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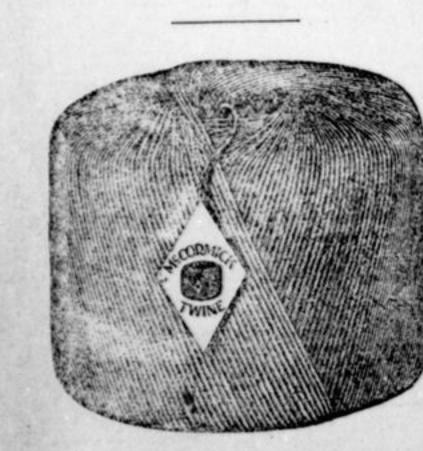
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Uncle Terry By CHARLES CLARK MUNN

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CHAPTER IX.

viser. It was while perplexed with

the situation and trying to solve it that

Frye was out, and Albert was, as he

had been for three days, thinking how

to escape, when a red faced and rather

bellicose sort of man came in and in-

"My name is Staples," he said, "and

I've got a lawsuit on my hands. I've

laid the facts before your partner, I

good case?"

s'pose, but I thought I'd just drop in

and give him a few pointers that might

a little amused at being taken for

"Waal, the facts are," replied Staples,

"I've had to sue a miserable whelp in

self defense. I live in Lynnfield. It's

last spring I bought the good will,

stock in trade and all of a man by the

name of Hunt, who was in the meat

business. He signed a paper, too,

agreein' not to engage in the business

street from me and is cuttin' my

"And you are bringing an action for

breach of contract?" interposed Albert,

thinking to have a little fun at the

"I'm a-suin' him for \$10,000 damage,

if that's what you mean," replied the

belligerent Staples. "I won't get it

all, but then, as your partner said, we

may get more than if we sued for less."

ing your suit on this signed agreement,

are you?" he said. "Well, you might

as well stop just now, for you have no

case in law, though no doubt a good

"But the agreement is all signed and

witnessed," exclaimed Staples, "and

Mr. Frye said I had good reason to

bring suit, and I've paid him \$200 on

"That may be," said Albert, realiz-

ing he had put his foot in it, so to

speak, "and perhaps you have other

grounds to base a suit for damages on,

but as for the agreement this man

Hunt signed, it's of no value what-

"Then why did Frye tell me I had a

good case and take my money?" gasped

"That I can't say," replied Albert,

foreseeing the rumpus he had started.

"You'd better come tomorrow and have

a talk with him. He may have seen

some loophole for you to win out

through that I do not see, but so far

as your agreement goes, it's not worth

When Staples had departed it dawn-

ed upon Albert that he had uninten-

tionally paved the way for his own es-

cape from Frye. "I'll stay away to-

morrow," he said to himself, "and let

When, two days later, he purposely

"Where were you yesterday?" he said

"I was availing myself of your ex-

tone. "He has retained me for an ac-

tion for breach of contract, and you

suit. He came in yesterday, mad as a

wet hen, and wanted his money back.

"Maybe I am," replied Albert, trying

hard to keep cool, "but I do not care

to be told of it. Mr. Staples explained

his case to me, and I inadvertently told

him that the agreement he held was of

no value in law, which is the truth."

"And what has that to do with it?"

said Frye, with biting sarcasm. "I

reached the office late Frye did not

even bid him good morning.

curtly as Albert entered.

yacht for the winter."

Are you a fool?"

the paper it's written on."

Albert smiled. "And so you are bas-

prices right and left."

expense of his caller.

one in justice."

account to do it."

the irate Staples.

help my case."

Frye's partner.

it solved itself.

quired for Frye.

didn't bire you to tell the truth and lose me a paying client. If that is LBERT tried to find some your idea of law practice you had betplausible excuse for leaving ter go back to Sandgate and hoe corn Frye. He did not want to for a living. You have made a mess make an enemy of him, and of it now and lost me several hundred more especially now that he was to dollars in fees." succeed him as John Nason's legal ad-

Albert had remained standing through all this tirade and looking squarely at his irate employer.

"You need not say any more," he put in when Frye had paused for breath. "If you will further oblige me with a check for the small balance due me I will not again upset your plans. You need not," he added, feeling himself blush, "consider that you owe me any part of the increase you recently promised. I do not want it."

For a few minutes the two looked at each other, and then Frye weakened. "You are foolish," he said in a modi-

a few hasty words." "I do not care to discuss it," answered Albert firmly. "The role of private detective that you want me to assume words have convinced me we can never get along together. I will not remain longer on any terms."

"And what will you do now?" sneered Frye, a sinister look entering his yellow eyes. "Steal or starve?" "Neither," replied Albert defiantly.

"I'll go back to Sandgate and hoe corn first." Frye's arrogance melted, and as he

turned and began to play with a paper

outter he said meekly: "Come, Mr. Page, e erlook it all. sooke too hastily, and I apologize." "Will you oblige me with the small Then why di' Frye tell me I had a balance due me today," asked Albert,

> "or shall I call again for it?" "And if we part company now," muttered Frye, "what am I to expect? Are you to be a friend br an enemy?"

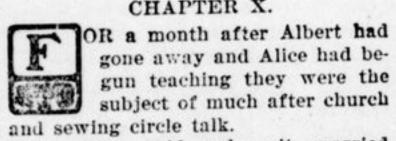
"What is your case?" asked Albert, "If you refer to your scheme to blackmail John Nason," replied Albert resolutely and not mincing words, "I am too ashamed to think I ever listened to your proposals to even speak a small place about ten miles out, an'

It was a hard blow and made Frye wince, for it was the first time he had ever been openly called a villain, but he made no protest. Instead, he silently wrote a check for Albert's due and handed it to him.

in or within ten miles o' Lynnfield for "I am much obliged, Mr. Frye. Good a period o' five years, and a month ago morning, sir," said Albert in a chilly he opened a shop almost 'cross the tone, and putting on his hat he left the office.

> In a week Albert had his office fitted up, and then he presented himself to John Nason, and after that he not only had all the responsibility thrust upon him that he was able to assume, but he no longer felt himself in the position of a menial. To one of his proud spirit it meant self respect, life and

> > CHAPTER X.



"If Alice could only git married now," observed Mrs. Mears, who was perhaps the leader among the gossips in Sandgate, "it 'ud be the most fortnit thing that could happen, but she holds her head perty middlin' high for a poor girl, which p'raps is nat'ral, she comin' from one o' the oldest families. They say there wa'n't nothin' left to either on 'em when the Widder Page died, an' the wonder is how she managed to git along as well as she did."

The vexations of an effort to pound the rudiments of an education into the heads of two dozen or so barefooted boys and girls that comprised her charge were far less hard to bear than the desolation of a home bereft of mother and brother. Occasionally some one of the neighbors would drop in of an evening or one or two of her girl friends come and stay all night. On Sundays she was, as she always had been, a regular attendant at the village church, where she formed one

of the choir. She was like a flower herself, not only in looks, but in delicacy of feeling Staples get in his work and then face and sentiment, and her sweet face. the inevitable storm that I have startsheltered by a mourning hat on Sunday at church, was a magnet that drew the eyes of many a village swain. The days and weeks of her new life as a teacher passed in uneventful procession until one by one the leaves had fallen from the two big elm trees in front of the desolate home, the meadpress wish that I cultivate young Naows were but level neigs of show, and son," was the answer. "We went to Beverly to see to the housing in of his Christmas was only two weeks away Then she received a letter from the absent brother that caused her heart "And what did you say to Mr. Staples the day before, I would like to to beat with unusual excitement. It know?" continued Frye in a sneering

Dear Sis-Three weeks ago I received a have told him he had no grounds for Frank's father, who offered me a good salary to take charge of his law business and also the chance to accept anything else that came my way. I have a nice office now in a block he owns and am so busy I do not find time to write to you even. It's an opening of a lifetime, and I owe it mainly to Frank. Now I am so homesick I am coming up to spend Christmas with you, and I've invited Frank to come also. We shall be up the day before and stay till the Monday after. Frank has done so much for me that I want to entertain him in the hest way

ossible. He knows absolutely nothing about country life, and it may be dull for m, but he seems desirous of coming, and so I want you to help me to make it cheerful for him. To be candid, sis, I think the chance to see you, whom he real loadstone. I inclose a bit of paper, and I want you to use it all in any way

It was a check for \$100. It was not strange that at school next day Alice's thoughts were not on the recitations, and when one boy spelled beauty "b-o-o-t-i-e" and raised a laugh she did not understand why it was. That night Alice said to Aunt Susan: "Do you think, auntie, we could man-

age between us to make up some sort of a pretty house dress? Of course I must wear black when I go out, but it would be no harm to wear something brighter at home. I could get some delicate gray cashmere, and Mrs. Sloper can cut and fit it, and you and I can make it evenings. I want a sort of house gown trimmed with satin. I wish I dared to have a new hat for church, with a little color in it-my mourning bonnet makes me look so old -but I am afraid people would talk." But how the days dragged, and how

many times she counted them to see how many more were to pass ere that dearly beloved brother was to arrive! And what sort of a looking fellow was this Frank? she wondered. She hoped he was tall and dark, not too tall, but good and stout. And how could she ever entertain them? She could play and sing a few pretty ballads and any number of hymns, but as for conversation she felt herself wholly deficient. fied tone, "to act so hastily. Perhaps Of the world of art, literature and the I have spoken rather rudely, but you drama she knew but little. She had must admit you gave me provocation. read a good many novels, it is true, Do not throw away a good chance for and had seen "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "East Lynne" and one or two other tear moving dramas played in the town hall, but that was all. She had never even journeyed as far as Boston or is not to my taste anyway, and your New York. "He will think me as green as the hills around us," she thought ruefully, "but I can't help it. I can cook some nice things for him to eat anyhow, and Bert must do the talking. I wonder if he plays the piano. hope not, for if he does I'll not touch

> Christmas came on Thursday that year, and her school was to close for a week on the Friday before. She had a little plan in her mind, and the last day of school she called on two of the big boys to help her.

"My brother is coming home to spend Christmas," she said to them, "and I want a lot of ground pine to trim up the house. Will you bring me some?" If there is anything that will touch a country boy's heart it is to have "teacher"-and especially a young and pretty teacher-ask him to go for ground pine, so it is needless to say that Alice was supplied with an ample outfit of that graceful vine. More than that, they begged for the privilege of helping her festoon it, and when long ropes of it were draped over the windows and above the fireplace in the big parlor, and the hall and dining room received the same decoration, the house presented a cheerful appearance. The culinary department was not neglected either, and a great store of pies, frosted cake and doughnuts was prepared. "I do not know what I should do

without you, Aunt Susan," the fair young hostess said the day before the guests were to arrive. "I couldn't do this all alone, and I want to give Bert a welcome."

CHAPTER XI. OU must not expect much excitement up in Sandgate,"

Albert said to his friend the day they started for that quiet village. "It is a small place, and all the people do in the winter is to chop wood, shovel snow, eat and go to meeting. We shall go sleighing, and I shall take you to church to be stared at, and for the rest Alice and Aunt Susan will give us plenty to eat."

It was nearly dark and snowing when they reached Sandgate, and when Frank Nason saw a plump, girlish figure with slightly whitened garments rush forward, almost jump into his friend's arms and kiss him vehemently, it occurred to him that a welcome home by such a sister was worth coming many miles for.

Then he heard his name mumbled in a hurried introduction and, as he raised his hat, saw this girl withdraw a small hand from a mitten and offer "I am very glad to meet you, Mr.

Nason," she said with a bright smile;



Worth coming many miles for. 'my brother has told me so much about you I feel almost acquainted." And then, turning to that brother, she added, "I have the horse hitched out-

side, Bert, so we will go right home." She led the way, and when they had stowed their belongings in the sleigh she said, "You can hold me in your lap, Bert, and I'll drive. I'm used to it now." She chirruped to the rather

doclle horse, and as the bells began to jingle she added, "What have you got in that box, Bertie?"

"Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs, Miss Curious," he answered. "Wait until tomorrow, and then I'll show you."

When they drove into the yard he said: "Take Frank right in, sis, and I'll unharness."

It was quite dark now, but Frank noticed as he gathered up the bags and hundles and followed his hostess that the rather stately house was aglow with light.

"Leave your hat and coat here in the hell Mr Negon" she said cordisl. ly, "and go right into the parior and get worm. You will kindly excuse now. I'm first and second girl, housemaid and cook, and I must go and help Aunt Susan to get supper ready. You two gentlemen are hungry, I'm sure."

it was a cordial one, which was better, and when Frank entered the parlor he was surprised at the cheerful sight, for the room was festooned all around with ropes of evergreen. The long mantel over the fireplace, bright with flames, was banked with a mass of green, and against each white lace curtain hung a wreath. In one corner trast with the rather antique hairsight of the decorations. "That's one are, and you must make yourself at

Then Alice came in and announced supper, and after Aunt Susan had been introduced they all sat down. It was an old fashioned meal, for, while the brother helped to the ham and eggs and fried potatoes, Aunt Susan served the quince preserves and passed the hot biscuit and Alice poured the tea. The table, too, had a Christmas touch, for around the mat where the lamp stood was a green wreath brightened with clusters of red berries. It was all a charming picture, and not the least of it was the fair girl who so graciously played the hostess. When the meal was over she said:

"Now you two gentlemen must go into the parlor and smoke, and I'll join you later. I command you to smoke," she added imperiously, "for I want the house to smell as if there was a man around."

When she came in later, wearing her new house dress, she drew her chair close to her brother's and, resting her elbows on his knee and her chin in her open palms, she looked up and said with a witching smile:

"Now, Bertie, I've done all I could for your comfort, so now please tell me what is in that long, flat box you brought." "You are a bewitching coaxer, sis,"

he answered, "but I am hard hearted. I'll make a trade with you, though. First tell us all about your schoolteaching and sing us all the songs ask for, and then I'll open the box."

"You are very modest in your wants," she replied archly, "but, like all men, you must be humored to keep you good natured, I presume."

"I wish you would tell us about your school, Miss Page," put in Frank. "You are not a bit like the schoolma'am of my boyhood, and I would like to know how you manage children."

"Well, it was a little hard at first," she answered, "for boys and girls of ten and twelve have surprisingly keen intuitions, and it seemed to me they made a study of my face from the first and concluded I was soft hearted. I had one little boy that was a born mischief maker, but he had such winsome ways I had to love him in spite of it. But he had to be punished some way, and so one day I kept him after school and then told him I must whip him hard, but not at that time. I explained to him what I was going to punish him for, 'but,' I said, 'I shall not do it tonight. I may do it tomorrow or the first coach and made the passengers day after, but I will not tell you when get out. When the passengers in the the whipping is to come until I am first coach were lined up the second ready to do it.' My little plan was a coach made its appearance. He made success, for the next night he waited them get out and then told them he till all the rest had gone and then came didn't expect two coaches. That was to me with tears in his eyes and begged herve. A Jew insisted on retaining me to whip him then. I didn't, though, enough of his money to get his dinner, and told him I wouldn't until he dis- The robber took all and then gave him obeyed again. He has been the most back 50 come, and the lew got into an obedient boy in the school ever since, argument with him as to the amount There is one little girl who has won being sufficient to get a meal. That my heart, though, in the oddest way was cheek. The robber went off with you can imagine. The day I received all the money of the twenty-three pasyour letter, Bert, I was so happy that | sengers, and yet there were many the school ran riot, and I never knew | brave men in that carayan, but discreit. They must have seen it in my face, tion was the better part of valor. The I think. Well, when school was out robber had two pis ols out and ready. this girl, a shy little body of ten, sidled A shot from one of the twenty-three up to my desk and said, 'Pleath may I | would have caused the robber to shoot, kith you, teacher, 'fore I go home?' It and several would have been killed. was such an odd and pretty bit of feel- That's the only way they looked at it .ing it nearly brought tears to my eyes." Forest and Stream.

"I should like to give that little girl a box of candy, Miss Page," observed Frank, "and then ask her for a kiss myself."

young men interested in her anecdotes er said

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"Come, sis. you must sing some, or no

box tonight!" "Well," she replied, smiling, "what shall it be-a few gems from Moody and Sankey or from 'Laurel Leaves?' And then, turning to Frank, she added, "My brother just dotes on church mu-

"Alice," said her brother, with mock sternness, "if you fib like that you

know the penalty!" "Do you play or sing, Mr. Nason?" she inquired, not heeding her brother. "I do not know one note from an-

other," he answered. "Well, that is fortunate for me," she said. "I only sing old fashioned bal-

lads and help out at church." Then, without further apology, she went to the piano. "Come, Bertie," she said, "you must help me, and we will go through the college songs." And go through them they did, beginning It was not a formal reception, but with "Clementine" and ending with

"Now, sis," said her brother, "I want 'Old Folks at Home,' 'Annie Laurie,' 'Rock-a-bye' and 'Ben Bolt,' and then

I'll open the box." It was a simple, old fashioned home

parlor entertainment, and no doubt most musical artists would nave sneered at the programme, but Alice had a stood an upright piano, in sharp con- wenderfully sweet and sympathetic soprano voice, and as Frank sat watchcloth chairs and sofa. He had just | ing the fitful flames play hide and seek drawn a chair to the fire when Albert in the open fire and listened to those came in and gave a low whistle at the time worn ballads it seemed to him he had never heard singing quite so sweet. of the perquisites of a country school- Much depends upon the time and place, ma'am," he observed, "and I'll bet the and perhaps the romance of the open boys that gathered all this green for fire sparkling beneath the bank of Alice enjoyed getting it. I used to evergreen and making the roses come when I was a boy. Well, old fellow," into the fair singer's cheeks and warmhe added, addressing Frank, "here we ing the golden sheen of her hair had much to do with it. When she came to "Ben Bolt," that old ditty that has all the pathos of our lost youth in it, there was a tiny quiver in her voice, and when she finished had he been near he would have seen the glint of two



A beautiful sealskin sack!

unshed tears in her eyes, for the song carried her thoughts to where her mother was at rest.

"Now, Bertie," said Alice coaxingly, after she had finished, "haven't I earned the box?"

Albert, true to his promise, gave her the mysterious box. With excited fingers she untied the cords, tore off the wrapper, and as she lifted the cover che saw-a beautiful sealskin sack!

.O UE CONTINUED.]

A Bold Holdup. Within my time in Texas (and I am not such an old man either) two stageoaches containing about twenty-three passengers were stopped and all the caluables of the passengers taken by one man. The robber made them all stand in a row and "hand over." The route was only traveled by one coach, but on account of the large number of passengers an additional coach was put on that day. The robber stopped the

Pulse Reats.

The rate of the pulse in males at different ages is as follows: At birth, 136 For an hour Alice kept both the beats per minute; at 5 years, 83 beats per minute; between 10-15 years, 78 of school teaching, and then her broth- beats per minute; between 15-20 years, 60.5 beats per minute; between 20-25 years, 60.7 beats per minute; between 25-30 years, 71 beats per minute; between 30-50 years, 70 beats per min-

> In females the rate is from 1 to 4.5 beats faster per minute.

Slow walking raises the pulse from 10 to 20 beats, while rapid running may raise it to 140. This rise may last from half an hour to an hour.

Eating raises the pulse from 8 to 20 beats; without wine, 13.1; with wine, 17.5. In the morning the pulse is 10 beats higher than at night. When the barometer rises 5 inches the pulse increases 1.3 per minute. If the pulse be 66.6 while lying down it will be 70 when sitting and 78.9 when standing.

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