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When Harper Formed a Club By HENRY ALDEN

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It was Mrs. Anderson who first suggested the society, and thereby she hoped to attain national fame, for in the first blush of enthusiasm she predicted that the Provident Home club would in time extend from New York to San Francisco, with the Carson club as the parent organization.

The P. H. C. was simple enough. It consisted of nearly all the marriageable girls in Carson, who, fired by the enthusiasm of Mrs. Anderson, pledged themselves not to marry until their future spouse had provided a home and a bank account, thus making ample provision for the inevitable rainy day.

The young men had no share in this enthusiastic admiration for Mrs. Anderson. Indeed, Frank Harper had had his first quarrel with Rose Wilder because he had happened to hint that Mrs. Anderson's enthusiasm might be somewhat less were she not comfortably married.

"Jack Anderson has plenty of money," he growled, "but old man Anderson married when his sole capital was a railroad ticket west, and he nevout to their new home until after the your disciples." second summer."

sincere?" demanded Rose hotly. She was one of Mrs. Anderson's strongest

"She is sincere," admitted Harper, "but if Jack was as poor as his father was and she loved him I'll bet the P. H. C. would never have been form-

In the end Harper went home with a heavy heart, carrying the little ring that had been the pledge of their love. Rose had declared that he must pay off the mortgage upon his farm before. \$5,000 in the bank.

It took Harper exactly a week to pull himself together. Then he inaugurated retaliatory methods. The



"DON'T YOU WANT TO BUY THIS, FRANK?" ladies of the Methodist church were to have a fair for the purpose of lifting the mortgage from the church property. Some time before Mrs. Anderson had declared that the church should stand free of debt within a year, and it was believed that this fair would provide the last \$200.

The day before the fair opened the young men of Carson came out with small badges, bearing the letters G. S. C., but the mystic import of these characters could not be learned. The only information elicited was that Frank Harper was its president and that it would make its object known in good time.

and two or three dozen married men made purchases from their wives and daughters, who were standing behind the stalls. Then there seemed to come a lull. It was Mrs. Anderson who made the discovery that there was not an unmarried man in the room. Every young girl in Carson was present either as a saleswoman or visitor, but there was not a bachelor in sight. The married men turned to manfully and bought what they could afford, but by half past 9 most of the crowd had gone, and the receipts counted up

\$17.50. The next morning various young gentlemen solemnly expressed regret that they had been unable to attend and promised to get around that evening if they could. Evidently they found it difficult, for the second night of the fair was even duller than the first. Many of the married men had stayed home, and in desperation Mrs. Anderson commanded her husband to see if he could not find some of the young men and induce them to come over. It was not long before Anderson was back, his face wreathed in smiles.

"Most of the boys are in the vacant store next to the postoffice," he reported. "They are having a meeting of the G. S. club to discuss certain important matters."

"Did you tell them to come over?" she demanded. "I did, but they declined the invita-

"Well," said Mrs. Anderson, with a tightening of her lips that Anderson knew full well, "I am going over there to tell the boys what I think of them for breaking up my fair."

gravity of tone which his twinkling eyes belied, "that they would be very glad to see you. It is not in any sense

a secret society." Ten minutes later she was being welcomed by the G. S. C. with elaborate courtesy.

"It is with especial pleasure," said Frank Harper in his capacity as president, "that we welcome you to our meeting. We feel that it is to you we owe our very existence."

"To me?" said Mrs. Anderson helplessly. "I'm sure I never heard of the club until just the other day."

"None the less," continued Harper, while Jack Anderson tried to get as far behind his pretty wife as he could that she might not see his telltale face -"none the less, it is to you that the honor of forming the club really be-

"It was your idea that the young women of Carson should pledge each other not to marry until the prospective husband had a home and \$5,000 in the bank. While it is not probable that under such conditions many of us can afford to marry before we are fifty, we recognize the brilliancy of your idea, which you yourself have declared is destined to reach from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We feel that the eyes of the country will shortly be turned toward Carson, and we have organized, supplementary to your society, the Get Something club. Our members are pledged to attend no entertainment, to spend no money foolishly, until we have each saved up by this means the er saved up enough to bring his wife \$5,000 and the home demanded by

"But," interrupted Mrs. Anderson "Do you dare to say that she is not half tearfully, "I want you to come over to the fair and help make it a

"Madam," declared the president impressively, "we have thirty-seven names on our roll. Each might have spent from \$5 to \$10, so we shall hold meetings of the club every evening during the fair to keep out of temptation. That means at least \$185 saved bly by the roadside under some tall toward the \$185,000 we shall have to accumulate to follow out your admirable ideas. We feel that this duty"-

Unable to restrain himself longer, they were married and have at least Jack Anderson interrupted the speech room, with the low garret overhead. with a shout of laughter, in which even his wife had to join. She turned left alone, when Mrs. Robb could help to Harper.

"See here, Frank Harper," she said energetically, "you disband this club,

night. Even Rose Wilder, who was ed to an attractive tea set, saying, a debt to carry and her bare land, and "What's the use?" he protested. "I siege of time. have no wife to give it to!"

Rose blushed very prettily. "You might have the wife if you bought the set. I take back all I said, and I'll take back the ring if you will let me."

That night on the way home Mrs. Anderson was struck by an idea. "'Get Something' was a funny name for the title of that club."

"I think," said Anderson, "that the 'something' they were to get was to get square."

The Tailor's Argument.

In "Thrums" lived a merchant tailor who ordered from a friend, a book agent, a complete set of an encyclopedia which was being published in monthly parts. All went well till the delivery of the last volume, which proved to be about one-half larger than any of the others. Delivery was refused on the ground that the volume was not according to sample and broke the uniformity of the set. Mr. Comrie Thompson was then acting sheriff substitute for Forfarshire, and the resulting case came before him. The plaintiff stated his case, and Mr. Thompson then advised the defendant to take delivery, adding:

the book is larger, they don't propose and Mrs. Robb had better go to the poorto charge you anything extra, and you house before winter, and be done with ought to consider you are having a it. At this terrible suggestion her brave

you would, I have no doubt, refuse delivery. And I might then say: "Don't be foolish, sheriff. The coat, it's true, ried face at the window. is much larger than you want, but the cloth is the same, and I won't make any extra charge. You ought to con-

sider you are having a bargain." This rather tickled the court, which expressed its appreciation of the point somewhat noisily. Verdict for the plaintiff, with costs.-London Tit-Bits.

Patches and Politics. In Lord Lytton's novel, "Devereux," I am a gentleman, from the left side of your cheek to the right. What is the reason of so sudden an emigration?" The reply is: "I have changed er that at that time Whig ladies patched on one side of the cheek, Tories on ladies in opposite boxes, the faces on thing had chilled her very heart now, It was better than any dream. He one hand being spotted on the right poor old woman.

GLAD THANKSGIVING.

We walk on starry fields of white And yet ignore the daisies; For blessings common in our sight We rarely offer praises.

We sigh for some supreme delight To crown our lives with splendor, And quite ignore our daily store Of pleasures sweet and tender.

Our cares are bold and push their way Upon our thought and feeling, They hang about us all the day, Our time for pleasure stealing,

So unobstructive many a joy We pass by and forget it, But worry strives to own our lives And conquers if we let it.

There's not a day in all the year But holds some hidden pleasure And looking back joys oft appear To brim the past's wide measure. But blessings are like friends, I hold,

Who love and labor near us. We ought to raise our notes of praise While living hearts can hear us. Full many a blessing wears the guise Of worry or of trouble.

Farseeing is the soul and wise Who knows the mask is double, But he who has the faith and strength To thank his God for sorrow Has found a joy without alloy To gladden every morrow.

We ought to make the moments notes Of happy, glad Thanksgiving; The hours and days a silent phrase Of music we are living. And so the theme should swell and grow

As weeks and months pass o'er us, And rise sublime at this good time, A grand Thanksgiving chorus. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THANKSGIVING.

There was a sad heart in the lowstoried, dark little house that stood humelms. Small as her house was, old Mrs. Robb found it too large for herself alone; she only needed the kitchen and a tiny bedroom that led out of it, and there still remained the best room and a bed-

There had been a time, after she was those who were poorer than herself. She kept a cow, and was strong enough not only to do a woman's work inside her house but almost a man's work outside come over and make the fair a success, in her piece of garden ground. At last and I'll disband the Provident Home sickness and age had come hand in hand, those two relentless enemies of the poor. She was true to her word, but more and together they had wasted her than one pledge was broken that very strength and substance. She had always being independent, but now she was presiding at the household table, point- left, lame-footed and lame-handed, with "Don't you want to buy this, Frank?" the house ill-provisioned to stand the

For awhile she managed to get on, but at last it began to be whispered about that it was no use for anyone to be so proud; it was easier for the whole town



GRAY FIELDS.

"Now, Mr. --, don't be foolish. If to care for her than for a few neighbors,

The people whom she cared for most "Well," pleaded the defendant, "I'm happened to be poor, and she could no a tailor, and if your lordship were to longer go into their households to make order a coat from me, and I quoted a herself of use. The very elms overhead The fair was duly opened. Half a price and afterward delivered the coat seemed to say "No," as they groaned dozen local celebrities made speeches, a half size bigger than you wanted it, in the late autumn winds, and there strange passer-by in the look of the little gray house, with Mrs. Robb's pale, wor-

Some one has said that anniversaries are days to make other people happy in, but sometimes when they come they the poorhouse, and she would go withseem to be full of shadows, and the out complaint; they might have given power of giving joy to others; that in- her notice, but she must not fret. alienable right which ought to lighten the saddest heart, the most indifferent ward him with touching patience. sympathy, sometimes even this seems to "You'll have to give me a little time. If

be withdrawn. So poor old Mary Ann Robb sat at you waiting a minute this cold night." her window on the afternoon before It was not the keeper. The man by the hero says to Lady Hasselton, Thanksgiving and felt herself poor and the door took one step forward and put "Why, you have moved all your sorrowful indeed. Across the frozen road his arm around her and kissed her. patches, one, two, three, six, eight, as she looked eastward over a great stretch "What are you talking about?" said of cold meadow land, brown and wind- John Harris. "You ain't goin' to make swept and crossed by icy ditches. It me feel like a stranger? I've come all the seemed to her as if in all the troubles way from Dakota to spend Thanksgivthat she had known and carried before in'. There's all sorts of things out here this, there had always been some hope in the wagon, an' a man to help get 'em my politics, count, that is all, and have to hold, as if she had never looked pov- in. Why-don't you cry so, Mother Robb, resolved to lose no time in proclaiming erty full in the face and seen its cold I thought you'd have a great laugh if I the change." A note reminds the read- and pitiless look before. She looked anx- come and surprised you. Don't you reiously down the road, with a horrible member I said I should?" shrinking and dread at the thought of It was John Harris, indeed. The poor being asked, out of pity, to join in some soul could say nothing. She felt now as the other. Addison, too, has an amus- Thanksgiving feast, but there was no- if her heart was going to break with joy. ing Spectator paper on the same sub- body coming with gifts in hand. Once He left her in the rocking-chair and came ject, relating how he went to the she had been full of love for such days, and went in his old, boyish way, bringtheater and observed two parties of whether at home or abroad, but some- ing in his store of gifts and provisions.

Her nearest neighbor had been fore- away the man to bring a wagonful of time for the reunion of families, in which side of the forehead and those upon most of those who wished her to go to wood from John Mander's, and came in of course, the children are included, but the other on the left. He adds: "I am the town farm, and he had said more himself laden with pieces of the nearest they do not occupy the chief place, as informed that some of them adhere than once that it was the only sensible fence to keep the fire going in the mean- at their own festival. But we all desire so steadfastly to their party and are thing. But John Mander was waiting time. They must cook the steak for supso stead astrony to their party and are impatiently to get her tiny farm into his per right away; they must find the pack- in the lives of children. The peculiar the public to their passion for any par- own hands; he had advanced some money ticular person that in a late draft of that there extremity, and pretended that there was still a debt, after he had the bedrooms. Why, Mother Robb didn't they will bring with them something marriage articles a lady has stipulated cleared her wood lot to pay himself back. seem to be ready for company from out the old childish joyousness, which with her husband that, whatever his He would plow over the graves in the West! The great, cheerful fellow hurried lapse of time can wholly deprive them opinions are, she shall be at liberty field corner and fell the great elms, and about the tiny house, and the little old if they have been surcharged with it or breaking up my rair.

"I think," said Anderson, with a to patch on which side she pleases." | waited like a spider for his poor prey. woman limped after him, forgetting early life.—Ladies' Home Journal

rast and coming to be a charge to others now. Oh, if she could only die in har own house and not suffer the pain of

homelessness and dependence! It was just at sunset, and as she looked out hopelessly across the gray fields, there was a sudden gleam of light far away on the low hills beyond, the clouds year. opened in the west and let the sunshine through. One lovely gleam shot swift as an arrow and brightened a far cold hillside where it fell, and at the same moment a sudden gleam of hope brightened the winter landscape of her heart. "There was Johnny Harris," said

Mary Ann, softly. "He was a soldier's



"BE I DREAMIN'?"

son, left an orphan and distressed. Old John Mander scolded, but I couldn't see the poor boy want. I kept him that year after he got hurt, spite o' what anybody said, an' he helped me what little he could. He said I was the only mother he'd ever had. 'I'm going out West, Mother Robb,' says he. 'I shan't come back till I get rich,' an' then he'd look at me an' laugh, so pleasant and boyish. He wa'n't one that liked to write. I don't think he was doin' very well when I heard-there, it's years ago now. I always thought if he got sick or anything, I should have a good home for him. There's poor Ezra Blake, the deaf one too-he won't have any place to come to-"

The light faded out of the doors, and again Mrs. Robb's troubles stood before her. Yet it was not so dark as it had been in her sad heart. She still sat by the window, hoping now, in spite of herself instead of fearing; and a curious feeling of nearness and expectancy made her feel not so much light-hearted as light-headed.

"I feel just as if somethin' was goin' to happen," she said. "Poor Johnny Harris, perhaps he's thinkin' o' me, if he's alive."

It was dark now out of doors, and there were tiny clicks against the window. It was beginning to snow, and the great elms creaked in the rising wind overhead.

A dead limb of one of the old trees had fallen that autumn, and poor firewood as it had been, it was Mrs. Robb's own, and she had burnt it most thankfully. There was only a small armful left, but at least she could have the luxury of a fire. She had a feeling that it was her last night at home, and with strange recklessness she began to fill the stove as she used to do in better days. "It'll get me good an' warm," she

said, still talking to herself, as lonely people do, "an' I'll go to bed early. It's comin' on to storm.

The snow clicked faster and faster against the window, and she sat alone thinking in the dark.

"There's lots o' folks I love," she said once "They'd be sorry I ain't got nobody to come, an' no supper the night afore Thanksgivin'. I'm dreadful glad they don't know." And she drew a little nearer to the fire, and laid her head back drowsily in the old rocking chair.

It seemed only a moment before there was a loud knocking, and somebody lifted the latch of the door. The fire shone bright through the front of the old stove and made a little light in the room, but Mary Ann Robb waked up frightened and bewildered. "Who 's there?" she called, as she

found her crutch and went to the door. She was conscious of only her one great fear. "They've come to take me to the poorhouse!" she said, and burst into

There was a tall man, not John Mander, who seemed to fill the narrow door-"Come, let me in," he said gayly.

"It's a cold night. You didn't expect me, did you, Mother Robb?" "Dear me! What is it?" she faltered, stepping back as he came in and drop ping her crutch. "Be I dreamin'? I was a dreamin' about- Oh, there! What was

some kind of a mistake." Yes, and this was the man who kept

I a-sayin'? 'Tain't true! No! I've made

"Sit down, sir," she said, turning to-I'd been notified I wouldn't have kept

laughed and talked and went out to send

werything but hospitality. too generous to worthless people in the a house for John to come to? Were no still? And he remembered everything, and kissed her as they stood before the

fire as if she were a girl. He had found preaty of hard times, but luck had come at last. He had struck luck, and this was the end of a great

"No, I couldn't seem to write letters; no use to complain c' the worst, an' I wanted to tell you the best when I came;" and he told it while she cooked the supper. "No, I wa'n't goin' to write no foolish letters," John repeated. He was afraid he should cry himself when he found out how bad things had been; and they sat down to supper together, just as they used to do when he was a homeless orphan boy, whom nobody else wanted in winter weather while he was crippled and could not work. She could not be kinder now than she was then, but she looked so poor and old! He saw her taste her cup of tea and set it down again, with a trembling hand and a look at him. "No, I wanted to come myself," he blustered, wiping his eyes and trying to laugh. "And you're going to have everything you need to make you comfortable long's you live, Mother Robb!" She looked at him again and nodded, but she did not even try to speak. There was a good, hot supper ready, and her own folks had come; it was the night before Thanksgiving.

A TURN OF FORTUNE.



1. Farmer (to lean turkey)-Oh, you needn't laugh, your turn'll come



2. It allas riles me ter see a dispersition ter give the laugh ter victims of



Well, chaw me up! There goes the



So we'il hey to eat the lean turkey fer Thanksgivin', and let the fat one hev a respite till Christmas.

Make Thanksgiving a Joyous Day. Thanksgiving, unlike Christmas, not especially the children's day. It is a age of tea among all the other bundles; features of each should be emphasized so they must get good fires started in both that they come around in after years

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