

## Standard Bank of Canada.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.  
G. P. REID, — — MANAGER

Capital Authorized...\$2,000,000  
Paid Up..... 1,000,000  
Reserve Fund..... 1,000,000

Agenies in all principal points in Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, United States and England.

### DURHAM AGENCY.

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

### THE SAVINGS BANK.

Interest allowed on Savings Bank deposits of \$1 and upwards. Prompt attention and every facility afforded customers living at a distance.

J. KELLY, Agent.

### For

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

### S. P. SAUNDERS

The Harnessmaker

## NEW SUITINGS



### Why Go Around..

With an ill-fitting ready-made suit, when you can get a first-class fit, made to order in the highest class of workmanship for about the same money?

We have a large stock of SCOTCH TWEEDS, WORSTEDS and SERGES, and we guarantee satisfaction.

Give us a trial.

### J. L. FLARITY

MERCHANT TAILOR.

### W. D. CONNOR

Manufacturer of  
And Dealer in —

### Pumps of all Kinds.

Galvanized and Iron Piping;  
Brass, Brass Lined  
and Iron Cylinders.

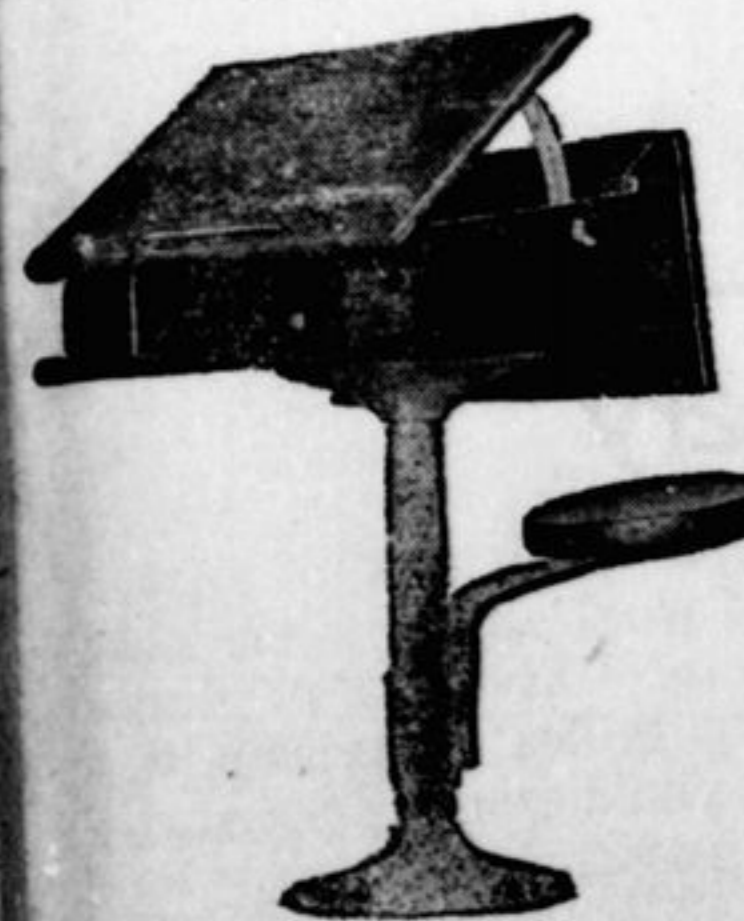
Pumps from \$2 upward.

SHOP open every afternoon.

All REPAIRING promptly and properly attended to.

W. D. CONNOR

## DURHAM FOUNDRY



### "EUREKA"

### SCHOOL DESK.

MANUFACTURED BY

J. SMITH & SONS

## A WILL AND A WAY

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Copyright, 1904,  
By Martha McCulloch-Williams

"I think there ought to be a law against making wills," Jean said half tearfully.

"So do I—almost," Aunt Mary answered, with a little sigh.

Thereat Jean began to laugh, a whimsical, bubbling peal, good to hear.

"If it was any other time I shouldn't mind—not so very much," Aunt Mary protested. "I'm bound to say it for your father, my brother John, he's as peaceable as can be until he's crowded real hard. I know he wouldn't ever have gone out of his way to quarrel with Major Hymes—but knowing poor, old Uncle Jimmy Jackson as he did, he was bound to stand up for that will—it only said what the old man had told him over and over and over—"

"I know," Jean interrupted, then with a laugh: "I know, too, aunty, darling, you're distressed because I shall be left out of the Hymes party. I do want to go, dreadfully, not so much on account of Rob Hymes himself as to see who—all else is there—and what the Claytons will do to get a bean apiece—"

"H—m! I believe you'd like to have a few beans yourself, miss," Aunt Mary retorted. Jean smiled and nodded.

"But I wouldn't go gunning for them Clayton fashion—not if I grew to the wall. But they are bound to marry somehow. They have no money to speak of, and can't well do anything else."

"I wish you couldn't do anything else. Maybe then you wouldn't hold your head so high you never see me," somebody said through the open window. It was Rob Hymes, who had been eavesdropping these last three minutes. He went straight to Aunt Mary, kissed her handsomely and patted her hand, then turned reproachful eyes on Jean.

"If you think mother and I mean to be drawn into this absurd quarrel you

went home, humming a love tune and smiling as he rode along.

The Hymes party turned out to be far and away the grandest Hopewell neighborhood had ever seen. Notwithstanding, Major Hymes got up the morning after with a sense of aching loss. He sighed all through dressing and at breakfast swore because there were no waffles—only biscuit, muffins and batter cakes. At least he said that was the reason. Rob, with his eyes on his plate and a general air of dreams, smiled and waited prudently for the storm to gather or blow over. But lightning struck him when he was least prepared for it. Mid-meal his father turned square upon him, growling out: "Whereabouts in your travels did you leave your manners and your senses? I think you had better go back and try to find them."

"What's the row, governor?" Rob demanded innocently. The major exploded.

"That's what I'd like to know. There must be a row between you and Jean Bascom—last night you hardly were civil to her, but went tagging around after that Clayton creature."

"There's the Bascom temper—I'm afraid it's hereditary—besides, Elsie Clayton says she would permit the minister to leave 'obey' in the marriage service," Rob began.

His father cut him short. "If matters have gone as far as that," he said, "just you listen to this. Unless you marry to suit me, you'll find that my will ties up things as tight as that old simpleton, Jimmy Jackson, tried to tie up all he left—"

"Why! I thought you disbelieved in the will?" Rob interrupted.

His father turned redder than ever, but went on, pounding the table hard between words. "Yes, sir, your wife must please me or you'll have hard sledding. Elsie Clayton, indeed! Look at your mother, sir, and be properly ashamed of your taste."

"I have nothing against Jean Bascom," Rob began judiciously. "But she is taken up with Ben Lloyd. Then, too, she evidently takes her father's side—just as I have taken yours—"

"Then you're a fool for your pains, sir," the major fairly shouted. "Of course, she takes her father's side—that's the natural, the right thing for that's the natural, the right thing for a man, you would have shown her that you two had nothing to do with the case. You must be bewitched with the Clayton fried egg eyes."

"Not particularly," Rob said, masking a laugh with a fit of coughing. "But I did make up to Jean, far enough to find out she would have nothing to say to me—not unless you apologized to the squire, which I knew was out of the question."

"Indeed! You had better not know so much," Major Hymes said witheringly. "But if that's the hitch, why, it's mighty easily straightened. Come along with me, sir. By George, it makes me think more than ever of Jean! If she sticks up this way for her father what won't she do for a husband or a son?"

Five minutes afterward they were galloping together toward the Bascom place. As luck would have it, Squire Bascom met them just inside the gate. Major Hymes did not wait for a word of welcome. Twenty yards off he roared out: "Say, John Bascom, I've come to beg your pardon and ask you for your daughter. Give 'em to me quick, else I'll be making a fool will for other folks to quarrel over."

"I reckon I've a right to ask your pardon, major," Squire Bascom said, smiling and holding out his hand. "But the daughter—there you've got me. I can't speak for her."

"Oh, all we want is a chance to have her speak for herself," the major answered.

Rob smiled to hear him. Down in his heart he knew what Jean would say.

**Killing Crocodiles.**  
"There are two ways of killing crocodiles," writes an ex-resident of India. "One is by shooting with a rifle, but the most satisfactory way of dealing with them, besides being far the most sporting, is to bait a good large hook with a bird or small animal and fasten it by a chain to a good long rope, the end of which is firmly picketed, the rope being coiled and the bait laid in shallow water. There must be lots of slack line, as the crocodile does not swallow anything at once, but seizes it and takes it into deep water to gorge. A number of lines may be laid and looked up in the morning or cool of the evening. When hooked it will take a good many men to the operation and can use his tail as well as his jaws or use two sportsmen in dispatching him with entertainment in dispatching grow to a spears. Some crocodiles grow to an enormous size, and their maws always contain round white stones and often trinkets, the relics of inside passengers. The writer assisted at the death of a not extraordinarily large 'snubnose' which had six women's rings in her."

**Brought to the Point.**  
He was slow, painfully slow. Last autumn, when the figured velvet drawing room suit was new, he sat on one chair, she on another, and talked—simply talked. During the winter they burned papa's gas and sat side by side on the lounge exchanging confidences. When spring came they used the same chair and whispered, but there was never a whisper of that one question she was so longing to hear. Now summertime was with them, and the figured velvet was showing signs of wear.

A knock at the front door was heard. "Callers," she remarked.

"Bother!" said he. "Say you're out, Kate."

"Oh, Jack, I couldn't! That would be a fib," she murmured. "I can say I'm engaged, if you like."

And Jack was captured.

## HUMOR

### POLLY, THE JESTER.

How a Parrot Jollied a Windy City Physician.

A south side physician gave his wife a parrot which he had purchased for his office, but which was so uncanny and mischievous that it gave its owner nervous prostration. Then he turned it over to his wife, with strict orders that it should be kept out of his sight.

No one can ever bank on a parrot, and Mrs. Physician kept the bird in a cage in an alcove of their room where the doctor could not see it, and covered the cage with a heavy blanket during the time the doctor was at home. Polly was as mute as a mouse when covered up, and the man of the house never even surmised her proximity.

But one day when he was shaving himself a sudden gruff chuckle gave him such a start that he cut a gash in his chin. He looked toward the alcove from which the sound came and saw a white eye protruding through a hole in a blanket—a fiendish eye, filled with an unholy delight. Then a hoarse voice croaked:

"What yer doing?"

"Can't you see what I'm doing, you blamed fool?" roared the doctor, wiping the blood from his chin.

Then Polly, with a wicked laugh, twinkled that white eye maliciously as she shrieked out the shibboleth of the barber shop:

"N-e-x-t!"

### The Sickly Octogenarians.

They were neither of them brilliant scholars, but they liked to move with the times as regards their knowledge of current events, so the daily newspaper was regularly delivered at their humble domicile, and it was Jennie's duty to read out during breakfast time all the most interesting items of the day. One morning, after wading through the latest intelligence from the front, she turned to another page of the paper and said:

"Herbie, it says here that another octogenarian's dead."

"What's an octogenarian?"

"Well, I don't quite know what they are, but they must be very sickly creatures. You never hear of them but they're dying."

### Vengeful.

Harris—I suppose Foster was pretty well wrought up when he found that somebody had stolen his gold watch?

Barlow—I should say he was! He was wild with rage. He said the watch was five minutes slow, and he hoped it would make the thief lose a train or be too late for an appointment, or some such vexatious thing as that.

### Poor Clarence!

Maud—So that's a photograph of you and your handsome cousin Clarence, is it? You seem to be sitting pretty close together. Where's his left arm?

Mabel (blushing furiously)—He hasn't any left arm. He lost it in the war with Spain. I told him everybody would misunderstand that picture!

### Confused, but Sagacious.

"All that is expected of us in this war," said the Chinese mandarin, "is that we shall be neutral."

"And what is neutrality?"

"Neutrality, as I understand it, is the art of not committing yourself to anything until you are dead sure which side is going to win."

### In 1930.

"Who are those decrepit Russian naval officers who seem to do nothing but kiss their hands and shout 'Adieu'?"

"They are the officers of that famous Baltic fleet that kept on sailing for the far east for so many years and then finally gave it up."

### Marked Advances.

"Has Oldboy made any advances toward a reconciliation with his gay young wife?"

"Yes, I think he has made an advance of several thousand dollars."

### Where They Differ.

Another difference between a man and a woman is that the man doesn't see the back of his head in a mirror more than twice a year.

### A Pessimist.

Tommy—Can I go to the theater, ma?

Mother—No, not tonight, dear.

Tommy—Then can I go and have a tooth out?

Mother—Good gracious! Whatever for?

Tommy—Well, I never get any fun, I don't!

### Not at All Stylish.

"They are an extremely fashionable couple, are they not?"

"Gracious, no! Why, they have several children."

## Her Christian Name

By BEVERLY SMITH

Copyright, 1904, by W. W. Hines

Silence was, to quote from Jimmie Spencer, Henry Walcot's "long suit." There was a great bond of friendship between the two. Perhaps they followed in this the law that opposites attract each other, for Jimmie Spencer was the reverse of Henry Walcot in almost every particular. While Henry was tall and dark, Jimmie was rather the medium height and so inclined to rotundity of figure that his face, beaming always with good humor, inevitably suggested to an observer the qualifying adjective "chubby."

"Why do I like Henry so well?" said Jimmie one day in reply to a question. "Because he is such a jolly good fellow and knows how to keep his mouth shut. Say, do you know," growing suddenly enthusiastic, "Henry can speak English, German and Spanish, but, by Jove, he knows how to keep quiet in about fourteen other languages, not counting dialects and slang!"

"Why do I like Jimmie?" said Henry musingly. "Because he is a jolly good fellow and knows how to talk, I suppose."

So they sat now in front of a cheerful open fire in Walcot's rooms, smoking and talking. Jimmie was chatting away, as usual, but there was something a bit distraught in his manner which did not escape the keen eye of his friend. By and by even Jimmie's fund of small talk seemed exhausted, and each sat, smoking and musing.

It was Henry who broke the silence. "Sit up, Jimmie, and talk out like a man," said he, with a laugh. "You know you never tramped all the way up here in the snow and then climbed three flights of stairs just to have a chat. Out with it, man! What have you got on your mind?"

Jimmie looked up queerly, and,

"Then you are engaged to Kate Preston?"

catching the friendly gleam in the other's eye, he laughed himself and replied: "No dodging you, you sly dog! I believe you are a mind reader anyhow."

"Perhaps I do a bit in that line now and then," answered Henry, with an assumption of great mystery, "and to prove it to you I will tell you that you came up here for no other purpose than to tell me that you have gone and got yourself engaged."

"Now, how in thunder did you know that?" asked Jimmie, sitting up in astonishment.

"You look guilty," answered Henry, with one of his peculiar, almost inaudible chuckles.

"But I never told you that I was even paying attention to the girl whom I am to have the honor of marrying," declared Jimmie protestingly. "You could not have had any idea of it."

"Now, Jimmie, my boy, do give me credit for using my powers of observation occasionally," protested Henry.

"So," said Jimmie, "then maybe you have used them far enough to tell me the name of the girl."

"I undoubtedly can," averred Henry solemnly. "Stunted as my powers of observation may be, they have been sufficiently powerful to enable me to declare that the young lady in question is none other than Miss Preston."

This precedence was too much for Jimmie, who simply stared open mouthed at his chuckling tormentor.

"That's the worst of you close mouthed people," said he presently, with an air of deep disgust. "You sit around and don't say a word, and all the while you are keeping close tab on everything and everybody. Then when a fellow comes around to tell you a piece of important news you take the wind all out of his sails with your air of worldwide knowledge and consciousness of his most intimate thoughts. I must say that I think you might have pretended ignorance. Now, I'm just keenest about the matter." And Jimmie resolutely shut his mouth and turned again to his cigar.

"Now, Jimmie," said Walcot, with dignity, "don't be any more of a chump than usual. You know you are so full of the subject that you have just got to talk. So fire away."

And Jimmie did fire away presently, the subject having got the better of his resolve.

"But, Henry, all natural prejudice aside, I just can't believe my good luck. To think that she should ac-

cept me when she might have had any man—why, she might have married you, old chap, couldn't she?"

"Did she tell you so?"

"Nope," said Jimmie cheerfully, "but I can't see how it is that you haven't fallen in love with her."

"Maybe I was in love with another woman," said Walcot slowly.

There was something in his tone that made Jimmie look up quickly.

Walcot was gazing into the cheerful fire, and there was such a smile upon his face as Jimmie had never seen.

That mercurial youngster was on his feet in an instant and rushed over to Walcot.

"By Jove, old chap, so you have been indulging in a love affair and didn't even take me, your best friend, into your confidence! I call that shameful of you, but I am deuced glad to know that you are in love, after all. Take my word for it, old chap, there's nothing like it in all the world."

"Easy, boy, easy," said Walcot, with a quiet smile that may have concealed some embarrassment. "I haven't confessed to any love affair yet. And confessed to any love affair yet you told me nothing of yours until you were actually engaged. Even good friends like you and me don't talk over such affairs. However, I may over—hope to have—some good news to tell you soon."

"How soon?"

"Who can say?"

"Have you proposed to her?"

"No, but I intend to do so."

"Good boy! Go in and win. If you want a certificate of good character call on me. I am always ready to tell a lie in the sacred cause of friendship."

And Jimmie's infectious laugh took all sting away from the remark.

Once more fell a period of silence and Jimmie broke it with:

"Did you ever notice the color of her eyes, Henry?"

"Yes," answered Henry, with an air of amusement. "They are blue, aren't they?"

"No, indeed," said Jimmie somewhat indignantly. "They are a wonderful deep gray, almost black."

"Is that so?" Then she has the same color of eyes as her cousin. I know that she has wonderful, deep gray eyes—wonderful eyes." This last was very soft.

"Not at all, stupid!" said Jimmie, vexed at so much stupidity. "Her cousin's eyes are blue. I'll be blessed if you ever observe anything!"

Jimmie himself was not observing anything, but was sitting with his gaze fixed on the heart of the flames and his mind lost in a happy reverie. He did not see his companion look up with a quick terror in his eyes and a face drawn with emotion, nor did he hear a question addressed to him. Indeed, Walcot's voice was very thick, and he hardly knew himself whether he had spoken the question aloud or merely in his anguish voiced it to himself.

"Then you are engaged to Kate Preston?" he finally managed to say, loud enough to make his companion hear.

"Certainly," said Jimmie in astonishment. "Who did you think I was engaged to—certainly not to Annie Preston?"

"I didn't know," said Walcot weakly. "So your mind reading wasn't so good after all!" exclaimed Jimmie in triumph. "Well, I must be going. So long!"

And he was gone.

For a long time Walcot sat before the fire, though his cigar went out unnoticed and was not relit.

Then he slowly walked to his desk and took out a letter addressed in his own firm handwriting. Opening it, he stood in front of the fire and read it through twice. It was a proposal of marriage, simple, straightforward and winning in its declaration of great love.

The letter fluttered first to the fire, and the envelope followed it, Walcot standing quietly to watch them burn. One might have read the address on the envelope even after it was caught by the flames, and that address was:

"Miss Kate Preston."

**Poor Students at Dublin.**  
When Oliver Goldsmith was struggling for his education at Trinity college, Dublin, his soul was harrowed by the menial duties he had to perform as a "sizar." Even today the term "sizar" is nearly synonymous with "poor student" at Dublin, but the labors in connection with the position are much less strenuous than they were formerly. The sizar received his "commons" and tuition free, in return for which he was expected to sweep out the courts in the morning and carry the dishes from the kitchen to the dining hall of the fellows of Trinity. These offices remained associated with the sizarship for half a century after the author of the "Vicar of Wakefield" had entered the university and left it. They were abolished in a dramatic manner.

On one Trinity Sunday there was a crowd to witness the ceremonies in the college. As a sizar passed by with a dish of meat for the fellows a saucy citizen of Dublin jeered at him as a menial. The angry sizar flung the dish, meat and all, at the head of his tormentor. He was sharply reprimanded, perhaps because of the loss of the meat, but the sizars were never again asked to perform the duties which saddened the soul of Goldsmith while he was at the college.—Chicago News.

**A Pretense of Knowledge.**  
"I hate to see a man pretend to know more than he actually does," said the habitually severe man.

"So do I," said the unassuming friend—"so do I. But when your wife insists on having you read the war news out aloud and the children are sitting around listening what are you going to do when you come to all these Japanese and Russian names?"—Washington Star.

THE DUB...  
EVERY  
OF THE CHRONICLE  
D  
SUBSCRIPTION  
RATES... if  
be charged  
subscription  
address label  
are paid, except  
ADVERTISING  
RATES...  
measure. From  
\$4.00 per  
directions will  
be charged.  
For Sale, etc.  
for each column  
for in advance.  
Contract rate  
application to  
All adve.  
week, should  
morning.  
THE JOE  
DEPART...  
foring  
work.  
Ed  
Drs. Ja  
OFFICE  
Lambton  
Office hou  
J. G.  
OFFICE  
Gar  
of some  
p. m., 7  
PHYS  
face  
hours, 8  
p. m., 8  
of women  
posite P  
D  
OFFICE  
Block,  
the Sta  
W. C.  
HON  
College  
Rooms  
B  
ham  
attem  
try  
B  
Office  
Sta  
to  
D  
E  
S  
O