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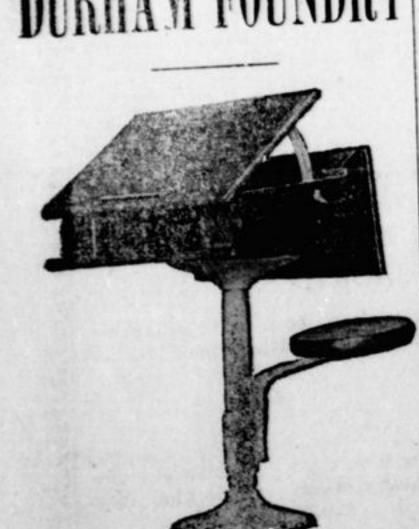
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The Humbling Of Jane

By ELLE MANIATES

"Come, pa!" commanded Jane Tivy in bright, sharp tones. Titus Tivy, a 1 cek, undersized man,

responded to the summons and stood unresistingly before his daughter while, in accordance with her biweekly custown. First she deftly folded a muffler coat snugly over it and then put on his week, and she anxiously awaited what but before long Phil Armour will be cap, tying the earlaps in place. She Saturday might bring forth. next handed him the memorandum for groceries and a letter to mail, with instructions to carry it in his hand all the way "lest he forget."

sene can and butter crocks, she put a antagonistic mood when left alone with jubilant merchant was a bankrupt. soapstone at his feet and tucked about | Joel. him a heavy blanket shawl in lieu of a lap robe, albeit the day was bright and sparkling.

When he had driven away she went serenely into the house to put the finishing touches to the toilet of her sister Rose, a girl of fourteen years. Rose did not submit to her costuming as watch out," he said. pouted at the hanging braids of hair, did as he directed. She saw her father many useful hints worthy of the atbucked against the white apron and drive jogging Fleetwood up to a zigzag tention of modern scientists. There is begged for a dip to her blouse. Jane corner of the rail fence, get out, take a curious book in the Bibliotheque Naauthoritatively silenced and overruled the soapstone, wrap it in the shawl tionale entitled "Liber Sacerdotum" these objections, and Rose went sul- and pitch it behind a stump. Then he ("The Book of the Priests"). It is suplenly to school.

For five years, since the death of her mother, Jane had held a tight rein over the household, and its members were strictly under Jane rule. She was a woman of convictions. One of them was that her duty clearly lay in managing the affairs of others. People were afraid of Jane. They submitted to her domineering or avoided it. There lived a man on an adjoining farm, however, who was not afraid of Jane. For some time he had resolved to introduce her to her true self, and having yours." he had chosen this morning to do it. He appeared amid the pots and kettles | Joel accompanying her.

and Jane. "Drop your work, Jane, and sit down. I want to talk to you."

"Well, Joel, I guess you'll have to choose some other time for visiting. I'm no lady of leisure. This is my time to work."

"Jane," said Joel, with a new, quiet listen to me now. I have waited your road. When she's out of sight I want the owner. As it often happens that convenience just as long as I am go- you to follow." ing to."

Jane's nostrils dilated dangerously, had before, although she had "kept

"Joel Dixon," she replied, snapping off her words as if she were biting

Joel's stock of patience had endured for six years. It was now exhausted. He recalled the vision he had encountered on his way hither of Titus Tivy driving to town. He gave a short laugh at the recollection, squared his shoulders for action and crossed the kitchen to Jane. He took the dishcloth from ber, threw it on the floor and, taking her arm, marched her into the sitting room and seated her on the plush

"Now we'll talk business," he said

Jane was silent from sheer surprise, but into her being were inoculated the germs of fear, respect and liking for Joel-tiny germs, it is true, but destined to flourish.

"I have waited six years for you to name the day, Jane. If you don't do it, I shall. After your mother's death it was reasonable to expect to wait a year or maybe two, but I'll wait no

Jane was returning to her normal

"We must wait a year," she decreed. "The mortgage will be paid then. Rose will be through school.'

"You'll marry me a month from today or not at all," he said composedly. Jane jumped to her feet.

"Indeed! Well, I am not going to be forced or threatened by you. Joel Dix-

on, I'll not marry you until I see fit!" "Jane," he replied coolly, "you are acting under the mistake of thinking you are necessary to your father and Rose. They'd get along a great deal better without you-or more to their

liking anyway." "What do you mean?" she cried in

surprise. "What I say. You haven't been so successful running things here as you think, and there's going to be no petticoat rule at my house. Today's Wednesday. You just think over what I have said, and Saturday about this time I'll come over again and prove up

what I said." Having thus spoken, Joel departed, and Jane returned to the abstracted washing of dishes with new food for

thought. When her father was unfolding the Wingville Weekly that afternoon she astonished him by saying:

"Pa, haven't I managed the house well and kept up things since ma Titus Tivy peered at her over his

spectacles and paper. He did not answer with the alacrity she had expect-"Well, Jane," he finally said, "I guess

you're the best cook and housekeeper in these parts. There ain't a lazy bone in your body." Jane was not satisfied.

"That is not what I mean. Haven't things been as you liked? I've always done what I thought was for the best." "Why, Jane"-he hesitated-"your way may be the best, but folks don't

always want the best way. They want their own way."

Jane said no more then, but when Rose came in from school she said to on one occasion and built up a power-"Rose, don't you wear the best clothes | remarkable ability, but his career

of any girl in school?" "Maybe I do," replied Rose a little

crossly. "But what's the pleasure in good clothes if you can't wear them as you want to?" . gain Jane was silenced. "They say," continued Rose pertly,

"that Joel Dixon's sweet on the new

A great fear smote Jane. Then she rallied. If Joel Dixon wanted a little, meek, clinging vine woman for a wife tom, she prepared him for his trip to he could take Lucy Wicks and welcome. But Rose's speech rankled and about his neck, buttoned his great lingered in her memory through the

It brought Joel just as she was starting her father for town. As Titus gathered up the reins Jane intercepted the o'clock one morning to convince the exchange of winks between When he had taken his seat in the and her lover. This troubled or, and ly mistaken. By noon there was a she was in a puzzled rather than an

> "Come with me," he said, taking her Mr. Armour the offer of an instant by the arm and marching her out of the house. Surprised, she suffered herself to be led or rushed through the orchard, down the hill to where the road wound its way.

"Now, stand behind this tree and deavors to transmute metals. Many

Wondering if he had gone crazy, she lost to us, and their recipes contain unbuttoned his coat, threw his muffler posed to have been written by the Jewunder the cushion, took off his cap, ish priests, but probably dates from doubled back the earlaps inside the the eighteenth century. Here is one of crown, put the letter and memoran- the curious recipes contained in this dum in his pocket, got back in the bug- book: Mix a quantity of iron filings gy and drove away.

Jane looked at Joel, a light of new intelligence creeping into her eyes. "Has he"-

"He has. For five years. He knows furnace. Next add some oil and nawhat he wants and has had his own tron and just as much copper filings way right along, only he thought it as there is iron. Melt all together and was easier to let you think you were the result will be a fine material for She turned back toward the house.

"And has every one about here

known it?" she asked faintly. death by poison, usually arsenic. The "Yes; they have thought it a good reason for this does not appear until joke on you, and they liked your father too well to give him away." She looked so utterly miserable that

he almost but not quite relented. "No, don't go in the house yet," he allow him to have one or more of the said. "There goes Rose down the trees cut down without the consent of

"I don't need to," replied Jane quiet views on the subject of shade, the ly. "I suppose she stops and remakes | trees remain as a bone of contention.

"Yes, she hides her apron under a to administer a dose of poison, for her toilet too." stone, perks up her front hair and jerks when a tree is dead the tenant may up the braid to meet it and pulls down | have it removed. Five cents' worth of her shirt waist."

She sat down on the steps.

"Then all these years," she said bit-It never fails. terly, "I've been a failure and a joke." "No, Jane. You have simply made the mistake a great many competent women make-of wanting to boss."

saunter. The slow and languid drag-She was silent. Joel thought he saw an effort to hide a tear and felt ging one foot after the other, which some people call walking, would tire encouraged. He sat down beside her and put his arm about her. "A month from last Wednesday,

Jane."

"Oh, you'd better take Lucy Wicks. the exercise it is necessary to walk pression dimly reflected in her father's with a light, elastic step, which swings She'd never try to boss you. You need a woman with no will of her own." one leg to the other that its weight is "No, Jane," he said gently, turning her face toward him, "I need you."

A Fatal Oversight. An American was showing an Eng-

lish friend about the capital. "Our government is very economical," said the American. "When we've an extra thick fog, they suck it into

a big cistern and convert it into paint for the warships and buildings." "Really!" said the Britisher. "Talking about fogs reminds me that my brother invented a machine for compressing London fog into bricks, and one thick November day he turned out friend that all of those troubles were

enough material to build a country over and that his eyeglasses and sus-"Yes, he did. He moved into this him. "How did you manage it?" inhouse. new home the next April and was a quired his friend. "Oh, I had a pair of happy man for two weeks, until one eyeglasses sewed to every one of my morning he found himself, also his vests and a pair of suspenders to every family, lying out on the cold, damp pair of trousers." ground, in company with some bits of furniture and miscellaneous joinery. The house had gone, but it was the thickest morning ever seen in those parts. Of course you can guess what

bricks had somehow gone back into their original element." "Well," drawled the Yankee, "I reckon yer rel'tive ought to have glazed

had happened. In the night those fog

them bricks."-Tit-Bits. Sharp Point of Letters. letters I wish they would cover up the fore you are married. Otherwise you that came to his bronzed face. going to have your own way or not!

points so they wouldn't push through," can't be quite sure whether you are said a mail clerk whose hands were disfigured by tiny scratches. "I'll bet I get a hundred digs a day from pins that systematic folks use to hold their correspondence together. I never could make out anyway why so many letters need to be finished off with a pin.

"Of course I understand that about half of those written by women have a postscript in the shape of samples of dress goods or newspaper clippings, which perhaps require a pin or two to hold them in place, but even that habit cannot account for the large number of letters that come through the postoffice

with a pin sticking out of one corner. "I have come to the conclusion that many writers so mail their manuscript with malicious intent. It may not be us fellows in the postal service against whom they hold a grudge, but we are the ones that usually get the of those pins."-New York

Armour's Revenge. One of Phil Armour's \$25,000 men After Seven went into business on his own account Years & ful opposition house. The man had By Belle Maniates shows that he had not Armour's conception of things nor his loftiness of character. And it shows, too, that de-Copyright, 1904, by Belle Maniates spite his long and intimate association with his old employer the seceder had In the palm room of the Waldorf not thoroughly appreciated the quiet at a table partially obscured by a pot power of the originator. X, for we will call him so, rose to prosperous of palms sat John Browning. He was

heights and then was seized with the

than his old chief, against whom he

began operations in the chosen way

of corners and similar financial exer-

cises known to the street. He said one

day, "I used to work for Phil Armour,

goes, but Armour proceeded at

and friendly loan of \$500,000 in cash.

Alchemist's Alloys.

alloys were known to them which are

Poisoning Trees.

A gardener discovered the fact that

arsenic is sufficient to kill a large tree.

How to Walk.

many delicate persons think they can-

the weight of the body so easily from

not felt and which produces a healthy

glow, showing that the sluggish blood

is stirred to action in the most remote

Lamar's Scheme.

The late Senator Lamar of Missis-

sippi was habitually forgetful of every-

He Was Willing.

"I don't want to speak to you again

about your reckless expenditure of

"All right, dad," replied the incor-

to you to hand out the coin and say

The Trial Heat.

Ethel (engaged a week)-George and

Be Your Own Architect.

The Struggle Ended.

Turned Down.

you look like a young lady I know."

don't know."-Exchange.

"Poor old Versely died last night."

he sets for himself.

"Indeed?

out a struggle."

money," said the stern parent.

nothing."

hammers.

desire to be thought a greater man

a man well past his first youth, form erect and face bronzed by the sun that burned upon tropical battlefields. From his rather remote corner he scanned with interest every one who entered.

"After seven years," he thought, shouldn't expect to meet any acquaintthe old man squeezed, as the word ances, but-ah, what luck!"

A party of four were seating themselves at a table near-a man and woman of middle age, a beautiful young complacent gentleman that he was sadwoman with eyes that matched the violets she carried and a lemon faced rushing fall in prices, and the once youth, receding of chin and swinish of With the news he also received from

Browning was about to start forward when a voice at the nearest table spoke in subdued, but carrying tones: "Lyle Vaughn's fiance! The engagement is conceded, though not an-The alchemists of the middle ages were incessantly occupied with the en-

nounced.' John Browning resumed his seat. "It would have been far better," thought, "if I had not called a halt on her affection for the trapper. Anything but this specimen! He is a link below the missing one!" One of the voices at the next table

again had a hearing: "I admit he is not a howling success as to looks, but he has millions and

antecedents." John Browning scowled and con-

tinued his cogitations. "Seven years since Lyle had her first with a quarter of its weight of red little ripple of romance which I ended. orpiment. Press the mixture in a linen I'll again be a disturber of dreamscloth, inclose in a smelting pot and or nightmares. I have a spur to her leave it for a whole night in a heated memory in my pocket now. Odd it should have reached me today." He drew from his pocket a news-

paper clipping which he gave to a waiter with instructions as to delivery. The violet eyed woman looked up in

amazement at the waiter and then her gaze again fell on the paper. It was trees are often sent to an untimely a four line local giving the number of licenses issued to date to deer hunters in northern Michigan. When she had read it she looked one hears the man's explanation. Suppose a man has rented a house which around. Then she rose, and he hur-

has too much shade, the law will not ried to her with outstretched hand. "Lyle! Little Lyle Vaughn!" he said in a soft, caressing voice that his command would have failed to recognize. "John Browning! Now do I believe

in the resurrection!" Her father and mother claimed his It is then that the gardener is called attention, and after his presentation to Herbert Stuyvesant he seated himself

beside Lyle. The waiter again approached and handed Stuyvesant a telegram.

A hole is made in the trunk, arsenic "My mother has another of her atdropped in, and nature does the rest. tacks," explained Stuyvesant to Mrs. Vaughn, and, with a lingering glance at Lyle's impassive features, he took a There is no virtue in a dawdling

reluctant departure. Mrs. Vaughn at once gave Browning an elaborate and profuse description of Stuyvesant's fortune and prospects.

"The lady doth protest too much," an athlete; it utterly exhausts a weak thought John Browning, noting with person, and that is the reason why amusement and satisfaction the infinite boredom in Lyle's face, an exnot walk. To derive any benefit from

"You must go home with us, John," insisted Mr. Vaughn as they were leaving. "I don't care how late it is. I want to hear about those seven years and the wars."

"So do I," chimed in Lyle. When they reached the house Mrs. Vaughn pleaded a headache. The others sat by the open fire in the library. Soon the soft, blue veil of good cigars thing and everybody except his friends. invoked a wondrous tale of adventure from John Browning. Back in the shadows Lyle listened and followed

For years he suffered untold afflictions because of constantly mislaying his over battlefields and African farms. eyeglasses and suspenders. While an "I feel like Desdemena tonight," associate justice of the supreme court laughed Lyle, following him into the he one day beamingly confided to a hall. "You've been very good to papa tonight, but I want a visit with you. Come down tomorrow morning at 11. penders never more would trouble Mamma will be shopping then." "And Mr. Herbert Stuyvesant won't

be here?" he asked. "No. Why should he?" She was a little discomfited by his steady gaze.

"I overheard some people in the palm room say he was your fiance." "He isn't," she denied; "not-yet! believe he'd like to be, and mamma lies

awake nights fearing he won't be. rigible youth. "Hereafter it will be up Papa is trying to be reconciled." "And I was fast falling in papa's

state-until-tonight when"-"When"-"I read that clipping."

She was not looking at him as she I have never had a quarrel. Maud-Oh, I think you ought to have one be- spoke and so did not see the dark flush "Tomorrow at 11." he said tersely. "Who sent you the clipping?"

"Plympton. He still hunts in Michigan every November." "How it carried me back!" she sigh-

Do not govern your life, which is ed. "Those lovely days in the open!" entirely individual to yourself, by an-It was very late when John Brownother's outlook. Perhaps he could not ing reached his hotel, but he did not accomplish what you have in mind. go to bed until he had lighted a cigar Neither could you accomplish the task and lived over again the deer hunting season of seven years ago which a party of eastern people, including Vaughn, Lyle and himself, had spent

in northern Michigan. Those were halcyon days when "Yes; he turned over and died withand Lyle had tramped over fields lightly brushed with snow, through thick-"Well, he died easier than he lived, ets and in the brown forest in pursuit of deer. At night they would return tired, happy and hungry to the big cabin, ready to start out again in the "Pardon me," said the masher, "but morning. Lyle had ever been a gay little comrade with him, but up there "Pardon me," interrupted Miss in the great northland of ice and snow Bright, "but you look like a man I as began to hope that he might not be

too old, after all, to ask her to be still more than her "father's friend."

At the end of two weeks, however he acknowledged to himself his mistake. The party had secured a new guide, a handsome young Canadian Frenchman with soft voice and lustrous eyes. He knew every inch of ground and every trick of deer hunt-

Lyle, romantic, willful and headstrong, took snapshots of him in every conceivable pose. She demanded his services on all occasions and chatted with him in French, a language not understood by John Browning, who was deeply concerned at the

young gul's fancy. He reasoned with her father one night that the weather was getting altogether too severe for Lyle up there and it would be prudent for her to return with the Crosbys the next day. Vaughn acquiesced. He usually and acquiesce in any suggestion from

Browning. When her father announced to Lyle the next morning that she was to go home that day, to Browning's surprise, she did not raise any objections. He thought, though, that she seemed very serious when he bade her adieu.

The life and light went out of the party for him after her departure, and he was glad when the season ended. En route for lower Michigan, he received a dispatch calling him farther west on business, which detained him until April. He arrived in New York to learn that Lyle was in college. In the latter part of the month war with Spain was declared, and as an officer in the national guard he was mustered into the United States service and went to Cuba. Peace declared, he again returned to New York. This time Lyle and her parents were abroad. He followed, just missing them at every place in their erratic tour.

Then had come the war in Africa, and the "siren song of the bullet" lured him to the cause of the Boers. Now he was again in New York and was to see in the morning his little friend of the long ago who had grown into a charming woman.

She teased him when he came into the library the next morning: "Still jealous of Plympton, John? You were such a stupid! Those cabin partitions were regular sounding boards. I heard your counsel to papa about my return. Of course the 'severe weather' was not the reason you ordered 'removal from station.' You really thought I was in love with that handsome half breed!"

"And weren't you?"

"John!" "But you talked of him, to him and with him incessantly. You must have had 127 photographs of him."

"That was partly because it plagued "Partly! What was the other rea-

"Maybe I'll tell you some time." "When?"

"After another lapse of seven years." "Still," he persisted, "you looked sad when you left for home."

"That was for the same reason." "As what?" "As the one I am to give you seven

years hence." "I am not going to wait seven years to tell you what I have known since you were a little schoolgirl, and you, with your powers of divining, Lyle, you surely must know that too!" "No," she half whispered, "I don't

"You don't know, Lyle, that I have always loved you! I should never have had the hope and courage to tell you," he said presently, "if I had not seen you with the inane Herbert last

She laughed a soft, happy little laugh. "I believe I won't wait seven years to tell you."

"No; tell me now." "I have loved you ever since you gave me my first doll."

The mother was in a perfect rapture. It was an ugly baby, but she did not

It was their first baby.

Happy young mother! All of them are like her. But the father had dark misgivings.

Where They Missed It.

His salary was only \$12.50 a week, and babies are expensive luxuries. Her father was rich, but he had frowned upon their union and had heterodox and heretical notions as to supporting a son-in-law besides.

Cruel old man! One day when the baby was about a month old the father came home from his office in the city and found his wife radiant. She was not happy when the baby

was out of her sight. "What is it, Jennie?" asked her husband, for he was yet uncertain as to

the blessings conferred by the baby. He was also sleepy. "Oh, Charlie," she chirruped, "I heard from papa today!"

Charlie looked gloomier than ever. "Don't say anything, dear," she pleaded, for she knew her husband's opinion of her father. "He has heard of our baby, and, though he has not yet. determined to forgive us, he has sent us a check for \$250 for dear baby's

At first the young husband's face lit up with pleasure, then it shadowed

"Are you glad, Charlie?" she asked with a quivering lip. Then he smiled joyfully. "Yes, darling," he whispered, "but what a pity it wasn't twins!"-Illus-

It Sometimes Is.

trated Bits.

"How's the earth divided?" asked pompous examiner who had already worn out the patience of the class. "By earthquakes," replied one

After which the examiner found

he had had enough of that class.

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