

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

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

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.

Machine Oil, Harness Oil, Axle Grease and Hoof Ointment, go to
S. P. SAUNDERS
 The Harnessmaker.

BUY YOUR BREAD FROM
STINSON
 THE LOWER TOWN BAKER

IS IT THE BEST?

Weed, clover and oat class article in anything you may wish for in the line of bakery goods such as
 Plain Bread,
 Home-Made Bread,
 Graham and Brown Bread,
 Buns and Biscuits,
 Cakes & Pastry,
 Christmas & Wedding Cakes

Leave your order now for a Christmas cake
 Custom bading and decorating done.

G. H. STINSON
 MODEL BAKERY LOWER TOWN.

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.
 REPAIRS every afternoon.
 ALL REPAIRING promptly and properly attended to.

W. D. CONNOR

DURHAM FOUNDRY

'EUREKA' SCHOOL DESK.

MANUFACTURED BY
C. SMITH & SONS

SIR HENRY MORGAN, BUCCANEER

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY,
 Author of "The Southerners," "For Love of Country," "The Grip of Honor," Etc.
 COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY G. W. DILLINGHAM COMPANY

"Sirs, there came to me a young brother of mine, not such as I, a rude, unlettered sailor, but a gentleman, and college bred. There are quarrels on my family scutcheon, sirs, back in merry England, had I the wit or care to trace it. He was a reckless youth, chafing under the restraints of that hard religion to which we had been born. The free life of a brother of the coast attracted him. He became, like me, a buccaneer. I strove to dissuade him, but without avail. He was the bravest, the handsomest, the most gallant of us all. He came into my old heart like a son. We are not all brute, gentlemen. I have waded in blood and plunder like the rest, but in every heart there is some spot that beats for things better. I divided my love between him and my captain. This man—he pointed to his old master with his blunted finger, drawing himself up until he looked taller than he was, his one eye flashing with anger and hatred as with a stern, rude eloquence he recited his wrongs, the grim indictment of a false friend—"this man betrayed us at Panama. With what he had robbed his comrades of he bought immunity, even knighthood, from the king of England. He was made vice governor of Jamaica, and his hand fell heavily upon those who had blindly followed him in the old days, men who had served him and trusted him, as I—men whose valor and courage had made him what he was." "He took the lad I loved and because his proud spirit would not break to his heavy hand and he answered him like the old, free sailor he was hanged him like a dog, sirs! I—stooped for his life. I, who cared not for myself, offered to stand in his place upon the gallows platform, though I have no more taste for the rope than any of you, if only he might go free. He laughed at me! He mocked me! I urged my ancient service. He drove me from him with curses and threats like a whipped dog. I could have struck him down then but that I wanted to save him for a revenge that might measure my hate, slow and long and terrible—not mere sudden death; that would not suffice—something more. "Treacher? My lord, his was the first. I played his own game and have overcome it with the same. Dye blame me now? Take your treasure! I want none of it. I want only him and my revenge! Liberty's dear to all of us. I'll give mine up. You may take my life with the rest, but first give me this man. Let me deal with him. I will revenge you all, and when I have finished with him I will yield myself to you." He was a hideous figure of old hate and rancor, of unslaked passion, of monstrous possibilities of cruel torture. Even Morgan himself, intrepid as he was, shrank from the awful menace of the moriant words. "My lord," shouted the unfortunate captain, "give him no heed. He lies in his throat; he lies a thousand times. 'Twas a mutinous dog, that brother of his, that I hanged. I am your prisoner. You are a soldier. I look for speedy punishment—certain death, it may be—but let it not be from his hand." "Think, seniors," urged the boatswain. "You would hang him, perhaps. It is the worst that you could do. Is that punishment meet for him? He has depopled women, bereft children, tortured men, in the streets of La Guayra. A more fitting punishment should await him. Think of Panama, of Maracaibo, of Porto Bello. Recall what he did there. Is hanging enough? Give him to me. Let me have my way. You have your daughter, safe, unharmed, within the shelter of her lover's arms. The town is yours. You have won the fight. 'Twas I that did it. Without me your wives, your children, your subjects, would have been slaughtered in Caracas, and this dog would have been free to go further afield for prey. He coveted your daughter—would fain make her his slave in some desert island. Give him to me!" "Old man," said the viceroy, "I take back my words. You have excuse for your betrayal, but your request I cannot grant. I have promised him to Alvarado. Nay, urge me no further. My word is passed."

"Thank you, thank you!" cried Morgan, breathing again. "Silence, you dog!" said the viceroy, with a look of contempt on his face. "But take heart, man," he added as he saw the look of rage and disappointment sweep over the face of the old sailor; "he will not escape lightly. Would God he had blood enough in his body to pay drop by drop for all he hath shed. His death shall be slow, lingering, terrible. You have said it, and you shall see it, too, if you will. He shall have time to repent and to think upon the past. You may glut yourself with his suffering and feed fat your revenge. 'Twill be a meet, a fitting punishment so far as our poor minds can compass. We have already planned it. Take him away and hold him safe. Tomorrow he shall be punished. Alvarado, art ready for duty?" "Ready, your excellency," answered the young man, "and for this duty."

"Take him, then. I give him into your hands. You know what is to be done; see you do it well." "Aye, my lord. Into the strong room with him, men!" ordered the young Spaniard, stepping unsteadily forward. As he did so the crucifix he wore, which the disorder in his dress exposed to view, flashed into the light once more. Morgan's eyes fastened upon it for the first time. "By heaven, sir!" he shouted. "Where got ye that cross?" "From his mother, noble captain," interrupted Hornigold, coming closer. He had another card to play. He had waited for this moment, and he threw back his head with a long, bitter laugh. There was such sinister, such vicious mockery and meaning in his voice, with not the faintest note of merriment to relieve it, that his listeners looked aghast upon him. "His mother?" cried Morgan. "Then this is—" "The boy I took into Cuchillo when we were at Panama," said Hornigold in triumph. "And my son!" cried the old buccaneer, with malignant joy. A great cry of reprobation and horror burst from the lips of Alvarado. The others stared with astonishment and incredulity written on their faces. Mercedes moved closer to her lover and strove to take his hand. "My lords and gentlemen, hear me," continued the buccaneer, the words rushing from his lips in his excitement. "Where got ye that cross?"

for in the new relationship he so promptly and boldly affirmed he thought he saw a way of escape from his imminent peril. "There lived in Maracaibo a Spanish woman, Maria Zerega, who loved me. By her there was a child—mine—a boy. I took them with me to Panama. The pestilence raged there after the sack. She fell ill and as she lay dying besought me to save the boy. I sent Hornigold to her with instructions to do her will, and he carried the baby to the village of Cuchillo with that cross upon his breast and left him. We lost sight of him. There the next day you found him. He has English blood in his veins. He is my son, sirs, a noble youth," sneered the old man. "Now you have given me to him. 'Tis not meet that the father should suffer at the hands of the son. You shall set me free," added the man, turning to Alvarado. "Rather than that!" cried Hornigold, viciously springing forward, knife in hand. He was greatly surprised at the bold yet cunning appeal of his former captain. "Back, man!" interposed the viceroy.



Every Two Minutes

Physicians tell us that all the blood in a healthy human body passes through the heart once in every two minutes. If this action becomes irregular the whole body suffers. Poor health follows poor blood; Scott's Emulsion makes the blood pure. One reason why

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is such a great aid is because it passes so quickly into the blood. It is partly digested before it enters the stomach; a double advantage in this. Less work for the stomach; quicker and more direct benefits. To get the greatest amount of good with the least possible effort is the desire of everyone in poor health. Scott's Emulsion does just that. A change for the better takes place even before you expect it.



We will send you a sample free. Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ont. 50 cents and \$1.00. All druggists.

"And were you a thousand times his father, were you my brother, my own father, you should nevertheless die, as it hath been appointed." "Can this be true?" groaned Alvarado, turning savagely to Hornigold. "I believe it to be." "Why not kill me last night, then?" "I wanted you for this minute. 'Tis a small part of my revenge—to see him die and by his son's hand—a worthy father, noble son!" "Silence!" shouted De Lara. "Art thou without bowels of compassion, man? Alvarado, I pity thee, but this makes the promise of the hour void. Nay, my daughter, as Mercedes came forward to treat him, "I'd rather slay thee with my own hand than wed thee to the son of such as you!" "My lord, 'tis just," answered Alvarado. His anguish was pitiful to behold. "I am as innocent of my parentage as any child, yet the suffering must be mine. The sins of the fathers are visited on the children. I did deem it that in my veins runs the blood of such a monster. My lord, you have been good to me. Gentlemen, you have honored me. Mercedes, you have loved me—O God! You, infamous man, you have fathered me! May the curse of God, that God whom you mock, rest upon you! My mother loved this man once, it seems. Well, nobly did she expiate. I go to join her. Pray for me. Stay not my hand. Farewell!" He raised his point, "Let no one stop him!" cried the old viceroy as Alvarado darted the weapon straight at his own heart. "This were the best end."

Mercedes had stood dazed during this conversation, but with a shriek of horror as she saw the flash of the blade she threw herself upon her lover and strove to wrench the dagger from him. "Alvarado," she cried, "whatever thou art, thou hast my heart! Nay, slay me first, if thou wilt!"

CHAPTER XXIII.
 "AYE, strike, Alvarado," cried the viceroy, filled with shame and surprise at the sight of his daughter's extraordinary boldness, "for, though I love her, I'd rather see her dead than married to the son of such as he. Drive home your weapon!" he cried in bitter scorn. "Why stay your hand? Only blood can wash out the shame she hath put upon me

before you all this day. Thou hast a dagger. Use it, I say!" "Do you hear my father's words, Alvarado?" cried Mercedes, sinking on her knees and stretching up her hands to him. "'Tis a sharp weapon. One touch will end it all, and you can follow." "God help me!" cried the unhappy young captain, throwing aside the poniard and clasping his hands to his eyes. "I cannot! Hath no one here a point for me? If I have deserved well of you or the state, sir, bid them strike home." "Live, young sir," interrupted Morgan. "There are other women in the world. Come with me and..." "If you are my father, you have but little time in this world," interrupted the Spaniard, turning to Morgan and gnashing his teeth at him. "I doubt not but you were cruel to my mother. I hate you! I loathe you! I despise you for all your crimes, and most of all for bringing me into the world. I swear to you, had I the power, I'd not add another moment to your life. The world were better rid of you." "You have been well trained by your Spanish nurses," cried Morgan resolutely, although with sneering mockery and hate in his voice, "and well you seem to know the duty owed by son to sire." "You have done nothing for me," returned the young soldier. "You abandoned me. Such as you are, you were my father. You cast me away to shift for myself. Had it not been for these friends here—" "Nay," said Morgan, "I thought you dead. That cursed one eyed traitor there told me so, else I'd have sought you out." "Glad am I that you did not, for I have passed my life where no child of yours could hope to be—among honorable men, winning their respect, which I now forfeit because of thee." "Alvarado," said the viceroy, "this much will I do for thee. He shall be shot like a soldier instead of undergoing the punishment ye had designed for him. This much for his father-hood!" "My lord, I ask it not," answered the young man. "Sir," exclaimed Morgan, a gleam of relief passing across his features, for he knew, of course, that death was his only expectation, and he had greatly feared that his taking off would be accompanied by horrible tortures. "You, at least, are a father, and I thank you." "Yes, I am a father, and a most unhappy one," groaned De Lara, turning toward Alvarado. "Perhaps it is well you did not accomplish your purpose of self destruction after all, my poor friend. As I said before, Spain hath need of you. You may go back to the old country beyond the great sea. All here will keep your secret; my favor will be of service to you even there. You can make a new career with a new name." "And Mercedes?" asked Alvarado. "You have no longer any right to question. Ah, well, it is just that you should hear. The girl goes to a convent. The only cloak for her is in our holy religion, and so ends the great race of De Laras!" "No, no," pleaded Mercedes, "send me not there! Let me go with him!" She stepped nearer to him, beautiful and beseeching. "My father," she urged, "you love me." She threw her arms around his neck and laid her head upon his breast. Upon it her father tenderly pressed his hand. "You loved my mother, did you not?" she continued. "Think of her. Condemn me not to the living death of a convent—away from him. If that man be his father—and I cannot believe it; there is some mistake; 'tis impossible that anything so foul should bring into the world a man so noble—yet I love him! You know him. You have tried him a thousand times. He has no qualities of his base ancestry. His mother at least did like a Spanish gentleman. My lords, gentlemen, some of you have known me from my childhood. You have lived in our house and have fol-

Consumption Cured

Never lose heart if you have consumption. Others who have been left to die by the doctors, have been saved by PSYCHINE, and it will save you, too. Consumption is a powerful disease, but PSYCHINE is a more powerful remedy. It practically puts new life into the system, increases nutrition, purifies blood, tones up the nerves, kills germs and repairs exhausted tissues. Don't waste time and don't lose hope until you have tried

PSYCHINE
 (PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

ALL DRUGGISTS THROUGHOUT CANADA FOR SAMPLE AND TREATISE FREE

Prepared by
W. T. CLANCY, Limited
 101 Groat Street, - TORONTO

You Take No Risk

In Purchasing Dr. Harte's Celery-Iron Pills. We Guarantee Them to Cure or Your Money Cheerfully Returned.

The curative qualities of Dr. Harte's CELERY-IRON PILLS are so absolutely certain in 99 cases out of a hundred that we have no hesitation in giving our written Guarantee that they will positively cure such troubles as Thin and Watery Blood, Pale and Sallow Complexion, Pimples and Eruptions, Nervousness, Brain Fag and Forgetfulness, Poor Appetite, Dyspepsia and Indigestion, Nervous Headaches, Palpitation of the Heart, Dizzy and Faint Spells, Nervous Prostration, Weakness, General Debility, and all diseases and disorders arising from a run-down condition of the nervous system, or weak and impoverished blood. With every 6 boxes of Dr. Harte's CELERY-IRON PILLS you purchase at one time, we give our written Guarantee that if you don't derive benefit from their use, we will give you your money back—Isn't that fair? Unless we were pretty sure Dr. Harte's Pills would do what we claim for them, we wouldn't dare make such an offer. By the single box the Pills are 50c.

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

Not the Oldest—Not the Largest Just the Best.

If you wish to receive the Best Commercial and Shorthand Education, it is necessary that you attend the Best—

The Mount Forest Business College

This College is the Best:—

Because each student is taught separately at his desk.
 Because all difficulties are thoroughly explained as they occur, thus avoiding loss of time to the students and enabling them to accomplish more than is possible in class teaching.
 Because each student receives special attention in his weak subjects and may choose his subjects;
 Because each student does his work independent of all others thereby establishing confidence in himself;
 Because by attending the day and evening classes, students graduate in a short time and at a small cost;
 Because its graduates are enjoying the best positions in almost every Canadian and American city;
 Because this College enjoys the confidence of the Business Public.
 Because it teaches Actual business from start to finish;
 Because its Shorthand students are doing marvellous work, some writing 200 words per minute after attending only two months;
 Because at the head of it is a man whose qualifications as a teacher are unexcelled and whose ambition is to see his students become good citizens, morally, socially and financially.

Open July and August.
W. T. CLANCY, Prin.

"God help me!" cried the captain. "I cannot!"

lowed the fortunes of my father; you have grown gray in our service. Intercede for me?" "Your excellency," said old Don Caesar de Agramonte, a man who, as Mercedes had said, had literally grown gray in the service of the viceroy and who was of birth scarcely inferior to his own, "the words of the Lady Mercedes move me profoundly. By your excellency's favor, I venture to say that the death of Alvarado's mother, we have seen in places that try the souls to the extreme, hath always comforted himself as a Spanish gentleman should. This may be a lie. Will you not reconsider your words? Give the maiden to the man. I am an old soldier, sir, and have done you some service. I would cheerfully stake my life to maintain his honor and his gentleness at the sword's point." "He speaks well, Don Alvaro!" cried Captain Gayoso, another veteran soldier. "I join my plea to that of my comrade, Don Caesar." "Gentlemen, I thank you," said Alvarado gratefully, looking at the little group. "This is one sweet use of my adversity. I knew not I was so befriended." "You hear, you hear, my father, what these noble gentlemen say?" interrupted Mercedes. "But," continued Alvarado sadly, "it is not meet that the blood of the princely De Laras should be mingled with mine. Rather the ancient house should fall with all its honors upon it than be kept alive by degradation. I thank you, but it cannot be." "Your excellency, we humbly press you for an answer," persisted Agramonte. "Gentlemen—and you have indeed proved yourselves generous and gentle soldiers—I appreciate what you say. Your words touch me profoundly. I know how you feel, but Alvarado is right."

PIPING HOT BOVRIL

Try it with a dash of Tomato Catsup

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING AT 7 O'CLOCK

DURHAM, ONT.

SUBSCRIPTION THE CHRONICLE will be sent free of postage in advance. Rates: One year, \$1.00; Six months, 60c; Three months, 35c. Single copies 10c. No paper or notices for arrears will be published unless the subscription is paid in advance. For advertising rates, see advertisement on page 10.

ADVERTISING For transient advertisements, rates are 1c per line each subject to a maximum of 10 lines. For permanent advertising, rates are 1c per line per annum. All advertisements must be paid for in advance. For each subsequent insertion, 50% discount is given. All advertisements must be ordered by 11 o'clock in the morning.

THE JOB : All completely equipped for turning out work.

W. IRWIN
 EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

Medical Director

Drs. Jamieson & Mac
 OFFICE AND RESIDENCE short distance east of King Lambton Street, Lower Town. Office hours from 1 to 4 o'clock.

J. G. Hutton, m. D.
 OFFICE AND RESIDENCE Garafaxa and George foot of hill. Office hours—9-11 a. m., 7-9 p. m. Telephone No. 10.

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

DR. GEO. S. BUR
 Late Assistant Surgeon, London Ophthalmic, and to Golden Sq. Throat and Specialist: Eye, Ear, Throat. EXCLUSIVELY
 Will be at the Middlesex House late of each month, from 12 to 4 p. m.

DR. BROWN
 L. B. C. P., LONDON, Graduate of the College of Surgeons, New York and Chicago. Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
 Will be at Knapp House, Durham, Saturday in each month. Hours—10 to 12.

Dental Directory

Dr. W. C. Pickering
 Dentist. OFFICE: Over J. & J. H.

J. F. GRANT, D. D. S., L.
 HONOR GRADUATE, UNIVERSITY of Toronto. Graduate College Dental Surgeon of Ontario. Dentistry in all its Branches. Office—Caldor Block, over Post Office.

Legal Directory

J. P. Telford.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR Office over Gordon's new Store, Lower Town, Durham. All of money to loan at 5 per cent. property.

G. Lefroy McCaul
 BARRISTER, SOLICITOR McIntyre's Block, Lower Town. Collection and Agency attended to. Searches made at the County Office.

MacKay & Dunn
 BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS veyancers, Etc. Money Loans. Offices—in the McIntyre Block Standard Bank.

A. G. MacKay, K. C.

A. H. Jackson.

NOTARY PUBLIC, COMM er, Conveyancer, etc. Private to loan. Old accounts and debts kindly collected on commission. Bought and sold. Insurance Agency—MacKenzie's Old Stand, Town, Durham, Ont.

Miscellaneous.

HUGH MACKAY, DUL Land Valuator and Licensed Dealer for the County of Grey. Sales attended to and notes cashed.

ROBERT BRIGHAM, LIC Auctioneer for the County of Durham. Sales promptly attended to. Call residence or write to Allan Park Parkers way left at the Chronicle office.