o stand or fall by th ponents may be forchance into design nt forward merrily. s were upon the run ied wolves who snarl shoulders. The red wos and threes, and rose the lance butt rmy sea, as the trooprd, cleared his point tween their prey and all who could were from the valley of inders gave the fugiw, and then brought ng and choking, ere be protection of the he Gurkhas followed and Aft were killing nt, for they had penbetween their bay. rock, and the flash

old them, Captain essaidar of lancers rbine. The lance is time.

ighting the wadded

arbine, and still the y-fled up the hills there were only 20 On the heights the ring-they had run -and the brigadier sketry fire could not e retreat. Long bewere fired the litorce looking for the le was over, and but troops the Afghans iped off the earth. nted their dead by here were the dead track of the Fore

did not cheer with did they dance unhe Gurkhas among ooked under their as they leaned upon

mp, you! Haven't elf enough for one the wounded. It's id the colonel. Yet Fore and Aft had mortal commander had lost heavily beknow how to set with proper skill. hemselves gallantr reward.

htly color sergeant, magine himself a er bottle to a highe was black with

no cowards, "aner huskily, and, . he said: "Hya. er got it?" The passed his bottle. no word.

camp when the n a little mepped ble, and the brigaa knight in three y soul who was em. The colonel the officers were

brigadier, "they ourse, and it was hey should retire

t Maria!" murfficer. "Retire in lly run!"

again, as we all igadier, the colobefore him, "and as could possibly beautifully inthem. It's not a eart, colonel. As said of his men, oted over a little, simself he said . I can give 'em as well that they

and bite Poor the heliograph n the hills, strivws to a mountain in the evening weating and sore endent who had trumpery village

read off the mes-

ig his luck the

Teach 'em more

flirtations that

ls somehow-as please It's the en left this camspondent to the igadier, nothing army of comrumpled up. depibilated by the and foresight

among these be hed on the hillas won by Jakin odies were borne two gaps at the ave for the dead

gai.



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priest asked her, "Are you content?" it was with all her soul Gemma had responded, "Yes!" Oh, yes; she was con-

tent indeed. Through the cloud of costly lace which enwrapped the vast church all dotted with lights, resplendent in the dark gleam of mosaics upon golden backgrounds, animated by the slight movement of the very elegant crowd that filled it. lighted by oblique rays descending from the that she seemed to see thus-the years It was expected that this fortress

of luxury and wealth which her rich would be an easy one to conquer. Premarriage was preparing for her. And cisely on her wedding day Vico Molise. had it not been the dream for which the most elegant and skeptical of the she sighed? She, the ideal blond, of journalists of upper Italy, had proeighteen years, with the tall and proud pounded to his friends this theorism: figure, the pure, disdainful profile un- "Given a beautiful girl, very poor; der heavy curls like those of an arch- given that she marries a rich old man; angel, with haughty eyes sparkling divide the number of his years by that like blue gems under the golden fringes of the hundreds of thousands of lire of of her long eyelashes.

girl, the daughter of citizens who had sary for her to take a lover." seen better days, that marvelous human lily. She had experienced all the with many others, to attempt the dempetty troubles, all the cruel daily suf- onstration of that theorem. ly remodeled every year; the insolence of creditors, humiliations, continual tormenting thoughts of money-she had experienced them all, and in her little heart, eager for pleasure and enjoyment, swollen with unsatisfied longings, a dream was arisen little by little. occupying all the room, rendering her insensible to all the rest-the dream of

at last becoming rich. She wanted it absolutely; she was born for it: she was rich now. That "yes" which she had just pronounced had by its three magic letters changed her destiny, and she was so content, so happy, that it appeared to her it was all a dream; that her Mechlin veil was a cloud that transported her into the realms of the impossible, across a sidereal heaven, of which the diamond pins thrust among her laces formed the flaming stars, and in order to return to reality she must cast her eyes toward her husband, Luigo Marchis, kneeling beside her in the mystic, velvety shade of the altar lit by the tremulous brightness of the candles.

Ah, there was nothing ideal about him, poor fellow! In vain he straightened his correct person of an elegant man, with his accurately shaved face, with slender brown mustache, and a still fresh color that gave him something the look of an actor. He remained none the less old, with his powerful shoulders a little bent, with his eyelids grown heavy and crow's feet toward his temples, with the gray locks that appeared here and there among his brown nair, with his fortyseven years, of which the weariness was more conspicuous beside that radiant and blond spring.

Forty-seven years! How was it possible? He felt his heart so palpitating, full of tears as in youth, and he could not comprehend how so much time had passed He could not persuade himself of the incredible factforty-seven years passed without know-

ing Gemma. For they had been acquainted with each other only two months' Marchis, however much he had frequented society, drawn there by his banking connections, had never let himself be talked to of marriage. What! A wife, children, troubles, cares, disappointment! Not even by idea!

And at forty-seven years one evening, present from motives of curiosity at a ball to which the employees of his bank had invited him, he must needs be smitten by the exquisite, vaporous grace of that blond girl, dressed simply in white, entering on the arm of a funny little man with a baby face and a big, silvery beard-her father, a modest clerk in the bank; a rather ridiculous little old man who, beside that divine apparition, slender in her robes of snow, made one think of the gnomes of folk tales, always crouch-

ing at the feet of fairles. Ah, weakness of hearts growing old! That apparition was enough to shake all the ideas of Luigo Marchis concerning matrimony, and as the old gnome, despite his absolute nullity. was an honest citizen, incapable of resisting the assiduities of the director to his pretty daughter, the suitor had been greatly pleased with the consent of that little maiden of eighteen, that beautiful creature, that bload being, to become his wife. Now he trembled with joy. His eyes were misty with vivid emotion-not perceiving that that, too, was a sign of old age-and it was a voice choked with joy that to the question of the priest, "Are you content?" replied, "Oh, yes!"

Now it is done. United-forever united. Having risen to their feet, she with an elegant and light impulse, like a lily wind-lifted on its stem, he with a little effort and difficulty, wearled by emotion, they go down from the altar arm in arm. Now they pass through the church amid the murmurs shadows of the aisles, among the dull scraping of feet and the rustle of eer for the County of Grey. Sales promptly gowns. There on the peristyle, among attended to and notes cashed. sun and air which comes to meet them, like a recall to real life outside of the mystic dream of the church, the creaking of the line of carriages that advanced, the slow descent of the steps, with the white train of the bride spreading and dragging upon the stairs

Then the carriages depart They are alone for the first time in the nerrow

space of the carriage, which the bridal dress fills with its whiteness, and the bouquet of orange blossoms, with its acute perfume of intoxicating virginity. And it is then that, conquered by the charm of that face, so delicate and proud amid its large, pallid curls, by the splendor of those blue eyes, the elderly bridegroom bends over her to kiss her.

"Dear me, dear me!" And to see the tranquillity with which her in its snowy transparence she saw those finely cut, rose colored lips return the kisses through the veil, the question arises whether it is the bridegroom that she kisses or the Mechlin lace, at 500 the meter.

Ah, there are adorers around that nave, all a glitter of gold, sliks and beautiful Signora Marchis, so lovely brilliants, and it was her own future and so young, married to an old man!

which she becomes mistress, and you She had been for a long time a poor will have the number of months neces-

And as soon as he could he began,

ferings of misery that conceals itself. Well, this time the impeccable psy-The poor and inelegant gowns, painful- chological diagnosis of Vico Molise had been found to fail. Not only, after some months, the beautiful Signora Marchis had no lover, but it appeared also that she never was to have one.

Always dressed with an adorable elegance, with a luxury full of good taste, the beautiful Gemma loved to amuse herself, moving freely in that society new for ber, finding herself in her right place as a marvelous plant in a vase of valuable porcelain, developing itself in all its splendor. She went to dances, to the theater, enjoying the plebiscite of admiration provided by her beauty, coquetting a little with her adorers, fluttering about the fire in order to make them sparkle, her wings of a golden butterfly, but never letting herself be

In the very moment of a declaration, in the midst of one of those waltzes whose notes seem made on purpose to stifle expiring virtue in their serpentine spirals, she cut short her adorer by turning her angelic head and saying serenely:

"I don't see my husband. Look a little where my husband is if you will be so kind."

And it was known that her greatest delight was to relate precisely to her husband the declarations which she had received. When she came home with him from a ball, all wrapped in the white silken folds of her sortie du bal, with her pure throat, her snowy shoulders that blossomed still more fair from her swansdown boa; when in the evening she met him in the dining room, still in visiting costume, with her slim waist tightly compressed by an exquisitely elegant gown, with her face animated by the slight excitement which elegant conversation always produces in a young woman, she amused herself immensely in addressing to her husband some of these provoking and

roguish phrases: always faithful and always in despair. And also Comelli, he that has such lugubrious gallantry-he has promised to kill himself for my sake within a

month. We shall see. Ah, ah!" And, sitting opposite to him in a rustle of satin and jet, making shine like two stars the brilliants, large as hazelnuts, which adorned her small ears, she continued to laugh, with her elastic laughter, full of mischief and full of tenderness.

Ah, indeed old Marchis could call

himself a fortunate man! Fortunate? Yes, he ought to have considered himself so. When he set himself to reason about it, to describe mentally his conjugal situation, he had to conclude that he would have done wrong to complain of his destiny. And

What of the terribly unexpected had he now discovered in the depths of the pure sapphire of Gemma's eyes? Was there arisen in his soul the doubt that that faithfulness against every trial, that coldness toward her admirers, was nothing but the wish to preserve intact a position acquired with difficulty and that precisely to that position was directed all the tenderness shown toward himself? I do not know, but the vivid and impetuous joy of the wedding was no longer in him, although his love remained the same, and a painful doubt thrilled in his voice when he replied to the playful confilaugh too:

"Take care, now, take care-the vengeance of the tyrant hangs over you"-Ah, the poor tyrant! How he loved her! How she had known how to bind him with her little hands, white and perfumed as two lilies! For nothing in the world would he have discovered the truth, changed into certainty his fomenting doubt. So she had only to ask in order to obtain, for now for him that love of which he doubted had beof compliments which arise amid the come his life, and he felt a painful thought that a day might come when he would be obliged to refuse her some thing. Yet that day came. Suddenly, by one of those mysterious complications of business, his bank, which until then had gone from triumph to triumph, underwent a violent shock Not kneeling maids, ready dressed for the a noisy downfall, one of those open, public ruins which produce great failures, but one of those deep, intimate, soms, with fresh sprays of simond treasures of the beehive.

secret crises that must be borne without a word, a lament, under penalty of the waist among the waving fo'de of death; that can be overcome only by force of small privations, little bidden savings. It is then that strict economy in the family becomes necessary. The

luxury of Gemma in those moments be came absolutely ruinous for her husband: he ought to have warned her, sought to check her. He dared not and continued to content her, but very soon came the time when he could do so no

It was on the occasion of a great ball to which she was to go. She had ordered from Paris a marvelous gown that became her to perfection. Still she was not satisfied. Some days before, in the showcase of the most fashionable jeweler of the city, a diadem had set in revolution all the feminine imaginations; a superb jewel of antique style. set in silver gilt, of a starry pallor, where the brilliants seemed drops of flame. Gemma wished to have it, and indeed it would be difficult to find face adapted to the almost religious richness of that jewel more than her snowy profile of an angel in ecstasy.

Ten thousand francs was the price of that jewel, and Marchis did not have them. Mute, immovable, his heart oppressed, he listened to Gemma's words oh, the forehead of a corpse, icy and as she described it to him. How could he tell her, how could he ever tell her, that he had not the 10,000 francs! was terrible. To another woman who should have had that caprice one might have proposed to have her own diamonds reset after that model or perhaps even to have an imitation diadem made. No one would have suspected it. But he felt that the danger lay in confessing his powerlessness. Yet it must be done. And he made an effort

at courage. Gemma had seated herself beside him, throwing back and bending a little to one side her blond head with that irresistible feminine movement which displays the white throat, the pure line descending from the slender neck to the full bloomed bust, down to the round and flexible waist.

"I would like to have it. It seems to me that I should look well. Don't you think so? I have a great wish to be beautiful. If you knew why?"

She laughed now deliciously, with the air of her roguish hours. He was silent for a moment. Then, fixing a vague look upon the delicate designs of the oriental carpet, paling as if from an inward wound, he murmured:

"The fact is that I do not know-I do not really know whether-whether shall be able to buy it for you"-"Why?"

She had quickly raised her head, much surprised, uneasy, looking a him. Such a thing had never happened Marchis wiped his forehead and re-

sumed his discourse. "The fact is-you see, in a bank like

ours there are moments that-certain moments in which one cannot-in which it is impossible." What was impossible for him in that moment was to finish the phrase. He stopped and lifted his eyes timidly to her, desolately, as if to beg her to help him. She was very pale, with a sud-

compressed mouth, in her knit brows, in her sparkling eyes. "Have you not ten thousand francs? Is it possible?"

den hardness in all her features, in her

And her voice was as hard as her look, a profound hardness that star-"You know I was at Countess Fo- tled him. But all at once her face schis'. Molise was there, you know- changed expression, she recovered her fresh, tuneful laugh, and the sweet longs to the man of action, quick to and limpid ray was rekindled in her blue eyes.

so as not to buy me anything. De- as deeply. He will have many theoceiver! I that wished to be beautiful ries, while the possessor of a large in order to drive Vico Molise a little crazy. He has declared to me that he is tired of my perfidy. See, you deserve-do you know that I am becoming angry with you?"

She really believed that she had hit the truth with her words. Indeed he had so well kept up the illusion with her, he had hidden so jealously his embarrassment, that she did not know how to explain this sudden restriction. But meanwhile every word of hers was a blow to the heart of Marchis. He saw her already at the ball, passing from arm to arm, with her step like a flying angel; listening to the insidious compliments of Vico Molise and his kind and keeping meantime in her heart that leaven of rancor against him because of his refusal. And he saw himself again, as he had seen himself a little while before in the mirror, old, weary, worn, beside her, so fresh, young, with eyes sparkling from the cruel scorn of one who has

made an unequal bargain. Suddenly he rose like one who has taken a decision, passed his hand across his brow and, without replying, went away to go out of the house. She believed that she had conquered and dence of Gemma, forcing himself to let him go without moving herself, only with a flash of cunning in her eyes. But when he was on the stairs the door opened, and a blond head appeared between the folding doors: "We are agreed, then?"

He did not reply, and she heard his step down the stairway, slow, heavy,

The evening of the ball Marchis knocked at the door of his wife's dressing room.

"Come in." And he entered. In the little dressing room so illumined as to seem on fire, with the air filled with fragrance from the little unstoppered bottle of perfume, all gleaming white with the disorder of feminine apparel scattered about, Gemma stood erect before the mirror between two ball. She was truly radiant in her

sowers around the neck of the dress at If Nothing Turns Up, the train Issuing from that covering of delicate, pale, dawn tinted fowers, she, too, was fresh as they, with her faintly rosy complexion, as if she were one of those flowers become a person. But under her lashes gleamed anon the flash of cold and cruel rancor.

Her husband had not given her the

Hadem. But, hearing him enter, she turned, and, seeing that he held a casket in his hands, she comprehended everything. With a bound she was beside him, her arms twined around his neck.

"Oh, how good you are! How good you are! How I love you!" He trembled all over and was very pale. Gemma did not even perceive it. All once, with one of her irresistible movements, she loosened her arms from his neck, took with one hand the casket, and with the other holding her husband's hand she led him after her to the mirror. She seated herself and opened the casket. Among puffs of red plush, under the burning light, the diadem sent forth sparks like a flame. 3he had a new outburst of joy, took the husband's head between her hands, drew it down and kissed his foreheadlivid! Then, without looking at his features, his wandering gaze, she offered him the diadem and bent before him her blond head, which was so well suited to that mystical jewel.

"Come, sir, crown me!" And while he sought to unite with trembling hands the clasp of the gems among those marvelous blond curls, waving and breaking into ripples of gold at every movement, she, still with her bent head, lifted her smiling eyes to meet his look. And he answered with a resigned gentleness to the smile of those perilous blue eyes, he, the poor man who deceived for the sake of desire to be deceived and who bought for himself a little mock love with-mock diamonds.-Translated For Short Stories From Italian of Haydee by E. Ca-

Rights of Chinese Parents.

The law and custom of China still give the parents supreme control over their children. As far as it is possible for an outsider to get to know this people, whose "ways are dark," it does appear that this power of life and death is not often exercised unless in the case of infants. Now and again, however, instances occur which prov that this barbarous right is still claimed and exercised.

A man in the Nam Hoi district has just put his son to death in a most cruel fashion, and the law takes no cognizance of the murder, for surely it cannot be called by any other name. The boy had been often reproved for associating with gamblers and robbers, and his record was a bad one. This much may be said in extenuation of the father's diabolical act. For a long time the father was unable to lay hands on his son. This he succeeded in doing by offering a reward to any one who Once a Month for 10c. could bring him home. During the day of his return the father gave no evidence of his wicked designs. This put strangle him.-China Mail.

The Nose Indicates Character.

A large nose is always an unfailing sign of a decided character. It besee and to seize opportunity. A small nose indicates a passive nature, one "Come, you want to tell me stories, less apt to act, although he may feel nose will have deeds to show. Persons with small noses are most loving and sympathizing, but their friendship is not the active kind.

A nose with the tip slightly tilted is the sign of the heartless flirt. A long nose shows dignity and repose, a short nose pugnacity and a love of gayety. An arched nose-one projecting at the bridge-shows thought. A straight nose shows an inclination toward serious subjects. A nose turning up slightly indicates eloquence, wit and imagination. If turned up much it shows egotism and love of luxury. nose that slopes out directly from the forehead, that shows no indenting between the eyes, indicates power. If the nose is indented deeply at the root the subject will be weak and vacillating. A nose that turns down signifies that the possessor is miserly and sarcastic.-Ladies' Home Journal.

Parrley Honey.

It is very seldom that we come across honey that is not fit for human consumption, but it is just possible that Lace Curtains at 25c, 65c, 75c, 90c and \$1.25 you may have that experience. Bees gather honey for themselves, not for us, and they naturally study them- Heavy Twilled Sheeting, 2-yards wide, 250 selves only. It generally happens, fortunately for us, that what suits them is also good for man, but there are exceptions.

The honey that bees gather from parsley is likely to make man feel very ill indeed. Probably that honey does not disagree with the collector, or it may occasionally be gathered and placed with the rest by mistake. There is just the chance that it is done for purposes of revenge by one member of the CHOEC. DON'T FORGET THE community who considers himself ag- onuco: "Big 4" when in need grieved and vents his spite on his fel-

Hemlock honey may be innocuous to the bee, but it is likely to poison man and give him a decidedly bad time if

not kill him. The plant known as green fly will yield honey with a taste that will make gown of white satin with almond blos- a human being lose all desire for the

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