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 On tario, Quebec, Manitoba, United States and England.

## DURHAM AGENCY.

A general Banking business trans acted. Drafts issued and collections made on all points. Deposits received and interest allowed at current rates.

### THE SAVINGS BANK.

Interest allowed on Savings Bank dposits of \$1 and upwards. Promp 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 Hearse always in connection. balming a speciaity.

JACOB KRESS.

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

CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, ROBES and COATS.

Horses FOR SALE.

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

## JOHN CLARK

(McKinnon's old Stand)

DURHAM. - ONTARIO Orleans; Exhibit B'"-

For /

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

S. P. SAUNDERS

Up to the end of March we have decided to mae our goods move, if selling at Cost will have the effect. time.

> Some of the goods offered have just been opened, be ing a month on the road.

We have left of our winter mourned by Little Thunder until the Stock:-

A FEW OVERCOATS. A FEW PEA! JACKETS HEAVY WEIGHT. SUITS. . . A LARGE ASSORTMENT | foreign heir to the manor.

OF TROUSERS. A LOT OF UNDERWEAR SOME JUST ARRIVED. FLANNELLETTES AN PRINTS.

All these and some other lines will go at Cost.

S. SCOTT

DUBHAM,

# THE STROLLERS

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

20 30 30

Copyright, 1902, by THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY

When the earliest patroons had made known to the West India company their intention of planting colonies in New Netherland they had issued attractive maps to promote their colonization projects. Among those who had been lured to America by these enticing advertisements was an ancestor of Edward Mauville. Incurring the displeasure of the governor for his godless views, this Frenchman was sent to the pillory, or whipping post, and his neighbors were about to cast out the devil of irreverence in good old fashioned manner when one of the governor's daughters interceded, carried off the handsome miscreant, and, such was her imperious way, married him. He was heard in after years to aver that the whipping would have been the milder punishment; but, be that as it may, a child was born unto them who inherited the father's adventuresome and graceless character, deserted his home, joined hands with some ocean rovers and sailed for that pasture ground of buccaneers, the Caribbean sea. Of his subsequent history various stories may be found in the chronicles of New Orleans and Louisi-

The only other person who might have any pretensions to the estate was a reverend gentleman who had been a missionary among the Indians, preaching from a stump, and called Little Thunder by the red men because of his powerful voice, a lineal descendant of the Rev. Dr. Johannes Vanderklonk, the first dominie of the patroons, who served for 1,000 guilders, payable in meat or drink, twenty-two bushels of wheat and two firkins of butter. He saved the souls of the savages, while the white men cheated their bodies. Now and then, in those early days, the children of the forest protested against this evangelizing process and carried off the good dominie to the torture stake, where they plucked out his finger nails, but he returned with as much zest to his task of landing these simple souls in paradise as those who employed him displayed in making an earthly

left behind them. When by this shrewd system the savages were gradually saved and incidentally exterminated, Little Thunder's occupation was gone, and he became a pensioner of mynheer the patroon, earning his bread by an occasional sermon to the tenants, exhorting them to thrift and industry, to be faithful and multiply and to pay their rents promptly. As mynheer's time drew near he dissatisfaction over his heritage, "rent sent for his attorney and commanded ALWAYS ON HAND him to look up the life, deeds and char-

> "This I did," said the lawyer, "and here it is," waving a roll of papers before his interested listener.

acter of Edward Mauville.

"A nauseating mess, no doubt," carelessly remarked the land baron.

"Oh, sir!" deprecated the lawyer, opening the roll. "'Item: Religion: pupil of the brilliant Jesuit, Abbe Moneau. Item: Morals; Exhibit A, the affair with Countess -- in Paris, where he was sent to be educated after the fashion of French families in New

"Life is wearisome enough, but a biography"- He shrugged his shoulders. "Come to your point."

bed so that he might wind and unwind it, perusing it at his pleasure. This the dying man did, sternly noting Thunder, for it was he, waiting and the damaging facts, thinking doubtless- watching as without the gates of para-The Harnessmaker. ly how traits will endure for general dise. tions-aye, for ages, in spite of the pillory! The while Little Thunder was roaring petitions to divinity by his bedside, as though to bluster and bully the Almighty into granting his supplications. The patroon glanced from his pensioner to the roll, from the kneeling man to the prodigious list of peccadillos, and then he called for a shilling. a coin still somewhat in use in America. This he flipped thrice.

"Roue or sham?" he said the first

"Rake or hypocrite?" he exclaimed

"Devil or pharisee?" he cried the third time.

He peered over the coin and sent for his attorney. His soul passed away, will was read, when his lamentations ceased. He soundly berated mynheer the patroon in his coffin and refused to go to his burying. Then he became an ardent antirenter, a leader of "bolters," a thunderer of the people's cause, the A FEW READY - MADE devoted enemy of land barons in general and one patroon in particular, the

"But let him thunder away, sir," said and inhaled, after the manner of a Scroggs scothingly. "The estate's yours | connoisseur sampling a cellar. He was now, for the old patroon can't come unduly dignified and stately, but the back to change his mind. He's buried attorney appeared decidedly groggy. sure enough in the grove, a dark and "Lord! How you go on!" exclaimed sombrous spot as befitted his disposi- Scroggs. "What with sampling this tion, but restful withal. Aye, and the and sampling that, my head's going marble slab's above him, which re- round like a top. If there's anything minds me that only a month before he in the cellar the old patroons put down took to his bed he was smoking his pipe we haven't tried, sir, I beg to defer the on the porch when his glance fell upon sampling. I am of the sage's mindthe lifting stone. Suddenly he strode 'Of all men who take wine, the mod-

said he, scoffing-like. But age neard him and now he lies with a stone on him he cannot lift, while you, sir," to his listener deferentially, "are sole heir to the estate and to the feud."

"A feud goes with the property?" remarked Mauville carelessly. "The tenants object to paying rent,

replied Scroggs sadly. "They're a sorry "Evade their debts, do they?" said

the land baron languidly. "What presumption to imitate their betters! That won't do. I need the money." "They claim the rights of the land-

lord originated in fraud"-"No doubt"-yawning-"my ancestors were rogues!"

"Oh, sir," deprecatorily.

"If the tenants don't pay, turn them out," interrupted Mauville listlessly, "if you have to depopulate the coun-

Having come to an understanding with his client, the lawyer arose to take his departure.

"By the way," he said obsequiously selecting a yellow, well worn bit of paper from his bundle of documents. "it may interest you to keep this yourself. It is the original deed for all these lands from the squaw Pewasch. You can see they were acquired for a few shillings' worth of 'wet and dry goods' and seventeen and a half ells of duf-

"The old patroons could strike a rare bargain," muttered the beir as he casually surveyed the ancient deed and then, folding it, placed it in his breast pocket. "For a mere song was ac-

quired"-"A vast principality," added the solicitor, waving his hand toward the fields and meadows far in the dis-

CHAPTER IX.

MAVING started the wheels of justice fairly moving, with Scroggs at the throttle, the new land baron soon discovered that he was not in consonance with the great commoner who said he was savage enough to prefer the woods and paradise out of the lands the red men wilds of Monticello to all the pleasures of Paris. In other words, those rural delights of his forefathers, the pleasures of a closer intimacy with nature, awoke no responsive chord in Mauville's breast, and he began to tire before long of a patriarchal existence and crullers and oly-koeks and playing the fine lord in solitary grandeur.

To further add to the land baron's day," that all important day in the olden times when my lord's door had been besieged by the willing lease holders, cheerful in rendering unto Cresar what was due Cresar, seemed to have been dropped from the modern

"Your notices, Scroggs, were wasted on the desert air," said the patroon grimly to that disappointed worthy "What's the use of tenants who don' pay? Playing at feudal lord in moder! times is a farce, Scroggs."

That evening when the broad mead ows were inundated by the shadow of the forest that crept over it like an in "Spare me," exclaimed Mauville, coming tide the land baron ordered lights for every room. The manor shone in isolated grandeur amid the gloomy fields, with the forest wall "Of course, sir, I was only trying to around it; radiant as of old, when carry out his instructions, the same, sir, strains of music had been heard within as I would carry out yours!" with an and many figures passed the windows ingratiating smile. Whereupon the at- But now there was light and not life, torney told how he had furnished the and a solitary antirenter on the lonely patroon this roll and fastened it to his road regarded with surprise the unusual illumination.

"What does it mean?" asked Little

Well might he ask, for the late mynheer the patroon had been a veritable bat for darkness; a few candles answered his purpose in the spacious rooms; he played the prowler, not the grand lord; a recluse who hovered over bis wine butts in the cellar and gloated over them while he touched them not; a hermit who lived half his time in the kitchen, bending over the smoky fireplace, and not a lavender scented gentleman who aired himself in the drawing room, a fine fop with nothing but the mirrors to pay him homage. Little Thunder, standing with folded arms in the dark road, gloomy as Lucifer, almost expected to see the brilliant fabric vanish like one of those palaces of joy built by the poets.

Hour after hour passed, midnight had come and gone and still the lights glowed. Seated in the library, with the curtains drawn, were the land between them and a dozen bottles around them. Before Mauville stood several glasses containing wines, of various vintages, which the land baron compared and sipped, held to the light

toward it, bent his back and raised it a erate only enjoy it,' says Master Bacon ONTARIO. full two inches. 'So much for age!' or some one else."

rass the bottle: answered the other. "Gently, man! Don't disturb its repose, and remember it disdains the

perpendicular." "So will I soon," muttered Scroggs. "I hope you'll excuse me, sir, but that last drop of Veuve Cliquot was the whipcord that started the top going, | and, on my word," raising his hands to his head, "I feel like holding it on to keep it from spinning off."

"Spinning or not, you shall try this vintage"-the young man's eyes gleamed with such fire as shone in the glass -"and drink to Constance Carew!"

"Constance Carew!" stammered the other, desperately swallowing the

Mauville slowly emptied the glass. "A balsamic taste, slightly piquant, but agreeable," he observed. "A dangerous wine, Scroggs! It carries no warning. Your older kind is like a world worn coquette whose glances at once place you on the defensive. This maiden vintage, just springing into glorious womanhood, comes over you like a

springtime dream." @ "Who - who is she?" muttered

"She is not in the scroll you prepared for my lamented kinsman, eh? No title, man; not even a society lady. A stroller, which is next door to a vagrant."

"Well, sir, she's a woman, and that's enough," replied the lawyer. "And my opinion is it's better to have nothing to do with 'em."

With this sententious remark Scroggs gave a sudden lurch forward and quietly and naturally slid under the table. The patroon arose, strode to the window, which he lifted, and the night

air entered, fanning his hot brow. The leaves on high rustled like falling rain. The elms tossed their branches, striking one another in blind con-As he stood there the stars grew

pale. The sky trembled and quivered before the advent of morn. A heavy footstep fell behind him, and, turning, he beheld the caretaker. "Not in bed yet, Oly-koeks?" cheer-

fully said the land baron. "I am just up."

"In that case it is time for me to retire," returned the master, with a yawn. "This is a dull place, Olykoeks; no life, no variety. Nothing

The servant glanced at the formidable array of bottles. "And he calls this a quiet life!" thought the caretaker, losing his impassiveness and viewing the table with round eyed

"Nothing going on?" he said aloud. "Mynheer the patroon complained of too much life here, with people taking farms all around. But, if you are dull, a farmer told me last night there was a company of strolling players in Van-

derdonkville"-"Strollers!" exclaimed Mauville, wheeling around. "What are they

"Lord, I don't know, sir. They're show folks, and that's all"-"Do many strolling players come this

way?" "Not for weeks and months sometimes! The old patroon ordered the schout to arrest them if they entered

the wyck." "Is Vanderdonkville in the wyck?" asked the land baron quickly. "No. It was separated from the wyck when Rickert Jacobus married"-

"Never mind the family genealogy! Have the coach ready at 9"-"Tonight?"

Consumption is a human weed flourishing best in weak the fellers from the ark, or," he addlungs. Like other weeds it's ed, by way of explanation in answer easily destroyed while young; when old, sometimes im-Strengthen the lungs as you

would weak land and the weeds will disappear. The best lung fertilizer is

Scott's Emulsion. Salt pork pared for a season of legitimate is good too, but it is very hard

tion is when you begin trying to hide it from yourself. fall, however, upon hearing this an Others see it, you won't.

Begin with the first thought to take Scott's Emulsion. much the better; you will soon forget it and be better for the treatment. If it is consumpcured at once, but if you will begin in time and will be baron and Scroggs, a surveyor's map rigidly regular in your treatment you will win.

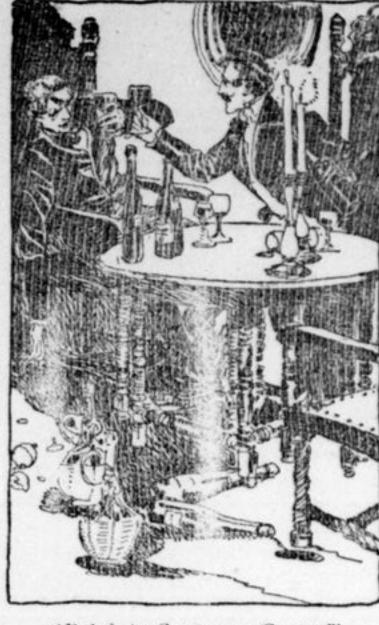
Scott's Emulsion, fresh air, rest all you can, eat all you can, that's the treatment and that's the best treatment.



We will send you Barnes gravely demonstrated the aca little of the Emulsion free.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy. Chemists. 50c. and \$1; all druggists.

"This morning," replied Mauville lightly. "And meanwhile put this to



"Drink to Constance Carew!" bed," indicating Scroggs, who was now snoring like a bagpipe, with one arm lovingly wound around a leg of the library table.

The caretaker hoisted the attorney on his broad shoulders, his burden still piping as they crossed the hall and mounted the stairway. Having deposited his load within the amazing depths of a Dutch feather mattress, where he lay well nigh lost to sight, but not unheard, the wachtmeester of the steyn left him to well earned slumber and descended to the kitchen.

At the appointed hour the land baron, freshly shaven, not a jaded line in his face and elastic in step, appeared on the front porch, before which his carriage was waiting.

"When shall I expect you back?" asked Oly-koeks, who had reappeared at the sound of his master's footsteps.

"Any time or never!" laughed the patroon, springing into the vehicle. But as he drove through a bit of wood, wrapped in pleasing reflections, he received startling proof that the warfare between landlord and tenants had indeed begun in earnest, for a great stone suddenly crashed through the window of the vehicle, without, however, injuring the occupant. Springing from his carriage, Mauville dashed through the fringe of wood, discharging his revolver at what he fancied was a fleeing figure. But a fluttering

the only result. Little Thunder was too spry to be caught by even a pursuing bullet.

in the trees from the startled birds was

CHAPTER X.

"HE show troupe has come to town," said the tall, lank postmaster to every one who called, and the words passed from mouth to mouth, so that those who did not witness the arrival were soon aware of it. Punchinello and his companions never attracted more at tention from the old country peasants than did the chariot and its occupants as on the day after their night in the woods they passed through the main thoroughfare of the village where they were soon to appear.

Dashing as in review before the ran and file of the village, the coach, wit an extra flourish, rattled up to the ho tel, a low but generous sized edifice. with a wide, comfortable veranda upon the railing of which was an array of boots and behind them a number of disconsolate looking teamsters.

"You want to register, do you?" said the landlord in answer to Barnes' in quiry, as the latter entered the office.

"We don't keep no register, but guess we can accommodate you, al though the house is rather full with to the manager's look of surprise. "Philadelphia freight wagons, I suppose you would call them. But we speak of them as arks, because they take in all creation. Them's the occur pants making a Mount Ararat of the porch. They're downhearted because they used to liquor up here and now they can't, for the town's temperance.' "I trust, nevertheless, you are pre

drama," suggested Barnes. The other shook his head dubiously "The town's for lectures clear The time to treat consump through," he answered. "They've been making a big fuss about show folks." The manager's countenance did not nouncement; on the contrary, it shed

Don't wait until you can't forth inscrutable satisfaction. No sooner were they settled in far deceive yourself any longer. from commodious quarters than prep arations for the future were seriously If begun, and now the drama proceeded apace, with Barnes the moving spirit. it isn't really consumption so Despite his assertion that he was no scholar, the manager's mind was the storehouse of a hundred plays, and in that depository were many bags of gold and many bags of chaff. From tion you can't expect to be this accumulation he drew freely. frankly, in the light fingered fashion of master playwrights and lesser theatrical thimble riggers.

Before the manager was a table—the stage-upon which were scattered miscellaneous articles, symbols of life and character. A stately saltcellar represented the leading lady, a pepper box the irascible father, a rotund mustard pot the old woman, a long, slim cruet the ingenue, and a pewter spoon the

tion of the scene to Saint-Prosper, and the soldier became collaborator, "abandoning, as it were," wrote the manager in his autobiographical date book and diary, "the sword for the pen and the glow of the Champ de Mars for the SCOTT & BOWNE, glimmer of a kerosene lamp." And yet courted the buskin and sock! On the the aid of a glass.

contrary, so foreign was the occupation to his leaning that often a whimsical light in his eye betrayed his disinclination and modest disbelief in his own fitness for the task. "He said the way I laid out an act reminded him of planning a campaign, with the outriders and skirmishers before, the cavalry arrayed for swift service and the in fantry marching steadily on, carrying with them the main plot or strength of the movement."

No sooner were the saltcellar and pepper box reunited, and the pewter spoon clasped in the arms of the loving cruet, with the curtain descending, than Barnes, who, like the immortal Alcibiades Triplet, could turn his hand to almost anything, became furiously engaged in painting scenery. A market place, with a huge wagon containing porkers and poultry, was dashed off with a celerity that would have made a royal academician turn green with envy. The Tiddly Wink inn was so faithfully reproduced that the painted bottles were a real temptation, while on the pastoral green of a rural landscape grazed sheep so lifelike that, as Hawkes observed, it actually seemed "they would eat the scenery all up." But finally sets and play were alike finished, and results demonstrated that the manager was correct in his estimate of such a drama, which became a forerunner of other pieces of this kind, "The Bottle," "Fruits of the Wine Cup," "Aunt Dinah's Pledge" and "Ten Nights In a Barroom."

In due time the drama was given in the town hall, after the rehearsals had been witnessed by a committee from the temperance league, who reported that the play "could not but exercise a good influence and was entertaining withal. We recommend the license to be issued and commend the drama to all Good Templars." Therefore the production was not only well attended, but play and players were warmly received. The town hall boasted a fairly commodious platform, which now served the purpose of a stage, and-noteworthy circumstance!-there were gas jets for footlights, the illuminating fluid having at that early date been introduced in several of the more progressive villages. Between the acts these yellow lights were turned low, and, running with the current of pepular desire, the orchestra, enlarged to four, played by special request "The Old Oaken Bucket."

The song had just sprung into popularity, and in a moment men, women and children had added their voices to the instruments. It was not the thrill of temperance fanaticism that stirred their hearts, but it was the memories of the old pioneer home in the wilderness; the rail splitting, road building days; the ancient rites of "raisings" and other neighborly ceremonies; when the farmer cut rye with a cradle and thrashed it out with his flail; when "butter and eggs were pin money" and wheat paid the store-

"How solemnly they take their amusements in the north, Mr. Barnes!"

exclaimed a voice in one of the entrances. "What a contrast to the south -the wicked south!" The manager turned sharply. "We are mere servants of the public,

Mr. Mauville." "And the public is master, Mr. Barnes! How the dramatic muse is whipped around! In Greece she was a goddess, in Rome a hussy, in England a sprightly dame, now a straight laced Priscilla. But you have a recruit, I see?"

"You mean Saint-Prosper?" "Yes; and I can hardly blame himunder the circumstances!" murmured the land baron, at the same time glancing around as though seeking

"Circumstances! What circumstances?" demanded the manager.

"Why, the pleasant company he finds himself in, of course," said the visitor easily. "Ah, I see Miss Carew," he added, his eye immediately lightening, "and must congratulate her on her performance. Cursed dusty hole, isn't it?" Brushing himself with his handkerchief as he moved away.

"What business has he behind the scenes anyway?" grumbled the manager. "Dusty hole, indeed! Confound his impudence!" But, his attention being drawn to the pressing exigencies of a first night. Barnes soon forgot his irritation over this unwarranted intrusion in lowering a drop, hoisting a fly or readjusting a flat to his liking.

The land baron meanwhile crossed to the semidarkness at the rear of the stage behind the boxed scene, where he had observed the young girl waiting for the curtain to rise on the last act. As she approached Mauville, who stood motionless in an unlighted spot, the pale glow played upon her a moment. white on her neck, in sheep on the folds of her gown, and then she stepped into the shadow, where she, was met by a tall figure, with hand eaverly outstretched.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Shaking mands at French Funerals. A most painful custom at French funerals is the posting at the exit door of the church wherein the ceremonies take place of the male head of the deceased person's family, the widower or the eldest son or brother, whose duty it is to shake hands with every person who has been present at the obsequies when once they are over and people are going away. It is not etiquette for the gentleman to speak to anybody, but if he is moved to tears his weeping is considered a most appropriate action.

A LOOKING Glass. Mr. Crittick-Miss Artz tells me she not with the inclination of Burgoyne does most of her painting now on glass. Toronto, Ontario. or other military gentlemen who have Miss Spertz-I think she means with

EVERY THURSD AT THE CHRONICLE PRINTING H DURHAM

are paid, except at the of

THE JOB : : DEPARTMENT NO NE fording facilities for our

Medical Dit

EDITOR AND PRO

W. IRV

Drs. Jamieson & OFFICE AND RE short distance east of Lambton Street, Lower Office hours from 12 to 2 of

J. G. Hutton, W.J. AFFICE AND RESH Garafraxa and Ged

foot of hill. Office hours p. m., 79 p. m. Telephor Arthur Gun.

DHYSICIAN AND SI

hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 4

n. m. Special attention of

f women and children. posite Presbyterian Churc

Dental Dire

Durham Phare

fice over McLachlar

Dr. T. G. Holt. OFFICE-FIRST DO

Block. Residence-Lamb

W. C. Pickering, D. TIONOR GRADUATE 1 to University: Grad College of Dental Surger Rooms-Calder Block, over

Legal Direct

J. P. Telfo

of money to loan at 5 per G. Lefroy Mcl

DARRISTER, SOLIC

D Office over Gordon's

Store, Lower Town, Durham

DARRISTER, SOLICI try Office

MacKay & D DARRISTERS. SOLICI

A. G. MACKAY, K. C.

) verancers, Etc. M Offices:-1: the McIntyre

Standard Bank.

A. H. Jackso TOTARY PUBLIC, CO er. Conveyancer, etc. to loan. Old accounts and bought and sold. Insurant Office-MacKenzie's Old S

Town, Durham, Ont. Miscellaneou,

MACKAY. eer for the County of Grey. attended to and notes cashed

DOBERT BRIGHAM. Auctioneer for the Cou Sales promptly attended to. residence or write to Allan Orders may be left at the Ch

AMES CARSON, DUR

ensed Auctioneer for the

Grev. Land Valuator, Bailit Division, Court Sales and all promptly attended to. Highe furnished if required. OHN CLARK, LICEN

el tioneer for the County of promptly attended to, Order at his Implement Warerooms, old stand, or at the Chronicle Noy, 9, '03.