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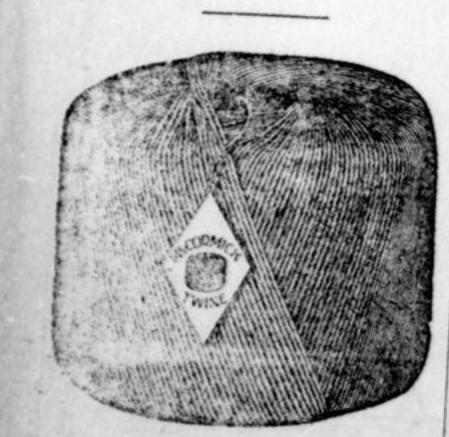
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Uncle Terry By CHARLES CLARK MUNN

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CHAPTER XXIV. N the morning Albert followed acted. Drafts issued and collections . Uncle Terry around the cir-Gypsy's boat, with Telly as a cuit of his lobster traps in the companion, and watched the old man hauling and rebaiting those elongated third Psalm, and all are requested to day was a perfect one, the sea just ruf- room hung a large lamp, and two more fled by a light breeze, and as her first on brackets at the side shed a weak Telly a most charming companion. It seemed to feel it necessary to look for and the four hours' pull in and out of the island coves and around isolated ledges where Uncle Terry set his traps passed all too quickly.

have been almost starved? Of all creanone more hideous, and only a hungry savage could have thought them fit for

"They ain't overhansum," replied

which was a narrow valley where blueberries grew in profusion. "I want to pick a few," she said, "and you can make a sketch of the cove while I do." Helping her picking berries proved more attractive, and when her pail was full Albert made a picture of her sitting in front of a pretty cluster of small spruce trees, with the pail beside her and her sun hat trimmed with

country girl you found down in Maine," she remarked as she looked at the sketch, "but as they will never see me.] I don't care.

"Tell me about her," said Telly at be quoted in full: once. "Is she pretty?"

"I think so," replied Albert. "She and has a mouth that makes one want to kiss her."

"I should like to see her ever so much," responded Telly, and then she added rather sadly, "I've never had a girl friend in my life. There are only a few at the Cape of my age, and I don't see much of them. I don't mind it in the summer, for then I work on my pictures, but in winter it is so lonesome. For days I do not see any one except father and mother or old Mrs.

"And who is Mrs. Leach?" "Oh, she's a poor old soul who lives alone and works on the fish racks.

She is worse off than I am." It was a little glimpse into the girl's life that interested Albert, and, in the light of what he knew of her history, a pathetic one. Truly she was alone in the world, except for the two kindly

souls who made a home for her. "You will go away tomorrow, I suppose," she said with a faint tone of regret as they were rowing home. "Father said your boat was coming after you today."

He looked at her a moment, while a slight smile showed beneath his mustache. "I suppose I shall have to," he answered, "but I should like to stay here a month. I've not made a sketch

of your house, even." "I wish you would," she said with charming candor, "it is so lonesome here, and then maybe you would show me a little about painting."

"Could you endure my company every day for a month?" he asked, looking her full in the face.

"I don't believe you could endure ours," she replied, dropping her eyes, and then she added quickly: "There is a prayer meeting tonight at the Cape.

Would you like to go?" "Most certainly," he answered. Albert had expected to see the Gypsy in the harbor when they returned that afternoon, but was happily disappointed. "I hope they will stay at Bar Har-

bor a week," he thought. That evening when Telly appeared, ready to be escorted to the prayer meeting, he was certain that no fairer girl was to be found anywhere.

She was dressed in simple white, her masses of sunny hair half concealed by a thin blue affair of loosely knitted wool and had a cluster of wild roses at her throat. It was a new and pleasurable experience to be walking beside a well dressed young man whose every look and word bespoke enjoyment of her society, and she showed it in her simple, unaffected way.

That evening's gathering was a unique one in Albert's experience and the re- the growing powers of children, ligious observances such as he never helps them build a firm unpainted building, and when Telly foundation for a sturdy consti- and with them a sudden and keen in-The best in the world and he entered and seated themselves on one of the wooden settees that stood in rows not over a dozen people were there. On a small platform in front was a cottage organ and beside it a small desk. A few more entered after | Toronto. they did, and then a florid faced man arose and, followed by a short and

stout young lady, walked forward to the platform. The girl seated herself at the organ, and the man, after turning up the lamp on the organ, opened the book of gospel hymns and said in a nasal tone, "We will naow the Forty-third selection. Albert and Telly arose with the rest,

and the girl at the organ began to chase the slow tune up and down the keys. "Do you know," said Albert when singing, a little below the key, and the they had returned to the little cove congregation followed. Telly's voice, knows of, lives alone in a small house where Uncle Terry kept his boats and clear and distinct, joined with the rest. she owns and works on the fish racks Machine Oil, Harness Oil, morning's catch and toss them one by tions, by the man at the desk followed, one into a large car, "that the first man and then another hymn, and after that who thought of eating a lobster must came a painful pause. To Albert's mind it was becoming serious, and he tures that grow in the sea there is began to wonder how it would end, when there ensued one of the most weird and yet pathetic prayers he had ever listened to. It was uttered by an old lady, tall, gaunt and white haired, Uncle Terry, "but fried in pork fat who arose from the end of a settee they go middin' good if ye're hungry." close to the wall and beneath one of That afternoon Telly invited Albert | the smoke dimmed lamps. It could not to row her up to a cove, at the head of be classed as a prayer exactly, for when she began her utterance she looked around as if to find sympathy in the assembled faces, and her deep set, piercing eyes seemed alight with intense feeling. At first she grasped the back of the settee in front with her long,

fleshless fingers, and then later clasped and finally raised them above her upturned face, while her body swayed with the vehemence of her feelings. Her garb, too, lent a pathos, for it was "Your city friends will laugh at the hung from her attenuated frame like the raiment of a scarecrow. It may have been the shadowy room or the mournful dirge of the nearby ocean "My friends will never see it," he words and looks, but from the moment answered quietly, "only my sister. she arose until her utterance ceased Al-And I am going to bring her down bert was spellbound. So peculiar and yet so pathetic was her prayer it shall

"O Lord, I come to thee, knowin' has eyes like yours, only her hair is airth; like the dust blown by the I'm as a worm that crawls on the winds, the empty shell on the shore, or the leaves that fall on the ground. I come poor an' humble. I come hungry an' thirsty, like even the lowliest o' the airth. I come an' kneel at thy feet believin' that I, a poor worm o' the dust, will still have thy love an' pertection. I'm old an' weary o' waitin'. I'm humble an' bereft o' kin. I'm sad an' none to comfort me. I eat the crust o' poverty an' drink the cup o' humility. My pertector an' my staff have bin taken from me. an' yet fer all these burdens thou in thy infinite wisdom hev seen fit to lay on me I thank thee. Thou hast led my feet also been a pain, for it recalled my among thorns an' stuns, an' yet I thank thee. Thou hast laid the cross o' sorrow on my heart an' the burden o' many infirmities fer me to bear, an' yet I bless thee, yea, verily shall my voice be lifted to glorify an' praise thee day an' night, for hast thou not promised me that all who are believers in thy word shall be saved? Hast thou not sent thy Son to die on the cross fer my sake, poor an' humble as I am? An' fer this, an' fer all thy infinite marcy an' goodness to me. I praise an' thank thee tonight, knowin' that not a sparrer falls without thy knowin' it. an' that even the hairs o' our heads are

"I thank thee, O Lord, fer the sunshine every day, an' the comin' o' the birds an' flowers every season.

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tuana tuee that my eyes are still permitted to see thy beautiful world, an' my ears to hear the songs o' praise. thank thee, too, that with my voice I can glorify an' bless thee fer all thy goodness, an' fer all thy marcy. An' when the day o' judgment comes an' the dead rise up, then I know thou wilt keep thy promise, an' that even I, poor an' humble, shall live again, jinin' those that have gone before, to sit at thy feet an' glorify thee fer life everlastin'. Fer this blessed hope, an' fer all thy other promises, I lift my voice in gratitude an' thankfulness an' praise to thee, my Heavenly Father, an' to thy Son, my Redeemer, tonight an' tomorrer an' forever an' forever.

To Albert, a student of Voltaire, of Hume, of Paine, and an admirer of Ingersoll, a doubter of Scriptural authenticity and almost a materialist in belief, this weird and piteous utterance came with peculiar effect.

When the prayer meeting was concluded with an oddly spoken benediction by Deacon Oaks, and Albert and Telly were on their way back to the point, Albert asked;

"Who was the poor old lady that prayed so fervently? I never heard anything like it since I was a boy."

"Oh, that's the Widow Leach," Telly responded. "She always acts that way and feels so, too, I guess. She is an summers, and winters has to be helped. Her husband and two sons were lost at sea many years ago, and father says religion is all the consolation she has

"Does she always pray as fervently as she did tonight?

"Oh, yes; that's her way. Father says she is a little cracked about such matters. He pities her, though, and helps her a good deal, and so does most every one else here who can. She needs it." Then, after a pause, she added, "How did you enjoy the meeting, Mr. Page?"

"Well," replied Albert slowly and mentally contrasting it with many Sunday services when he had occupied a if he refuses you these things we can old or young, to go out on a short experience I shall not soon forget. In one way it has been a pleasure, for it has taken me back to my young days." Then he added a little sadly. "It has



Albert was spellbound.

mother and how she used to pray that I might grow to be a good man." "You are not a bad man, are you?" responded Telly at once, looking curiously at him.

smiling. "I try to do as I would be and opposite where the houses were he might think I was, maybe, because I am not a professor of religion. For

of the sinners, I presume." make him one. Deacon Oaks calls him harbor watching the men at work on a scoffer, but I know he trusts him in boats or fishing gear and sniffing all money matters, and I think father the salt sea odor of the ocean breeze, is the best and kindest man in the and then returned to the point world. He has been so good and kind and began sketching the lighthouse.

call a believer, Miss Terry?"

-and once in awhile to the Thursday evening prayer meeting. I think it's because I enjoy the singing."

When they reached the point Albert could not restrain his desire to enjoy the society of this unaffected, simple and beautiful girl a little longer. The moon that Frank had planned to use was high overhead, and away out over the still ocean stretched a broadening path of silvery sheen, while at their feet, where the ground swells were breaking upon the rocks, every splash of foam looked like snow white wool "If it's not asking too much, Miss Terry," said Albert with utmost politeness, "won't you walk out to the to;" of the cliff and sit down a few moments while I enjoy a cigar? The night is too beautiful to turn away

from at once." Telly assented, and they took possesto him as he watched his fair companion, all unconscious of his scrutiny. terest to unravel the mystery of her parentage and the hope that some time he might do it. He also felt an unaccountable desire to tell her that he knew her pathetic story and to express his interest in it and his sympathy for her, but dared not. "It may hurt her to know I know it," he thought. "and

win wait till she kadws me better.' Instead, he began telling her about himself and his own early life, his home, his loss of parents, his struggle to earn a living and how much success he had so far met.

When his recital and cigar were both at an end and it was time to go in he said, "I may not have another chance to ask you, Miss Terry, before I leave here, but when I get back to Boston may I write to you, and will you answer my letters if I do?"

The question startled her a little, but she answered:

"I shall be pleased to hear from you. Mr. Page, and will do the best I can in replying, only do not expect too much." When he had bidden her good night

and was alone in his room the memory of Mrs. Leach and her pitiful prayer, coupled with Telly's pleading eyes and sweet face, banished all thoughts of sleep, and he watched the moonlit ocean while he smoked and meditated.

CHAPTER XXV.

HOW did ye like the prayer meetin'?" asked Uncle Termeetin'?" asked Uncle Terry the next morning as Albert stood watching him getting ready to start on his daily rounds. "Did the Widder Leach make ye feel ye was a hopeless sinner?"

"It was an interesting experience," replied Albert, "and one I shall not soon forget."

likely it divarts their minds from other is one. If not, we will lie at Bath troubles; but, in my way o' thinkin', overnight." prayin' is a good deal like a feller tryin' to lift himself by his boot straps. am coming back," said Albert. "The It encourages him some, but he don't fact is I've found a client in this Mr. git much further." Then he added, Terry, and it's an important matter." "You haven't thought o' no way to git me out o' my scrape, hev ye?"

use the detective as a witness in a re- cruise, and nearly all accepted. plevin suit. Most likely he will de- When the morning of his departure mand quite a sum, but it is best to came, Uncle Terry said, "I hope we'll pay it if we can get the proofs. I will see ye soon, Mr. Page, and ye're sure advance money enough to cover what of a welcome here, so don't forget us," he is likely to ask. What I want you and then he pulled away on his daily to do is to wait until he sends for more | round to his traps. money; then come to me at once."

Uncle Terry looked at Albert a moexclaimed, "I can't thank ye 'nough she was there waving an adieu and for yer offer to help me, but I kin say how sorry I am I distrusted ye at fust, an' as long as I've a roof to cover my head ye're sure to find a welcome under it an' the latchstring allus out." "I thank you for your kindly words, Mr. Terry," responded Albert, "and I am likely to avail myself of your invitation again before the summer is over, I expect my friends back today and must join them, but I assure you I would much prefer to stay here for the two weeks I have planned for my

ye?" asked Uncle Terry anxiously. "No. If the Gypsy shows up today

we will stay in the harbor tonight, and I should like to have you and Miss fellow!" he thought. "He is honest as the day is long and has a heart of gold beneath his blunt speech. How hard he has to work for what he gets, and what a vile thing in Frye to rob him so!" When the old man was out of "Oh, no, I hope not," he answered, lage. On the outer side of the harbor sight Albert strolled over to the vilcame to some long rows of slat benches, and busy at work spreading split fish upon them was the old lady who had that reason I should be classed as one thanked the Lord so fervently at the

"Well, so is father, but that doesn't For an hour he strolled around the to me I would almost lie down and die He was absorbed in that when he heard a sharp whistle, and, looking up, "How do you feel about this matter there was the Gypsy just entering of belief?" Albert asked after a pause. the harbor. He ran to the cove where "Are you what this old lady would be had left his boat, and by the time the yacht was anchored had pulled "Oh. no," she replied slowly, "I fear alongside. To his surprise no one was I am not. I always go to meeting Sun aboard but Frank. "Where are the cays when there is one-mother and I rest of the boys?" he asked, as that

young man grasped his boat. Frank laughed. "Well, just about now they are playing tennis and calling fifteen love' and 'thirty love' with a lot of girls down at Bar Harbor. The fact is, Bert," he continued as Albert stepped aboard, "our gander cruise has come to an end. They ran into some girls they knew, and after that all the Gypsy was good for was a place to eat and sleep in. I've run her up here and shall let you keep her with you until you get ready to go home. I'm going to cut sticks for the mountains, and if I can get one of the girls to go with me I may visit Sandgate."

Albert laughed heartily. "Want to hear some one sing 'Ben Bolt' again?" he queried.

"Well, maybe," replied Frank. "The fact of the matter is, the whole trip

port where I can reach a railroad, and many were shaking bands



She bade him goodby:

tnen you can do as you please with her. My skipper will do your bidding."

"What about the rest of the boys?" "Well, you can run to Bar Harbor and dance with the girls until the rest want to come back, or you can do as you please. The Gypsy is yours as long as you want her after I'm ashore. "Oh, it don't do 'em no harm to git I think I'll run up to Bath and take the together an' pray an' sing, an' most | night train for the mountains if there

"I must go ashore and leave word I "So is the blue eyed girl, I imagine,"

observed Frank, with a droll smile. "I have thought a good deal about When the irrepressible owner of the it," replied Albert, "and the best way, Gypsy had deserted her Albert returnit seems to me, is for you to go to ed to the Cape and remained there for Frye and tell him you can't afford to a week. How many little trips he incarry the case any further and offer to duced his new found friends to take on pay whatever fee he sees fit to ask. her during that time, how much gossip You can tell him you will give up the it created in the village and how many case entirely, and ask him to return happy hours he and Telly passed tothe proofs you want. I may decide to gether! The last day but one of his

Telly accompanied Albert to the cove where his boat was and bade him goodment and suddenly, grasping his hand, by. When the yacht rounded the point remained there until lost from sight.

CHAPTER XXVI

HE one point of pride in Nicholas Frye's nature was his shrewdness. "They can't get the best of me," he would say to himself when he had won an unusually knotty case. He knew he was both hated and feared by his fellow members of the bar. Being hated he didn't mind, and being feared flattered his "Ye won't go till I see ye again, will Uncle Terry put himself, in his power and, like a good natured old sheep, stood to be sheared, Frye only laughed at his client's stupidity and set out te Telly visit her." Then as the old man ble. Messrs. Thygeson & Co. of Stockpushed off and pulled out of the cove holm, who had first employed him to with long, slow strokes, Albert watch- hunt up an heir to the estate of old Eric Peterson, whose son Neils and his young wife had been lost on the coast of Maine, fared no better. To them he only stated that he had found several promising clews and was following them as rapidly as possible, but it all cost money, and would they kindly send a draft on account for necessary expenses, etc. When Albert had taken away his best client the old scoundrel suffered the worst blow to his vanity be ever received. "Curse the fellow!" he would say to himself. "I'll pay him and have revenge if I live long enough. No man ever got the best of me, and in

the long run no man ever shall!" But there is a Nemesis that follows evil doers in this world, ready to strike with an invisible hand all who are lost to the sense of right and justice. In Frye's case the avenging goddess lurked in his inordinate belief in his own rewdness, coupled with a fatuous are of speculation. A few lucky venmer at first in the stock market had annel the finme.

Then nione come a war cloud in Euo. Stocks bornen to drop and pro-Isions to advance. September wheat ras they selling in Chicago at 90 cents, to the same of the bushels on a mar-

France and Germany growled, and wheat rose to 94. Frye sold, clearing \$2,000. Then it dropped a cent, and Frye bought a hundred thousand bushels more. Once again the war cloud grew black, and wheat rose to. 98. The papers were full of wild rumors, and the Wall Street Bugle said wheat would look cheap at a dollar and a half inside of a month. Then it advanced to \$1, and Frye lost his head. His holdings showed a profit of \$7,000, and sudden riches stared him in the face. Once more the two bellicose foreign powers growled and showed their teeth. Wheat rose another cent, and Frye doubled his holdings. Then the powers that had growled smiled faintly, and in one day wheat fell to 93 and sion of the rustic seat where Albert has gone wrong from the start. You Day by day it vibrated, now going up a know what I wanted, but as it couldn't cent and then dropping two, and when be, I did the next best thing and made bow to shock made box to sh up this party, and now the cruise has how to checkmate his further robbing ended in a fizzle. By the way, where of the lighthouse keeper he was, with is the girl with the wonderful eyes you muttered curses, watching his ill got-"Just now I imagine she's helping thousand dollars per diem. He negher mother in the house," answered lected his business, went without his Albert quietly; and then he added, meals and forgot to shave. He had "Well, what is the programme, and mortgaged his real estate for \$20,000, where are you going with the Gypsy?" and that was nearly gone. Wheat was "I want to be landed at the nearest now down to 80, and France and Ger-

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