in one at a time, at the point of greatest ebullition. Because of the increased temperature, as well as the motion of the water, the white will wrap itself in a ball shape about the yolk. Eggs cooked in this manner are indigestible, because of the horny condition of the white, but they make a slightly decoration.

CAKE MAKING.
To be able to make a cake which shall be fine and smooth in texture, shapely in form and pleasant to the taste is an art not to be despised. There is a knack about it not easily acquired, and yet it is generally supposed that anybody can make cake.

There are cakes and cakes. Some appear to be all right but are woefully unsatisfactory after manipulation, so it is wise to choose a recipe with discrimination and then follow it with unwavering devotion to the desired haven. While there is usually but one process or method of mixing the ingredients for loaf and layer cakes, there is a difference in the baking, for the best batter can be spoiled in a refractory oven. The heat must be just right in order that the highest success shall crown the cook's efforts. For loaf cake the oven should not be quite as hot as for layer cake; still it should be rather brisk at first, gradually lessening, keeping at as even a temperature as possible. Care should be shown in the time used that they are the right shape, well greased, papered in some instances. Lard is much better to use than butter, does not burn so easily.

Whitebread and butter and crackers are very good in their place; there are times and seasons for all things, and however much we may rise above the sweet tooth of our childhood, most of us must confess to an occasional hankering after the ambrosial loaf. Then the kitchen divinity should depend upon her tried and true formulas and not pin her faith to any unknown and untried flights of fancy wherein eggs and sugar and butter and flour and flavorings wage perpetual warfare. The most misleading ingredient in many recipes is the butter. Enough is enough, and a little too much results in heavy, soggy cake. Then the baking powder if used indiscriminately makes the texture coarse and honeycombed instead of satiny and smooth. One tires of such butter cakes all the time and there are many of the simple cakes that are perfectly satisfactory when well made and eaten fresh. Stale cake is not good and judgment must be exercised that too much shall not be on hand at once.

HOW TO WASH CHAMOIS.
An excellent way of washing chamois leathers is as follows: Rub them well all over, while dry, with good yellow soap; have ready a lukewarm lather in a suitable pot, put the leathers into the same, pressing them down so that they may all come into contact with the water; cover the utensil, and stand it on the side of the kitchen stove, where the contents may remain at about the same temperature; the water should on no account be allowed to become cold or very hot, otherwise the leather will be either hard or slimy. After four or five hours' soaking shake them about in the water till they are clean; repeat this last operation in a fresh soap lather, with very little soda; rinse them in plain lukewarm water,



HOUSEHOLD.

CARE OF BROOMS.

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PHOSPHORESCENT BACTERIA.

HOW TO WASH CHAMOIS.

SOOTHES THE IRRITATED BOWELS, SETTLES THE STOMACH, GIVES PROMPT RELIEF FROM PAIN, PREVENTS COLIC, AND CURES DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA, CRAMPS, COLIC, SUMMER COMPLAINT, CHOLERA INFANTUM, NURSING SORE MOUTH OF INFANTS AND ALL BOWEL COMPLAINTS OF YOUNG AND OLD MORE SAFELY AND SPEEDILY THAN ANY OTHER REMEDY.

17 YEARS IN USE.

Mr. John L. Carter, of Bridgetown, N.S., in the following letter, tells how it saved his life: "I had suffered with dysentery for four weeks and could get nothing to cure me, I then tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and I feel that it saved my life. It restored me to health when everything else failed. I consider it a wonderful remedy that should have a place in every home."

Mrs. Middleton Wray writes from Schomberg, Ont., as follows: "Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the best remedy I know of for Summer Complaint and Bowel Diseases of children. I have used it in our family for the past seventeen years and never had occasion to call in the doctor for these troubles, as the Fowler's Extract always worked like a charm."

Always ask for Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and refuse substitutes or imitations.

MILLIONS REMAIN UNSEEN.
It is startling when one considers how many stars yet remain to be catalogued, which are rendered visible by the photographic telescope now in use. One of the plates taken at Cambridge, with the Bruce photographic telescope, shows about 400,000 stars, or, excluding those near the edges, it shows about 250,000 in a region five degrees square. One thousand six hundred plates would cover the entire sky, and at this rate would contain 400,000,000 stars. As, however, the stars are much less numerous in other parts of the sky the actual number within our present reach possibly does not exceed 100,000,000. How many millions are there beyond the present reach of our existing telescopes and the appliances of photography?
In 1886 a conference of astronomers was held in Paris, which led to the attempt to obtain photographs of the entire sky. Seventeen observatories agreed to take part in this work, each having a particular portion of the sky assigned to it. Photographic telescopes of the usual form and having an aperture of 13 inches were prescribed for this work, each photograph covering a region only two degrees square. So far a small portion only of these photographs has been taken.
and Duke Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin has been fixed for January 17th next.

wring them very lightly, and spread them between coarse clean kitchen cloths. Beat or shake out all the moisture by holding the leathers at one end.

CHOCOLATE DATES.
Chocolate dates are one of the best of the home-made sweets when made of first-class materials, and in making candy, even more than in other cooking, this is essential. Take one pound of dates, wipe them off with a damp cloth, slit them lengthwise just enough to extract the kernel without bruising the fruit. Then prepare the chocolate. One-quarter of a pound will be sufficient, add an equal weight of powdered sugar, two spoonfuls of boiling water, and mix over the fire in a small earthenware or porcelain-lined sauceron until quite smooth, but do not allow it to boil. Just before removing the sauceron from the fire have ready another panful of boiling water, and into this set the small sauceron just to keep the chocolate fluid until the dates are filled. Take up with a spoon a little of the chocolate mixture, press open the date and pour in the chocolate; then press the sides of the date together, allowing the chocolate to show just a brown ridge in the middle of the date; when all are finished place the dates on a plate to harden. They should not be packed until the following day.

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.