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Paid Up . . . 1,000,000
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Residence—First door west of the Post Office, Durham.

Legal Directory.

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BARRISTER, Solicitor, etc. Office over Gordon's new Jewellery store, Lower Town.
Any amount of money to loan at 5 per cent. on farm property.

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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.

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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.

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Prices Cut.

A FIRST CLASS HEARSE IN CONNECTION

Embalming a specialty.

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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 wide read newspaper published in the County of Grey.

REFLEX AFFLICTION.

I've got piano-player's cramp. You don't play?
No; the girl next door gives it to me.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

He Tells of a Trifling Incident That Once Led to His Arrest.

"Of all the fool things that a man in my business can do," said the retired burglar, "the very fooldest of all is carrying about with him something that he's picked up in the course of his work. I used to think that writing letters and leaving them behind, something by which a man might some day be identified, was the most fool thing of all; but I am satisfied now that carrying something around which is still worse. I realized this when something I was carrying got me into trouble.

"I always carried a lead pencil in my pocket, and I lost this pencil, somehow, one day, and the same night picked up another from a desk in a man's library and just tucked it in my pocket. I wanted a pencil and I just took this one, and thought no more about it. I carried that pencil I guess three or four months, sharpening it occasionally, and so gradually wearing it down. The last time I ever used it was in a railroad station where I'd just seen a big express wagon drive up with a couple of boxes that caught my eye as maybe containing things that I'd like to have; both going to the same town, but not very far out, and I thought maybe I'd run out there some night and look through these houses. I don't believe in luck, but I sort of had a notion that I'd find something very good in those two houses, and I liked the idea of getting the clue to them in that way. So I goes into the waiting room of the station again and just puts down those addresses before I forget 'em; writing 'em down at one end of a desk that was there by the window of the telegraph office.

"I'd put the piece of paper that I'd made the memorandum on in my pocket, and was just putting away the pencil, when a man that had stepped down to write a telegraph, and found no pencil on the desk there, turns to me—he'd seen me writing—and says: 'Will you kindly lend me your pencil for a minute? And of course

I HANDED IT OVER TO HIM without the slightest hesitation, and then I stands there and looks the other way so as not to seem to be looking while he was doing his writing. And I thought he was writing a pretty long telegraph, and I was just about to turn around and look, when I feels a hand on my shoulder, which I couldn't very well mistake, and looking around I found, as I expected that it was a policeman that was clawin' me, and my friend there, that I'd lent the pencil to, was standing alongside of him, pointing at me, and saying:

"I charge this man with burglary." "Quite a change in the situation? Well, I should say so. And all through that pencil. That pencil was just a plain, common, simple pencil, of good quality, with nothing remarkable about it at all except that across the flat end of the head of the pencil, the end not used, there were eight little straight lines, four in each direction, crossing at right angles, and making a sort of a plaided effect, pretty well faded now, but still perfectly visible. And this pencil belonged to the man that had borrowed it of me, there in the station. Makes you laugh to think of my luggin' around something that was marked? It does me now, Well, it was easy enough to prove that the house had been robbed, and that the pencil I had came from it. And it interested me a little bit, too, to see how easy they were able to prove the marking on the pencil. This man's little daughter made it, and she swore to it without any sort of doubt or quibble. She'd sat down one day at her father's desk and marked those lines on the end of a pencil with a pen just for fun.

"Of course there was no sort of actual proof that I stole it, but there was proof that I had it in my possession. I said I found it; and when I do try lying I make the bungin'est work of it you ever heard of. That's the kind of a job I made of it this time; and of course they knew, you know. But they gave me only a year. Still that was enough to learn me that lesson anyhow. I never, after that carried about with me anything that I'd gathered in, any longer than it was necessary to dispose of it. I may have other tricks, now, just as foolish, but that one I dropped right then."

THOSE LOVING GIRLS.

Maude—How do you like my latest photo?

Clara—Oh, it's just too awfully lovely for anything.

Maude—Do you think it does me justice?

Clara—Justice is no name for it, dear; it is positively merciful to you.

PREPARED FOR RELATIVES.

Husband, at dinner—My! My! This is a regular banquet—worthy of a Delmonico. Finest spread I've seen in an age. What's up? Do you expect company?

Wife—No, but I presume the cook does.

Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER X.

On the evening which followed the one just described in our last chapter, Pluma Hurlhurst sat in her luxuriant boudoir of rose and gold, deeply absorbed in the three letters which she held in her lap. To one was appended the name of Septima Brooks, one was from Rex's mother, and the last—and by far the most important one—bore the signature of Lester Stanwick.

Once, twice, thrice, she perused it, each time with growing interest, the glittering light deepening in her dark, flashing eyes, and the red lips curling in a scornful smile. "This is capital!" she cried, exultingly; "even better than I had planned. I could not see my way clear before, but now everything is clear sailing." She crossed over to the mirror, looking long and earnestly at the superb figure reflected there. "I am fair to look upon," she cried, bitterly. "Why can not Rex love me!"

Ah! she was fair to look upon, standing beneath the softened glow of the overhanging chandelier, in her dress of gold brocade, with a pomegranate blossom on her bosom, and a diamond spray flashing from the dark, glossy curls, magnificently beautiful.

"I was so sure of Rex," she said, bitterly; "if any one had said to me, 'Rex prefers your overseer's niece, Daisy Brooks, with her baby face and pink-and-white beauty,' I would have laughed them to scorn. Prefers her to me, the haughty heiress of White-stone Hall, for whose love, or even smile, men have sued in vain! I have managed the whole affair very cleverly!" she mused. "John Brooks does not return before the coming spring, and Septima is removed from my path most effectually, and if Lester Stanwick manages his part successfully, I shall have little to fear from Daisy Brooks! How clever Lester was to learn Rex had been to the Detective Agency! How he must have loved that girl!" she cried, hotly, with a darkening brow.

"Ah, Rex!" she whispered, softly, and for an instant the hard look died out of her face, "no one shall take you from me. I would rather look upon your face cold in death, and know no one else could claim you, than see you smile lovingly upon a rival. There is no torture under heaven so bitter to endure as the pangs of a love unreturned!" she cried, fiercely. She threw open the window and leaned far out into the radiant starlight, as the great clock pealed the hour of seven. "Rex has received my note," she said, "with the one from his mother inclosed. Surely he will not refuse my request. He will come, if only through politeness!" Again she laughed, that low, mocking laugh peculiar to her, as she heard the peal of the bell. "It is Rex," she whispered, clasping her hands over her beating heart. "Tonight I will sow the first seeds of distrust in your heart, and when they take root you shall despise Daisy Brooks a thousand-fold more than you love her now. She shall feel the keen thrust of a rival's bitter vengeance!"

Casting a last lingering glance, so woman-like! at the perfect face the mirror reflected, to give her confidence in herself for the coming ordeal, Pluma Hurlhurst glided down to the parlor, where Rex awaited her. It would have been hard to believe the proud, willful, polished

young heiress could lend herself to a plot so dark and so cruel as the one she was at that moment revolving in her fertile brain.

Rex was standing at the open window, his handsome head leaning wearily against the casement. His face was turned partially toward her, and Pluma could scarcely repress the cry of astonishment that rose to her lips as she saw how pale and haggard he looked in the softened light. She knew but too well the cause.

He was quite unaware of Pluma's presence until a soft, white, jeweled hand was laid lightly on his arm, and a low, musical voice whispered, "I am so glad you have come, Rex," close to his elbow.

They had parted under peculiar circumstances. He could fancy her at that moment kneeling to him, under the glare of the lamp-light, confessing her love for him, and denouncing her poor little clinging Daisy with such bitter scorn. His present position was certainly an embarrassing one to Rex.

"You are very kind," she said, sweetly, "to forget that unpleasant little episode that happened at the fete, and come to-night. I believe I should never have sent for you," she added, archly, smiling up into his face, "had it not been at the urgent request of your mother, Rex."

Pluma hesitated. Rex bit his lip in annoyance, but he was too courteous to openly express his thoughts; he merely bowed again. He meant Pluma should understand all thoughts of love or tenderness must forever more be a dead letter between them.

"My mother!" he repeated, wonderingly; "pardon me, I do not understand."

For answer she drew his mother's letter from her bosom and placed it in his hands.

He ran his eyes quickly over the page. The postscript seemed to enlighten him.

"The course of true love never runs smooth," it ran, "and I beseech you, Pluma dear, if anything should ever happen, any shadow fall upon your love, I beseech you send for Rex and place this letter in his hands. It would not be unwomanly, Pluma, because I, his mother, so earnestly request it; for, on your love for each other hangs my hopes of happiness. Rex is impulsive and willful, but he will respect his mother's wishes."

No thought of treachery ever crossed Rex's mind as he read the lines before him; he never once dreamed the ingeniously worded postscript had been so cleverly imitated and added by Pluma's own hand. It never occurred to him for an instant to doubt the sincerity of the words he read, when he knew how dearly his mother loved the proud, haughty heiress before him.

"I heard you were going away, Rex," she said, softly, "and I—I could not let you go so, and break my own heart."

"In one sense, I am glad you sent for me," said Rex, quietly ignoring her last remark. "I shall be much pleased to renew our friendship, Miss Pluma, for I need your sympathy and advice more than I can express. I have always endeavored to be frank with you, Pluma," he said, kindly. "I have never spoken words which might lead you to believe I loved you."

It Is a Wonder To Everybody

How Speedily and Certainly the Wretched Itching and Uneasiness of Piles is Relieved and Thoroughly Cured by

Dr. Chase's Ointment!

It seems wonderful that after all these years of investigation and research the physicians are still helpless to relieve and cure one of the most common and most distressing afflictions to which men and women are subject, viz., itching, bleeding piles. In nine cases out of ten the doctors still recommend a surgical operation, with its expense, extreme pain and danger, as the only cure for piles.

Prejudice alone keeps the physicians from prescribing Dr. Chase's Ointment in all cases of piles. It has merit in all cases of piles. It has made for itself a world-wide reputation, and is sold under a positive guarantee to cure any case of piles, no matter how many operations have failed, and no matter how intense has been the suffering.

This letter is but a sample of scores of hundreds of cases in Canada alone in which Dr. Chase's Ointment has proven a truly magic remedy. This letter is quoted because Mr. Duprau is well known throughout Ontario as an earnest minister of the Gospel, and one who has at heart the well-being of fellow-sufferers.

Rev. S. A. Duprau, Methodist minister, Concession, Prince Edward County, Ont., states: "I was troubled with itching and bleeding piles for years, and they ultimately attained to a very serious form, so that it was with great difficulty and considerable pain that I was able to stool. At this severe crisis I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but I had little or no faith in it, as I had tried various remedies before, and to no purpose. "Now, imagine how great and joyous was my surprise to find that just the one box cured me, so that the lumps disappeared, and also the external swelling. I feel like a different man-to-day, and have not the least doubt that Dr. Chase's Ointment saved me from a very dangerous and painful operation and many years of suffering. It is with the greatest pleasure and with a thankful heart that I give this testimonial, knowing that Dr. Chase's Ointment has done so much for me. You are at perfect liberty to use this testimonial as you see fit for the benefit of others similarly afflicted."

You are invited to make this testimonial prove to your own satisfaction the almost magical power of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Ask your neighbors who have used it what they think of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Use it when you have the opportunity, and remember that it is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, bleeding or protruding piles; 60s a box, at all dealers; or by mail from Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

He saw her face grow white under his earnest gaze and the white lace on her bosom rise and fall convulsively, yet she made him no answer. "Please permit me to tell you why, Pluma," he said, taking her hand and leading her to a sofa, taking a seat by her side. "I could not," he continued, "in justice to either you or myself; for I never knew what love was," he said, softly, "until the night of the fete." Again he paused; but, as no answer was vouchsafed him, he "I am here in accordance with what went on; I never knew what love meant until I met Daisy—little Daisy Brooks."

"Rex!" cried Pluma, starting to her feet, "you know not what you say—surely you do not know! I would have warned you, but you would not listen. I saw you drifting toward a yawning chasm; I stretched out my arms to save you, but you would not heed me. You are a stranger to the people around here, Rex, or they would have warned you. Sin is never so alluring as in the guise of a beautiful woman; it is not too late yet. Forget Daisy Brooks; she is not a fit companion for noble Rex Lyon, or pure enough to kiss an honest man's lips."

"For God's sake, Miss Hurlhurst, what do you mean?" cried Rex, slowly rising from his seat and facing her, pale as death. "In Heaven's name, explain the accusations you have just uttered, or I shall go mad! If a man had uttered those words, I would have—"

The words died away on his lips; he remembered he was talking to a woman. Rex's eyes fairly glowed with rage as he turned on his heel and strode rapidly up and down the room. "Rex," said Pluma, softly advancing a step toward him, "it always grieves a true woman to admit the error of a fallen sister—they would shield her if such a thing were possible."

"I do not believe it," retorted Rex, impatiently. "Women seem to take a keen delight in slandering one another, as far as I can see. But you might as well tell me yonder moon was treacherous and vile as to tell me Daisy Brooks was aught but sweet and pure—you could not force me to believe it."

"I do not attempt to force you to believe it. I have told you the truth, as a loving sister might have done. None are so blind as those who will not see," she said, toy with the jewels upon her white fingers.

"Daisy Brooks is as pure as yonder lily," cried Rex, "and I love her as I love my soul!" His quivering, impassioned voice thrilled Pluma to her heart's core, and she felt a keen regret that this wealth of love was withheld from her own hungry heart. Rex had never appeared so noble, so handsome, so well worth winning, in her eyes, as at that moment.

"I am sorry for you, Rex," sobbed Pluma, artfully burying her face in her lace kerchief, "because she can never return your love; she does not love you, Rex."

"Yes, she does love me," cried Rex. "I have settled it beyond a doubt." "She has settled it beyond a doubt—is not that what you mean, Rex?" she asked, looking him squarely in the face, with a peculiar glitter in her sparkling dark eyes.

"There is something you are keeping from me, Pluma," cried Rex, seizing anxiously into the false, fair, smiling treacherous face. "You know where Daisy has gone—in Heaven's name, tell me! I can not endure the suspense—do not torture me, Pluma! I will forget you have spoken unkindly of poor little Daisy if you will only tell me where she has gone."

"Sit down, Rex," she said, soothingly; "I will not dare tell you anything you look at me with such a gleaming light in your eyes. Promise not to interrupt me to the end."

A nameless dread was clutching at his heart-strings. What could she mean? he asked himself, confusedly. What did this foul mystery mean? He must know, or he would go mad! "You may speak out unreservedly, Miss Pluma," he said, hoarsely. "I give you my word, as a gentleman, I shall not interrupt you, even though your words should cause me a bitter heart-pang."

He stood before her, his arms folded across his breast, yet no pang of remorse crept into Pluma Hurlhurst's relentless heart for the cruel blow she was about to deal him.

"I must begin at the time of the lawn fete," she said. "That morning a woman begged to see me, sobbing so piteously I could not refuse her an audience. No power of words could portray the sad story of suffering and wrong she poured into my ears, of a nice—beautiful, young, passionate, and willful—and of her prayers and useless expostulations, and of a handsome, dissolute lover to whom the girl was passionately attached, and of elopements she had frustrated, alas! more than once. Ah! how shall I say it—the lover was not a marrying man."

Pluma stopped short, and hid her face again in her kerchief as if in utter confusion.

"Go on—go on!" cried Rex, hoarsely. "Lend me money," cried the wo-



DAUGHTER OF DYSENTERY.

Mr. John L. Carter, of Bridgetown, N.S., in the following letter, tells how he saved his life: "I had been afflicted with dysentery for four weeks, could get nothing to cure me. I tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Strawberry, and I feel that it saved my life. It restored me when everything else failed. Consider it a wonderful success. It should have a place in every household. Always ask for Dr. Carter's."

man, "that I may protect sending her off to school. Kind lady, she is young, I beg you on my knees, woman the required. A girl was taken to school day. But the end of the lover followed, the must have been a peace between them—and on after she had entered from it—fled with her lover was Lester Stanwick, cunning, perfidious, you know but too well, guess who the girl was? The dark eyes regarded frozen with horror, moved, but no sound them. She leaned near dark, perfumed hair as face as she whispered, effect;

"The girl was Daisy she is at this moment with her lover! Heaven, Rex; you must learn to

CHAPTER XI.

"When Daisy Brooks eyes, she found herself white bed, and in a moment which she never having seen before. Instant she quite imaginable ordeal through which passed was but a dream all came back to her with

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We believe and the have a which alent, "Large We thank patronage, and w that the new syst continuance of th

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