

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
BY THE CHRONICLE PRINTING HOUSE, GARAFRAKA STREET, DURHAM, ONT.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
The Chronicle will be sent to any address, free of postage, for \$4.00 per annum, payable in advance.

ADVERTISING
For transient advertisements 8 cents per line for the first insertion; 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

THE JOB DEPARTMENT
Is completely stocked with all NEW TYPE, thus affording facilities for turning out First-class work.

W. IRWIN
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Medical Directory.

Drs. Jamieson & Macdonald.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE
A short distance east of Knapp's Hotel, Lambton Street, Lower Town, Durham. Office hours from 12 to 2 o'clock.

J. G. Hutton, M. D., C. M.

MEMBER COLLEGE PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, ONTARIO.
Office hours 9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. Residence and office, Old Bank buildings, Upper Town, Durham. Telephone No. 10.

Arthur Gun, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OFFICE
Office over McLachlan's store. Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m., and 7 to 9 p. m. Special attention given to diseases of women and children. Residence opposite Presbyterian Church.

Dental Directory.

Dr. T. G. Holt, L. D. S.

OFFICE—FIRST DOOR EAST OF
The Durham Pharmacy, Calder's Block. Residence—Lambton Street, near the Station.

W. C. Pickering, D.D.S., L.D.S.

HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO
University; Graduate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario. Rooms—Calder Block, over Post Office.

Legal Directory.

J. P. Telford.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.
Office over Gordon's new Jewellery Store, Lower Town, Durham. Any amount of money to loan at 5 per cent. on farm property.

G. Lefroy McCaul.

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

W. S. Davidson.

BARRISTER, NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.
Money to Loan at reasonable rates, and on terms to suit borrower. Office, McIntyre Block (Over the Bank).

A. H. Jackson.

NOTARY PUBLIC, COMMISSIONER
er, Conveyancer, etc. Private money to loan. Old accounts and debts of all kinds collected on commission. Farms bought and sold. Insurance Agent, etc. Office—MacKenzie's Old Stand, Lower Town, Durham, Ont.

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, LIC.
ensed 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.

DURHAM SCHOOL.

STAFF AND EQUIPMENT.
The school is equipped for full Junior Leaving and Matriculation work, under the following staff of competent teachers for that department:

Thos. Allan, Principal.
Miss Lick, B. A. Classics and Moderns.

Interim students should enter at beginning of term, or as soon after as possible.
Fees, \$1.00 per month.

WM. JOHNSTON, C. L. GRANT,
Chairman, Secretary.

of which he had come in search.
Very pale and sad and startled Betty looked as she approached him. Tears were shining in her soft hazel eyes, and there was something infinitely pathetic to the big broad-shouldered young man in the girl's small, white, wistful face and thin childish figure in deep mourning.

He drew her hand tenderly within his arm and laid his own upon it.
"Tell me, dear," he said gently, "what is it that troubles you?"

"Dudley," Betty began, in an agitated voice, "I can't bear what I am going to do! It seems mean and treacherous of me. But all last night I dreamed of Mrs. Revelsworth. It seemed to me that she stood at the foot of my bed and said to me, 'Betty, you must tell the truth! I would have spoken before, had they not declared at the inquest that Victor was drowned. But since then, only last night, something else happened which made me certain you ought to be told.'"

"Told! Told what? Betty, is it something about my brother Victor?"
"Yes, Dudley, there is something wrong, some dreadful mystery connected with Revelsworth House. I cannot understand it yet, and I am almost afraid to try."

"My poor child, you are trembling! Is it those ghost fears upsetting you again?"

"No, no—it is something worse, something real! I am so afraid of being missed from the house"—glancing nervously from one end to the other of the arched walk as she spoke—"and there is so little time. One thing you must know first. That dreadful old woman up-stairs—"

"Do you mean Francesca's mother?"
Dudley asked, in some surprise. It was so unlike Betty to speak unkindly of any one.

"She is not Francesca's mother. Read this letter. I myself gave it into Mrs. Revelsworth's hands on the afternoon of the day she died. She never told me one word of its contents, although I could see that she was very much disturbed by reading it; but she made me bring Francesca to her as soon as she returned from a long interview, and after they had had a long dinner, and Mrs. Revelsworth wrote to her lawyer. That night she died."

"What do you mean?"
"Read that letter."

Dudley read it, frowning, twice through. Then he gave it back to Betty.

"Where did you find it?" he asked.
"Between the leaves of a novel Mrs. Revelsworth had been reading. Before I found it Francesca had hunted for it everywhere, and had offered a reward to Susan, saying it was a letter from Italy addressed to her. But there was no other letter from Italy except this."

"Does Francesca know you have it?"
"No."

"Is that why you have made it altered towards her?"—"In part," he said thoughtfully. "And, as to this old woman, I suppose it must be the nurse who brought her up. This letter must have made aunt Margaret furious—"

"So I think."
"And then she wrote for Simpson to alter her will! By Jove!"

He paled beneath his sunburn, and stared straight before him for a few moments without speaking. Then he turned to Betty with abrupt suddenness.

"What has all this to do with my brother?" he asked.

"On the day of his death Victor told me that Francesca had promised to marry him on his return from France. But made me swear I would never tell her that he had confided in me. Within twenty-four hours, he said, every one would know of the engagement."

"She—Francesca promised to marry Victor?" Dudley exclaimed incredulously. "Why, she was always refusing him. Don't you think he must have been lightheaded when he told you such a thing?"

"He was excited, but I think he knew what he was talking about. It was when I went back from the regatta to see how he was. And, Dudley, I have something more to tell you."

In low accents and with trembling lips she proceeded to describe to him minutely every incident which had taken place, from the moment when she had entered the quiet house in the absence of the women-servants, to the time when she and Heremon returned to find Victor and And. And Dudley listened with frowning brows and firmly compressed lips, drawing his breath through his teeth as she reached one point of her story, but never once interrupting her.

"Is that all?" he asked in low hoarse tones, when she was silent.

"All but this. Last night Joe Well-ton had evidently been drinking. He came to me in a frightened maudlin state, and began talking in a confused way about the inquest. He wanted to know whether it would have any difference to the verdict if the jury had known that, as soon as I left the house that evening to fetch Mr. O'Meara from his mother's house, Mrs. Harold Revelsworth rang for him, and told him to place instantly in Victor's hands a letter which Francesca had left for him, and a little jewelled box of sweetmeats. Victor received them, and gave me a bright half-crown; but Joe told me he dared not spend it, feeling almost that it was blood-money!"

"Blood-money! Merciful Heaven!"
The strong man staggered and half fell against one of the trees which formed the avenue, breathing hard.

"Betty," he said, turning upon her with sudden passion, "I don't understand this yet. But I will! And, if any one has hurt my brother Victor, by Heaven they shall answer for it to me! A life for a life!"

"Oh, Dudley, what is it you think? What is it you suspect?"

"I think nothing. I suspect nothing until I know! All we can do is to watch. At least that is all you can do. But there must be no suspicion of any understanding between us. And, whatever line of conduct you see me take, you must not question, you must not even wonder. I have a certain end in view, and shall not be particular as to the means. Trust me, leave everything to me, and, if you feel suspicion or dislike of any one, fight it down, and don't show it in your manner. We must be hypocritical if we want to cope with hypocrites, and inhuman if we have to deal with monsters. And now, dear Betty, you must leave me to myself."

self. My brain is on fire with an awful thought, and, if I am not alone to wrestle with it, I feel as though I shall go mad! I don't want you or anybody to see me break down; but when I think of my brother—"

He stopped abruptly, and taking leave of her with a little gesture of the hand, he strode away. Then little Betty, with her eyes dimmed by tears and her heart full of the saddest forebodings, slowly made her way back to the house of mourning.

CHAPTER XXVI.
"I shall not go to Paris. Do not try to persuade me. I cannot leave you here without me. Above all, try to appear friendly with every one."

This was the enigmatical message, scribbled in pencil on a slip of paper, which Betty found thrust under her bed-room door before dinner that evening.

Dudley reappeared at dinner, and Francesca was startled by his changed appearance. He looked like a man of eight-and-thirty, or even more, and there was a steadfast look in his eyes, as though he was putting some violent constraint upon himself all the time.

His manner towards Francesca was gentle, and even tender, while he almost appeared to ignore Betty, so that the latter could not help feeling a little hurt, until she recalled his words of a few hours before—"Whatever line of conduct you see me take, you must not question—you must not even wonder."

So tenderly disposed as others in the midst of his own grief that he sent up a message to ask whether Mrs. Harold Revelsworth would see him, and let Francesca lead him up to the close garlanded apartment in which her supposed mother spent her days and nights.

The old Italian woman was profuse in her sympathy.
"I do not wonder you wanted to see me, my dear Dudley," she murmured, as she leaned back in her chair, with her small, yellow, claw-like hands laid upon the arms, and her black eyes fixed upon him. "In trouble we know—something tells me—whether others are real friends who have suffered too and who are in sympathy with us. Eleven years ago, when my beloved husband was taken from me, I felt just as you are feeling now. I idolized him, and Heaven punished me for my idolatry. But I think—I hope that my long years of sorrow and of helpless suffering have mediated for me, and that I have been forgiven!"

"I hope so too," he said. "You have a great blessing in your daughter."
Francesca, who was arranging some flowers in a vase on the mantelpiece, turned sharply to look at him. He was seated opposite to Mrs. Harold staring at her intently, and his expression was sad and gentle.

"She is all I live for," said the old woman simply.
"Will you do when you lose her?" he asked. "She is so beautiful and so attractive and womanly that you cannot surely wish her to sacrifice her whole life to you?"

The black eyes wandered restlessly about the room, and the thin fingers twitched nervously.
"My daughter tells me you have heard her sad story and know that she is a widow," she said hurriedly. "Her marriage was so wretched—she does not want another experience like that!"

"No, indeed!" he responded heartily. "But she is older now, and will make a wiser choice. And if I don't make a mistake, she had chosen already."

Suddenly a hand was laid upon his lips. Francesca had slipped up behind his chair and stopped his speech.
"Mother is not well to-night," she said, "and must not be excited by any more talk at present. And you, too, Dudley, have had a terribly trying and unenvying day. At dinner you ate nothing; you are not yourself. Come down-stairs with me!"

She spoke imperatively, and laid a firm hand upon Dudley's arm. Barely leaving him time to say "Good night" to her mother, she led him from the room. Outside in the passage she stopped, and laying her hands upon his shoulders, she gazed up into his face.

"Dudley, my darling," she whispered, "if you love me as I love you, you will say nothing about it before my mother! She adores me, and she is jealous—it is only natural."

self. My brain is on fire with an awful thought, and, if I am not alone to wrestle with it, I feel as though I shall go mad! I don't want you or anybody to see me break down; but when I think of my brother—"

He stopped abruptly, and taking leave of her with a little gesture of the hand, he strode away. Then little Betty, with her eyes dimmed by tears and her heart full of the saddest forebodings, slowly made her way back to the house of mourning.

CHAPTER XXVI.
"I shall not go to Paris. Do not try to persuade me. I cannot leave you here without me. Above all, try to appear friendly with every one."

This was the enigmatical message, scribbled in pencil on a slip of paper, which Betty found thrust under her bed-room door before dinner that evening.

Dudley reappeared at dinner, and Francesca was startled by his changed appearance. He looked like a man of eight-and-thirty, or even more, and there was a steadfast look in his eyes, as though he was putting some violent constraint upon himself all the time.

His manner towards Francesca was gentle, and even tender, while he almost appeared to ignore Betty, so that the latter could not help feeling a little hurt, until she recalled his words of a few hours before—"Whatever line of conduct you see me take, you must not question—you must not even wonder."

So tenderly disposed as others in the midst of his own grief that he sent up a message to ask whether Mrs. Harold Revelsworth would see him, and let Francesca lead him up to the close garlanded apartment in which her supposed mother spent her days and nights.

The old Italian woman was profuse in her sympathy.
"I do not wonder you wanted to see me, my dear Dudley," she murmured, as she leaned back in her chair, with her small, yellow, claw-like hands laid upon the arms, and her black eyes fixed upon him. "In trouble we know—something tells me—whether others are real friends who have suffered too and who are in sympathy with us. Eleven years ago, when my beloved husband was taken from me, I felt just as you are feeling now. I idolized him, and Heaven punished me for my idolatry. But I think—I hope that my long years of sorrow and of helpless suffering have mediated for me, and that I have been forgiven!"

"I hope so too," he said. "You have a great blessing in your daughter."
Francesca, who was arranging some flowers in a vase on the mantelpiece, turned sharply to look at him. He was seated opposite to Mrs. Harold staring at her intently, and his expression was sad and gentle.

"She is all I live for," said the old woman simply.
"Will you do when you lose her?" he asked. "She is so beautiful and so attractive and womanly that you cannot surely wish her to sacrifice her whole life to you?"

The black eyes wandered restlessly about the room, and the thin fingers twitched nervously.
"My daughter tells me you have heard her sad story and know that she is a widow," she said hurriedly. "Her marriage was so wretched—she does not want another experience like that!"

"No, indeed!" he responded heartily. "But she is older now, and will make a wiser choice. And if I don't make a mistake, she had chosen already."

Suddenly a hand was laid upon his lips. Francesca had slipped up behind his chair and stopped his speech.
"Mother is not well to-night," she said, "and must not be excited by any more talk at present. And you, too, Dudley, have had a terribly trying and unenvying day. At dinner you ate nothing; you are not yourself. Come down-stairs with me!"

She spoke imperatively, and laid a firm hand upon Dudley's arm. Barely leaving him time to say "Good night" to her mother, she led him from the room. Outside in the passage she stopped, and laying her hands upon his shoulders, she gazed up into his face.

"Dudley, my darling," she whispered, "if you love me as I love you, you will say nothing about it before my mother! She adores me, and she is jealous—it is only natural."

"But if you become my wife," he said, gripping her hands to signify that he meant her, "she will have to know."

A lovely blush overspread her fair face and neck; but she shook her head at him reprovingly.

"Is this a time for talking of marrying and giving in marriage?" she asked. "Only to day our poor Victor was buried!"

"But he is dead!" Dudley exclaimed. "And dead men tell no tales, you know. 'Le roi est mort, vive le roi!'"

Francesca glanced up at him, alarmed by the harsh ring of his voice. There was a look in his face which she had never seen before, and which she wholly failed to understand. But the increased hardness in his expression attracted rather than repelled her, and she clung to him with tender demonstrativeness, raising her face to his, and hoping that he would kiss her. Instead, he held her a little way from him and looked steadfastly into her eyes.

"I hope, dearest, that you will be as happy as you deserve!" he said. And with that he left her and locked himself in his own room.

But long after the rest of the house had retired to bed he stole from his room, fully dressed, and made his way down to the billiard-room. There he lit the lamp and remained for several hours, absorbed in the study of certain volumes which he took down from the dusty book-shelves.

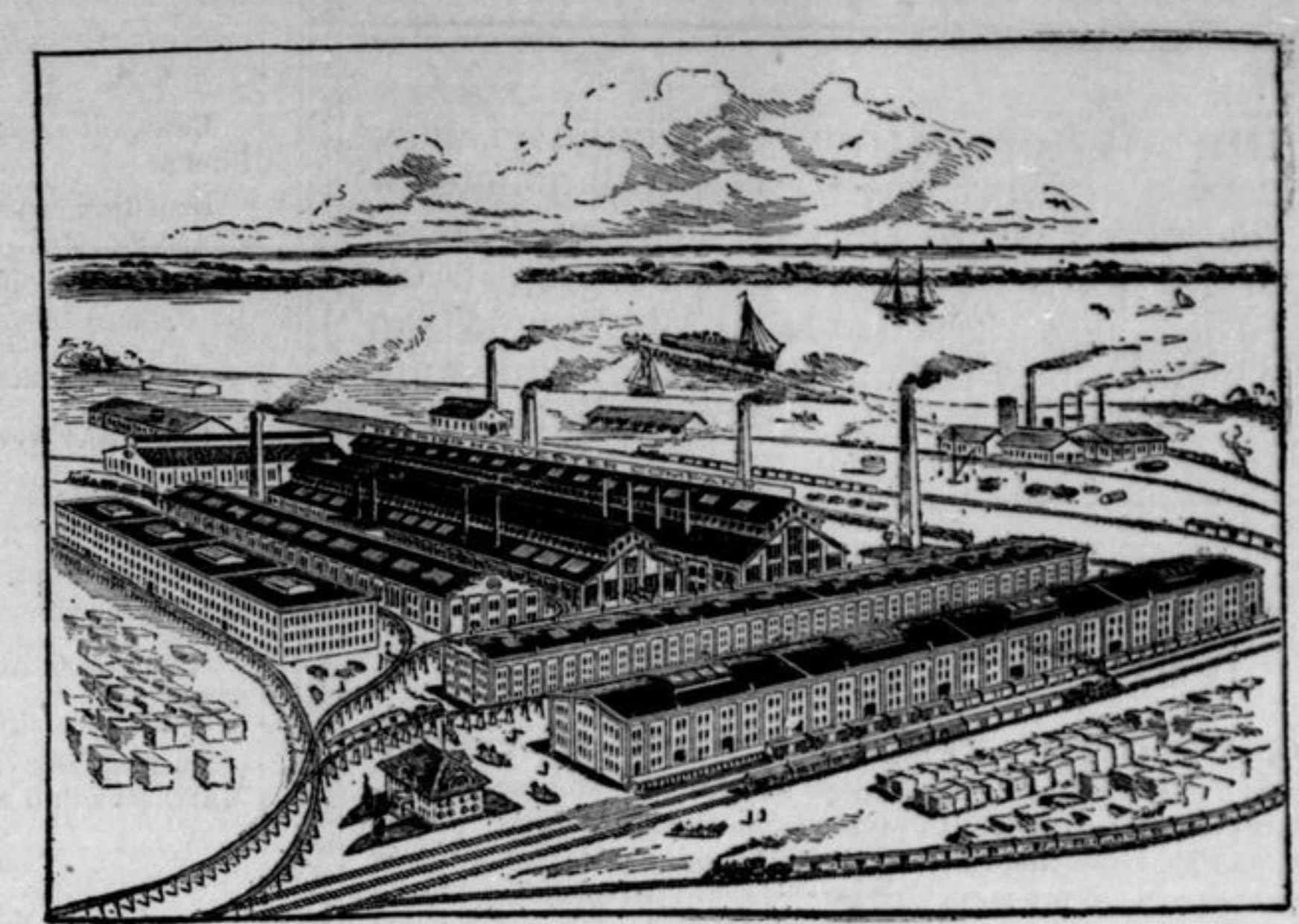
It was but nature that on the night following his brother's funeral he should not be able to sleep. But his choice of literature was somewhat remarkable. For the four books which he absorbed him until daybreak were an encyclopaedia, a French volume of *Contes Celebres*, a London directory and a *Peagee of the United Kingdom*.

(To be Continued.)

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

The New Deering Home



For all kinds of Agricultural and Domestic Implements visit the large Warerooms of C. McKINNON, - - DURHAM, ONT.

Objections to Legislation for Protection of Wool Growers.

By Alfred Mansell, Shrewsbury, Eng.

The objections to the proposed Government Bill are rather strongly put by the Textile World, a paper judging from its name, which has its sympathies mainly with the manufacturers. They state that if the Bill becomes law no fabric containing the slightest proportion of wool will come into the United States, for there is no method known to man of determining how much of the wool in a fabric has been and how much has not been, subjected to a manufacturing process before it reached the mill where it was last converted into cloth. This, I am informed, is incorrect. The Bradford Conditioning House can determine what any fabric is made of by actual percentages.

It is stated that the Custom House officials can distinguish cotton, linen, silk, and certain other fibres from wool and woollen shoddy; but they will be forced either to refuse admission to the goods or accept the statement of the importer as to how much wool shoddy there is in the cloth.

The next objection has reference to the enactment that all goods manufactured prior to the passage of the Act, and which had passed out of the hands of the manufacturer and the ingredients of which are not known, shall be labelled "Manufactured prior to the Pure Fibre Act; composition not known."

The article in question contends that the manufactured goods thus placed under a ban would approach in value 850,000,000 dols., and by labelling them they would be cast under suspicion regardless of merit. This, I take it, could be menialised to a great extent by postponing the Bill coming into operation until a year or so had elapsed from its becoming law!

When margarine was sold as butter a great hue and cry was raised, and rightly so, because the fat of an ox was being sold as the product of the cow, and now, forsooth, because a simple microscopic examination (as is the case with margarine) will not disclose the fraud, we are told in this article that no attempt must be made to protect the public and ensure their being able to purchase a pure woollen garment. Difficulties were made to be overcome, and we should not be content to sit down and take it as an accepted fact that there is no solution of this problem.

Another difficulty that the writers see is that honest manufacturers of goods containing 90% of wool would tag them as mixed or shoddy goods, whilst the dishonest manufacturer of goods containing 90% of shoddy would tag them as all wool. This difficulty may arise, but I am under the impression that to work up 90% of shoddy a considerable amount of cotton must be used, and the dishonest manufacturer would probably find himself mulcted in a heavy fine.

As before stated, undoubtedly some shoddy is far better, and would make a better cloth than some sorts of foreign, low-grade Kempy wool, but these alone, and not adulterated, would not make a cloth to deceive anyone, and therefore would not compete with any except the adulterated goods.

That there are many difficulties in the way of getting practical legislation on the subject cannot be denied, but the importance of promoting honesty amongst manufacturers and protecting the people from imposition demands the serious attention of the Legislature of all civilized countries, because as a matter of fact, it really concerns the masses of the people more than the sheep men who are directly interested, because under present conditions all the poorer classes are entirely clad in the adulterated goods.

There can be no question that the

FALL FAIRS.

Collingwood.....Sept. 25-2
Meaford.....Sept. 25-2
Flesherton.....Sept. 30-Oct.
Hanover.....Sept. 30-Oct.
Pricerville.....Oct. 14-1
Markdale.....Oct. 9-1

Brain-Food Nonsense.

Another ridiculous food fad has been branded by the most competent authorities. They have dispelled the silly notion that one kind of food is needed for brain, another for muscles and still another for bones. A correct diet will not only nourish a particular part of the body, but it will sustain every other part. Yet, how ever good your food may be, it nutrition is destroyed by indigestion or dyspepsia. You must prepare for their appearance or prevent the coming by taking doses of Green August Flower, the favorite medicine of the healthy millions. A few doses aids digestion, stimulates the liver to healthy action, purifies the blood and makes you feel buoyant and vigorous. You can get this reliable remedy at Darling's Drug Store.

Stomach and Bowel Troubles.

A promptly satisfactory cure for Cramps, Colic, Indigestion, Heartburn, Biliousness, Sick Stomach and Summer Complaint, is a few drops of Nerviline in sweetened water. Nerviline at once relieves pain and suffering, eradicates the cause of the trouble and cures permanently. Polson's Nerviline is the best general purpose remedy for internal pains known; it acts so quickly that no household should be without it. Buy a 25c. bottle of Nerviline to-day, it's all right.

F. W. HODSON, Live Stock Commissioner.

Golden Wedding.

Special to the Mail and Empire.
Markdale, Ont., Sept. 17.—Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Armstrong, of this village, celebrated their golden wedding Monday at their beautiful home, Maple Hill Farm, in the suburbs of Markdale.

Mr. Armstrong was born in the County of Monaghan, Ireland, 77 years ago, and came to Canada at the age of 20. The first seven years of his life in this country he spent in Toronto and vicinity. At the age of 27 he married Margaret, daughter of Jos. Strain, of Artemesia. Their wedding tour was taken on the stage to Mono Mills, thence on foot, following a mere trail through woods to the site of their present home, which was then the unbroken forest. Their children numbered 11 in all, of whom 10 are now living. The two eldest of the boys from the firm known as Armstrong Bros., of this village, who do an extensive business in the manufacture of woodenware, one of the best industries of the town. The other brothers are all connected with the same business in one way or another. The farm originally taken up by the father some 50 years ago is pronounced one of the best in the County of Grey. In religion Mr. Armstrong and all the family are Methodists, and in politics, Conservatives.

Monday's gathering had been looked forward to by Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong with no small expectation, and when they found themselves surrounded by their 10 children, 17 grandchildren, and a few most intimate friends, their expectations were fully realized, and they received many appropriate presents.

Mr. Mark Armstrong, of Armstrong Bros., has occupied many public positions in this town, being, among others, reeve for a number of years. The people of Markdale congratulated Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong upon reaching their fiftieth year of married happiness, and trust they may even yet be spared many happy years among them.

Pumps.

I BEG LEAVE TO INFORM MY CUSTOMERS and the public in general that am prepared to furnish

NEW PUMPS AND REPAIRS, DRILL CURB, RE-CURB, & PRESSURE WELLS. All orders taken at the old stand near McGowan's Mill will be promptly tendered.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED at "Live and let live" PRICES.

GEORGE WHITMORE,
Mar. 23, 99. y DUREAN

For

Machine Oil, Harness Oil, Axle Grease and Hoop Ointment, go to

S. P. SAUNDERS,
Harnesse-maker

Next Door to Chronicle Office.

H. H. Miller

Hanover Conveyance

OFFERS FOR NOTHING

The First Chance to Buy.

The Malcolm Cameron 100 acres above Durham on Garafraza Road

The George Ries Farm, best 150 acre farm in Bentinck. Extra good shape.

The Findlay McRae Farm, Glenelg 200 acres. A company owns this and will almost give it away. Many other good properties for sale on exchange.

Money to Loan at very low rates

Debts Collected, no charge if a money made.

ALL KINDS of business deals negotiated quietly and carefully.

22 years experience. "Always prompt, never negligent."

H. H. MILLER
Lock Drawer 22. HANOVER, ONT.