

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

Agencies 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

Bread



The good wife of the house always likes to have good Bread, and the best Bread is to be had at Stinson's. The whitest, sweetest and most healthful made. No husband will ever find fault with Stinson's Bread. We turn out a first-class article whether it's Bread Pies or Cakes and give special attention to our customers.

A FIRST-CLASS LINE of Bakery Goods always on hand.

G. H. Stinson MODEL BAKERY.

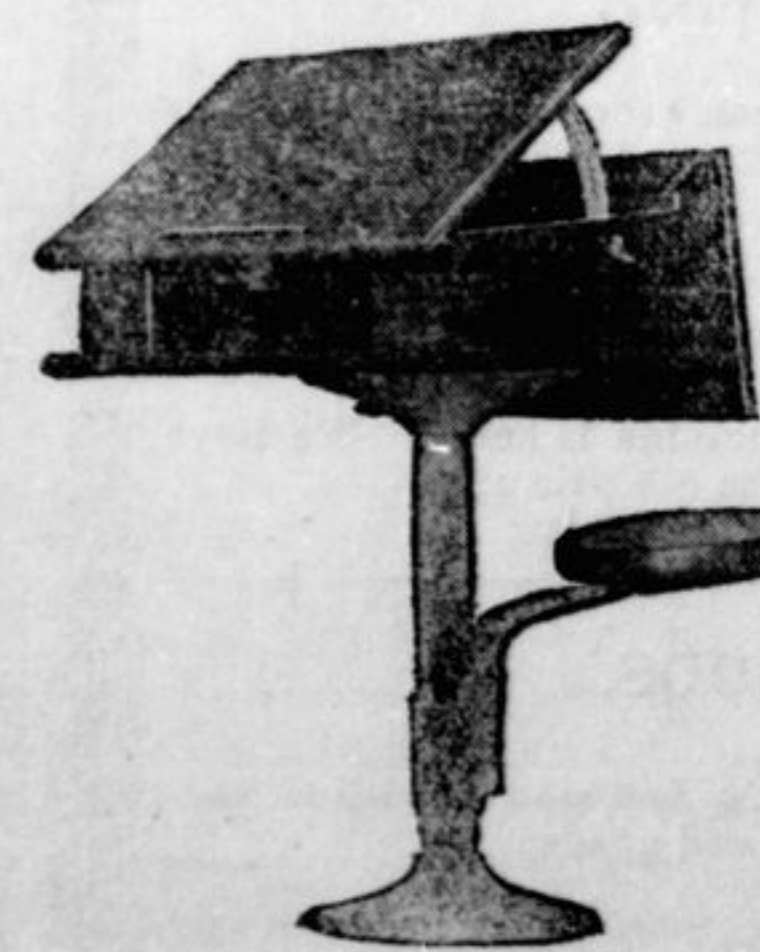
W. D. CONNOR Manufacturer of And Dealer in —

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 C. SMITH & SONS

The Wings of the Morning

By LOUIS TRACY
Copyright, 1903, by Edward J. Clode

She covertly watched his preparations. He tore a dry leaf from a notebook and broke the bullet out of a cartridge, damping the powder with water from a pitcher plant. Smearing the composition on the paper, he placed it in the sun, where it dried at once. He gathered a small bundle of withered spines from the palms and arranged the driftwood on top, choosing a place for his bonfire just within the shade. Then inserting the touch paper among the spines he uncrowded one of the lenses of the binoculars, converted it into a burning glass and had a fine blaze roaring merrily in a few minutes. With the aid of pointed sticks he grilled some slices of ham, cut with his clasp knife, which he first carefully cleaned in the earth. The biscuits were of the variety that become soft when toasted, and so he balanced a few by stones near the fire.

Iris forgot her annoyance in her interest. A most appetizing smell filled the air. They were having a picnic amidst delightful surroundings. Yesterday at this time—She almost yielded to a rush of sentiment, but forced it back with instant determination. Tears were a poor resource, unmindful of God's goodness to herself and her companion. Without the sailor, what would have become of her, even were she thrown ashore while still living? She knew none of the expedients which seemed to be at his command.

"Can I do nothing to help?" she exclaimed. So contrite was her tone that Jenks was astonished.

"Yes," he said, pointing to the dish cover. "If you polish the top of that with your sleeve it will serve as a plate. Luncheon is ready."

He neatly dished up two slices of ham on a couple of biscuits and handed them to her with the clasp knife.

"I can depend on my fingers," he explained. "It will not be the first time."

"Have you led an adventurous life?" she asked, by way of polite conversation.

"No," he growled. "I only thought so because you appear to know all sorts of dodges for prolonging existence—things I never heard of."

"Broiled ham—and biscuits—for instance?"

At another time Iris would have snapped at him for the retort. Still humbly regretful for her previous attitude, she answered meekly:

"Yes, in this manner of cooking them, I mean. But there are other items—methods of lighting fires, finding water, knowing what fruits and other articles may be found on a desert island, such as plantains and coconuts and certain sorts of birds."

When the meal was ended Jenks sprang lightly to his feet. Rest and food had restored his faculties. The girl thought dragoon, as he stood there in his rough attire, that she had never seen a finer man. He was tall, sinewy and well formed. In repose his face was pleasant, if masterful. Its somewhat sullen, self contained expression was occasional and acquired. She wondered how he could be so energetic. Personally she was consumed with sleepiness.

He produced a revolver. "Do you mind if I fire a shot to test these cartridges?" he inquired. "The powder is all right, but the fulminate in the caps may be damaged."

She agreed promptly. He pointed the weapon at a cluster of coconuts, and there was a loud report. Two nuts fell to the ground, and the air was filled with shrill screams and the flapping of innumerable wings. Iris was momentarily dismayed, but her senses confirmed the sailor's explanation—"Sea birds."

"Can you use a revolver?" he asked. "My father taught me. He thinks every woman should know how to defend herself if need be."

"Excellent. Well, Miss Deane, you must try to sleep for a couple of hours. I purpose examining the coast for some distance on each side. Should you want me, a shot will be the best sort of signal."

"I am very tired," she admitted. "But you?"

land did not extend beyond them. Behind him it rose steeply to a considerable height, 150 or 200 feet. In the center was the tallest hill, which seemed to end abruptly toward the southwest. On the northeast side it was connected with a rocky promontory by a ridge of easy grade. The sailor turned to the southwest as offering the most likely direction for rapid survey.

He was not surprised to find that the hill terminated in a sheer wall of rock, which stood out, ominous and massive, from the wealth of verdure clothing the remainder of the ridge. Facing the precipice and separated from it by a strip of ground not twenty feet above the sea level in the highest part was another rock built eminence quite bare of trees, blackened by the weather and scarred in a manner that attested the attacks of lightning.

The intervening belt was sparsely dotted with trees, casuarinas, poun and other woods he did not know, resembling ebony and cedar. A number of stumps showed that the ax had been at work, but not recently. He passed into the cleft and climbed a tree that offered easy access. As he expected, after rising a few feet from the ground his eyes encountered the solemn blue line of the sea, not half a mile distant.

He descended and commenced a systematic search. Men had been here. Was there a house? Would he suddenly encounter some hermit Malay or Chinaman?

At the foot of the main cliff was a cluster of fruit bearing trees—plantains, area nuts and cocoa palms. A couple of cinchonas caught his eye. In one spot the undergrowth was rank and vividly green. The cassava, or tapioca plant, reared its high passion flower leaves above the grass, and some sago palms thrust aloft their thick stemmed trunks.

"Here is a change of menu, at any rate," he commended.

Breaking a thick branch off a poun tree, he whittled away the minor stems. A strong stick was needful to explore that leafy fastness thoroughly.

A few cautious strides and vigorous whacks with the stick laid bare the cause of such prodigality in a soil covered with drifted sand and lumps of black and white speckled coral. The trees and bushes inclosed a well-secured, in fact, from being choked with sand during the first gale that blew.

Delighted with this discovery, more precious than diamonds at the moment—for he doubted the advisability of existing on the water supply of the pitcher plant—he knelt to peer into the excavation. The well had been properly made. Ten feet down he could see the reflection of his face. Expert hands had tapped the secret reservoir of the island. By stretching to the full extent of his arm he managed to plunge the stick into the water. Tasting the drops, he found that they were quite sweet. The sand and porous rock provided the best of filter beds.

He rose, well pleased, and noted that on the opposite side the appearance of the shrubs and tufts of long grass indicated the existence of a grown over path toward the cliff. He followed it, walking carelessly, with eyes seeking the prospect beyond, when something rattled and cracked beneath his feet. Looking down, he was horrified to find he was trampling on a skeleton.

Had a venomous snake coiled its glistening folds around his leg he would not have been more startled. But this man of iron nerve soon recovered. He frowned deeply after the first involuntary heart throb.

With the stick he cleared away the undergrowth and revealed the skeleton of a man. The bones were big and strong, but oxidized by the action of the air. Jenks had injured the left tibia by his tread, but three fractured ribs and a smashed shoulder blade told some terrible unwritten story.

Beneath the mournful relics were fragments of decayed cloth. It was blue serge. Lying about were a few blackened objects, brass buttons marked with an anchor. The dead man's boots were in the best state of preservation, but the leather had shrunk, and the nails protruded like fangs.

A rusted pocketknife lay there, and on the left breast of the skeleton rested a round piece of tin, the top of a canister, which might have reposed in a coat pocket. Jenks picked it up. Some curious marks and figures were punched into its surface. After a hasty glance he put it aside for more leisurely examination.

No weapon was visible. He could form no estimate as to the cause of the death of this poor unknown nor the time since the tragedy had occurred.

Jenks must have stood many minutes before he perceived that the skeleton was headless. At first he imagined that in rummaging about with the stick he had disturbed the skull. But the most minute search demonstrated that it had gone—had been taken away, in fact—for the plants which so effectually screened the lighter bones would not permit the skull to vanish.

Then the frown on the sailor's face became threatening, thunderous. He recollected the rusty creese. Indistinct memories of strange tales of the China sea crowded unbidden to his brain

"Dyaks!" he growled fiercely. "A ship's officer, an Englishman probably, murdered by head hunting Dyak pirates!"

If they came once they would come again. Five hundred yards away Iris Deane was sleeping. He ought not to have left her alone. And then, with the devilish ingenuity of coincidence, a revolver shot awoke the echoes and sent all manner of wild fowl hurrying through the trees with clamorous outcry.

Panting and wild eyed, Jenks was at the girl's side in an inconceivably short space of time. She was not beneath the shelter of the grove, but on the sands, gazing, pallid in cheek and lip, at the group of rocks on the edge of the lagoon.

"What is the matter?" he gasped. "Oh, I don't know!" she wailed brokenly. "I had a dream, such a horrible dream. You were struggling with some awful thing down there." She pointed to the rocks.

"I was not near the place," he said laboriously. It cost him an effort to breathe. His broad chest expanded inches with each respiration.

"Yes, yes, I understand. But I awoke and ran to save you. When I got here I saw something, a thing with waving arms, and fired. It vanished, and then you came."

The sailor walked slowly to the rocks. A fresh chip out of the stone showed where the bullet struck. One huge boulder was wet, as if water had been splashed over it. He halted and looked intently into the water. Not a fish was to be seen, but small spirals of sand were eddying up from the bottom, where it shelved steeply from the shore.

Iris followed him. "See!" she cried excitedly. "I was not mistaken. There was something here."

A creepy sensation ran up the man's spine and passed behind his ears. At this spot the drowned Lascars were lying. Like an inspiration came the knowledge that the cuttlefish, the dreaded octopus, abounds in the China sea.

His face was livid when he turned to Iris. "You are overwrought by fatigue," he said.



Revealed the skeleton of a man. "What you saw was probably a seal." He knew the ludicrous substitution would not be questioned. "Please go and lie down again."

"I cannot," she protested. "I am too frightened."

"Frightened! By a dream! In broad daylight!"

"But why are you so pale? What has alarmed you?"

"Can you ask? Did you not give the agreed signal?"

"Yes, but—"

Her inquiring glance fell. He was breathless from agitation rather than from fear. He was perturbed on her account. For an instant she had looked into his soul.

"I will go back," she said quietly, "though I would rather accompany you. What are you doing?"

"Seeking a place to lay our heads," he answered, with gruff carelessness. "You really must rest, Miss Deane. Otherwise you will be broken up by fatigue and become ill."

So Iris again sought her couch of sand, and the sailor returned to the skeleton. They separated unwillingly, each thinking only of the other's safety and comfort.

CHAPTER IV.

CROSS the parched bones lay the stick discarded by Jenks in his alarm. He picked it up and resumed his progress along the pathway. So closely did he now examine the ground that he hardly noted his direction. The track led straight toward the wall of rock. The distance was not great—about forty yards. At first the brushwood impeded him, but soon even this hindrance disappeared, and a well defined passage meandered through a belt of trees, some strong and lofty, others quite immature.

More bushes gathered at the foot of the cliff. Behind them he could see the mouth of a cave. The six months' old growth of vegetation about the entrance gave clear indication as to the time which had elapsed since a human foot last disturbed the solitude.

A few vigorous blows with the stick cleared away obstructing plants and leafy branches. The sailor stooped and looked into the cavern, for the opening was barely five feet high. He perceived instantly that the excavation was man's handiwork applied to a fault in the hard rock. A sort of natural shaft existed, and this had been extended by manual labor. Beyond the entrance the cave became more lofty. Owing to its position with reference to the sun at that hour Jenks imagined that sufficient light would be obtainable when the tropical luxuriance of foliage outside was dispensed with.

At present the interior was dark. With the stick he tapped the walls and roof. A startled cluck and the rustle of wings heralded the flight of two birds alarmed by the noise. Soon his eyes, more accustomed to the gloom, made out that the place was about thirty feet deep, ten feet wide in the center and seven or eight feet high.

At the farther end was a collection of objects inviting prompt attention. Each moment he could see with greater distinctness. Kneeling on one side of the little pile, he discerned that on a large stone serving as a rude bench were some tin utensils, some knives, a sextant and a quantity of empty cartridge cases. Between the stone and what a miner terms the "face" of the rock was a four foot space. Here, half imbedded in the sand which covered the floor, were two pickaxes, a shovel, a sledge hammer, a fine timber felling ax and three crowbars.

In the darkest corner of the cave's extremity the "wall" appeared to be very smooth. He prodded with the stick, and there was a sharp clang of tin. He discovered six square kerosene oil cases carefully stacked up. Three were empty, one seemed to be half full, and the contents of two were untouched. With almost feverish haste he ascertained that the half filled tin did really contain oil.

"What a find!" he ejaculated aloud. So far as he could judge, the cave harbored no further surprises. Returning toward the exit, his boots dislodged more empty cartridges from the sand. They were shells adapted to a revolver of heavy caliber. At a short distance from the doorway they were present in dozens.

"The remnants of a fight," he thought. "The man was attacked and defended himself here. Not expecting the arrival of enemies, he provided no store of food or water. He was killed while trying to reach the well, probably at night."

He vividly pictured the scene—a grave, hardy European keeping at bay a boat load of Dyak savages, enduring manfully the agonies of hunger, thirst, perhaps wounds; then the siege, followed by a wild effort to gain the life giving well, the hiss of a Malay parang wielded by a lurking foe and the last despairing struggle before death came.

He might be mistaken. Perchance there was a less dramatic explanation. But he could not shake off his first impressions.

"What was the poor devil doing here?" he asked. "Why did he bury himself in this rock, with mining utensils and a few rough stores? He could not be a castaway. There is the indication of purpose, of preparation, of method combined with ignorance, for none who knew the ways of Dyaks and Chinese pirates would venture to live here alone if he could help it, and if he really were alone."

There was relief in hearing his own voice. He could hum and think and act. Arming himself with the ax, he attacked the bushes and branches of trees in front of the cave. He cut a fresh approach to the well and threw the litter over the skeleton. At first he was inclined to bury it where it lay, but he disliked the idea of Iris walking unconsciously over the place. No time could be wasted that day. He would seize an early opportunity to act as gravedigger.

After an absence of little more than an hour he rejoined the girl. She saw him from afar and wondered whence he obtained the ax he shouldered.

"You are a successful explorer," she cried when he drew near.

"Yes, Miss Deane. I have found water, implements, a shelter, even light."

"What sort of light?"

"Oil."

"And the shelter—is it a house?"

"No, a cave. If you are sufficiently rested you might come and take possession."

DR. HARTE'S CELERY-IRON PILLS.

The Remedy we Positively Guarantee will Cure You or Your Money Refunded.

There has never been a remedy offered to the public with such an honest guarantee of cure behind it as Dr. Harte's Celery-Iron Pills. This remedy is the best treatment in the world for such troubles as Anaemia, Chlorosis or Green Sickness, Pale and Sallow Complexion, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Brain Fog, Impaired Memory, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Nerve Exhaustion, Nervous Headaches, Hysteria, St. Vitus Dance, Female Weakness, Pimples and Eruptions, Heart Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Dizziness and Faintness, General Weakness and Debility.

It is a great boon to weak, worn-out run-down men and women, giving them that vigorous health that makes life worth living.

There is nothing better for pale, listless, hollow-eyed girls to make them rosy-cheeked and full of bounding health. If you are anxious to try Dr. Harte's Celery-Iron Pills, we will sell you 6 boxes for \$2.50 with the understanding and with the guarantee that if you feel you are not deriving benefit from the use of the Pills, after taking three boxes according to directions, you may return the 3 empty boxes, together with the 3 unopened ones, and have your money refunded.

By the single box the Pills are 50c.

JNO. A. DARLING CHEMIST — AND — DRUGGIST DURHAM, ONT.

Her eyes danced with excitement. He told her what he had seen, with reservations, and she ran on before him to witness these marvels.

"Why did you make a new path to the well?" she inquired after a rapid survey.

"A new path!" The pertinent question staggered him.

"Yes, the people who lived here must have had some sort of free passage."

He lied easily. "I have only cleared away recent growth," he said.

"And why did they dig a cave? It surely would be much more simple to build a house from all these trees."

"There you puzzle me," he said frankly.

They had entered the cavern but a little way and now came out.

"These empty cartridges are funny. They suggest a fort, a battle." Womanlike, her words were carelessly chosen, but they were crammed with inductive force.

Embarked on the toboggan slope of untruth, the sailor slid smoothly downward.

"Events have colored your imagination, Miss Deane. Even in England men often preserve such things for future use. They can be reloading."

"Yes, I have seen keepers do that. This is different. There is an air of—"

"There is a lot to be done," broke in Jenks emphatically. "We must climb the hill and get back here in time to light another fire before the sun goes down. I want to prop a canvas sheet in front of the cave and try to devise a lamp."

"Must I sleep inside?" demanded Iris. "Yes. Where else?"

There was a pause, a mere whiff of awkwardness.

"I will mount guard outside," went on Jenks. He was trying to improve the edge of the ax by grinding it on a soft stone.

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
DURHAM, ONT.

Subscription The Chronicle will be sent to any address, free of postage, for one year, payable in advance. The date to which the subscription is paid is denoted by the number in the right hand corner of the paper.

Advertising Rates For transient advertisements, one line for the first insertion, and each subsequent insertion, 25c per line. Professional cards, not exceeding 50 words, 50c per annum. Advertisements with illustrations will be published at 10c per line for the first insertion, and 5c for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements ordered by telegram or telephone, must be accompanied by cash or a check for the amount of the advertisement, to ensure insertion.

THE JOB : : DEPARTMENT All NEW TYPE setting facilities for turning out work.

W. IRWIN EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

Medical Directory Drs. Jamieson & Macdonald OFFICE AND RESIDENCE short distance east of Knapp Lambton Street, Lower Town, Office hours from 12 to 2 o'clock.

J. G. Hutton, M. D., OFFICE AND RESIDENCE Garafraux and George Street, Office hours—9-11 a. m., 7-9 p. m. Telephone No. 1.

Arthur Gun, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON Office in the New Hunter Block, hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. Special attention given to cases of women and children. Residence, 1000-1002, opposite Presbyterian Church.

Dental Directory Dr. T. G. Holt, L. D. OFFICE—FIRST DOOR EAST of the Durham Pharmacy, Block, Residence—Lambton Street, near the Station.

W. C. Pickering, D.D.S. HONOR GRADUATE OF the University; Graduate College of Dental Surgeons; Rooms—Caldwell Block, over Post Office.

Legal Directory J. P. Telford. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR Office over Gordon's new Store, Lower Town, Durham. A sum of money to loan at 5 per cent property.

G. Lefroy McCauley BARRISTER, SOLICITOR Office—In the McIntyre Block, Lower Town, Collection and Agency attended to. Searches made at any Office.

MacKay & Dunlop BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, Etc. Office—In the McIntyre Block, Standard Bank.

A. G. Mackay, K. C. NOTARY PUBLIC, COMMISSIONER, Conveyancer, Etc. Office—In the McIntyre Block, Standard Bank.

A. H. Jackson. NOTARY PUBLIC, COMMISSIONER, Conveyancer, Etc. Office—In the McIntyre Block, Standard Bank.

Miscellaneous HUGH MACKAY, Land Valuator and Licensor for the County of Grey, attended to and notes cashed.

ROBERT BRIGHAM, Auctioneer for the County of Durham, residence or write to Allan Orders may be left at the Chronicle.

JAMES CARSON, DURHAM, Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey, Land Valuator, Bailiff Division, Court Sales and all promptly attended to. Highest prices furnished if required.

JOHN CLARK, LICENSOR for the County of Durham, promptly attended to. Orders at his Implement Warehouses, old stand, or at the Chronicle, Nov. 9, '03.

D. McPHAIL, LICENSOR for the County of Durham, Terms moderate and satisfactory. The arrangements for sales can be made at the Chronicle, Residence and P. O., phone connection.

Dec. 8, '04—174d.