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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.

BURDENS CARRIED BY BEASTS.
An ox can carry 200 pounds weight on a day's journey, a camel 400 pounds.

THE GLORIES OF PHARAOH.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Tells of the Honors Paid Joseph.

A despatch from Washington says:— Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text:—"And when he saw the waggons which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob, their father, revived."—Genesis xiv. 27.

The Egyptian capital was the focus of the world's wealth, in ships and barges there had been brought to it from India frankincense, and cinnamon, and ivory, and diamonds; from the north marble and iron; from Syria purple and silk; from Greece some of the finest horses of the world, and some of the most brilliant chariots; and from all the earth that which could best please the eye, and charm the ear, and gratify the taste. There were temples aflame with red sandstone, entered by gateways that were guarded by pillars bewildering with hieroglyphics, and wound with brazen serpents, and adorned with winged creatures, their eyes and beaks, and pinions glittering with precious stones. There were marble columns blooming into white flower-buds; there were stone pillars, the top bursting into the shape of the lotus when in full bloom, along the avenues lined with sphinx, and fane, and obelisk; there were princes who came in gorgeously upholstered palanquins, carried by servants in scarlet, or else were driven in vehicles, the snow-white horses golden bitted, six abreast, dashing at full-run; there were fountains from stone-wreathed vases climbing the ladder of the sun. You would hear a bolt drawn and a door of brass open like a flash of the sun.

This was the place where Joseph, the shepherd boy, was called to stand next to Pharaoh in honor. What a contrast between this scene and his humble standing, and the pit into which his brothers threw him! Yet he was not forgetful of his early home—he was not ashamed of where he came from. When they came up from the famine-struck land to get corn from

THE KING'S CORN-CRIB,

Joseph, instead of chiding them for the way they had maltreated and abused him, sent them back with waggons, which Pharaoh furnished, laden with corn; and old Jacob, the father, in the very same waggon, was brought back that Joseph, the son, might see him, and give him a home all the rest of his days.

Well, I hear the waggons—the king's waggons—rumbly down in front of the palace. On the outside of the palace, to see the waggons go off, stands Pharaoh in royal robes, and beside him prime minister Joseph, with a chain of gold around his neck, and on his hand a ring, given by Pharaoh to him, so that any time he wanted to stamp the royal seal upon a document he could do so. Waggon after waggon rolled down from the palace, laden with corn, and meat, and changes of raiment, and everything that could help a famine-struck people. Yonder they go, Jacob and his sons, and their wives, and their children, eighty-two in all, followed by herds and flocks, which the herdsmen drive along. They are going out from famine to luxuriance, they are going from a plain country home to the finest palace under the sun. Joseph, the prime minister, gets in his chariot and drives down to meet the old man, Joseph's charioteer holds up the horses on one side, the dust-covered waggons of the emigrants stop on the other. Joseph, instead of waiting for his father to come, leaps out of the chariot, leaps into the emigrants' waggon, throws his arms around the old man, and weeps aloud for past memories and present joy.

My friends, we are in a world by sin famine-struck, but the King is in constant communication with us, his waggons coming and going perpetually; and in the rest of my discourse I will show what the waggons bring and what they take back.

In the first place, like those that came from the Egyptian palace, the King's waggons now bring us corn and meat, and many changes of raiment. We are apt to think of the fields and the orchards as feeding us; but who makes the flax grow for the linen, and the wheat for the bread, and the wool on the sheep's back? Oh, I wish we could see through every grain-field, by every sheep-fold, under the trees of every orchard, the King's waggons drive up three times a day, morning, noon, and night. They bring furs from the arctic, they bring fruits from the tropic, they bring bread from the temperate zone.

NONE BUT A GOD

could clothe and feed the world. None but a King's corn-crib could appease the world's famine. None but a King could tell how many waggons to send, and how heavily to load them, and when they are to start. They are coming over the frozen ground to-day. Do you not hear their rumb-

ling? They will stop at noon at your table. Oh! thank God for bread—for bread!

I remark, again, that, like those that came from the Egyptian palace, the King's waggons bring us good news. Jacob had not heard from his boy for a great many years. He never thought of him but with a heart-ache. There was in Jacob's heart a room where laid the corpse of his unbrired Joseph; and when the waggons came—the king's waggons—and told him that Joseph was yet alive, he faints dead away. Good news for Jacob! Good news for us! The Bethlehem shepherds were awakened at midnight by the rattling of the waggons that brought the tidings. Our Joseph—Jesus—sends us a message of pardon, of life, of heaven; corn for our hunger, raiment for our nakedness. Joseph—Jesus—is yet alive.

I think that the King's waggons will take us up to see our lost friends. Jacob's chief anticipation was not of seeing the Nile, or of seeing the long colonnade of architectural beauty, or of seeing the throne-room. There was a focus to all his journeyings—to all his anticipations—and that was Joseph. If Jesus were not in heaven there would be no music there; there would be very few people there; they would be off looking for the lost Christ, crying through the universe: "Where is Jesus? Where is Jesus?"

Oh, the joy of meeting our brother Joseph—Jesus. After we have talked about Him for ten, or fifty, or seventy years, to talk with Him! and to clasp hands with the Hero of the ages, not crouching as underlings in His presence, but as Jacob and Joseph hug each other. We will want some new term by which to address Him. On earth we call Him Saviour, or Redeemer, or Friend; but when we throw our arms around Him in everlasting embrace we will want some new term of endearment.

THE KING'S WAGGONS

took Jacob up to see his lost boy; and so I really think the King's waggons will take us up to see our lost kinred. How long is it since Joseph went out of your household? How many years it is, now, last Christmas, or the fourteenth of next month? It was a dark night when he died, and a stormy day it was at the burial; and the clouds wept with you, and the winds sighed for the dead.

In my boyhood, for some time, we lived three miles from church, and on stormy days the children stayed at home, but father and mother always went to church. That was a habit they had. On those stormy Sabbaths when we stayed at home, the absence of our parents seemed very much protracted, for the roads were very bad, and they could not get on very fast. So we would go to the window at twelve o'clock to see if they were coming; and then we would go at half-past twelve to see if they were coming; and at a quarter to one; and then at one o'clock. After awhile, Mary, or Daniel, or De Witt would shout: "The waggon's coming;" and then we would see it winding out of the woods, and over the brook, and through the lane, and up in the front of the old farmhouse; and then we would rush out, leaving the doors wide open, with many things to tell them, asking them many questions. Well, my dear brethren, I think we are many of us in the King's waggons, and we are on the way home. The road is very bad, and we get on slowly; but after awhile we come winding out of the woods, and through the brook of death, and up in front of the old heavenly homestead; and our departed kindred who have been waiting for us will rush out through the doors, and over the lawn, crying: "The waggons are coming! Hark! the bell of the city hall strikes twelve. Twelve o'clock on earth; and likewise it is

HIGH NOON IN HEAVEN.

Does not the subject of the morning take the gloom out of the thoughts that would otherwise be struck through with midnight. We used to think that when we died we would have to go afoot, sagging down in the mire, and the hounds of terror might get after us, and that if we got through into heaven at all, we would come in torn and wounded and bleeding. I remember when my teeth chattered and my knees knocked together when I heard anybody talk about death; but I have come to think that the grave will be the softest bed I have ever slept in, and that the bottom of my feet will not be wet with the passage of the Jordan. "Then that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." I was reading a day or two ago Robert Southey, who said he could die far away from his friends—like a dog,

crawling into a corner and dying unobserved, those were his words. Be it ours to die on a couch, surrounded by loved ones, so that they, with us may hear the glad, sweet, jubilant announcement: "The King's waggons are coming." Hark! I hear them now! Are they coming for me or you?

SPECTACLES FOR SOLDIERS.

England Forbids Them, and Scouts Cannot Tell Cavalry From Cattle.

The following interesting anecdote on spectacles in the army is told by a correspondent of London Truth: A few years ago at some foreign maneuvers I spent an afternoon on the outpost line with an officer of a crack British regiment. Pointing to some fields about 1,000 yards away, he said: "There are some cavalry among the trees. I wonder whether they are scouts from the other side." I pointed out to him that the supposed cavalry were really cattle. Although short-sighted, I have good sight even for long distances, thanks to a properly-selected pair of pince-nez spectacles. My officer friend used his field-glass and admitted his mistake, adding, "I am short-sighted. It is a great nuisance. One cannot always be using field glasses." I suggested that he might use spectacles as I did. "I would gladly," he replied, "but there is such a prejudice against them in the service." Just imagine this cavalry officer sent out scouting, and going about his work half blind because of the prejudice against spectacles of officers! I could name men on active service in Africa at the present moment who are very short-sighted, but dare not wear glasses. Some of them wear single eyeglasses, to the great damage of what sight they still have. Yet last year in Germany at the imperial maneuvers I saw plenty of officers in spectacles, and a good many privates as well.

I regard this as one of the most conspicuous instances of wooden-headed stupidity with which our army is governed. Another which deserves to be bracketed with it is the exclusion of men from the army because they happen to have false teeth. If there is to be a new regime worth anything in Pall Mall these are among the many absurdities which will at once be got rid of.

The correspondent I have just quoted states on the authority of Mr. Conan Doyle's book that the redoubtable De Wet actually goes about in blue spectacles, owing to some eye trouble. If this is true, it is indeed one of the object lessons of the war. How many of the British officers whose sight was scientifically tested before they received their commissions can see as far as the blue-spectacled De Wet?

THE UNSPEAKABLE TURK.

He Sees All Efforts But Military Service and Agriculture.

A Turk thinks it the most natural thing in the world to lose a province, and, having lost it, to quit and live elsewhere. He talks quite complacently of leaving Constantinople some day; he will go over to Asia and found another capital. He originates nothing; he takes what he finds without assimilating it and remains profoundly Turkish. He leaves no trace of his occupation except ruins. Practically there is nothing at Belgrade, Sofia, and Athens to show that for centuries they were Turkish cities.

All occupations, except agriculture and military service, are distasteful to him. Yet there are two other characteristics even more important than these. The first is his sense of discipline. It is this which keeps together the apparently tottering fabric of the Turkish empire. It makes the half-fed, half-clothed soldier ready to endure every privation, and prevents the corruption and incapacity of the officers from producing the anarchy which would be inevitable in any other country. Sedition is unknown; even complaints are rare, and were a holy war proclaimed there is not a man who would not be prepared to die in defense of the system of extortion which grinds him down.

His second characteristic is his laziness, in spite of the laborious industry of the Turkish peasant. The fact is that the Turk is too proud to do many things, too stupid to do others. His religion inculcates a fatalism which tends to a conviction that effort is useless.

THE LATEST IN VIENNA.

University chaperons are the latest Viennese novelty. In consequence of the riotous and insulting behavior of the male students when the women tried to avail themselves of the newly-granted permission to attend lectures, many mothers of women students have registered for the university lectures in order to accompany and protect their daughters.

HORSE POWER.

When one speaks of a one horse power steam engine it is meant that the engine will raise 10 tons per minute through a height of 12 inches. This is twelve times as much as a man could do.

APPROVE OF THE WEED.

ENGLISH DOCTORS CONSIDER TOBACCO WHOLESOME.

The Lancet Says the War Has Demonstrated That It Plays an Important Part in a Soldier's Life.

An interesting change has taken place within a few years in the prevailing opinion among English medical men with regard to the use of tobacco. The theory that moderate smoking is a vice and always deleterious long ago disappeared from the medical profession in England. There followed a period when the prevailing view of English physicians was that the physical and mental satisfaction which smokers derive from pipe, cigar or cigarette practically offset the dangers of nicotine. This opinion has in turn been modified until now the average English doctor thoroughly approves the use of tobacco as not only harmless, but wholesome in counteracting some of the tendencies of high-pressure modern life. This attitude of the medical profession may have something to do with enormous increase in the per capita consumption of tobacco in England during recent years, but the true explanation will be found in the amazing spread of the cigarette habit among women.

BURNING QUESTION.

This is one of the burning questions of the hour in England. Social arguments enter into the discussion as much as physical ones, and I do not intend to enumerate them writes a London correspondent. In fact, the subject has reached the controversial stage in America also, if one can believe the confessions of American visitors of the past two or three seasons, and it would be superfluous for me to state the case pro and con.

But would the doctors approve of cigarette smoking by women generally? The question was suggested the other day by my noticing the evident repugnance with which a conservative young English matron consumed an after-dinner cigarette. I asked her if she really enjoyed tobacco.

"I hate it," she replied frankly, and then she explained that her doctor had commanded her to smoke a cigarette after dinner and at bedtime. She had tried everything for insomnia and finally her physician prescribed tobacco, saying that he had found it efficacious in a number of cases.

"I do sleep better," she added, "but I detest tobacco in every form and I am no more reconciled to it now than at first."

But this case hardly suggests the answer the medical profession would give to the sweeping question, "Should women smoke?"

ADVANTAGES OF TOBACCO.

The lancet is outspoken upon the subject of tobacco's advantages in campaigning. "The war in South Africa," it says, "has taught many things of greater and of less importance. Perhaps nothing that it has demonstrated has been more marked than the important part which tobacco plays in the soldier's existence. Whether this is to be reckoned as a great fact or a small one, there can be no doubt about the truth of it. Yet the Duke of Wellington's armies had no tobacco worth speaking of. If they did not forbid its use, at any rate, the Iron Duke's officers were directed to advise their men strongly against it. What a curious contrast with the campaigning in South Africa, where marches and privations as long and as stern as any suffered by our great-grandfathers were borne by the volunteers and soldiers of to-day with a grumble only when their 'smokes' failed them. We have it from many who took part in the forced marches leading to Paardeberg, to Bloemfontein, to Pretoria and beyond, that when rations were but two or three biscuits a day the only real physical content of each twenty-four hours came with the pipe smoked by the smouldering embers of a campfire. This pipe eased the way to sleep that might otherwise have lingered, delayed by the sheer bodily fatigue and mental restlessness caused by prolonged and monotonous exertion.

SEDATIVE QUALITIES.

"It is difficult then to believe that tobacco is anything but a real help to men who are suffering long labors and receiving little food, and probably the way in which it helps is by quieting cerebration—for no one doubts its sedative qualities—and thus allowing more easily sleep, which is so all-important when semi-starvation is to be endured. The cases of acute mental derangement in the course of campaigns such as the present are many. There have indeed been many in South Africa. It would be most profitable and interesting could medical officers have taken special note of the capacity for sleep previously evidenced by those who broke down and also of their indulgence or non-indulgence in tobacco. We are inclined to believe that, used with due moderation, tobacco is of value second only to food itself when long privations and exertions are to be endured. Two features are to be noted with regard to the smoking practised on active service. It is almost entirely in the open air and it is largely on an empty stomach. The former is always an advantage; the latter, we generally reckon a most

unfavorable condition. Should the near future patients with amblyopia or smoker's head while the trusting friend thought that he was enjoying the well-earned solace of a day's march? We believe the open air will have as much to do with the untoward result as the use of smoking when unfed."

HIS FRIGHTFUL LE

The brakeman's Experience Reading.

A gentleman who was in the West says that on railway car he came upon a little story of possible He had been into the dining when he returned to his room to find the seat occupied by a man sat there, turning a novel which had been He rose at once and laid book.

"No," said the traveler and read, if you like."

"No, sir," replied the maning his seat. "I never while I'm on duty. So opened to me once from

"Tell us about it."

"Well, sir, I was one day, a blamed good was breaking on a free brakeman. We ran off onto a sidin' to wait for press to pass us.

"It was a lonesome and I was sent back switch for the express was late, and I walked switch, readin' as I you believe it? I never switch at all. I just bank, under a tree,

"All of a sudden whistle of the express was, a-comin' round like-well, she was an hour, maybe.

"At that minute of the switch was p me, and I knew th thrown, and in a crashin' into that fr be trouble.

"I tell you I dr novel and put for I got it, too. But I threw if over th of the engine pass a mighty close call

"Well, what did book?"

"I just set there tremblin', till the onto in the caboose. I the book again; jus the road. Never f either."

PRICELESS

They Are Kept Handy Through His

The Shah of Persia precious stones than any world. In his palace keeps \$10,000,000 worth glass jar, and loves priceless gems trifling fingers.

His crowns and his vels or Oriental m Kanjanian crown flower-pot, with the and the other close top an uncut, flav as a hen's egg. T

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