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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.
Durham Agency.
A general banking business transacted. Drafts issued and collections made on all points. Deposits received and interest allowed at current rates.
SAVINGS BANK.
Allowed on Savings Bank deposits of \$1 and upwards. Prompt attention and every facility afforded customers living at a distance.
J. KELLY, Agent.
Medical Directory.
DR. JAMIESON, Durham.
Office and Residence a short distance east of Knapp's Hotel, Lambton Street, Lower Town. Office hours from 12 to 2 o'clock.
DENTIST.
DR. T. G. HOLT, L. D. S.
Office—First door east of the Durham Pharmacy, Calder's Block.
Residence—First door west of the Post Office, Durham.
Legal Directory.
J. P. TELFORD.
BARRISTER, Solicitor, etc. Offices over Gordon's, Jewellery store, Lower Town.
G. LEFROY McCAUL.
BARRISTER, Solicitor, etc. McIntyre Block, Lower Town. Collection and assignment of accounts. Searches made on the Registry Office.
Miscellaneous.
AMES BROWN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Durham Ont.
HUGH MacKAY, Durham, Land Valuator and Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey. Sales promptly attended to and notes cashed.
AMES CARSON, Durham, Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey and Valuator, Bailiff of the 2nd Division Court and all other matters promptly attended to—highest references furnished on demand.
QUEEN, ORCHARDVILLE, has had his old business, and is preparing a large amount of money on real mortgages paid off on the Fire and Life Insurance Co. Correspondence or a call solicited.
FURNITURE UNDERTAKING
Prices Out.
FIRST CLASS HEARSE IN CONNECTION
Embalmng a specialty.
JACOB KRESS.
SHEWELL
Furniture
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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. Castings for Flour and Saw Mills.
WE REPAIR--
Engines, Horse Powers, Saws, Resawes, and Cross-Cut Saws filed and set.
Prepared to fill orders for
WALTER SMITH,
FOUNDRYMAN
The "Chronicle" is the most wide newspaper published in the County of Grey.
NOT HEADQUARTERS.
"What did her father say?"
"He said he couldn't understand why she came to him—all his property was in the wife's name."

Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"Have you been scolding Daisy again, Septima?" he asked, angrily, taking the panting little damsel from the floor and seating her upon his knee, and drawing her curly head down to his rough-clad shoulder, and holding it there with his toil hardened hand. "What have you been saying to my little Daisy that I find her in tears?"

"I was telling her if she did not mend her willful ways she might turn out like her mother—"

"Hush!" exclaimed John Brooks, excitedly. "I shouldn't have thought would have dared say that. What does Daisy know of such things?" he muttered, indignantly. "Don't let your senses run away with you, Septima."

"Don't let your senses run away with you, John Brooks. Haven't you the sense to know that Daisy is getting too big for you to take on your knee and pet in that fashion? I am really ashamed of you. Daisy is almost a woman!" snapped Septima, scornfully—"quite sixteen."

John Brooks looked at his sister in amazement, holding little Daisy off and gazing into the sweet little blooming face, and stroking the long fluffly golden curls as he replied:

"Ah, no, Septima; Daisy is only a child. Why, it seems as though it were but yesterday I used to take her with me through the cotton-fields, and laugh to see her stretch her chubby hands up, crying for the bursting blossoms, growing high above her curly golden head. Pshaw! Septima, Daisy is only a merry, frolicsome, romantic child yet."

Daisy nestled her tall-tale face closer on his broad shoulder to hide the swift blushes that crept up to cheek and brow.

"Look up, pet," he said, coaxingly, "I have news for you."

"What—what is it?" gasped Daisy, wondering if he could possibly have heard of her romantic marriage with Rex, turning white to the very lips, her blue eyes darkening with suspense.

"Come, come, now," laughed John, good-humoredly, "don't get excited, pet, it will take me just as long to tell it anyhow; it is something that will please you immensely."

He drew from his breast pocket as he spoke a thick, yellow envelope, which contained several printed forms with blank spaces which were to be filled up. There was something in his voice which made Daisy look at him, but her eyes fell and her cheeks flushed hotly as she met his glance.

Daisy was not used to keeping a secret locked up in her truthful little heart. She longed to throw her arms around his neck and whisper to him of her mad, romantic marriage, and of the handsome young husband who loved her so fondly.

Daisy knew so little of real life, and less of love and marriage, up to the time she had met Rex! Her heroes had been imaginary ones, her ideas of love only girlish, romantic fancies. It was all very exciting and charming. She was very fond of handsome Rex, but she had yet to learn the depths of love which, sooner or later, brightens the lives of lovable women.

Daisy looked at the envelope with a wistful glance.

"I am going to make a lady of you, my little sunbeam. I am going to send you off to boarding-school. That's what you have always wanted; now I am going to humor your whim."

"But I—I do not want to go now, Uncle John. I—I have changed my mind."

"What?"

"I—I don't want to go off to boarding-school now. I had rather stay here with you."

John Brooks laid down the pipe he was just lighting in genuine surprise.

"Why, it's only last week you were crying those pretty eyes of yours out, teasing to be sent to school. I—well, I can't understand the ways of women. I always thought you were different from the rest, Daisy, but I see you are all the same. Never two days of the same mind. What is the reason you've changed your mind, pet?"

"Indeed, I don't want to go now, Uncle John. Please don't talk about it any more. I—I am happier here than I can tell you."

John Brooks laughed cheerfully.

"It's too late for you to change your mind now, little one. I have made arrangements for you to start bright and early to-morrow morning. The stage will be here by daylight, so you had better start off to bed at once, or there will be no roses in those cheeks to-morrow."

He never forgot the expression of the white, startled face Daisy raised to his. For once in her life Daisy was unable to shake him from his purpose.

"I know best, little one," he said,

FROM ERIN'S GREEN ISLE.

NEWS FROM IRELAND BRIEFLY TOLD DAY BY DAY.
Busy People of the Emerald Isle—Occurrences That Will Interest Irish-Americans.
The report of the Registrar-General shows crime in Ireland steadily on the decline.
Belfast corporation granted the freedom of the city to General Sir George White.
There are coal mines in Antrim, but the output is not great, nor is the quality—first-class.
General Sir George White has consented to accept a charger from his admirers in Belfast.
One of the chief features of this season is the great number of cycle tourists in Ireland.
Bourton Iveshag will expend between £20,000 and £100,000 in improving the dwellings for the poor of Dublin.
The man who murdered the Protestant rector of Killybegs has been declared insane by a Limerick jury.
The death is announced of Alderman the Right Hon. Joseph Meade, Dublin. He was twice Lord Mayor of that city.
The Belfast steamer Lord Londonderry has been awarded £10,000 for salvage services to the steamer Delano.
The London boycott of Irish cattle creates a good deal of ill-feeling among the farmers and graziers of Ireland.
Sir Robert Hart is essentially an Ulster man in appearance, in manner; with the indestructible Ulster brogue to the very end.
The death is announced of Lord Farnham, an Irish representative peer. His son, the Hon. Arthur Kenlis, succeeds to the title.
An Irish girl of 15 is charged with imposing on a middle-aged woman in Donegal by pretending to receive letters from heaven.
The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland has appointed Col. Neville F. F. Chamberlain, I. S. C., to be Inspector-General of the Royal Irish Constabulary.
Bobs grandfather, the Rev. John Roberts, was one of the minor canons of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, towards the close of the last century.
The famous Irish nationalist who has just died at the age of 90, Michael Cavanagh, was a poet, a writer, a Gaelic writer, and a fierce politician.
Canon Knox Little, who went to the front in connection with chaplaincy work, is a member of an old Ulster family, born in 1839 at Stuartstown, Tyrone.
At Fort Camden, near Queenstown, two soldiers of the Cork militia were killed and three injured through the bursting of the breech of a 40-pounder gun during target practice.
In the course of a case in Liverpool it was stated that millions of eggs are annually imported from Russia to Belfast and then sent over to England and Scotland and sold as "Irish eggs!"
At a meeting of the Limerick Corporation, Mayor John Daly, in the chair, it was decided that the royal arms over the entrance to the Town Hall, which is used for municipal business, should be removed.
Not long since an Irishman was fined 10s for drunkenness. At once another Patrick of the same initials advertised that he had no connection with the Patrick who was fined for drunkenness. Now, Patrick, the drunkard, has made this announcement: "I, J. Patrick, who was fined 10s for drunkenness, beg to thank J. Patrick, of Ballyhooley Lodge, for notifying that I am in no way connected with his family."
The late Lord Russell, of Killowen, only the other day presided at an archaeological conference, when Principal John Rhys, Oxford, delivered an address upon "Folk lore and healing wells." The Lord Chief Justice said that Ireland was full of legendary lore. It was something in an age essentially material, pushing, struggling, dusty age, such as this, to dwell upon themes which would convey their minds to ancient days.
An action has been brought against the corporation of Dublin by a Mr. Wheeler for the loss of an eye. The plaintiff on the evening of April 4, the date of the Queen's entry into Dublin, was passing along the east side of Stephen's green, within the chains, when a sharp iron point at the top of one of the iron structures which surrounded the trees, struck against and entered his right eye, with the result that he lost his eye, which was removed on July 23, by the doctor who attended him from the date of the accident.
Excessive moisture caused by the heavy rainfall in the Limerick district, has produced an abnormal growth of poisonous fungi and herbs, causing death among dairy stock, especially in low-lying parts.
Brigadier-General O'Moore Creagh, who is detailed for special service in China, is an Irishman, being the seventh son of Captain Creagh, R.N., of Cahirane, County Clare. He won the Victoria Cross for valour during the Afghan War of 1879.

A SUITABLE TENANT.

"I was thinking how hard it would be one of these days to leave our old home, and what would become of us then!"

"Why, Ellen, what are you going to leave your home for?"

She shook her head, and out into light and back into shadow swept the waves of her golden, brown hair.

"You see, papa has had a great deal of trouble, and somehow Squire Turner has got our house into his hands, and we shall have to leave it in a little while, because papa can't raise the money to pay off the mortgage, and you don't know how it's troubling us all."

Francis Marvyn pursued the matter till he had gained a pretty clear idea of all the facts of the case; then he lay still a while; his pale face settled into a strange gravity, as he kept counsel with his own thoughts.

At last he looked up in a sudden brightness.

"Don't feel bad any more, Ellen. If that wicked old fellow gets your house away I know of another a great deal nicer than this, with a beautiful garden, and white roses clambering all around the portico, that I think you can get."

"You do!" exclaimed Ellen, her eyes like pansies, wide for wonder. "How can you get it?"

"Oh, just leave that to me. It's such a pretty white wood house, with green blinds, large and old fashioned, you know, but just the place to suit you."

"Mayn't I tell papa and mamma?"

"Oh, no; you mustn't breathe a word to anybody in the world about it yet awhile; promise me that you won't, now."

"I won't breathe a word, true as I live and breathe, and draw a single breath," soliloquized the child, with solemn emphasis on every syllable. And she was a conscientious little girl. She kept her word.

"It seems good to have you back again, my child," said Mrs. Marvyn, putting her white hand fondly through the thick chestnut locks of her son, and playing with them, and looking in her face her husband knew that his wife's thoughts were going back to the time when she saw them lying all wet and dragged on the pillow.

"Come, come," he said, looking from the pale face of the mother to the pale face of her son, "I can't have two invalids on my hands at once. What in the world shall I do with you both?"

"We shall be quite equal to taking care of ourselves in a day or two, shan't we, Frank?"

"Yes, mother," but he scarcely heard what she said, sitting in the large arm chair by the window, through which the evening winds came to flutter in his hair.

"What are you thinking about, Frank?" asked his father.

"I was wondering whether you got a tenant for the house, father."

"No; what put that into your head?"

And then Francis Marvyn related to his interested parents the touching story which little Ellen Warren had told him, sitting by his bedside, and he concluded;

"It struck me papa, that they would be just the tenants that would

Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mrs. James Carr, Charlottetown, P.E.I., writes as follows: "My little boy, two and a half years old, was in a terrible condition and suffered a great deal from scrofulous sores. My husband bought a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters for him and gave it to him, and by the time he had finished the second bottle there was not a sore to be seen. On account of this wonderful cure I can honestly recommend B.B.B. to all who suffer from any disease arising from bad blood."

Mr. Oliver J. Murray, Charlottetown, P.E.I., writes as follows: "About six months ago I was troubled with painful boils, for which I could get nothing to cure me. As a last resort I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. One bottle completely rid me of boils, and my health was never better than at present."

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

like to take charge of your house, and then, you know, Horace Warren saved my life."

"I know it; bless the boy! His father shall have the house. That is a bright idea of yours."

"Don't wait, father; see about it at once," interposed Mrs. Marvyn.

"I'll ride over to-morrow, Sara."

Mr. Marvyn was as good as his word. He was not too early, Squire Turner had called on Mr. Warren that very day to inform him that he must leave the premises in a short time, and the sick man and his sorrowing family were fairly overwhelmed with the glad tidings which Mr. Marvyn brought them, and their tears of anguish were changed to tears of joy and gratitude. A few weeks later they were settled in the pleasant old homestead, and the dawn of a fairer life began for them beneath its roof.

Farmer Warren's health improved, with the burden of care and anxiety removed from his spirits, and his small, thrifty family managed to obtain a comfortable livelihood from the cultivation of the garden and grounds about the old homestead. Horace Warren and Francis Marvyn were the best of friends, and the former gave such indications of talent that Mr. Marvyn assisted him to enter college.

The young men graduated together, while under the old homestead Ellen Warren blossomed into a beautiful and, what is far better, a good and noble woman.

And in less than three years after he had graduated Francis Marvyn took to wife the daughter of his father's tenant, and Ellen Warren went out from the old homestead, which had been her husband's grandfather's to the new home, whose joy and light and ministering angel she was to become.

The Queen greatly admired the flowering polyanthus and coloured primroses that have been so gay in some of the gardens of private houses in the outskirts of Dublin.

INUNDATION OF THE SAHARA.

Sudden and heavy rain showers occur from time to time in the Sahara but they never attained such proportions as did the rainstorm which occurred on April 12 in Wadi Uririu. Uririu, situated between Berrian and Ghardaya, belongs to the Wadi Min system, and is so flat that the excavations of an artesian well recently bored form the only elevation in the whole district. A French contemporary states that, according to a report of General Pedoya, commander of the Algerian Division, a band of 90 soldiers arrived on April 12 in Wadi Uririu. The weather, the paper continues, was beautiful. In the afternoon, at about half-past five, a thin rain came down. At half-past eight a cry was heard: "The water comes!" Within a few seconds an area of more than 3000 feet in diameter was filled with water to a man's height, and six soldiers perished. The report of General Pedoya says that a formidable thunderstorm accompanied by a terrible rainstorm in the Wadi district was the cause of the inundation. The bodies of the drowned soldiers were found at a distance of a few miles from the camp. The rest of the soldiers was only saved by hurrying to the above mentioned artificial hill. Such rain showers in the Sahara, even if they last from one-half to three-quarters of an hour, have not the slightest influence upon the vegetation.

A PROFESSIONAL SNAP.

"What's the matter with that man Goldrox, doctor?"

"Oh, simply a nervous trouble."

"Nervous trouble, is it?"

"Yes; he's worrying about his money."

"Oh, well, it ought to be easy for you to relieve him of that."

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.

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CHAPTER VI.

Under the magnolia-tree, among the pink clover, Rex Lyon paced uneasily to and fro, wondering what could have happened to detain Daisy. He was very nervous, feverish, and impatient, as he watched the sun rising higher and higher in the blue heavens, and glanced at his watch for the fifth time in the space of a minute.

"Pshaw!" he muttered, whisking off the top of the buttercup near him with his ebony walking-stick. "I am not myself at all. I am growing as nervous as a woman. I think I'll read little Birdie's letter over again to occupy my mind until my sweet little Daisy comes."

He sighed and sat in one breath, as he threw himself down at full

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