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sustomers living at a distance. J. KELLY, Agent

had departed.

said the marquis.

the marquis out.

by a strange fantasy.

"A eigar, Francois!"

"A light, Francois!"

The valet obeyed.

"Oh. my lord"-

I am freezing?"

Francois coolly.

master's hand.

and entered the rickety vehicle.

ful. Why not? Culver unobtrusively

yawned and, with fine courtesy, bowed

Slowly the latter retraced his steps

to his home. His feet were heavy as

lead; his smile was forced; he glanced

frequently over his shoulder, possessed

"I think I will lie down a little," he

said to his valet. "In this easy chair;

that will do. I am feeling well; only

He made an effort to smile, which

was little more than a grimace.

He pulled feebly at the cigar.

accustomed to, my lord," he replied.

The servant removed the shoes and

silken stockings from his master's feet

neaping more wood upon the fire in

"More fire, you idiot!" cried the mar-

quis peevishly. "Do you not see that

"It is 10 degrees above the tempera-

ture my lord always ordered," retorted

"Ten degrees! Oh, you wish to re-

"But I am not gone yet." He wagged

his head cunningly and began to laugh

bled, for he started to chant a French

love song in a voice that had long since

lost its capacity for a sustained tone.

The words were distinct, although the

melody was broken, and the spectacle

was grewsome enough. As he con-

cluded he looked at the valet as if for

approbation and began to mumble

"Bah, Francois," he said shrilly.

"I'll be up tomorrow as gay as ever.

Vive l'amour! Vive la joie! It was a

"It kept you busy, Francois. There

was the little peasant girl on the

Rhine. What flaxen hair she had and

eyes like the sky! Yet a word of praise,

"My lord was irresistible," said the

"Let me see, Francois. What became

"She drowned herself in the river."

life is measured by pleasures, not by

years, and I was the prince of cox-

account of the complexion-then visits

from the tradespeople and a drive in

the park to look at the ladies. It was

there I used to meet the English ac-

tress. 'Twas there, with her, I vowed

the park was a garden of Eden! What

as lifelike as the night before we took

the stage for Brighton!" Suddenly he

shrieked, and a look of terror replaced

"There, Francois!" glancing with awe

behind him. And truly there stood a

dark shadow, a grewsome presence.

His face became distorted, and he laps-

The valet gazed at him with indiffer-

ence. Then he went to an inner room

and brought a valise, which he began

packing carefully and methodically.

After he had completed this operation

he approached the dressing table and

took up a magnificent jeweled watch,

fore thrusting it into his pocket. A

which he examined for a moment be-

uffbox set with diamonds and sey-

the vain, simpering expression.

ed into unconsciousness.

"That is true. I had forgotten. Well,

merry life we led, eh, Francois?"

"Merry, indeed, my lord."

valet, with mild sarcasm.

a little flattery"-

about his early love affairs.

mind me that the end is approaching?

"It is cold have Francata"

"My lord, are you well?"

FOT James

his court yard and his fountain than of Machine Oil, Harness Oil, Axle Grease and Hoof Ointment, go to

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combs. Up at 10 o'clock-no sooner on Dealers in and Manufacturers of Harvesting Machinery and farm ing implements of all kinds.

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a scene when my barrister tried to settle the case! Fortunately a marriage in Bissell Disc Harrows and Land England was not a marriage in France. I saw her last night, Francois"-with Rollers. an insane look-"in the flesh and blood,

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THE STROLLERS

By FREDERIC S. ISHAM,

Author of "Under the Rose"

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********************** With tears in her eyes she bent ner eral rings followed. Francois, with the same deliberation, opened a drawer and took out a small box, which he head and her fresh young lips just tried to open and, failing, forced the touched his withered brow. lid with the poker. At this my lord "Goodby." she said. "I am so sorry opened his eyes and in a weak voice, for you!" for his strength had nearly deserted And she was gone, leaving him sit-

ting there motionless as though life him, demanded: "What are you doing, Francois?" A rattling cab that clattered noisily "Robbing you, my lord," was the past the cabildo and calaboza and

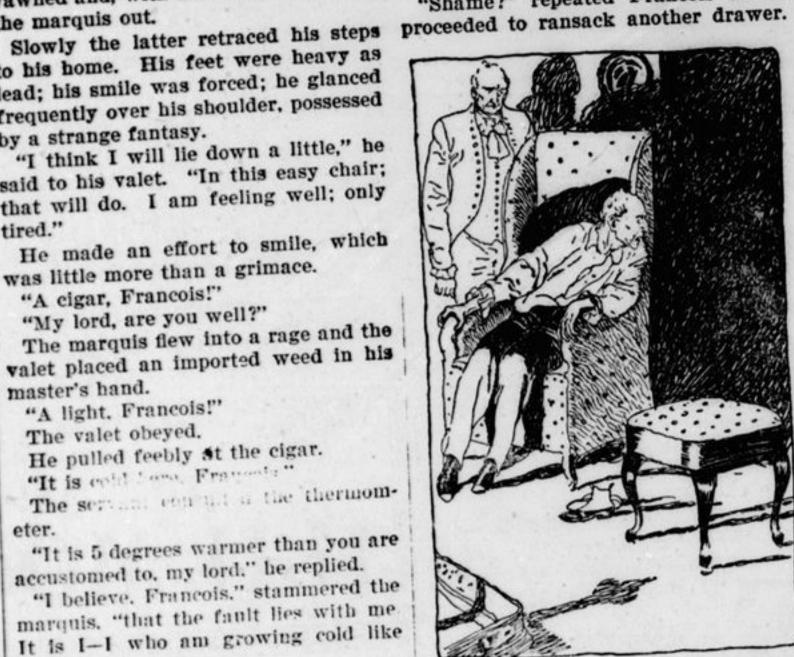
slow and dignified response. The marquis' eyes gleamed with rage. swung around the square aroused the He endeavored to call out, but his marquis. He arose, stopped the driver voice failed him, and he fell back, "The law office of Marks & Culver," trembling and overcome. "Thief! Ingrate!" he hissed hoarse-

The man lashed his horse, and the attenuated quadruped flew like a wing-"I beg you not to excite yourself, my ed Pegasus, soon drawing up before lord," said the stately valet. "You are the attorneys' office. Fortunately Culalready very weak, and it will hasten ver was in, and, although averse to business on any day-thinking more of

"Is this the way you repay me?" "My lord will not need these things

his law books-this botanist-solicitor made shift to comply with the marquis' soon." "Have you no gratitude?" stammered instructions and reluctantly earned a the marquis, whose physical and menmodest fee. He even refused to extal condition was truly pitiable. press surprise at my lord's story. One "Gratitude for having been called wife in London, another in Paris. "idiot," 'dog' and 'blockhead' nearly all Why, many a southern gentleman had my life! I am somewhat lacking in two families-quadroons being plenti-

that quality, I fear." "Is there no shame in you?" "Shame?" repeated Francois as he



"There, Francois!"

"There might have been before I went into your service, my lord. Yes. Once ing a bloom his shoulders and I felt shame for you. It was years ago. in London, when you deserted your beautiful wife. When I saw how she worshiped you and what a noble woman she was I confess I felt ashamed that I served one of the greatest black guards in Europe"-

"No more, rascal!"

applause, but the conviction that the "Rascal yourself, you wornout, driv sweets of popular favor brought not eling breath of corruption! It is so what they were expected to bring was, in a way, an antidote to Susan's displeasant to exercise a gentleman's priv ilege of invective! Ah, here is the You do not dare deny it!" The valet purse! Au revoir, my lord. A pleas ant dissolution!"

But by this time the marquis was speechless, and Francols, taking the valise in hand, deferentially left the room. He locked the door behind him and thrust the key into his pocket

CHAPTER XXVI.

HE engagement at the new St. Charles was both memorable and profitable, the Picayane, before the fifties an audacious sheet, being especially kind to the players. "This paper," said a writer of the day, "was as full of witticisms as one of Thackeray's dreams after a light supper, and, as for its editors, Straws and Phazma, they are poets who eat, talk and think rhyme." The Picayune contained a poem addressed to Miss Carew, written by Straws in a cozy nook in the veranda at the Lake End, with his absinth before him and the remains of an elaborate repast about him. It was then quite the fashion to write stanzas to actresses. The world was not so pro- dear." saic as it is now, and even the president of the United States, John Quincy Adams, penned graceful verses to a fair ward of Thalia.

One noon a few days after the opening performance several members of the company were late for rehearsal. and Barnes strode impatiently to and fro, glancing at his watch and frowning darkly. To avenge himself for the remissness of the players he roared at the stage carpenters who were con- fares. structing a balcony and to the supers who were shifting flats to the scenery room. The light from an open door at the back of the stage dimly illumined the scene. Overhead in the flies was intense darkness, while in front the auditorium yawned like a chasm in nowise suggestive of the brilliant trans-

"Ugh!" said Susan, standing in one | the luscious hive, past the idlers' reformation at night. of the entrances. "It is like playing | sorts, from whence came the rat-a-tat to ghosts! Fancy performing to an audience of specters! Perhaps the phantoms of the past really do assemble in their old places on occasions like this. Only you can't hear them applaud or laugh."

"Are you looking for admirers among ghosts?" remarked Hawkes ironically. "Don't," she returned, with a little "So, ladies and gentlemen, you are all

paper in hand, a cup of black coffee on a small table before him and the end of a cigar smoking on the tray where he had placed it. With a yawn he had just thrown aside the paper and was reaching for the thick, dark beverage, his hand thin and nervous, when, glanchere at last!" exclaimed Barnes, inter-

rupting this cheerful conversation. ing without, he caught sight of the actress in the crowd. Obeying a sudden "Some of you are late again today. It impulse, he arose, picking up his hat must not happen again. Go to Victor's, which lay on a chair beside him. Moreau's or Miguel's as much as you

"Yo' order am ready in a moment, Mr. Mauville," said a colored servant, hurrying toward the land baron as the latter was leaving. "I've changed my mind and don't

please. If you have a headache or a

heartache in consequence that is your

own affair, but I am not to be kept

"Victor's, indeed!" retorted the elas-

"No one supposed, madam, that at

"Are you all ready?" interrupted

Barnes hastily, knowing he would be

worsted in any argument with this

veteran player. "Then clear the stage.

If the audience were specters, the

performers moved, apparently without

rhyme or reason, mere shadows on

the dimly lighted stage, enacting some

semblance to scenes to mortal life,

their jests and gibes unnatural in that

comparatively empty place, their

voices, out of the semidarkness, like

those of spirits rehearsing acts of long

ago. In the evening it would all be-

come an amusing, bright colored real-

ity, but now the barrenness of the

"That will do for today," said the

"It will keep you out of mischief, my

"Oh, I don't know about that!" re-

turned Miss Susan with a defiant toss

of the head as she moved toward the

their wraps. It was a small apart-

ment, fairly bright and cheery, with

here and there a portrait against the

wall. Above the dressing table hung

a mirror, diamond scratched with hiero-

discerned a transfixed heart, spitted

ing of Lady Gay Spanker with cork-

screw curls. Taglioni, in pencil carica-

ture, her limbs "divinely slender,"

gyrated on her toes in reckless aban-

don above this mute record of names

"What lovely roses, Constance!" ex-

claimed Susan as she entered, bending

over a large bouquet on one of the

chairs. "From the count, I presume?"

"Yes," indifferently answered the

young girl, who was adjusting her hat

"How attentive he is!" cooed Susan,

her tones floating in a higher register.

"Poor man! Enjoy yourself while you

may, my dear," she went on. "When

youth is gone what is left? Women

should sow their wild oats as well as

men. I don't call them wild oats,

though, but paradisaical oats. The

Elysian fields are strewn with them."

companion searchingly, and in that

brief scrutiny Susan observed with in-

ward complacency how pale the other

was and how listless her manner. Their

common secret, however, made Susan's

outward demeanor sweetly solicitous

and gently sympathetic. Her mind,

passing in rapid review over recent

events, dwelt not without certain satis-

faction upon results. True, every night

she was still forced to witness Con-

stance's success, which of itself was

wormwood and gall to Susan, to stand

in the wings and listen to the hateful

A little knowledge is a dangerous

thing and can sometimes be made an-

noying. In Susan's case it was a weap-

on sharpened with honeyed phrase and

consolatory bearing, for she was not

slow to discover nor to avail herself of

the irritating power this knowledge

gave her. Constance's pride and ret

icence, however, made it difficult for

Susan to discern when her shafts went

true. Moreover, although harboring no

suspicion of Susan's dissimulation, she

instinctively held aloof from her and

remained coldly unresponsive. Perhaps

in the depths of Susan's past lurked

impediment, and her inability to pene-

world wise to display her irritation.

She even smiled sweetly now, as con-

fidante to confidante, and, turning to

"Let me help you on with your cloak.

streets, where drays went thundering

by and industry manifested itself in re-

altogether unwelcome, change to Con-

stolid looking property man, she turn-

On and on her restlessness led her.

conscious of the clangor of vehicles and

voices and yet remote from them, past

those picturesque suggestions of the

one time Spanish rulers in which the

antiquary could detect evidence of re-

mote oriental infusion, past the silken

seductions of shops where ladies

swarmed and hummed like bees around

of clinking billiard balls and the loud-

In a window of one of these places,

a club with a reputation for exclusive-

ness, a young man was seated, news-

er rumble of falling tenpins.

her impulsively, said:

As she spoke her glance swept her

dear," replied Barnes, gathering up

scenes was forcibly apparent.

who is late will be fined!"

his manuscripts.

now forgotten.

before the mirror.

satisfaction.

Act first!" And the rehearsal began.

your age"- began the manager.

"At my age! If you think"-

waiting the next day."

tic old lady. "As if"-

want it," replied the other curtly: And, sauntering down the steps of figure in view, now so near her in the her; then, as they left the devious drudges of the men in their youth and ways, more distant, but ever with his eyes bent upon her. He had almost venge comes with the lapse of years. spoken when in the brong he ap-

following her.

have seen her pursuer; but, absorbed even deeper dread. in thought, she continued on her way unconscious of his presence. On and on she hurried until she reached the manager at the conclusion of the last act. "Tomorrow, ladies and gentlemen, at the same time, and any one "Changing the piece every few nights is all work and no play," complained

dressing room where they had left Women, dressed in mourning, bore to turbed .- Pall Mall Gazette. glyphic scrawls, among which could be the tombs flowers and plants, trays of images, wreaths, crosses, anchors of like a lark on an arrow, and an etch-

> intoning the service. A solemn peace fell upon the young leave behind her all disturbing emotranquillity of this ancient city of the dead. She was surrounded by a resigned grief, a sorrow so dignified that it did not clash with the sweeter influences of nature. The monotonous sound of the words of the priests har-

monized with the scene. To many the words so mournfully intoned brought solace and surcease from sorrow. The sisters of charity moved among the throng with grave. pale faces, mere shadows of their earthly selves, as though they had un dergone the first stage of the great metamorphosis which is promised.

The little orphan children heard and heeded no more than the butterfly which lighted upon the engraven words, "Dust to dust," and poised gracefully as it bathed in the sunshine str tching its wings in wantonness of

ow Constance smiled to see the lit tle ones playing on the steps of a mon ument. It was the tomb of a great jurist, a man of dignity during ! mundane existence, his head crammer with those precepts which are devised for the temporal well being of that fabric, sometimes termed society, and again civilization. The poor waifs. with suppressed laughter-they dared not give full vent to their merriment with the black robed sisters not far away-ran around the steps, unmine ful of the inscription which might have been written by a Johnson a. as unconscious of unseemly conduct the insects that bummed in the grass

"Hush!" whispered one of the ters as a funeral cortege approached The children, wide eyed in awe and wonder, desisted in their play.

"It is an old man who died last night," said a nun in a low voice to Constance, noticing her look of in-

The silver crucifix shone fitfully ahead, while the chanting of the priests, winding in and out after the something indefinable which threw its holy symbol, fell upon the ear. And shadow between them, an inscrutable the young girl gazed with pity as the remains of the Marquis de Ligne, her trate the young actress' reserve, howfather, were borne by. ever she might wound her, awakened Susan's resentment. But she was too

Not His Fault, A doctor was summoned to attend the miller's little boy. He wrote out a prescription, which was promptly mad up and administered in due form. The next day he called again to see his par Out of the quiet, deserted theater, tient and found the whole family in

isolated from external din, to the busy tears. "Alas!" said the mother, "I shouldn't have thought that my poor child would have died of the measles." "What!" exclaimed the doctor. "He

sounding clatter, was a sudden, but not stance. Without waiting for the man- had the measles, and you never told ager, who paused at the rear entrance | me?" to impress his final instructions upon a

His Occupation. Calvert, Jr.-What is your uncle doed quickly into the noisy thorough-

Balty Moore-Sitting on juries. Calvert, Jr .- What? I thought be was judge in one of the higher courts. Balty Moore - He is.

CONTINUE

Those who are gaining flesh and strength by regular treat-

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When Ainu, especially Ainu women, meet after a separation that has lasted some time they have a pretty way of telling each other their experiences in a sort of chant, and in the pleasant sound of their singularly sweet voices one forgets their wild and unkempt looks. The Japanese women are equally remarkable for the sweetness of their voices, but have the advantage the club with ill concealed impatience, over their Ain sisters of delicate and he turned in the direction the young dainty ways, the charm of which the girl had taken, keeping her retreating most stolid globe trotter is constrained to own. If the women of Ainu-moshicrowded street he could almost touch ri, as the Ainu call their land, are the middle age their opportunity for re-

The curses of an angry old woman proached within arm's length, but excite the utmost terror in the bravest something, he knew not what, restrain- bear hunter. He flies, panic struck, ed him, and a press of prople separated from such names as shunumaash them. Only for a mome :t, and then he (mangy deer), tontoneppo (bald pated continued the question. se pleasure of boar) or, worst of all, rai-guru (corpse) or inao-sak-guru (godless fellow). Aft-Had she turned she would probably er death her ghost is regarded with

A Bird Friendship.

The rector of Woolstone, Mr. Gilbert tranquil outskirts and lingered before Coventry, told me of a wild rock dove the gate of one of the cemeteries. At which one of his stable boys had reared the same time the land baron slacken from the nest. It slept in the open, ed his footsteps, hesitating whether to however, and had full liberty. Soon advance or turn back. After a mo the good things on the rector's table atment's indecision she entered the cemes tracted it, and it would appear through tery. Her figure, receding in the dist the open window at mealtimes, take tance, was becoming more and more hot soup with much zest and even sip indistinct when he started forward sherry from a wineglass. At night it quickly and also passed through the often slipped in and slept in the rector's bed on its back under the coverlet. The annual festival of the dead, fol- One Sunday morning during the readlowing All Saints' day, was being ob ing of the lesson the dove flew swiftly served in the burial ground. This through an open window into the commemoration of those who have de church and settled on the rector's head. parted in the communion—described by Broad smiles spread over the faces of Tertullian in the second century as an the elders and audible titters came "apostolic tradition," so old was the from the youngsters. A gentle touch sacrifice - was celebrated with much sent the bird down to the edge of the pomp and variety in the Crescent City. clerk's desk below, where it sat undis-

The Art of Making Hay.

How and when men first learned to dried immortelles and artificial roses. make hay will probably never be Some were accompanied by priests and acolytes with censers, the former known, for haymaking is a "process," and the product is not simply sun dried grass, but grass which has been partly girl as she entered, and she seemed to fermented, and is as much the work of men's hands as flour or cider. Probtions, finding refuge in the supreme ably its discovery was due to accident, but possibly man learned it from the pikas, the "calling hares" of the steppes, which cut and stack hay for the winter. That idea would fit in nicely with the theory that central Asia was the "home of the Aryan race" if we were still allowed to believe it, and haymaking is certainly an art mainly practiced in cold countries for winter for-

Myrtle.

age.-London Spectator.

The creeping plant we call myrtle is not a myrtle at all, but should be called by its proper name, periwinkle. Botanically it is Vinca minor. Long ago it used to be called "the ivy of the ground." Chaucer mentions it as "fresh pervincke, rich of hew." The large blue flowers are very pretty. In Tuscany it is known as "the death flower" on account of its being so often planted upon graves, a custom which is beginning to prevail in this country. There is a pretty variegated leaved variety and also a sport with white flowers not so pretty as the blue.

A Poser. A verbatim fragment from the law

King's Counsel (examining witness)-Did you-I know you did not, but I am bound to put it to you-on the 25th-it was not the 25th really; it was the 24th; it is a mistake in my brief-see the defendant-he is not the defendant readly; he is the plaintiff-there is a counter claim, but you would not understand that-yes or no?

Witness-What!-St. James Gazette.

In Nature's Kitchen.

A woman who teaches in a college for girls vouches for the truth of this story. She presides over one of the college dining tables at which sit a dozen stu-

One day some curly lettuce was brought on. A freshman looked at it and exclaimed: "How clever of the cook to crimp it that way! How does she do it?"

Easily Settled. Long Haired Visitor (entering timid-

ly)-I have here a little poem written on snow and-Editor (interrupting hastily)-Written on snow! We can't use anything that

isn't written on paper. Sorry. Turn the knob to the right. That's it. Good morning.

A Sharp Dig.

Mrs. Buxom-That hateful Mrs. Knox made a very mean comment upon my age today. Mr. Buxom-Did she say you were

getting old? Mrs. Buxom-No. indeed! She said I still looked quite young."

Henpecked.

"Hi Peck hed ter git out o' bed 'n' mail a letter fer thet sharp tongued wife o' hisn." "Pore feller! Driv from piller ter

Up at Night. Parke-Does your baby keep you up

Lane-I should say so. Why, I haven't been home before midnight for a month.

Fitting. "What's your idea in beginning with pie and eating your dinner backward?" "My stomach's upset."-

Ill fortune never crushed that man whom good fortune deceived not.-Ben

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