

Farm for Sale

BEING Lots No. 11 and 12, Con. 1, N. D. R., Glenelg, and 11 and 12, on Con. 2, N. D. R., also 13 and 14, on C. P. 3, N. D. R., each lot containing 50 acres, or 300 acres in all, nearly all cleared. Well watered, well fenced, good outbuildings and dwellings, good bearing orchards. In first class state of cultivation, within a few rods of school, 4 miles from Durham. Will be sold in bloc or in separate lots, as purchaser desires. Easy terms. For further particulars apply to A. C. BEATON, Business P. O. Nov. 1-4t

For Sale.

AN ELIGIBLE TOWN LOT ON Garafraux Street, Durham, opposite Campbell's Livery. Good site for business, 30 feet frontage, good stable fitted to accommodate sixteen horses. For terms and all particulars apply at this office or to the proprietor. ALEXANDER BEIGGS, July 1st. ALLAN PARK

For Sale.

14 CHOICE AND VALUABLE building lots, in one of the most desirable parts of the town. Plans of the survey may be seen at Mr. Telford's office, or by mail. Prices right. Terms to suit the purchaser. Excellent opportunity for each buyer. For further particulars apply to Mrs. Thomas Jackson, formerly Mrs. Midsouth, Clinton, Ont.

For Sale.

AN IMPROVED FARM, LOT NO. 7, Con. 4, S. D. R., Glenelg, fifty-five acres, fifty cleared, about 5 1/2 miles from Durham. Good orchard, good concrete house, good well, in fair state of cultivation. For particulars see the owner. JOSEPH JACQUES, Durham P. O. 6th 1d.

For Sale.

A HOUSE AND LOT ON QUEEN Street, the property of Mrs. J. L. Brown. The house contains 12 rooms, conveniently situated, and quite new. Will make an excellent boarding house. For particulars apply to J. L. BROWN, July 16th, 1901. Photographer

Boat for Service.

THE THOROUGH BRED SHOT Horn Dark Red Durham Bull "Lion" Drive, No. 2890. C. H. H., will be kept for service at lot No. 15, con. 3, N. D. R., Glenelg. Pedigree may be seen on application. Terms \$100, payable February 1st. Persons desiring their cows and not returning them shall be charged full price whether the cows are in calf or not. JOHN P. FALLAISE, Nov. 27-29th. J. B. BURNES, P. O.

Boar for Service.

THOROUGH BRED BARK-HIRE Boar, Long Bacon Type, bred by T. A. Cox, a prize winner at the Industrial and Buffalo Exhibitions in 1901, will be kept for service at lot 26, con. 4, N. D. R., Bentinck, Dam and Sire were prize winners. Terms, one dollar. ROBERT BRITTON, Allan Park P. O. Nov. 12-24th, 1d.

Boar for Service.

THOROUGH BRED CHESTER WHITE. Registered Pedigree (No. 1127), at Lot 3, Con. 2, Egmont. Terms \$100. CHAS. GRAY, Prop., Nov. 1st. 3mpd. VARNEY P. O.

Pig Astray.

CAME TO THE PREMISES OF the undersigned about the 22nd November, a pig. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses. J. NO. ECKHARDT, Business P. O. Dec. 5th. 3.

Stray Broncho.

CAME TO THE PREMISES OF the undersigned, Lot 2, Con. 11, Glenelg, on or about Dec. 3, 1901. Owner may have same by proving property and paying expenses. ALEX. ELLISON, Dec. 9th. 4pd. Waudby P. O.

Money to Loan.

I AM AGENT FOR ONE OF THE best Land and Loan Companies, and am now prepared to loan money or buy mortgages on farm security at lowest rates. Apply to R. MICKLEBOROUGH, Sr., Dec. 10th. 3m. Holstein P. O.

MONEY To PATENT Good Ideas may be secured by our aid. Address THE PATENT RECORD, Baltimore, Md.

Furniture . . .

That is sure to please can always be purchased here.

UNDERTAKING PRICES CUT.

Also a First Class Hearse always in connection. Embalming a specialty.

JACOB KRESS.

THE STRANGER AND THE PRINCESS

BY SEWARD W. HOPKINS

Copyright, 1900, by Seward W. Hopkins.

[CONTINUED.] "To the important fact," said the young man easily, "that you are the investigating magistrate in this case of the American who is under arrest for the murder of M. de Bullion."



"Ah, indeed! Then you are able, perhaps, to shed some light upon the case." "Unfortunately not. But I wish to do some investigating myself. There are many curious stories afloat concerning this case, and one of them touches those who are very close to me and who have commanded me to come to you."

"Ah! I am ready to assist you in any way I can, provided, of course, you ask nothing that will defeat the ends of justice." "No, to serve them rather. But I will not ask you to do anything in the dark. I will be frank with you. You have perhaps heard the name of Count Rockmillville?"

"I have indeed. And the count—is that illustrious person interested in this small affair?" "He must be, since the story has been told that the young American became entangled in this mystery through his desire to save us—the count and his family—from annoyance and perhaps attack."

"True, that has been said, and it is so. The prefect of police could tell you much about that." "I have seen him. What I want now is an order from you to permit me to see the prisoner."

"Ah, that is difficult! Yet for the prince—I mean Count Rockmillville—I suppose it could be done." "I trust you will endeavor to please the prince. To drop the incognito, which is farcical between men who understand the case, if it should prove that this young man, who seems to be almost without friends in Paris, has been engaged in an effort to protect the Prince of Deneslia, the Princess Margaret and the Princess Marie, it is the wish of the prince to reward in some substantial way so disinterested and courageous an act. Of course we offer no explanation of the De Bullion affair. We hope, however, that our unknown friend will prove his innocence."

"I hope so too. May I ask what relation you yourself hold to the Prince of Deneslia?" "I am the captain of his guard."

"You are young to hold so responsible a place. However, you look like a brave and honorable young man. I think I can safely trust you."

M. Senechal called for writing materials and wrote an order to admit Bossu Duvally, the bearer, to the cell of the prisoner Buckford Wallace.

"I stipulate but one thing," said the magistrate. "It may not be necessary; but should I deem it so, I trust you will not object to appearing at the investigation."

"I was about to ask to be allowed to come," said Duvally, smiling. The young man stepped to his waiting carriage and gave the command to drive at once to the Palais de Justice.

The carriage stopped before the door of the depot. The young man did not step out of it. In his place came a man of middle age wearing a full black beard that covered his face to the very eyes. He wore a long coat. In short, his appearance was very different from when he entered M. Senechal's presence.

The obsequious footman bowed him up the steps, as before. He entered. The letter from M. Senechal gained him instant admittance and attention. He was led to the cell of the American prisoner.

The jail attendant, excited by the condition of so important a personage, hurried to assist. He and the footman carried the unconscious man to the carriage. He was placed inside, and the footman got in with him.

"Why not call a physician?" asked the attendant. "No! I must get him home at once," was the reply.

The horses dashed off and were soon out of sight. An hour later the prisoners in the depot were fed. An attendant went to the cell of Buckford Wallace. He opened the door, surprised to find it closed, but not locked. He looked into the cell and then, with a wild yell of dismay, ran screaming down the corridor.

The cell was empty. The murderer of M. de Bullion had escaped.

CHAPTER V.

M. MONROE, THE AMERICAN. ABOUT twice a year Paris goes insane. The duration of this semiannual mental disturbance depends upon circumstances. It has happened that one period has lasted all the next one was due. It sometimes happens that they last only a week.

Paris went insane when it heard how the murderer of M. de Bullion had calmly walked out of the depot of the police.

His malady increased when it learned that M. Senechal, the investigating magistrate, had been a party to the escape. M. Senechal himself remained calm and collected.

"The matter is easy of settlement," he said. "In two days we shall have the prisoner again."

And then, as the person immediately responsible for the jail attendant's escape, M. Senechal began an investigation, not of the murder, but of the murderer's escape.

With him, working hand in hand, was the chief of the detective police. Before these two cool, unimpassioned men came the attendant of the jail.

"Tell your story," said M. Senechal. "Leave out nothing! I must cudgel my brains to get anything in. Who ever saw an escape like that? It took an American to show us that the Palais de Justice needed an increased force of guards."

"More capable ones, rather," said M. Senechal. "Oh, as to that, we did not write the order," replied the attendant.

M. Senechal winced. The chief of the detectives scarcely concealed a smile. "But suppose we hear the story?"

"Well, this is it, so far as I know: A fine carriage came to the door of the depot. From it came a gentleman about 50 years of age or less, wearing a heavy black beard."

"Oh, pardon me! Is that description correct?" "Quite so. This man, who gave the peculiar name of Bossu Duvally, held an order from you to be allowed to see the murderer of M. de Bullion privately. I knew it was irregular, but concluded you knew your business, and it was simply my duty to obey. I admitted the man. That is my story in full. I know nothing more except that a short time afterward Ganne, the attendant of that corridor, came to me and told me the prisoner had escaped."

"Have Ganne brought here." Into the presence of the two investigators came Ganne.

"Tell us fully your story of the escape of the prisoner known as Wallace."

"Alas that I know it at all! I saw M. Bossu Duvally, as he declared himself, enter the jail. I led him to the cell of the prisoner and admitted him. I then stepped to the farther end of the corridor. I heard some of the attendants talking of the evident wealth of the visitor. They spoke of liveried footman, coachman and fine horses. Well, I thought nothing of that. I returned after a short time and saw M. Duvally lying unconscious on the floor and his footman bending over him. The footman begged of me to assist him to get his master to the carriage. I did so. They drove off, refusing to call a physician. That is all I know about it."

"I did not think of it. There was a man perhaps dying on the floor. I thought only of assisting him. My brain was befogged."

"Was the footman, now you think of it, the prisoner?" asked the chief of detectives. "No. I am sure he was not."

"Then the other must have been." "But the prisoner was in his cell when M. Duvally entered."

"Still, one man came in and two went out. The mathematics of that is clear enough, I think."

"Yes. But it is so mysterious. I can offer no explanation."

"The well planned and well executed escape proves that the fellow was guilty and afraid to face the investigation," said the chief of detectives.

"That remains to be seen," replied M. Senechal. "If this M. Duvally is what he claimed to be, there is something more behind it all, something that may involve international disputes and difficulties. We must now see M. Duvally. Come."

The two investigators left the office of M. Senechal and stepped into the magistrate's carriage, which was waiting at the door.

They were driven to a splendid hotel on a fashionable street and were met at the door by a servant in livery.

"We are a magistrate and police official," said M. Senechal. "We wish, if possible, to have an interview with his highness—or—Count Rockmillville."

The wooden faced servant ushered them into an anteroom and withdrew. "The count spends plenty of money on his temporary abiding places," said the chief, looking around.

"Messieurs, accompany me," said the servant, returning. They were led into a fine large library, where a gentleman about 30 years of age stood waiting for them.

"I am pleased to see you, messieurs," he said. "To what fortunate circumstance do I owe the pleasure of a visit from the representatives of the departments of police and justice?"

"To plunge at once into the matter," said M. Senechal, "we did not come to see your highness at all. You have, I believe, a young man in your service named Bossu Duvally."

"I certainly have," replied the prince in surprise. "He is the captain of my guard. Surely, gentlemen, poor Bossu has done nothing to cause trouble?"

"It would appear that he has done something that may cause a great deal of trouble."

"Really! You surprise me! May I ask you what it was?" "You certainly have the right to know. But first let me ask your highness if you sent this Bossu Duvally to me yesterday afternoon."

"Send him to you? Bossu Duvally? Certainly not."

"Then you, as well as I, have been wronged. I will explain. Your highness has perhaps heard of the American police arrested three days ago on suspicion of having murdered and robbed M. de Bullion, a wealthy banker?"

"I have read of it in the papers. Nothing more."

"Is it possible? And you have heard none of the stories concerning him?" "Nothing. I was not much interested."

"Heavens! This American, it seems, is a strange character. In some manner he became acquainted, so he tells, with some strange and disreputable persons of a certain evil quarter. He learned of a plot that was being hatched to—well, in short, to murder you!"

"What? You jest! A plot in Paris to murder me?" exclaimed the prince. "So, and nothing less. I do not claim to be stating facts. This plot seemed to include among its victims the Princess Marie Alexia."

"My sister! Horrible!" "And the Princess Margaret?"

"My wife! My unborn child! My God! This is terrible, gentlemen! Why was I kept in ignorance of the existence of such a plot?"

"For the simple reason that the prefect of police was the only official who knew it, and he doubted the truth of the story, and does yet. Such plots were common enough at one time in Paris, but are rare now. But this is the story of the American. He was commissioned by the prefect to return to the haunts of the plotters, learn more and come to the prefecture with the facts."

"And did he return?" "Oh, he returned. He returned with the purse of the murdered man in his possession and blood on his hands and cheeks."

The visiting prince sat back in his chair and gazed in mute astonishment at M. Senechal.

"And now we come to Duvally's part in this," said M. Senechal. "Yesterday he came to me and introduced himself as the captain of your highness' guard. His general appearance and the elegance of the equipage in which he arrived dispelled all doubt. He informed me that your highness was familiar with the story and that you wished to reward the young man for his disinterested efforts in your behalf. He also requested an order admitting him to the jail to see the prisoner. I gave him the order. He visited the jail. He used a disguise to enter, appearing as a black bearded man of 50. When he left the jail, he took the prisoner with him."

The prince looked now in still greater amazement. "Do you mean that he assisted the prisoner to escape?"

"That is just what I mean, your highness."

"Incredible! Then the man is guilty!" "He certainly feared the investigation."

"This must be looked into at once. I will have Duvally here."

An attendant obeyed the call of the prince.

"Send Captain Duvally to me at once."

In three minutes the captain of the prince's guard entered. He was about 24, tall, handsome and brave looking.

"Captain Duvally, these gentlemen, representatives of the departments of the police and justice, come to me with a strange story of your exploits yesterday. I wish you would explain your action."

"I shall be happy to explain anything I have done that does not meet with the approbation of your highness," said the captain. "But—pardon me, your highness, stammered M. Senechal. "This is not the man!"

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"You have, I believe, a young man in your service named Bossu Duvally."

stealthily order from his prince to follow the matter up and learn what it all meant.

It was now the hour set by M. Senechal for the regular examination. Everybody connected with the case was on hand—with the exception of the prisoner.

"Well, let us see what has been learned," said the magistrate. "Since the prisoner is not present, what has the detective in charge of the case got to say?"

At a nod from his chief a shrewd looking detective stepped forward.

"Well?" interrogated M. Senechal. "I have looked up the record of the prisoner," said he. "I give this condensed as much as possible. Eight months ago he came to Paris from New York. He took art lessons from M. Plaster, the celebrated painter. He seemed supplied with unlimited wealth. He had luxurious lodgings. Recently he gave up his work on the

A MYSTERY SOLVED. Or Why Little Johnny Green Ate His Christmas Dinner Standing Up. Johnny Green—Pa, I know why you always ring the church bells so loud on Christmas. Mr. Green (the church sexton)—Do you, my son? Johnny Green—Yes, pa. It's so the neighbors won't hear ma kicken about the cheap presents you always give her.