

to sleep here myself," comment, while Helen...
to be detected, for Hel...
Mrs. Lennox considered...
Arthur Gun, M. D.
Dr. T. G. Holt, L. D. S.
G. Lefroy McCaul.
W. S. Davidson.
A. H. Jackson.
James Brown, Issuer of...
Hugh MacKay, Durham.
Robert Brigham, Licensed...
James Carson, Durham, Lic...
Katy answered.

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"Why do you think so?" Morris asked, and Katy replied: "He is so very particular, and was so very angry at a little hotel between Lakes George and Champaign, where we took our dinner before going on the boat. There was a man along—a real good-natured man, too, so kind to everybody—and, as the day was warm, he carried his coat on his arm, and sat down to the table right opposite me. Mr. Cameron was so indignant, and said such harsh things, which the man heard I am sure, for he put on his coat directly and I saw him afterward on the boat, sweating like rain, and looking so sorry, as if he had been guilty of something wrong. I am sure, though, he had not?"

This last was spoken interrogatively, and Morris replied: "There is nothing wrong or wicked in going without one's coat. Everything depends upon the circumstances under which it is done. For me to appear at table in my shirt sleeves would be very rude, but for an old man like Uncle Ephraim to do so is a very different thing. Still, Mr. Cameron may see from another standpoint. But I would not distress myself. That love is not worth much which would think the less of you for anything out of which Uncle Ephraim may do. If Mr. Cameron cannot stand the test of seeing your relatives as they are, he is not worth the long face you are wearing," and Morris pinched her cheek playfully.

Morris had little hope of breaking a habit of years, but he promised to try if an opportunity should occur, and as Mrs. Hull, the housekeeper, had by this time gathered up the articles required for the morrow, Morris took the basket in his own hands and went with Katy across the fields.

"God bless you, Katy, and may Mr. Cameron's visit bring you as much happiness as you anticipate," he said, as he set her basket upon the door-step and turned back without entering the house.

Katy noticed the peculiar tone of his voice, and again there swept over her the same thrill she had felt when Morris first said to her: "And did Katy like this Mr. Cameron?" but so far was she from guessing the truth that she only feared she might have displeased him by what she had said of Uncle Ephraim. Perhaps she had wronged him, she thought, and the good old man, resting from his hard day's toil, in his accustomed chair, with not only his coat, but his vest and boots cast aside, little guessed what prompted the caresses which Katy lavished upon him, sitting in his lap and parting his snowy hair, as if thus she would make amends for any injury done. Little Katy did he called her, looking fondly into her bright, pretty face and thinking how terrible it would be to see that face shadowed with pain and care. Somehow of late, Uncle Ephraim was always thinking of such a calamity as more than possible for Katy, and when that night she knelt beside him, his voice was full of pleading earnestness as he prayed that God would keep them all in safety, and bring to none of them more grief or pain than was necessary to fit them for himself. And Katy listened to him, remembering the talk down in the meadow, when she sat on the rock beneath the butternut tree. But the world, while it held Wilford Cameron, as he seemed to her now, was too full of joy for her to dread what the future might have in store for her, and so she arose from her knees, thinking only of how long it would be before to-morrow noon, wondering if Wilford would surely be there next time their evening prayers were said, and if he would notice Uncle Ephraim's shocking grammar!

CHAPTER V.

Wilford had made the last change of cars, and when he stopped again it would be at Silvertown. He did not expect any one to meet him, but as he remembered the man whom he had seen greeting Katy, he thought it not unlikely that he might be there now, laughing to himself as he pictured his mother's horror, could she see him riding along in the corn-colored vehicle which Uncle Ephraim drove. But that vehicle was safe at home beneath the shed, while Uncle Ephraim was laying a stone wall upon the huckleberry hill, and the handsome carriage waiting at Silvertown depot was certainly unexceptionable; while in the young man who, as the train stopped and Wilford stepped out upon the platform, came to meet him, asking if he were Mr. Cameron. Wilford recognized the true gentleman and his spirits rose at once as Morris said to him: "I am Miss Lennox's cousin, and I have been sent to take charge of you for a time."

Wilford had heard of Dr. Morris Grant and of his kindness to poor little Jamie, who died in Paris; he had heard too that his proud sister, Juno had tried her powers of coquetry in vain upon the grave American; but he had no suspicion that his new acquaintance was the one until Morris mentioned having met his family in France and inquired after their welfare.

After that the conversation became very familiar, and the ride seemed so short that Wilford was surprised when, as they turned a corner in the sandy road, Morris pointed to the farm-house, saying: "We are almost there—that is the place."

"That!" Wilford's voice indicated his disappointment, for in all his mental pictures of Katy Lennox's home he had never imagined anything like this.

Large, rambling and weird-like, with something lofty and imposing, just because it was so ancient, and he could not conceal his chagrin as his eye took in the small, low building, with its high windows and tiny panes of glass, paintless and blindless, standing there alone among the hills. Morris understood it perfectly; but without seeming to notice it, remarked: "It is the oldest house probably in the country, and should be invaluable on that account. I think we Americans are too fond of change and too much inclined to throw aside all that remains of the

past. Now I like the farm-house just because it is old and unpretentious."

"Yes, certainly," Wilford answered, looking ruefully around him at the stone wall, half tumbled down, the tall well-sweep, and the patch of sun-flowers in the garden, with Aunt Betsy bending behind them, picking potatoes for dinner, and shading her eyes with her hand to look at him as he drove up.

It was all very rural, no doubt, and very charming to people who liked it, but Wilford did not like it, and he was wishing himself safely in New York when a golden beam flashed for an instant before the window and then disappeared as Katy emerged into view, waiting at the door to receive him and looking so sweetly in her dress of white with the scarlet geranium blossoms in her hair that Wilford forgot the homeliness of the surroundings, thinking only of her and how soft and warm was the little hand he held as she led him into the parlor. He did not know she was so beautiful, he said to himself, and he feasted his eyes upon her, forgetful for a time of all else. But afterwards, when Katy left him for a moment, he had time to observe the well-worn carpet, the six cane-seated chairs, the large stuffed rocking-chair, the fall-table with its plain wood spread, and lastly the really expensive piano, the only handsome piece of furniture the room contained, and which he rightly guessed must have come from Morris.

"What would Juno or Mark say?" he kept repeating to himself half shuddering as he recalled the bantering proposition to accompany him made by Mark Ray, the only young man whom he considered fully his equal in New York.

Wilford knew these feelings were unworthy of him, and he tried to shake them off, listlessly turning over the books upon the table—books which betokened in some one both taste and talent of no low order.

"Mark's favorite," he said, lifting up a volume of Schiller, and turning to the fly-leaf he read: "Helen Lennox, from Cousin Morris," just as Katy returned with her sister, whom she presented to the stranger.

Helen was prepared to like him because Katy did and her first thought was that he was very fine looking, but when she met his cold, proud eyes, and knew how closely he was scrutinizing her, there arose in her heart a feeling of dislike which she could never wholly conquer. He was very polite to her, but something in his manner annoyed and irritated her, it was so cool, so condescending, as if he endured her merely because she was Katy's sister, nothing more.

"Rather pretty, more character than Katy, but odd and self-willed, with no kind of style," was Wilford's running comment on Helen as he took her in from the plain arrangement of her dark hair to the fit of her French calico and the cut of her linen collar.

Fashionable dress would improve her very much, he thought, turning with a feeling of relief to Katy, whom nothing could disgrace, and who was now watching the door eagerly for the entrance of her mother. That lady had spent a good deal of time at her toilet, and she came in at last, hurried, fidgety, and very red, both from exercise and the bright hued ribbons streaming from her cap and sadly at variance with the color of the dress. Wilford noticed the discrepancy at once, and noticed too how little style there was about the nervous woman greeting him so deferentially, and evidently regarding him as something infinitely superior to herself. Wilford had looked with indifference on Helen, but it would take a stronger word to express his opinion of the mother. Morris, who remained to dinner, was in the parlor now, and in his presence Wilford felt more at ease, more as if he had found an affinity. Uncle Ephraim was not there, having eaten his bowl of milk and gone back to his stone wall, so that upon Morris devolved the duties of host, and he courteously led the way to the little dining-room where the table was loaded with the good things Aunt Hannah had prepared, burning and browning her wrinkled face, which nevertheless smiled pleasantly upon the stranger presented as Mr. Cameron.

About Aunt Hannah there was something naturally ladylike, and Wilford recognized it at once; but when it came to Aunt Betsy, of whom he had never heard, he felt for a moment as if by being there in such promiscuous company he had somehow fallen from the Camerons' high estate. By way of pleasing the girls and doing honor to their guest, Aunt Betsy had donned her very best attire, wearing the slate-colored pongee dress, bought twenty years before, and actually sporting a set of Helen's cast-off hoops, which being too large for the dimensions of her scanty skirt, gave her anything but the graceful appearance she intended.

"Oh, auntie!" was Katy's involuntary exclamation, while Helen bit her lip with vexation for the hoop had been dinner proof against Aunt Betsy just before going in to dinner. But the good old lady never dreamed of shocking anyone with her attempts at fashion; and curtsying very low to Mr. Cameron, she hoped for a better acquaintance, and then took her seat at the table, just where each movement could be distinctly seen by Wilford, scanning her so intently as scarcely to hear the reverent words which Morris asked a blessing upon themselves and the food so abundantly prepared. They could hardly have gotten through that first dinner without Morris, who adroitly led the conversation into channels which he knew would interest Mr. Cameron, and divert his mind from what was passing around him, and so the dinner proceeded quietly enough, that Mrs. Lennox had really some pretensions to a lady, while Helen's dress and collar ceased to be obnoxious, as he watched the play of her fine features and saw her eyes kindle as she took a modest part in the conversation when it turned on books and literature. Meanwhile Katy kept very silent

but when, after dinner was over and Morris was gone, she went with Wilford down to the shore of the pond, her tongue was loosed, and he found again the little fairy who had so bewitched him a few weeks before. And yet there was a load upon his heart, a shadow upon his brow, for he knew now that between Katy's family and his there was a social gulf which never could be crossed by either party. He might beat Katy over, it was true, but would she not look longingly back to her humble home, and might he not sometimes be greatly chagrined by the sudden appearing of some one of this low-bred family who did not seem to realize how ignorant they were or how far below him in the social scale? Poor Wilford! He winced and shivered when he thought of Aunt Betsy, in her antiquated pongee, and remembered that she was a near relative of the little maiden sporting so playfully around him, stealing his heart away in spite of his family pride, and making him more deeply in love than ever. It was very pleasant down by the pond, and Wilford kept Katy there until the sun was going down and they heard in the distance the tinkle of a bell as the deacon's cows plodded slowly homeward. Supper was waiting for them, and with his appetite sharpened by his walk, Wilford found no cause to complain against Aunt Hannah's viands, though he smiled mentally as he accepted the piece of apple pie Aunt Betsy offered him, saying, by way of recommendation, that "she made the crust but Catherine peeled and sliced the apples."

The deacon had not returned from his work, and Wilford did not see him until he came suddenly upon him, seated in the woodshed door, resting after the labor of the day. "The young man was welcome to Silvertown," he said, "but he must excuse him from visitin' much that night, for the cows was to milk and the chores to do, as he never kep' no boy." The chores were done at last, just as the clock pointed to half-past eight, the hour for family worship. Unaccustomed as Wilford was to such things, he felt the influence of the deacon's voice as he read from the word of God, and involuntarily found himself kneeling when Katy knelt, noticing the deacon's grammar it is true, but still listening patiently to the lengthy prayer, which included him together with the rest of mankind.

There was no chance of seeing Katy alone, that night, and so full two hours before his usual custom Wilford retired to the little room to which the deacon conducted him, saying, as he put down the lamp: "You'll find it pretty snug quarters, I guess, for such a close, muggy night as this."

And truly they were snug quarters, Wilford thought, as he surveyed the dimensions of the room; but there was no alternative, and a few moments found him in the centre of the two feather beds, neither Helen nor Katy having discovered the addition made by Aunt Betsy, and which came near being the death of the New York guest. To sleep was impossible, and never for a moment did Wilford lose his consciousness or forget to accuse himself of being an idiot for coming into that heathenish neighborhood after a wife when in New York there were so many girls ready and waiting for him.

"I'll go back to-morrow morning," he said, and striking a match he consulted his Railway Guide to find when the first train passed Silvertown, feeling comforted to know that only a few hours intervened between him and freedom.

But alas for Wilford! He was but a man, subject to man's caprices, and when next morning he met Katy Lennox, looking in her light muslin as pure and fair as the white blossoms twined in her wavy hair, his resolution began to waver. Perhaps there was a decent hotel in Silvertown; he would inquire of Dr. Grant; at all events he would not take the first train, though he might the next;

and he would walk with Wilford across the fields to the farm-house, where Katy met them with her sunniest smile, singing to them, at Wilford's request, her sweetest song, and making him half wish he could revoke his hasty decision and tarry a little longer. But it was now too late for that, the carriage which would take him to the depot was already on its way from Linwood; and when the song was ended he told her of his intentions to leave on the next train, feeling a pang when he saw how the blood left her cheek and lip, and then came hurrying back as she said timidly: "Why need you leave so soon?"

"I have already overstayed my time. I thought of going yesterday, and my partner, Mr. Ray, will be expecting me," Wilford replied, laying his hand upon Katy's hair, while Morris and Helen stole quietly from the room.

Thus left to himself, Wilford continued: "Maybe I'll come again some time. Would you like to have me?"

"Yes," and Katy's blue eyes were lifted pleadingly to the young man, who had never loved her so well as at that very moment when resolving to cast her off.

For a moment Wilford was strongly tempted to throw all pride aside, and ask that young girl to be his, but thoughts of his mother, of Juno and Bell, and more than all, thoughts of Uncle Ephraim and his sister Betsy, arose in time to prevent it, and so he only kissed her forehead caressingly as he said good-bye, telling her that he should not soon forget his visit to Silvertown, and then, as the carriage drove up, going out to where the remainder of the family were standing together and commenting upon his sudden departure.

It was not sudden, he said, trying to explain. He really had thought seriously of going yesterday, and feeling that he had something to atone for, he tried to be unusually gracious as he shook their hands, thanking them for their kindness, but seeming wholly oblivious to Aunt Betsy's remark that "she hoped to see him again, if not in Silvertown, in New York, where she wanted dreadfully to visit, but never

had on account of the Tomlinson prices charged to the taverns, and she hadn't no acquaintances there."

This was Aunt Betsy's parting remark, and after Katy, Aunt Betsy liked Wilford Cameron better than any one of the group which watched him as he drove from their door. Aunt Hannah thought him too much stuck up for farmers' folks; Mrs. Lennox, whose ambition would have accounted him a most desirable match for her daughter, could not deny that his manner towards them, though polite in the extreme, was that of a superior to people greatly beneath him; while Helen, who saw clearer than the rest, read him aright and detected the struggle between his pride and his love for poor little Katy, whom she found sitting on the floor, just where Wilford left her standing, her head resting on her chair, and her face hidden in her hands as she sobbed quietly, hardly knowing why she cried, or what to answer was Helen asked what was the matter.

"It was so queer in him to go so soon," she said, "just as if he were offended about something."

"Never mind, Katy," Helen said, soothingly. "If he cares for you he will come back again. He could not stay here always, of course; and I must say I respect him for attending to business, if he has any. He has been gone from home for weeks you know."

This was Helen's reasoning; but it did not comfort Katy, whose face looked white and sad, as she moved listlessly about the house, almost crying again when she heard in the distance the whistle of the train which was to carry Wilford Cameron away and end his first visit to Silvertown.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Notice to Creditors

EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the Surrogate Court of the County of Grey, In the Matter of the Estate of John Barker, late of the Town of Durham, in the County of Grey, Laborer, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN Pursuant to Section 28 of Chapter 129 R. S. O. 1897 (and amending acts) that all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said John Barker, deceased, who died on or about the eighteenth day of September A. D. 1902, are required to deliver or send by post prepaid to Mary Ann Barker, at the Town of Durham, in the County of Grey, on or before the 25th Day of October A. D. 1902, their christian names and surnames and addresses with full particulars in writing of their claims and statement of their accounts and the nature of the securities held by them (if any) duly verified.

And take Notice that after such last mentioned date the said Mary Ann Barker, the Executrix of the last Will and Testament of the said John Barker, deceased, will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto having regard only to the claims of which she shall then have notice. And the said Executrix will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claim notice shall not have been received by her at the time of said distribution.

Dated at Durham this 30th day of September A. D. 1902.

W. S. DAVIDSON,
Solicitor for the Executrix.

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