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DURHAM.

By FREDERIC S. ISHAM, Author of "Under the Rose"

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in the parfor the younger lads and lasses were playing snap and catch 'em and similar games. The portly Dutch clock gazed down benignly on the scene, its face shining good humoredly like the round visage of some comfortable burgher. "Green grow the rushes, O!" came from many merrymakers. "Kiss her quick and let her go!" was followed by scampering of feet and laughter, which implied a doubt whether the lad had obeyed the next injunction, "But don't you muss her ruffle, O!" Forming a moving ring around a young girl, they sang, "There's a rose in the garden for you, young man." A rose indeed, or a rosebud, rather, with ruffles he was commanded not to "muss," but which nevertheless suffered sadly.

Among these boys and girls the patroon discovered Constance, no longer "to the life a duchess," with gown in keeping with the "pride and pomp of exalted station." but attired in the simple dress of lavender she usually wore, That is sure to please can though the roses still adorned her hair. always be purchased here Shunning the entrancing waltz, the inspiring "Monnie Musk" and the cotillon, lively when set to Christy's melodies, she had sought the more juvenile element, and when seen by the land baron was circling around with fluttering skirts. Joyens, morry, there was no int now in her a court cirlish ways " the carmelty that lay within for va-

> ried impersonations, from the lightness of coquetry to the thrill of tragedy. He did not know how it happened as he stood there watching her, but the next moment he was imprisoned by the

group and voices were singing: "There he stands, the booby! Who beaming upon the soldier, whom he unwill have him for his beauty?"

Who? His eye swept the group-the merry, scornful glances fixed upon him; the joyous, half inviting glances; the red lips parted as in kindly invitationshy lips, willing lips.

Who? His look kindled. He had made his selection, and the next moment his arm was impetuously thrown around the actress' waist.

"Kiss her quick and let her go." Amid the mad confusion he strove to obey the command, but a panting voice murmured "No, no!" a pair of dark eyes gazed into his for an instant, defiantly, and the pliant waist slipped from his impassioned grasp; his eager lips, instead of touching that glowing cheek, only grazed a curl that had become loosened, and before he could repeat the attempt she had passed from his arms with laughing lips and eyes.

"Play fair!" shouted the lads. "He ALWAYS ON HAND should 'kiss her quick and let her go.'" "Oh, let her go first!" said the others. "'Kiss her quick.'" reiterated the

"He can't now." answered the girls. The voices took up the refrain, "Don't you muss the ruffles, O!" and the game went on. The old clock gossiped gleefully, its tongue repeating as plainly as

"Let her go!-ho!-ho!-one-two-

Three o'clock! Admonishingly rang out the hour, the jovial face of the clock looking sterner than was its wont. It glowered now like a preacher in his pulpit upon a sinful congregation. Enough of snap and catch 'em, enough of Hull's Victory or the opera reel, let the weary fiddler descend from the bulrush chair, for soon the touch of dawn will be seen in the eastern sky! The merrymaking began to wane and already the sound of wagon wheels rattled over the log road away from the tavern. Yes, they were singing, and as Hepsibeth leaned her head on Josiah's shoulder they uplifted their voices in the good old orthodox hymn, "Come. Ye Sinners." for thus they courted and worshiped in olden times. "Good night, every one!" said a sweet

voice, as Constance passed calmly on with not a ruffle mussed. "Good night," answered the patroon, a sparkle in his eyes. "I was truly a

"What can you mean?" she laughed. "There's many a slip 'twixt-lip and

lip!" exclaimed Susan. With heightened color the young girl almost strange, and, meeting it, she

turned, and as she did so her look rested on the soldier. His glance was cold, half started and then smiled, slowly mounting the stairs. He looked away, but the patroon never took his eyes from her until she had vanished. Afar, rising and falling on the clear air, sounded the voices of the singers:

"One good turn deserves another," said Barnes to Saint-Prosper, when Susan and Kate had likewise retired. "Follow me, sir-to the kitchen! No questions, but come!"

> CHAPTER V. KEEN observer might have no-

ticed that the door of the inn kitchen had been kept swinging to and fro as certain ones in the audience had stolen cautiously but repeatedly in and out of the culinary apartment while the dancing and other festivities were in progress. The itinerant pedagogue was prominent in ONTARIO. these mysterious movements, which

possibly accounted for his white choker being askew and his disposition to cut a dash not by declining Greek verbs, but by inclining too attentively toward Miss Abigail, a maiden lady with a pronounced aversion for frivol-

The cause of the schoolmaster's frolicsome deportment was apparent to the soldier when he followed Barnes into the kitchen, where in a secluded corner near the hospitable oven, in the dim light of a tallow dip, stood a steaming punch bowl. A log smoldered in the fireplace, casting on the floor the long shadows of the andirons, while a swinging pot was reflected on the ceiling like a mighty eclipse. Numerous recesses containing pans and plates that gleamed by day were wrapped in vague mystery. Three dark figures around the bowl suggested a scent of incantation, especially when one of them threw some bark from the walnut log on the coals and the flames sprang up as from a pine knot and the eclipse danced among the rafters overhead, while the pot swung to and fro.

As the manager approached the bowl the trio, moved by some vague, impelling impulse, locked arms, walked toward the side door, crossed its threshold in some confusion, owing to a unanimous determination to pass out at one and the same time, and went forth into the tranquil night, leaving Barnes and Saint-Prosper the sole occupants of the kitchen. The manager now helped himself and his companion to the beverage, standing with his back to the tiny forks of flame from the shagbark. His face expanded with good fellowship; joviality shone from his eyes consciously regarded as an auxiliary.

"Here's to our better acquaintance," he said, placing his hand with little ceremony on the other's shoulder. "The billposter!" Raising his cup. "You gathered them in"-

"And you certainly gathered in the contents of their pockets."

"A fair robbery." laughed Barnes, "as Dick Turpin said when he robbed the minister who robbed the king who robbed the people. A happy thought that, turning the helmet into a collection box. It tided us over, it tided

Saint-Prosper returned the manager's glance in kind. Barnes' candor and simplicity were apparent antidotes the other's tacitarnity and constraint During the country dance the soldier had remained a passive spectator, displaying little interest in the rustic merrymaking or the open glances cast upon him by bonny lasses burned in the sanlit fields, buxom serving maids as clean as the pans in the kitchen and hearty maids not averse to frisk and frolic in wholesome rural fashion.

But now in the face of the manager's buoyancy at the success of a mere expedient, a hopefulness ill warran,ed by his short purse and the long future before him, the young man's manner changed from one of indifference to friendliness, if not sympathy, for the oversanguine custodian of players. Would the helmet, like the wonderful pitcher, replenish itself as fast as it was emptied? Or was it but a makeshift? The manager's next remark seemed a reply to these queries, denoting that Barnes himself, although tem-



"To the success of the temperance drama porarily elated, was not oblivious to the

trict. And I have yet to discover any dramatists hereabout, unless," jocularly, "you are a Tom Taylor or a Tom and flesh in every dose. Robertson in disguise. Are you sure you have never courted the divine muse? Men of position have frequently been guilty of that folly, sir."

"But once," answered the other in the same tone; "at college, a political

"Was it successful?" "Ouite so. I was expelled for writing

"Well," retorted Barnes irrelevantly, "you have at least mildly coquetted with the muse. Besides, I dare say, you

nave peen beamd the scenes a good deal. The greenroom is a fashionable rendezvous. Where are you going? And what-if I may ask-is your busi-

"I am on my way to New Orleans," said the traveler after a moment's hesitation; "my business, fortune getting; in sugar, tobacco or indigo culture!"

"New Orleans!" exclaimed the manager, poising the ladle in midair. "That, too, is our destination. We have an engagement to play there. Why not join our band? Write or adapt a play for us. Make a temperance drama of your play!"

"You are a whimsical fellow," said the stranger, smiling. "Why don't you gether?" write the play yourself?"

"I? An unread, illiterate dotard! Why, I never had so much as a day's schooling. As a lad I slept with the rats, held horses, swept crossings and lived like a mudlark! Me write a play! I might let fall a suggestion here and there, how to set a flat or where to drop a fly, to plan an en trance or to arrange an exit! No. no: let the shoemaker stick to his last! 'It takes"-with deference-"a scholar to write a drama."

"Thus you disqualify me," laughed the other, drawing out a pipe, which he filled and lighted with a coal held in the iron grip of the antique tongs. "If it were only to help plant a battery or stand in a gap!" he said grimly, replacing the tongs against the old brick oven at one side of the grate. "But to beset King Bacchus in three acts! To storm a castle in the first. scale the walls in the second and blow up all the king's horses and all the king's men in the last-that is, indeed. serious warfare!"

"True, it will be a roundabout way to New Orleans," continued the manager, disregarding his companion's response, "but there is no better way of seeing the new world-that is, if you do not disdain the company of strolling players. You gain in knowledge what you lose in time. If you are a philosopher, you can study human nature through the buffoon and the mummer. If you are a naturalist, here are grand forests to contemplate. If you are not a recluse, here is free, though humble, comradeship." His listener gazed thoughtfully into

the fire. Was the prospect of sharing this gypsylike life attractive to him? An adventurer himself, was he drawn toward these homeless strollers, for whom the illusions of dramatic art shone with enticing luster in the comparative solitude of the circuit on the wilderness?

As he sat before the glow, the light of the burning shagbark, playing elfishly above the dying embers, outlined the stalwart yet active figure and the

when, with an upward shower of sparks, the backlog fell asunder and the waning flame cast yet more gloomy shadows behind them, he leaned back in his heavy, hewn chair and again bent an attentive look upon the loquacious speaker.

"Or, if you desire," resumed the man- | had been looking after his horse, the ager after some hesitation, "it might | soldier stood for a moment before the become a business venture as well as | inn, when a flower fell at his feet, and a pleasure jaunt. Here is a sinking glancing over his shoulder, he per ship. Will the salvage warrant help- ceived Susan, who was leaning from ing us into port-that is, New Orleans? her window. The venturesome rose There hope tells a flattering tale. The | which had clambered as high as the company is well equipped, has a va- second story, was gone, plucked, alas ried repertory, while Constance"-ten- by the wayward hand of a coquette. derly-"is a host in herself. If you Saint-Prosper bowed and stooped for knew her as I do. had watched her art the aspiring but now hapless flower

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grow"-his voice trembled-"and to think, sometimes I do not know where the next day's sustenance may come from! That she"-

He broke off abruptly, gazing at his companion half apologetically. "We players, sir," he resumed, "present a | jovial front, but"-tapping his breast-"few know what is going on here!"

"Therein," said the younger man, emptying his pipe, "you have stated a universal truth." He pushed a smoldering log with his foot toward the remnants of the embers. "Suppose I were so minded to venture"-and he mentioned a modest sum-"in this hazard and we patched up the play to-

"You don't mean it?" cried the manager eagerly. Then he regarded the other suspiciously. Your proposal is not inspired through ympathy?" "Why not through the golden pros-

pects you have so e oquently depicted?" replied Saint-Frasper coldly. "Why not indeed!" exclaimed the reassured manager. ": access will come; it must come. You have seen Constance but once. She lives in every character to her heart's core. How does she do it? Who can tell? It's inborn-a heritage to her!"

His voice sank low with emotion. "Yes," he murmured, shaking his head thoughtfully as though another image arose in his mind, "a heritage, a divine heritage!" But soon he looked up. "She's a brave girl!" he said. "When times were dark she would always smile encouragingly, and in the light of her clear eyes I felt anew the Lord would temper the wind to the shorn

"One, two, three, four," rang the great clock through the silent hall, and at its harsh clangor Barnes started.

"Bless my soul, the maids 'll be up and doing and find us here!" he exclaimed. "One last cup! To the success of the temperance drama!"

In a few moments they had parted for their respective chambers, and only the landlord was left downstairs. Now as he came from behind the bar, where cretly listening through the half open-"That's a good one to tell Ezekiel,"

he muttered, turning out the lights and sweeping the ashes on the hearth | had never seen her to better advantage, to the back of the grate. "To the temperance drama!"

CHAPTER VI.

OWN the hill, facing the tayern, the shadows of night were slowly withdrawn, usiering in the day of the players' leaving. A single tree at the very top, isolated from its sylvan neighbors. empenetrable, musing features. But was bathed in the warm sunshine, re ceiving the earliest benediction of day. Down, down came the dark shade, pursued by the light, until the entire slope of the hill was radiant and the sad colored foliage flaunted in newborn

Returning from the stable, where he which lay in the dust.

"You have joined the chariot. hear," said Susan. "For the present," he replied.

"And what parts will you play?" sh continued, with smiling inquisitiveness

"What a pity! You would make handsome lover." Then she blushed "Lud! What am I saying? Besides" maliciously-"I believe you have eyes Persons who are thin and for some one else. But remember"shaking her finger and with a coquet tish turn of the head-"I am an actress and therefore vain. I must have the "Chronic cases" that's best part in the new plece. Don't for get that, or I'll not travel in the same what the doctors call them, chariot with you." And Susan disap

"Ah, Kate," she said a moment later. "what a fine looking young man be

"Who?" drawled her sister. "Mr. Saint-Prosper, of course."

"He is large enough," retorted Kate "Large enough! Oh, Kate, what a phlegmatic creature you are!"

"Fudge!" said the other as she left the chamber. Entering the tavern, the soldier was met by the wiry old lady who bobbed

into the breakfast room and explained the kind of part that fitted her like a glove, her prejudices being strong against modern plays. "Give me dramas like 'Oriana,' "The

Rival Queens' or Webster's pieces," she exclaimed, quoting with much fire for "We are only like dead walls or vaulted

small part," laughed Kate, appearing at the door. "'My lord, the carriage is waiting!" "My lady, your tongue is too sharp!"

exclaimed Adonis, nettled. "And put in a love scene for Adonis and myself," she continued, lazily floating into the room. "He is so fond of me it would not be like acting!"

This bantering was at length interrupted by the appearance of the chariot and the property wagon at the front door, ready for the journey. The rumbling of the vehicles, the resounding hoofs and the resonant voice of the stable boy awakened the young lord of the manor in his chamber above. He

stretched himself sleepily, swore and again composed himself for slumber, when the noise of a property trunk thumping its way down the front stairs a step at a time galvanized him into life and consciousness.

"Has the world come to an end?" he muttered. "No; I remember. It's only the players taking their departure."

But, although he spoke carelessly, the bumping of boxes and slamming and banging of portable goods annoyed him more than he would confess. With the "crazy quilt," a patchwork of heptagons of different hues and patterns, around his shoulders, clothing him with all the colors of the rainbow, he sat up in bed, wincing at each con-

"I might as well get up," he exclaimed. "I'll see her once more-the perverse beauty!" And, tossing the kaleidoscopic covering viciously from him, he began to dress.

Meanwhile, as the time for their going drew near, mine host downstairs sped the parting guest with good cheer, having fared profitably by the patronage the players had brought to the inn, but his daughter, Arabella, looked sad and pensive. How weary, flat and stale appeared her existence now! With a lump in her throat and a pang in her heart she recklessly wiped her eyes upon the best parlor curtains when Barnes mounted to the box, as robust a stage driver as ever extricated a coach from a quagmire. The team, playful through long confinement, tugged at the reins, and Sandy, who was at the bits, occasionally shot through space like an erratic meteor.

The manager was flourishing his whip impatiently when Constance and Susan appeared, the former in a traveling costume of blue silk, a paletot of dark cloth and, after the fashion of the day, a bonnet of satin and velvet. Susan was attired in a jupe sweeping and immensely full-to be in style!and jacket with sleeves of the pagoda form. The party seemed in high spir-Its as from his dormer window Mauville, adjusting his attire, peered through the lattice over the edge of he had been apparently dozing and se- the moss grown roof and leaf clogged gutters and surveyed their preparations ed door leading into the kitchen, he for departure. How well the rich color had much difficulty to restrain his of her gown became the young girl! He had told himself white was her best adornment, but his opinion veered on the moment now, and he thought be with the blue of her dress reappearing in the lighter shade above the dark paletot, in the lining of the bonnet and

the bow of ribbons beneath her chin. "On my word, but she looks handsome!" muttered the patroon. "Might sit for a Gainsborough or a Reynolds! What dignity! What coldness! All except the eyes! How they can lighten! But there's that adventurer with her," as the figure of the soldier crossed the yard to the property wagon. "No getting rid of him until the last moment!" And he opened the shutters wider, listening and watching more closely.

"Are you going to ride in the property wagon?" he heard Saint-Prosper ask.

"Yes; when I have a part to study I sometimes retire to the stage throne," she answered lightly. "I suppose you will ride your horse?" Of his reply the listener caught only

the words "windbreak" and "lame." He observed the soldier assist her to the throne and then, to Mauville's surprise, spring into the wagon himself. "Why, the fellow is going with them!" exclaimed the land baron. "Or, at any

rate, he is going with her. What can it mean?" And hurriedly quitting his post, his toilet now being complete, he hastened to the door and quickly made his way downstairs. During the past week his own addresses had miscarried and his gallantry had been love's labor lost. At first

he had fancied he was making progress, but soon acknowledged to himself he had underestimated the enterprise. Play had succeeded play-he could not have told what part favored her most! Ophelia sighed and died; Susan danced on her grave between acts, according to the programme, and turned tears into smiles; the farewell night had come and gone-and yet Constance had made no sign of compliance to reward the patient wooer. Now, at the sight of these preparations for departure and the presence of the stalwart stranger in the property wagon, he experienced a sudden sensation of pique, almost akin to jealousy. Stepping from the tavern, it was with

an effort be suppressed his chagrin and vexation and assumed that air of nonchalance which became him well. Smilingly he bade Susan and the other occupants of the chariot farewell, shook Barnes by the hand and turned to the property wagon.

"The noise of your departure awakened me," he said to the young girl. "So I have come to claim my compensation -the pleasure of seeing you"-

"Depart!" she laughed quickly. Momentarily disconcerted, he turned to the soldier. "You ride early." "As you see," returned the other im-

"A habit contracted in the army, no doubt!" retorted Mauville, recovering

Twenty Shots In His Hend, At the present time there is a keeper

on a Hertfordshire estate who has about twenty shots in his head. Nearly thirty years ago this man was accidentally shot by an under keeper, and there were twenty-two holes in the hat he wore, which is preserved to this day. The injured man never had the shots extracted, was long between life and death and completely lost his hearing.-London Standard.

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precarious character of "free perform-"And do not forget the 'heavy' his easy self passession. "Well, a tenundar trunk is as efficacious as a your piece!" called out Hawkes across ances," with voluntary offerings. "Praise God from whom all blessings Scott's Emulsion can be by le call! But an revoir, Miss Carew. "What we need," continued the manthe table. "Something you can dig LIUGH MACKAY. for we may meet agein. The world is ager, "is a temperance drama. With Praise him all creatures here below," taken as long as sickness what intemperate eagerness would the broad-yet its highways are narrow! and finally, softer and softer, until the people flock to see it! But where is it "Nor the 'juvenile lead.' " chimed in There is no need wishing you a pleaslasts and do good all the melody melted into silence: and four nev." to be found? Plays don't grow on the Celtic Adonis. "Praise him above, ye heavenly h-o-s-t"bushes even in this agricultural dis-"Adonis makes a great hit in a [TO BE CONTINUED.]