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Emulsion is the life and of the life of thousands of men and children.

Scott's Emulsion is necessary for the consumption and of body losses from disease.

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THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
AT THE CHRONICLE PRINTING HOUSE, SARAFAXA STREET
DURHAM, ONT.

SUBSCRIPTION The CHRONICLE will be sent to any address, free of postage, for \$1.00 per year, payable in advance—\$1.00 may be charged if not so paid. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted by the number on the address label. No paper dispensed until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the proprietor.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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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, OF fishery 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.

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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.

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Miscellaneous.

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HUGH MACKAY, DURHAM, Land Valuator and Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey. Sales promptly attended to and notes cashed.

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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.

Intending 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

mine, with his London waiter airs, and make him know his place! I shall go to see him in the criminal dock yet!"

On the same midsummer day which put into his hands the control of the Revels worth fortune, Dudley arrived at his step-mother's country house in France, and joining a happy family group in the garden—a group of five persons—Monsieur Gilles, stout and radiant, sunning himself in a white waistcoat and straw hat, and proud beyond measure of the puffed baby-boy in white lace and white embroidery, carried by a beribboned Alsatian bonne, and two very pretty women, who might have passed for sisters in spite of twenty years' difference in age.

The Little Mother was as pretty as ever, if a little, a very little, plumper than of old, and the chance resemblance which her two sons had discovered between her and Betty, and which had so much endeared the latter to them both, was emphasised by a similarity in their fresh white summer toilets, and by the fact that Betty had let her dark curls grow and fastened them coquettishly at the back of her head.

Both greeted Dudley with delight; and he, bronzed almost beyond recognition, lifting the cap from his silvered curls, threw his arms about them both at once kissed them both in quick succession.

Betty laughed and blushed, half vexed, for was there not something a little too brotherly in such a greeting? But Dudley's first words dispelled her misgivings, as in tones of deep tenderness he exclaimed—
"Thank Heaven I have you two with me again—my mother and my wife!"
END.

Salmon Ova for New Zealand.

A few days ago six boxes containing about 90,000 salmon ova were placed on board the steamship Rimutaka, lying in the London docks, and these are now well on their way to their destination in New Zealand. The establishment of trout in many waters at the antipodes (which formerly were absolutely bare of that variety of fish) has been successfully accomplished. Many rivers at the other side of the world are now plentifully stocked and yield fish in abundance and of remarkable size.

The project of dispatching a consignment of salmon ova this year to New Zealand has been attended with no little difficulty. So many of the fishery boards throughout the country have now started fish hatcheries for districts that they are naturally somewhat loath to give permission for the collection of ova for stocking other than their own waters. At times, indeed, owing to various causes, they find it difficult to get sufficient ova to fill their hatching troughs, let alone those of others. Due to the kindly intervention of the duke of Richmond, who, it should be recollected, has a fish hatchery near Fochabers, permission was granted to collect ova from the Spey, and under the direction of Spey fish and carefully deposited at Howletown, whence they were in due course packed and dispatched on their long journey. The Spey, Forth and Teith have each contributed ova for this shipment to New Zealand. From the first mentioned has been sent the largest number, and it is hoped that a further consignment of between 50,000 and 60,000 Spey ova will shortly be forwarded from the Howletown rearing ponds.—London Times.

His First Deer.

Buck fever is a hunter's disease, the symptoms of which are pretty well known, but they have seldom been more feelingly described than by a Marseilles citizen, whose first experience in deer shooting is related in the Miting Journal.

After spending a few hours tramping through the woods, feeling tired, he sat down on a log to rest. Like most hunters, he had taken his pipe and tobacco along. Filling the pipe, he smoked for a time without interruption, when, happening to turn his head a little to one side, he saw a large buck coming straight toward him. As luck would have it, he had sat down to smoke near a deer trail.

The deer came nearer and nearer, until he was nearly opposite the place where the hunter sat concealed. While the hunter was watching the approach of the deer he forgot that he had a gun, and that the deer was his "meat." He began to tremble and shake in every limb and joint, and it was difficult for him to restrain a yell of fright, until he watched and trembled until the deer passed his hiding place and went into the thicket beyond. Then feeling for his pipe, he discovered that it lay on the ground near his feet. By the time he had picked it up the deer was out of range, and then he discovered in his excitement he had bitten the mouthpiece of his pipe in two.

He was greatly relieved to see the deer move on, as it seemed to him that he was the game and the deer was the hunter.

Cosmopolitan New York.

The new Cathedral of St. John in New York will, in addition to its main hall, have seven "Chapels of Tongues" where German, Spanish, French, Swedish, Italian, Armenian and Chinese services will be held each Sunday. Nevertheless, by the time the great cathedral is finished it is not unlikely that the crypt and transepts and ante-rooms will be required for other nationalities. A clergyman called upon Bishop Potter the other day to ask that some provision might be made for religious services for some Mesopotamian immigrants.

"Really," replied the bishop, "cannot a handful of Mesopotamians be provided for in connection with your Armenian congregation?"

The young clergyman of the tenements smiled. "I do not know what you call a handful, sir. There are some eight hundred families of Mesopotamians within ten minutes' walk of where we are sitting this moment; and as for their attendance upon Armenian services, the languages have about as little in common as Greek and Choc-taw."

Beating a Gambler at His Own Game.

If every one who has a system for beating the bank at Monte Carlo attempts to float a public company, as the young Earl of Rosslyn is doing, to invite the world to share in the profits, there will not be much available capital left for any other enterprises. Whatever may be the peculiar merits of the scheme evolved by the English peer, who has recently been selling dog biscuit, the fact remains that despite the daily attack on the Monte Carlo bank by mathematicians with new systems the Casino continues to pay its large dividends.

Not only does the Prince of Monaco welcome the distinguished scientists who come to deprive him of his wealth, but he even goes so far as to pay their railway fare home, when their money is gone, and to provide for them, if desired, one of the most picturesque spots in the world in which to blow their brains out. But pistol practice on the grounds is very distasteful to the prince; hence his readiness to provide funds to place the unlucky system player in some other part of the world, where he may take his life in whatever manner he pleases, without disturbing the other players at the tables.

One of the recreations of a well-known New York banker, who has no need to "break the bank" at Monte Carlo to provide funds for himself, is to play imaginary roulette on a complicated system of his own invention. Although a yearly visitor at Monte Carlo, he has never staked a sou on the spin of the ball at the Casino. Back in his college days he was an honor man in mathematics, and he still delights in odd computations that have no connection with dividends and money rates. One day last spring at Monte Carlo he amused himself by making a "graphic chart" of the "rouge et noir" cronpler for five hundred consecutive rolls. Governed by the immutable laws of chance, the zigzag line, tracing the variations from one color to the other, appeared to have certain sub-zigzags of similar outline occurring at irregular intervals. Taking the daily record sheets of the roulette wheels, the New York banker plotted more charts, all of which showed the same characteristic zigzags, with "high levels," "low levels," "criss-crosses," "runs" and "shutes," and other peculiarities, for which the mathematical American has an elaborate nomenclature.


Coming back to New York, he privately engaged, in another part of the office building in which is his banking house, a small room, which he fitted up as a miniature Monte Carlo. Six young women spent three weeks there spinning the roulette wheels and making charts of the fall of the balls. These charts represent the equivalent of a year's play at one of the tables at Monte Carlo. The banker keeps them in a safe-deposit box, marked "strictly private;" the wheels he has destroyed. These charts, too, have the same easily recognized zigzags. From the study of them the New Yorker has evolved a "graphic system" of "beating the bank" which has met with marvelous success, although the major part of the winnings has been made in imaginary play. At odd moments he and several club friends plotted the charts. Starting with a capital of \$1,000, they won a small sum every "day," and at the end of the "year" had won \$256,000 without plunging. Had they given a larger increment to their wagers they would have "broken the bank." They are all satisfied that the chart system is based upon good mathematics and will "beat the bank."

While he was at the Carlton, in London, the banker met a Dutch diplomatic officer on his way to America, to whom he gave the results of his observations at the tables at Monte Carlo. The nobleman from Amsterdam, who is greatly respected among the baccarat players of Paris, had just had some very costly lessons in American poker from his New York friends. He was delighted with the mathematical beauties of the "graphic system" and offered to furnish a capital of £10,000 if the banker would go with him to Monte Carlo and instruct him how to make his wagers. The American, of course, declined, but he gave the Dutch official enough of an outline of the method of play so that when he made a recent visit to America he spent several profitable nights in a well-known gambling house near Fifth avenue. His first night he won \$50, the second \$40, the third \$1,200, and the fourth \$70. The one fault he found with the system was that the winnings were made at the expense of brain tissue. He said he would not attempt to follow it longer. Meanwhile the secret of the "graphic system" of "beating the bank at Monte Carlo" lies in a safe-deposit box in Broad street, and the man who has the key refuses to indulge in public gambling.—"Leslie's Weekly."

A Golf Sermon.

To illustrate his text, "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God," an Edinburgh minister the other day drew upon familiar golf expressions. He said: "Not far from the Kingdom of God is not within it. That is how I would put it. 'Never up, never in.' I dare say those of you who are golfers know what that means, and I am sure if you have ever paid any attention to the game you will be struck by the way in which the game of golf seems to reproduce the common scenes of life. Those of you who don't play may know that the great object is to put the little white ball into the little hole. So long as you are short of that, if you don't do it—well, the other man does it before you. He has put the hole. And in doing this, when you come to what is called 'the putting green,' and you take your putt—it may be a beautiful putt, it may run straight to the hole, but if it stops short you will say to yourself, and your partner will say to you, 'Never up, never in.' It is a beauty, but it wants legs.' And that is just exactly the situation here—not far from the kingdom. You may be 'lying dead,' as we say. The next shot is sure to do it. 'Never up, never in.'"

Casey—Fifty dollars Callahan has spint tryin' to git his mother-in-law out av purgatory. Dally—Fifty dollars? Casey—T' same! He siz he wants to git her out before he goes in if it kin be done!—"Flick."



You Don't Take Medicine

You don't take Vapo-Cresolene into the stomach, you breathe it. Put some Cresolene in the vaporizer, light the lamp beneath an' then breathe-in the vapor. It's easy, convenient, safe. It can be used with success, even for infants.

Don't you see at once how valuable such a remedy must be for hay fever, diphtheria, sore throat, catarrh, asthma, and other diseases of the air passages? For whooping-cough it is a perfect specific, often curing the disease in from one to three days.

What is Vapo-Cresolene? It is what the doctors call a coal-tar product; that is it's something like carbolic acid, only it destroys disease germs.

Keep Vapo-Cresolene on hand; it's not expensive, for the vaporizer lasts a lifetime and the Cresolene costs but little.

You Breathe it

F. N. MILLIKEN, M.D.,
Rogersville, Pa.

"I find your remedy to be the best I have ever tried in the treatment of whooping-cough, catarrhal fever, asthma, also for discharging rooms where scarlet fever and diphtheria prevail."

Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists everywhere. The Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a life-time, and a bottle of Cresolene complete, \$1.50; extra supplies of Vapo-Cresolene 25 cents and 50 cents. Illustrated booklet containing physicians' testimonials free upon request. Vapo-Cresolene Co., 150 Fulton St., New York, U. S. A.

Recommended and Sold by MacFarlane & Co., Druggists, Durham, Ont.

Scarcity of Teachers.

Another instance of the scarcity of teachers for the coming season is shown in the fact that Inspector Cowie of Carleton Co. has applied for forty of the students (being half the number) now in attendance at the Normal School, to engage with the several boards of trustees at salaries ranging from \$300 to \$450. This also shows the increasing demand for public school teachers with Normal training.—Ex.

Revolution in Newfoundland.

Since the introduction into Newfoundland of the new Inhaler Remedy, "Catarrhazone," the treatment of catarrhal diseases has been entirely revolutionized. The old time snuff and internal medicine has been cast aside and everyone is inhaling Catarrhazone; it clears the head and throat in two minutes, and is very agreeable and pleasant to use. Catarrhazone is a wonderful cure for Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Lung Troubles and Deafness. It relieves quickly and cures permanently. We advise our readers to try Catarrhazone. Price \$1.00, trial size 25c. Druggists, or Poleon & Co., Kingston, Ont.

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