

Standard Bank of Canada

Head Office, Toronto.
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.

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

G. LEFROY McCAUL.

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

Miscellaneous.

JAMES 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.

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.

J. SHEWELL
Dealer in all kinds of Furniture

Undertaking and Embalming
A SPECIALTY
DURHAM, - ONT

TO —
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.

LONG RUN.

The longest continuous run on a railway train in Europe is that from Paris to Constantinople, 1,921 miles in 64-4 hours.

GAVE ONE-TENTH TO GOD.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage Speaks of Our Obligations.

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text; "How much owest thou unto my Lord?"—Luke xvi. 5.

When the first of next January comes, you will take an account of stock, and you will bring up in a balance-sheet all the values and all the indebtedness. Indeed, often during the year ask yourself the question, "What am I worth?" "How much do I owe?" You say, "There is so much that I have to pay for house-rent; so much for store-rent; so much to meet the interest on that mortgage, lest it be foreclosed; so much to meet that note in the bank, lest it be protested." I suppose that to-night you could put down on a piece of paper, in five minutes, in round figures, your whole indebtedness to men. And yet how you halt and stumble when the question is put to you to-night, that was propounded by the steward to the debtors of his master, "How much owest thou unto my Lord?" The fact is that we are more bothered about the five hundred dollars that we owe to our neighbors than we are about that insolvency into which we have plunged to an amount so far beyond the millions, and the billions, and the quadrillions, that there is not room enough on the scroll of the sky for the archangel to put the figures.

I want to put on your table to-night the book of God's account—the book of your indebtedness. Doing business for eternity, my brothers and sisters, we want to do it with our eyes open. I want you to gather together all the things you have ever done for God, and put them in one line, and add them up; and then gather together all the things that God has done for you, put them in one line, and add them up; then subtract the lesser from the greater.

DON'T BE AFRAID.

The settlement will be right. If God owes us, he is rich, and can pay. If we owe God, we are honest, and will try to pay.

Now will I put on your table these bills of indebtedness. If they are wrong, don't pay them; reject them. If they are right, say so. The first bill of indebtedness that I put upon your table to-night is the bill for rent. This world is the house that God built for us to live in. He lets it to us already furnished. What a carpet—the grass interwoven with figure of flowers. What a ceiling!—the frescoed sky. What tapestried pillars!—the rocks. What a front door! the flaming sunrise through which the day comes in. What a back door!—the sunset, through which the day goes out. What a chandelier and candelabra!—the sun and stars. What a flour-bin—the wheat-field. What chimneys!—Stromboli and Cotopaxi. Ah! the Alhambra and Windsor Castle are but Queenstown shanties compared with this great house that God has put up for us to live in, and the rent is due! Are we ready to pay it?

The next bill I find on our table of indebtedness to God is the bill for Bread. We have been sitting at God's table ten, thirty, fifty, seventy years. Put the board down low—at three dollars per week, and in forty years it is six thousand two hundred and forty dollars. From the apples you ate in the orchard when a boy, to the fruit last night upon your tea-table, it all came out of the same hand. From the horn that called you from the hay-field years ago, to the silver bell that tinkled on your table at noon to-day, you have never known the pang, the sickening horror of having nothing to eat. We pay the butcher, the baker, and the fruit-dealer, but we do not pay that God who makes the food, and who gives us the money with which to buy it. If on Saturday night, or at the end of the month, they with whom we board present the bill, and we do not pay it, we are put out; but year after year, and for scores of years, have we been permitted to sit at God's table

WITHOUT PAYING.

and the luxuries are greater now than ever before. Every one of you has consumed whole acres of corn, whole flocks of birds, whole droves of sheep, whole herds of cattle. Ah! it has been no cheap thing to feed your appetites for forty years; and do you think it is a mean, unfair, or dishonest thing, when to-night there is put upon your table a bill for board?

The next bill I find upon our table is a bill for clothes. There is but one manufactory of Gobelins tapestry, and that is at Paris, under the control of the government; and these fabrics are woven for royal families only. But in all the earth there are factories going day and night, weaving a more wonderful fabric than royal tapestry for us, the King's children. The cotton plantation sends us socks, the flaxfield sends us linen. The

sheep's wool supplies us cloaks. The sable and the ermine yield us furs. What coats, what hats, what shoes, what muffles it takes to supply you all your life! Put it down low. How much? Two hundred dollars per year? Can you clothe yourself at that rate? Two hundred dollars per year for forty years is eight thousand dollars for clothes; sixty years, twelve thousand dollars for clothes.

The next bill I find on our table to-night is for that we owe God for our families. Where did you get your families from? "God setteth the solitary in families." Have you a companion, who is kind, gentle, sympathetic, helpful,—sympathetic with all your joys and sorrows? Was it good luck or the merry sleigh-ride that gave her to you? No. Proverbs xix. 14: "A good wife is from the Lord." Have you children round about your table? Have they eyesight, when so many have been born blind? Have they hearing, when so many have been born deaf? Can they talk and sing, when so many have been born cripples? Who gave you those glad, healthy, romping children? How much will you take for the Kohinoor diamond for one, Chatsworth Park for another, and ten millions of dollars for another, you would

LAUGH ME TO SCORN!

You would not sell the eldest one, because it is the first-born; you would not sell the youngest, because it is the youngest and the pet; nor this one, because it looks the very image of its father; nor that one, because it looks like its mother; nor this one, because it has always been sick, and you especially love it; nor that one, because it is so healthful that you could not think of giving it up. I do not want you to give them up. I only want you, if gold, and diamonds, and all the earth cannot buy them, to think of the magnitude of the question. I ask you, standing in your family group, "How much owest thou unto my Lord?" Ah! he gave them to you. During all those sick nights, when you rocked that young life, or were so anxious you could not sleep, though others watched, that you came in every little while to see how things were going, and hour after hour carried the suffering little one on a pillow, and it did not grow heavy, you found no rest until you were sure it was going to get well—He watched with you and kept your heart from breaking, and answered your prayer.

The next bill I find upon the table is a book bill. How much is your Bible worth? Scientific men are trying to show us, through the newspapers, and through philosophic papers, that our race is descended from the monkey. But we, who believe in God's Word, read there that God made man in his own image, and not in the image of a monkey. Get out of my way with your cursed Darwinian theories. Scientific men cannot understand the origin of this world. We open our Bibles, and we feel like the Christian Arab, who said to the sceptic, when asked by him why he believed that there was a God, "How do I know that it was a man instead of a camel that went past my tent last night? Why, I know him by the tracks." Then, looking over at the setting sun, the Arab said to the sceptic, "Look there! that is not the work of a man; that is the track of a God." We have all these things revealed in God's Word.

DEAR OLD BOOK!

My father loved it. It trembled in my mother's hand when she was nigh fourscore years old. It has been under the pillow of three brothers when they died. It is a very different book from what it once was to me. I used to take it as a splendid poem and read it as I read John Milton. I took it up sometimes as a treatise on law, and read it as I did Blackstone. I took it as a fine history, and read it as I did Josephus. Ah! now it is not the poem; it is not the treatise of law; it is not the history. It is simply a family album that I open, and see right before me the face of God, my father; of Christ, my Saviour; of heaven, my eternal home.

There is one more bill of indebtedness laid upon the table, and that is the bill for your redemption. I have been told that the bells of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, never toll save when the king or some member of the royal family dies. The thunders in the dome of heaven never tolled so dolefully as when they rang out to the world the news, "King Jesus is dead!" When a king dies, the whole land is put in black; they shroud the pillars; they put the people in procession; they march to a doleful drum-beat. What shall we do now that our King is dead? Put blackness on the gates of the morning. Let the cathedral organs wail; let the winds sob; let all the generations of men fall in line,

and beat a funeral-march of woe! woe! woe! as we go to the grave of our dead King.

Eight hundred years after Edward I. was buried, they brought up his body, and they found that he still lay with a crown on his head. More than eighteen hundred years have passed, and I look into the grave of my dead King, and I see not only a crown, but "on his head are many crowns." And, what is more, he is rising.

YEA, HE HAS RISEN!

Ye who came to the grave weeping, go away rejoicing. Let your dirges now change to anthems. He lives! Take off the blackness from the gates of the morning. He lives! Let earth and heaven keep Jubilee. He lives! I know that my Redeemer lives. For whom that battle and that victory? For whom? For you.

Oh! get some delicate scale that you may weigh His burdens. Get some delicate chalice that you may measure His tears. Listen to the hard breathing of this dying One, whose only crime was that he came to save the world. As I think of the cold nights that fell on him, of the tempests that struck him, of the whips that flayed him, of the insulting hands that slapped him on the cheek, of the mouths that spit upon him; and while you stand there, seeing the blood dripping down, from brow to cheek, from cheek to breast, from breast to knee, from knee to foot, from foot to the ground, I stand amid that red rain of anguish and cry out "Oh you blood-bought man and woman, how much—how much owest thou unto my Lord?" There are hundreds of men and women in this house who will respond, "Everything I owe to him—my time, my talents, my heart—everything."

I have presented to you to-night these different bills—the bill for house-rent; the bill for board; the bill for clothing; the bill for the family; the bill for taxes; the book bill, and the redemption bill. Will you pay? "Oh yes," every man says. The only question is, day by day, with this man and woman, "How much?" I cannot tell. I simply know that in the olden times, under a dispensation not near so bright as this, they gave

ONE TENTH TO GOD.

Is not our religion worth as much to us? That question I leave to the conscience of every man and woman in this house.

There are two ways of paying an indebtedness—to the law and to the creditor. If we owe and do not pay it, what is done? The matter is put into the hands of an attorney; a summons is sent; a declaration is filed; judgment is declared in the case; execution is issued; and the sheriff goes forth and gets on the auction-block, and he cries, "Going! Going! Gone!" The debt is collected by force. Then there is another way of paying a debt. We take up the bill and say, "This bill is due. Here is the money." The one payment is made cheerfully, the other by the force of the law.

God collects his bills in both ways. Two men I knew very well, some years ago, on the streets of New York. They were talking about the matter of benevolence. One said to the other, "You give too much. I will wait until I get a large pile of money, and then I will give." "No," said the other, "I will give as God prospers me." Hear the sequel. The former lives in New York City to-day, dollarless; the latter gathered two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. I believed that the reason why many people are kept poor is because they do not give enough. If a man gives in the right spirit to the Lord Jesus Christ and to the Church, he is insured for time and for eternity. The Bank of England is a weak institution compared with the bank that any Christian man can draw upon. That man who stands by Christ, Christ will stand by him. Mark that; the man who stands by Christ will find Christ standing by him.

RELICS OF IRISH LAKE DWELLERS.

An interesting relic of the lake dwellers of Ireland has just been added to the Science and Art museum of Dublin, in the form of a crannog, or elevated dwelling. It was discovered in a bog-filled lake near Ennis-killen and measured over 100 feet in diameter. On removing the peat the piles of platform timbers were laid bare. The piling and cross timbering were admirably done, untrimmed birch trees being chiefly used for cross-laying, while oak was used for the stouter pillars. A large quantity of broken pottery was found in it, besides an iron axe of early form, a fragment of comb and some bronze harp pegs.

TOLD ABOUT MRS. PARVENU.

A woman who unexpectedly came into a fortune, established a country home where she lived in style. One day she was showing some of her old-time friends the place, when they came to the poultry yard. "What beautiful chickens!" they exclaimed. "All prize fowl," haughtily explained the hostess. "Do they lay every day?" was the next question. "Oh, they could, of course," was the reply, "but in our position it is not necessary for them to do so!"

HINTS FOR THE FARMER.

RULES FOR THE CARE AND FEEDING OF DAIRY COWS.

1. Cows must have comfort or they cannot do well. Give them a good bed and a comfortable stall with as much liberty as is consistent with security, cleanliness and convenience.
2. Have the arrangement of the stalls, gutters and fastenings such that the cows can be kept clean. Keep the stable clean.
3. Have the stable ventilated in such a way as to provide pure air for cows without making it too cold.
4. Always be kind to cows, then they will be glad to see you when you come around. Speak gently to them and never in angry tones.
5. Give cows a chance to exercise in the open air when weather is comfortable.
6. Milk regularly, at the same time each day, dividing the day equally between milkings; cows in the same order and by the same milkers, if possible. Milk quickly, but gently. Get all the milk each time, but do not keep on stripping after you have got it.
7. Feed cows all they will eat of the proper kinds of food. The concentrates should be fed somewhat in proportion to the amount of milk each cow can be made to give. But in no case should the concentrates constitute more than half, in weight, of the dry matter of the daily ration—a safer rule is to say one-third. Give only what they will eat up at once. Have none left over in the mangers or feed boxes for them to breathe on and get foul.
8. Feed a variety of foods. They will eat more and digest more because of it. Feed nothing but sweet wholesome food.
9. Feed at the same time each day then cows will not be worrying about their feed.
10. Feed as nearly as practical a balanced ration. But all cows should not be fed alike; those inclined to lay on flesh should be fed less of the carbohydrates, such as corn, and those inclined to turn all their feed into milk should be fed more of such feed.
11. In summer cows should have good pasture, or other green food or silage. In winter a part of the daily ration should be silage or roots to enable them to do their best.
12. Feed both coarse fodder and concentrated feed both morning and evening. Feed a small feed of coarse fodder at noon if cows have been accustomed to it. If cows have not been accustomed to it, they may, perhaps do as well without the noon feed by giving more at the other feeds.
13. Cows should be watered at least twice a day when on dry feed, and the water should be pure and wholesome and at a temperature that best suits them, which is, at least, twenty or thirty degrees warmer than ice water.
14. Cows should have at all times all the salt their appetites crave, which is from one to two ounces each daily.

PLANTING AN APPLE ORCHARD.

For the location, select a high piece of ground, for the atmosphere is a few degrees warmer than in the valley below which, may save the crop about blooming time. For apple trees I do not believe there is much difference in any particular direction of slope. Before setting any trees get the ground in first-class condition by manuring and draining, if not already naturally drained. The ground should be deeply plowed and, if a hardpan should be broken by subsoiling, and the surface put in first-class condition as for any other crop. If the land is anywhere near level set the trees out at regular distances in straight rows, but if the orchard is on a hill, make the rows follow the curvature of the hill, because it is much easier to cultivate, easier to spray and much more convenient when hauling away the fruit. The distance to plant depends upon the habit of growth of the trees, the soil and whether the trees are set on level ground or a side hill. Where an orchard is on a side hill the trees may be closer together, because they are on different elevation and the head may develop above those in the rows below.

A great many orchardists set the trees 20 ft apart each way with the expectation of thinning them out as they begin to crowd, but this requires more nerve than most men possess. A better plan is to set the trees 40 ft and utilize the unoccupied space with small fruit or hoed crops or plant a row of dwarf apple trees. The question of variety is one of those perplexing problems that is never definitely solved. It is not advisable to plant largely of those varieties which have never been successfully tested in your own neighborhood. Make up a list of what you

want and go to the market and although you may not tell whether the tree name, you can see whether the tree is well rooted, old tree is most satisfactory. Spring and fall planting advantages and disadvantages prefer fall setting. Under circumstances the roots will be less delay in growth. We want the well established and at any development in leaves. The most economical labor in setting the tree when it is done by four dig holes, one to hold place the dirt around the fourth man through Carefulness in transplanting main secret in making trees live. The man who tree should be a practicing fellow. He should know how to plant, but how to broken and dead roots removed with a sloping order side. After the set then prune the top should be cut back all straggling ones spring go over the top cut off the dead ones and give to the top. Young trees should be some sort for the fruit.

THE FAITHFUL

Let us not forget the faithful horse, only in conscience, cents. The horse thrifty nor useful, tile or no kindness that is worked with bad-fitting shouldered; that has food, foul water, the stable and nature. These are usually ill-tempered; that break years old and are dying or leaving "tars," without pay any profit in the satisfactory work.

LAKES

Large Areas That Quantity of Water Lieut. O. Olafson army, has recently and series of expeditions Asia, and particularly Pamir plateau, his studies in the past few years water in Turkestan notably diminishes oases that were once success several years been abandoned but that rendered the sible have dried up is particularly in little rivers that whose sources are lands of the Pamirs. The quantity of is decreasing on erosion of the which form the of the valleys and age velocity of the winds blowing on now more level.

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