

Standard Bank of Canada.
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.
G. P. REID, — — MANAGER
Capital Authorized...\$2,000,000
Paid Up.....1,000,000
Reserve Fund.....850,000

Agencies in all principal points in Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, United States and England.

DURHAM AGENCY.
A general banking business transacted. Cheques issued and collections made on all points. Deposits received and interest allowed at current rates.

THE SAVINGS BANK.
Interest allowed on Savings Bank deposits of \$1 and upwards. Prompt attention and every facility afforded customers living at a distance.

J. KELLY, Agent.

Furniture . . .

That is sure to please can always be purchased here.

UNDERTAKING PRICES CUT
Also a First Class Hearses always in connection. Embalming a specialty.

JACOB KRESS, DURHAM, ONT.

Implement Agency!

BINDERS, Mowers, Rakes, Wilkinson Plows, Land Rollers, Diamond Smoothing Harrows, McGill Grinders, and Dowsell's Churns, Washers and Wringers, U. S. Cream Separators, and Cameron & Dunn Hay Forks

CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, ROBES and COATS.

Horses ALWAYS ON HAND FOR SALE.

Call and see the Ferguson SLOOP SLEIGH, Manufactured in Owen Sound, before buying.

JOHN CLARK
(McKinnon's old Stand)

DURHAM, — — ONTARIO.

For

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

S. P. SAUNDERS
The Harnessmaker

Groceries

For the Millions.
We have a fine assortment of the best GROCERIES which we are prepared to sell at right prices. These are not cheap goods which are dear at any price, but the very best that money can buy. They include

Currants, Raisins, Lemons, Oranges, Peels, Teas, Coffees and all kinds of Spices.

Any quantity of APPLES, mostly Spies and A1 fruit.

GENERAL DRY GOODS, including READY-MADES and SUITINGS, as cheap as the cheapest.

S. SCOTT
DURHAM, — — ONTARIO.

UNDER TWO FLAGS

By "OUIDA"

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XXII.

THE warm, transparent light of an African autumnal noon shone down through the white canvas roof of a great tent in the heart of the encamped divisions at the headquarters of the army of the south. In the tent there was a densely packed throng, an immense, close, hushed, listening crowd, of which every man wore the uniform of France, for they were in court, and that court was the court martial of their own southern camp.

The prisoner was arraigned on the heaviest charge that can be laid against the soldier of any army, and yet, as the many eyes of the military crowd turned on him where he stood surrounded by his guard, his crime against his chief was forgotten, and they only remembered Zarella. He preserved entire reticence in court. The instant the accusation had been read to him he had seen that his chief would not dare to couple with it the proud, pure name he had dared to outrage. His most bitter anxiety was thus at an end. For all the rest he was tranquil.

No case could be clearer, briefer, less complex, more entirely incapable of defense. The soldiers of the guard gave evidence as to the violence and fury of the assault. The accuser merely stated that, meeting his corporal out of the bounds of the cavalry camp, he had asked him where he had been and on his commanding an answer had been assaulted in the manner described with violence sufficient to have cost his life had not the guard been so near at hand. The statement passed without contradiction by the prisoner, who only replied that the facts were stated accurately as they occurred and that his reasons for the deed he declined to answer. When it was finally demanded of him if he had sought to urge in his own extenuation, he paused a moment, with a gaze under which even the hard eyes grew restless, looked across to Chateauroux and addressed his answer rather than the president:

"Why then, that a tyrant, a liar and a traitor cannot wonder if men prefer death to submission beneath insult. But I am well aware that this is no vindication of my act as a soldier, and I have no desire to say words which, whatever their truth, might become hereditary legacies and dangerous precedents to the army."

That was all which he answered, and neither his counsel nor his accusers could extort another syllable from him. He never moved once while the decree of death was read to him, and there was no change in the weary calmness of his eyes. He bent his head in acquiescence.

"It is well," he said simply. It seemed well to him. Dead, his secret would lie in the grave with him and the long martyrdom of his life be ended.

In the brightness of the noon Cigarette leaned out of her little oval casement, and, for the first time also, happiness was not with her.

They were gone forever—all the elastic joyance, all the free, fair hours, all the dauntless gaiety of childhood, all the sweet, harmonious laughter of a heart without a care. They were gone forever, for the touch of love and pain had been laid on her, and never again would her radiant eyes smile cloudlessly, like the young eagle's, at a sun that rose but to be greeted as only youth can greet another dawn of life that is without a shadow. To her it seemed impossible that this patriotic who had his passion should not return to her. She only thought of love as she had always seen it—quickly born, hotly cherished, wholly indulged and without tie or restraint.

"And I came without my vengeance?" she mused. To the nature that felt the ferocity of the vendetta a right and a due there was wounding humiliation in her knowledge that she had left her rival unharmed and had come hither, out from his sight and his presence, lest he should see in her one glimpse of that folly which she would have killed herself under her own steel rather than have betrayed either for his contempt or his compassion.

The touch of a bird's wing brushing her hair brought the dreamy comparison to her wandering thoughts. She started and lifted her head. It was a blue carrier pigeon, one of the many she fed at that casement and the swiftest and surest of several she sent with messages for the soldiers between the various stations and corps. She had forgotten she had left the bird at the encampment.

She creased it absently, while the tired creature sank down on her bosom. Then only she saw that there was a letter beneath one wing.

She found an old French cobbler sitting at a stall in a casement stitching leather. He was her customary reader and scribe in this quarter. "Good Matheau, wilt thou read this to me?"

And he read aloud:
There is ill news. I send the bird on a chance to find thee. Bel-a-faire-pour struck the Black Hawk—a light blow, but with threat to kill following it. He has been tried and is to be shot. There is no appeal. The case is clear. The colonel could have cut him down, were that all. I thought you should know. We are all sorry. It

was done on the night of the great fête. I am thy humble lover and slave.

So the boy zovare's scrawl, crushed and blotted and written with great difficulty, ran in its brief phrases that the slow muttering of the old shoemaker drew out in tedious length.



"You have his face!" she muttered. "What are you to him?"

Cigarette heard. She never made a movement or gave a sound, but all the blood fled out of her brilliant face, leaving it horribly blanched beneath its brown sun scorch, and her eyes, distended, senseless, sightless, were fastened on the old man's slowly moving mouth.

"Shot!" she said vacantly. "Shot!" Her vengeance had come without her once lifting her hand to summon it. "The blow was struck for her," she muttered. "It was that night, you bear—that night?"

"What night? Thou lookest so strangely. Dost thou love this doomed soldier?" Cigarette laughed—a laugh whose echo thrilled horribly through the lonely Moresco courtyard.

"Love! Love! I hated him, look you! So I said. And I longed for my vengeance. It is come!"

Then she crushed the letter in one hand and flew, fleet as any antelope, through the streets of the Moorish quarter and across the city to the quay.

The people ever gave way before her, but now they scattered like frightened sheep from her path. There was something that terrified them in that bloodless horror set upon her face and in that fury of resistless speed with which she rushed upon her way.

Once only in her headlong career through the throngs she paused. It was as one face, on which the strong light of the noontide poured, came before her. The senseless look changed in her eyes. She wheeled out of her route and stopped.

"You have his face!" she muttered. "What are you to him?"

"To whom?"

"To the man who calls himself Louis Victor, a chasseur of my army?"

Her eyes were fastened entirely upon him, keen, ruthless, fierce, in this moment, as a hawk's. He grew pale and murmured an incoherent denial. He sought to shake her off, first gently, then more rudely. He called her mad and tried to fling her from him, but the little fingers only wound themselves closer on his arm.

"Be still, fool!" she muttered. "You are of his people. You have his eyes and his looks and his features. He disowns you or you him. No matter which, he is of your blood, and he lies under sentence of death. Do you know that?"

With a stifled cry the other recoiled from her. He never doubted that she spoke the truth. None could who had looked upon her face.

"Do not lie to me," she said curtly. "It avails you nothing. Read that."

She thrust before him the paper the pigeon had brought. His hand trembled sorely as he held it. He believed in that moment that this strange creature, half soldier, half woman, half brigand, half child, knew all his story and all his share from his brother.

"Shot!" he echoed hoarsely as she had done when he had read on to the end. "Shot! Oh, my God, and I—I am his brother!"

She was silent. Looking at him fixedly, it did not seem to her strange that she should thus have met one of his blood in the crowds of Algiers.

"You are his brother," she said slowly. "Tell me his name, his rank."

He was silent. Coward and egotist that he was, both cowardice and egotism were killed in him under the overwhelming horror with which he felt himself as truly by moral guilt a fratricide as though he had stabbed his elder through the heart.

"Speak!" hissed Cigarette through her clinched teeth.

"He is the head of my house!" he answered her, scarce knowing what he answered. "He should bear the title that I bear now. He is here in this misery because he is the most merciful, the most generous, the most long suffering of living souls. If he die, it is not they who have killed him: it is I!"

she said bitterly. "Your remorse will not save him. But do the thing that I bid you if that remorse be sincere. Write me out here that title you say he should bear and your statement that he is your brother and should be the chief of your house, then sign it and give it to me."

He seized her hands and gazed with imploring eyes into her face.

"Who are you? What are you? If you have the power to do it, for the love of God rescue him! It is I who have murdered him—I who have let him live on in this hell for my sake!"

She brought him pens and paper from the Turk's store and dictated what he wrote:

I hereby affirm that the person serving in the Chasseurs d'Afrique under the name of Louis Victor is my elder brother, Bertie Cecil, lawfully, by inheritance, the Viscount Royalieu, peer of England. I hereby also acknowledge that I have succeeded to and borne the title illegally under the supposition of his death. BENZIEZ CECIL.

He let her draw the paper from him and fold it away in her belt. He watched her with a curious, dreamy sense of his own impotence against the fierce and fiery torrent of her bidding.

"Can his life yet be saved?"

"His honor may—his honor shall. Go to him, coward, and let the balls that kill him reach you, too, if you have one trait of manhood left in you!"

Then, swiftly as a swallow darts, she quitted him and flew on her headlong way down through the pressure of the people and the throngs of the marts and the noise and the color and the movement of the streets.

The sun was scarcely declined from its noon before she rode out of the city on a half bred horse of the sphais, swift as the antelope and as wild, with her only equipment some pistols in her holsters and a bag of rice and a skin of water slung at her saddlebow. She had a long route before her. She had many leagues to travel, and there were but four and twenty hours, she knew well, left to the man who was condemned to death; four and twenty hours left open for appeal, no more, be-twixt the delivery and execution of the sentence. There were 50 miles between her and her goal. Abd-el-Kader's horse had once covered that space in three hours, so men of the army of d'Aumale had told her. She knew what they had done she could do. Once only she paused, to let her horse lie a brief while and cool his foam flaked sides and crop some short, sweet grass. Then she mounted again and again went on in her flight. The horse was reeking with smoke and foam and the blood was coursing from his flanks as she reached her destination at last and threw herself off his saddle as he sank faint and quivering to the ground. Whither she had come was to a fortress where the marshal of France, who was the viceroy of Africa, had arrived that day in his progress of inspection throughout the province.

"Have a care of him and lead me to the chief."

She spoke quietly, but a certain sensation of awe and fear moved those who heard. They hesitated to take her message, to do her bidding. The one whom she sought was great and supreme here as a king. They dreaded to approach his staff, to ask his audience.

Cigarette looked at them a moment, then loosened her cross and held it out to an adjutant standing beneath the gates.

"Take that to the man who gave it me. Tell him Cigarette waits and with each moment that she waits a soldier's life is lost. Go!"

A few minutes and the decoration was brought back to her and her demand was granted. The marshal, leaning against a brass fieldpiece, turned to her with the smile in his keen, stern eyes.

"What brings you here?"

She came up to him with her rapid, leopardlike grace, and he started as he saw the change upon her features. She was covered with sand and dust and with the animal's blood flecked foam.

"Monsieur, I have come from Algiers since noon."

"From Algiers?" He and his officers echoed the name of the city in incredulous amazement. They knew how far from them down along the sea line the white town lay.

"Since noon, to rescue a life—the life of a great soldier, of a guiltless man. He who saved the honor of France at Zarella is to die the death of mutineer at dawn!"

"What! Your chasseur?"

A dusky scarlet fire burned through the pallor of her face, but her eyes never quailed, and the torrent of her eloquence returned under the pangs of shame that were beaten back under the noble instincts of her love.

"Mine, since he is a soldier of France; yours, too, by that title. I am come here from Algiers to speak the truth in his name, and by my cross, by my flag, by my France, I swear that not a hair of his head shall be touched, not a drop of blood in his veins shall be shed!"

"You speak madly," he said, with cold brevity. "The offense merits the chastisement. I shall not attempt to interfere."

"Hear me at least!" she cried, with passionate ferocity—the ferocity of a dumb animal wounded by a shot. "You do not know what this man is, how he has had to endure. I do. I have watched him; I have seen the brutal tyranny of his chief, who hated him because the soldiers loved him; I have seen his patience, his obedience, his long suffering beneath insults that would have driven any other to revolt and murder; I have seen him—I have told you how—at Zarella, thinking never of death or of life, only of our flag. Look you! I have seen him so tried that I told him—I, who love my army better than any living thing under the sun—that I would forgive him if he forgot duty and dealt with his tyrant as man to man. And he always held his soul in patience. Why? Not because he feared death—he desired it—but because

he loved his comrades and suffered in peace and in silence lest, through him, they should be led into evil."

His eyes softened as he heard her, but the inflexibility of his voice never altered.

"It is useless to argue with me," he said briefly. "I never change a sentence."

"But I say that you shall!" As the audacious words were flung forth she looked him full in the eyes, while her voice rang with its old imperious oratory. "You are a great chief. You are as a monarch here. You hold the gifts and the grandeur of the empire, but because of that, because you are as France in my eyes, I swear, by the name of France, that you shall see justice done to him—after death if you cannot in life. Do you know who is he, this man whom his comrades will shoot down at sunrise as they shoot down the murderer and the ravisher in their crimes? He is a man who vindicated a woman's honor. He is a man who suffers in his brother's place. He is an aristocrat exiled to a martyrdom. He is a hero who has never been greater than he will be great in his last hour. Read that! What you refuse to justice and mercy and courage and guiltlessness you will grant maybe to your order."

She forced into his hand the written statement of Cecil's name and station. The French marshal glanced his eye on the fragment carelessly and coldly. As he saw the words he started and read on with wondering eagerness.

"Royalieu!" he muttered. "Royalieu!" The years had been many since Cecil and he had met, but not so many but that the name brought memories of friendship with it and moved him with a strange emotion.

He turned with grave anxiety to Cigarette.

"You speak strangely. How came this in your hands?"

"Thus: The day that you gave me the cross I saw Princess Corona. I hated her, and I went—no matter. From her I learned that he whom we call Louis Victor was of her rank, was of old friendship with her house, was exiled and nameless, but for some reason unknown to her. She needed to see him. I took the message for her. I sent him to her. He went to her tent, alone, at night. That was, of course, whence he came when Chateauroux met him. I doubt not the Black Hawk had some foul thing to hint of his visit and that the blow was struck for her—for her!

Well, in the streets of Algiers I saw a man with a face like his own—different, but the same race, look you. I spoke to him. I taxed him. When he found that the one whom I spoke of was under sentence of death, he grew mad. He cried out that he was his brother and had murdered him—that it was for his sake that the cruelty of this exile had been borne—that if his brother perished he would be his destroyer. Then I bade him write down that paper, and I brought it hither to you that you might see that I have uttered the truth. And now is that man to be killed like a mad beast whom you fear? Is that death the reward France will give for Zarella?"

As he heard he was visibly moved. He remembered the felon's shame that in years gone by had fallen across the banished name of Bertie Cecil. The history seemed clear as crystal to him seen beneath the light shed on it from other days.

His hand fell heavily on the gun carriage.

RUTS

The walking sick, what a crowd of them there are; Persons who are thin and weak but not sick enough to go to bed.

"Chronic cases" that's what the doctors call them, which in common English means—long sickness.

To stop the continued loss of flesh they need Scott's Emulsion. For the feeling of weakness they need Scott's Emulsion.

It makes new flesh and gives new life to the weak system.

Scott's Emulsion gets thin and weak persons out of the rut. It makes new, rich blood, strengthens the nerves and gives appetite for ordinary food.

Scott's Emulsion can be taken as long as sickness lasts and do good all the time.

There's new strength and flesh in every dose.

We will be glad to send you a few doses free.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ontario.

50c and \$1; all druggists.

"Heavens! It was his brother's sin, not his!"

"Heavens! It was his brother's sin, not his!"

the sentence. It must be deferred till we know the whole truth of this. If it be as it looks now, he shall be saved if the empire can save him."

She looked up in his eyes with a look that froze his very heart.

"His honor," she muttered, "his honor, if not his life."

He understood her. He bowed his haughty head low down to hers.

"True. We will ensure that if all other justice be too late."

The answer was infinitely gentle, infinitely solemn. Then he turned and wrote his hurried order and bade his aid to go with it without a second's loss. But Cigarette caught it from his hand.

"To me, to me! No other will go so fast."

"But, my child, you are worn out already."

She turned on him her beautiful wild eyes, in which the blinding, passionate tears were floating.

"Do you think I would tarry for that? Ah, I wish that I had let them tell me of God, that I might ask him how to bless you! Quick, quick! Lend me your swiftest horse, one that will not tire. And send a second order by your aid-camp. The Arabs may kill me as I go, and then they will not know."

He stooped and touched her little brown, scorched, feverish hand with reverence.

"My child, Africa has shown me much heroism, but none like yours. If you fall, he shall be safe, and France will know how to avenge its darling's loss."

Then, without another second's pause, she flew from them and, vaulting into the saddle of a young horse which stood without in the courtyard, rode once more, at full speed, out into the pitiless blaze of the sun, out to the wasted desolation of the plains.

The order of release, indeed, was in her bosom, but the chances were as a million to one that she would reach him with it in time, ere, with the rising of the sun, his life would have set forever.

All the horror of remorse was on her. To her nature the bitter jealousy in which she had desired vengeance on him seemed to have rendered her a murderer. She loved him—loved him with an exceeding passion—and only in this extremity, when it was confronted with the imminence of death, did the fullness and the greatness of that love make their way out of the petulant pride and the wounded vanity which had obscured them. She had been ere now a child and a hero. Beneath this blow which struck at him she changed—she became a woman and a martyr.

And she rode at full speed through the night, as she had done through the daylight, her eyes glancing all around in the keen instinct of a trooper, her hand always on the butt of her belt pistol. Her brain had no sense, her hands had no feeling, her eyes had no sight. The rushing of air was loud on her ears, and the giddiness of fasting and of fatigue sent the gloom eddying round and round, like a whirlpool of shadow. Yet she had remembrance enough left to ride on and on and on without once flinching from the agonies that racked her cramped limbs and throbbled in her beating temples. She had remembrance enough to strain her blind eyes toward the east and murmur, in her terror of that white dawn that must soon break, the only prayer that had been ever uttered by the lips no mother's kiss had ever touched:

"O God, keep the day back!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Dog's Body" and "Dandy Funk."

"Biscuits, or, as they are familiarly called at sea, 'pancakes,' are served out with a liberal hand," says Charles Protheroe in "Life in the Mercantile Marine."

"To make a satisfying meal of them would occupy all the watch below, for being as hard as nails, mastication is necessarily a slow operation. To obviate this difficulty they are placed in a small canvas bag and by dint of much pounding reduced to a powder. Sufficient liquid, sometimes pea soup that is left over from dinner, is mixed with this until it becomes a paste. A few pieces of fat pork stuck here and there over the surface to give flavor, this by the indulgence of the cook, is allowed in the oven, and when browned is known as 'dog's body.'"

"Dandy funk" is another dish of the same kind, the substitution of a little molasses furnishing the excuse for another name."

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

SUBSCRIPTION The CHRONICLE will be sent to an address, free of postage, for \$2.00 per annum. Payment in advance—\$1.50 in advance. If not paid, the date to which no subscription is paid is deemed by the publisher. No paper will be sent until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the proprietor.

ADVERTISING For transient advertisements 5 cents per line for the first insertion, 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. For longer advertisements, rates on application. For advertising in the "DURHAM CHRONICLE," rates on application. For advertising in the "DURHAM CHRONICLE," rates on application.

THE JOB : Is completely stocked with all the latest styles of type, and printing facilities for running out Post Office work.

W. IRWIN
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Medical Directory.

Dr. Jamieson & Macdonald
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—A short distance east of Knapp's Mill, Lambton Street, Lower Town, Durham. Office hours from 12 to 2 o'clock.

J. G. Hutton, M. D., C. M.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—100 George Street, East of Hill. Office hours—9:11 a. m., p. m., 7-9 p. m. Telephone No. 10.

Arthur Gun, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
See 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 the treatment of women and children. Residence—posse Presbyterian Church.

Dental Directory.

Dr. T. G. Holt, L. D. S.
OFFICE—FIRST DOOR EAST OF THE Durham Pharmacy, 66 Block. Residence—Lambton Street, the Station.

W. C. Pickering, D.D.S., L. D. S.
HONOR GRADUATE OF THE College of Dental Surgeons of the U. S. Rooms—Caldor Block, over Post Office.

Legal Directory.

J. P. Telford.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR. Office over Gordon's new Jew Store, Lower Town, Durham. Advance of money to loan at 5 per cent. on property.

G. Lefroy McCaul.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR. Office—Melville's Block, Lower Town, Durham. Collection and Agency for all kinds of business. Successors made at the try Office.

W. S. Davidson.
BARRISTER, NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC. Money advanced on reasonable rates, and on all kinds of business. Office, Melville's Block, the Block.

MacKay & Dunn.
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS. Office—old Chronicle stand, in the High House Block.

A. G. MacKay, K. C., W. P.
A. H. Jackson.
NOTARY PUBLIC, COMM. Notary, Conveyancer, etc. Private to loan. Old accounts and debts kindly collected on commission. Bought and sold. Insurance Agents. Office—MacKenzies' Old Stand, Durham, Ont.

Miscellaneous.

HUGH MACKAY
L. D. S. and Licentiate in Dentistry. Office—over the Court, at 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 19