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 Any old worn silver? If so, I am prepared to replate it. Bring it in now while I have the time. All work guaranteed.

Prices Moderate, and Strictly Cash.  
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**Brewster's Millions**  
 Copyright, 1904, by Herbert S. Stone & Company  
 By GEORGE BARR M'UTCHEON (RICHARD GREAVES)

"Of course if you'd like to have her, slowly and doubtfully, 'why, put her name down. But you evidently haven't seen that.' Mrs. Dan pointed to a copy of the *Trumpet* which lay on the table.

When he had handed her the paper she said, 'The Censor is growing facetious at your expense.'

"I am getting on in society with a vengeance if that ass starts in to write about me. Listen to this"—she had pointed out to him the obnoxious paragraph: "If Brewster drew a diamond flush do you suppose he'd catch the queen? And if he caught her how long do you think she'd remain Drew? Or if she Drew Brewster would she be willing to learn such a game as Monte?"

The next morning a writer who signed himself The Censor got a thrashing, and one Montgomery Brewster had his name in the papers, surrounded by fulsome words of praise.

**CHAPTER VIII.**

ONE morning not long after the incidents just related Brewster lay in bed staring at the ceiling, deep in thought. There was a worried pucker on his forehead, half hidden by the rumpled hair, and his eyes were wide and sleepless. He had dined at the Drews' the evening before and had had an awakening. As he thought of the matter he could recall no special occurrence that he could really use as evidence. Colonel and Mrs. Drew had been as kind as ever, and Barbara could not have been more charming. But something had gone wrong, and he had endured a wretched evening.

"That little English Johnnie was to blame," he argued. "Of course Barbara had a right to put any one she liked next to her, but why she should have chosen that silly ass is more than I know. By Jove! If I had been on the other side I'll warrant his grace would have been lost in the dust."

His brain was whirling, and for the first time he was beginning to feel the unpleasant pangs of jealousy. The Duke of Beauchamp he especially disliked, although the poor man had hardly spoken during the dinner. But Montgomery could not be reconciled. He knew, of course, that Barbara had suitors by the dozen, but it had never occurred to him that they were even seriously considered. Notwithstanding the fact that his encounter with The Censor had brought her into undesirable notice, she forgave him everything after a moment's consideration. The first few wrenches of resentment were overbalanced by her American appreciation of chivalry, however inspired. The Censor had gone for years unpunished, his coarse wit being aimed at every one who had come into social prominence. So pungent and vindictive was his pen that other men feared him, and there were many who lived in glass houses in terror of a fusillade. Brewster's prompt and sufficient action had checked the pernicious attacks, and he became a hero among men and women. After that night there was no point to The Censor's pen. Monty's first qualms of apprehension were swept away when Colonel Drew himself hailed him in the morning after the encounter and in no unmeasured terms congratulated him upon his achievement, assuring him that Barbara and Mrs. Drew approved, although they might lecture him as a matter of form.

But on this morning as he lay in his bed Monty was thinking deeply and painfully. He was confronted by a most embarrassing condition, and he was discussing it soberly with himself. "I've never told her," he said to himself, "but if she doesn't know my feeling she is not as clever as I think. Besides, I haven't time to make love to her now. If it were any other girl I suppose I'd have to, but Babs—why, she must understand. And yet—hang that duke!"

In order to woo her properly he would be compelled to neglect financial duties that needed every particle of brain energy at his command. He found himself opposed at the outset by a startling embarrassment, made absolutely clear by the computations of the night before. The last four days of indifference to finance on one side and pampering the heart on the other had proved very costly. To use his own expression, he had been "set back" almost \$8,000. An average like that would be ruinous.

"Why, think of it," he continued. "For each day sacrificed to Barbara I must deduct something like \$2,500. A long, campaign would put me irretrievably in the hole; I'd get so far behind that a holocaust couldn't put me even. She can't expect that of me, yet John are such idiots about devotion, and of course she doesn't know what a heavy task I am facing. And there are the others—what will they do while I am out of the running? I cannot go to her and say: 'Please, may I have a year's vacation? I'll come back next September.' On the other hand, I shall surely neglect my business if she expects me to compete. What pleasure shall I get out of the seven millions if I lose her? I can't afford to take chances. That duke won't have seven millions next September, it's

true, but he'll have a prodigious argument against me about the 21st or 22d." Then a brilliant thought occurred to him which caused him to ring for a messenger boy with such a show of impatience that Rawles stood agast. The telegram which Monty wrote was as follows:

Swearnegen Jones, Butte, Mont.: May I marry and turn all property over to wife, provided she will have me?  
 MONTGOMERY BREWSTER.

"Why isn't that reasonable?" he asked himself after the boy had gone. "Making property over to one's wife is neither a loan nor is it charity. Old Jones might call it needless extravagance, since he's a bachelor, but it's generally done because it's good business." Monty was hopeful.

Following his habit in trouble, he sought Margaret Gray, to whom he could always appeal for advice and consolation. She was to come to his next dinner party, and it was easy to lead up to the subject in hand by mentioning the other guests.

"And Barbara Drew," he concluded after naming all the others. They were alone in the library, and she was drinking in the details of the dinner as he related them.

"Wasn't she at your first dinner?" she asked quickly.

"He successfully affected mild embarrassment."

"Yes."

"She must be very attractive." There was no venom in Peggy's heart.

"She is attractive. In fact, she's one of the best, Peggy," he said, paying the way.

"It's too bad she seems to care for that little duke."

"He's a bounder," he argued.

"Well, don't take it to heart. You don't have to marry him." And Peggy laughed.

"But I do take it to heart, Peggy," said Monty seriously. "I'm pretty hard hit, and I want your help. A sister's advice is always the best in a matter of this sort."

She looked into his eyes fully for an instant, not realizing the full importance of his confession.

"You, Monty?" she said incredulously.

"I've got it bad, Peggy," he replied, staring hard at the floor. She could not understand the cold gray tone that suddenly enveloped the room. The strange sense of loneliness that came over her was inexplicable. The little something that rose in her throat would not be dislodged, nor could she throw off the weight that seemed pressing down upon her. He saw the odd look in her eyes and the drawn, uncertain smile on her lips, but he attributed it to wonder and incredulity. Somehow after all these years he was transformed before her very eyes. She was looking upon a new personality. He was no longer Montgomery the brother, but she could not explain how and when the change crept over her. What did it all mean? "I am very glad if it will make you happy, Monty," she said slowly, the gray in her lips giving way to red once more.

"Does she know?"

"I haven't told her in so many words, Peggy, but—I'm going to this evening," he announced laudly.

"This evening?"

"I can't wait," Monty said as he rose to go. "I'm glad you're pleased, Peggy. I need your good wishes. And Peggy," he continued, with a touch of boyish wishfulness, "do you think there's a chance for a fellow? I've had the very deuce of a time over that Englishman."

It was not quite easy for her to say: "Monty, you are the best in the world. Go in and win."

From the window she watched him swing off down the street, wondering if he would turn to wave his hand to her, his custom for years. But the broad back was straight and uncompromising. His long strides carried him swiftly out of sight, but it was many minutes before she turned her eyes, which were smarting, a little from the point where he was lost in the crowd. The room looked ashen to her as she brought her mind back to it, and somehow things had grown different.

When Montgomery reached home he found this telegram from Mr. Jones: Montgomery Brewster, New York City: Stick to your knitting, you fool.  
 S. JONES.

**CHAPTER IX.**  
 IT is best not to repeat the expressions Brewster used regarding one S. Jones after reading this telegram. But he felt considerably relieved after he had uttered them. He fell to reading accounts of the big

**FITS CURED**

If you, your friends or relatives suffer with Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, or Falling Sickness, write for a trial bottle and valuable treatise on such diseases to THE LEBIG CO., 179 King Street, W., Toronto, Canada. All druggists sell or can obtain for you

**LEBIG'S FIT CURE**

**"SAVED MY LIFE"**

—That's what a prominent druggist said of Scott's Emulsion a short time ago. As a rule we don't use or refer to testimonials in addressing the public, but the above remark and similar expressions are made so often in connection with Scott's Emulsion that they are worthy of occasional note. From infancy to old age Scott's Emulsion offers a reliable means of remedying improper and weak development, restoring lost flesh and vitality, and repairing waste. The action of Scott's Emulsion is no more of a secret than the composition of the Emulsion itself. What it does it does through nourishment—the kind of nourishment that cannot be obtained in ordinary food. No system is too weak or delicate to retain Scott's Emulsion and gather good from 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.  
 50c. and \$1: all druggists.

price fight which was to take place in San Francisco that evening. He revelled in the descriptions of "upper cuts" and "left hooks" and learned incidentally that the affair was to be quite one sided. A local amateur was to box a champion. Quick to see an opportunity and cajoling himself into the belief that Swearnegen Jones could not object to such a display of sportsmanship, Brewster made Harrison book several good wagers on the result. He intimated that he had reason to believe that the favorite would lose. Harrison soon placed \$3,000 on his man. The young financier felt so sure of the result that he entered the bets on the profit side of his ledger the moment he received Harrison's report.

This done, he telephoned to Miss Drew. She was not insensible to the significance of his inquiry if she would be in that afternoon. She had observed in him of late a condition of unsteadiness, supplemented by moroseness and occasional periods of irascibility. Every girl whose occupation in life is the study of men recognizes these symptoms and knows how to treat them. Barbara had dealt with many men afflicted in this manner, and the finger of anticipation that came with his urgent plea to see her was tempered by experience. It had something of the air of a man who had made her anxiously uncertain of his state of mind. She cared, indeed, much more than she intended to confess at the outset.

It was nearly half past 5 when he came, and for once the philosophical Miss Drew felt a little irritated. So certain was she of his object in coming that his tardiness was a trifle irritating. He apologized for being late and succeeded in banishing the pique that possessed her. It was naturally impossible for him to share all his secrets with her, and that is why he did not tell her that Grant & Ripley had called him up to report the receipt of a telegram from Swearnegen Jones, in which the gentleman ironically said he could feed the whole state of



"I love you, Babs," he cried. Montana for less than \$6,000. Beyond that there was no comment. Brewster in dire trepidation hastened to the office of his attorneys. They smiled when he burst in upon them. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "Does the miserly old haysed expect me to spend a million for newspapers, cigarettes and Boston terriers? I thought he would be reasonable!"

**Fire At Thornbury.**

On Friday last shortly after noon fire was discovered in a storehouse at the planing mill. In an incredibly short time a large number had arrived to extinguish the flames, but only to find it had gained to much headway to check it. The building and contents, consisting of finished lumber, doors, frames, and sashes, were completely destroyed. The loss is practically covered by insurance. It is thought that the building caught fire from a spark from the planing mill, as a brisk breeze was blowing at that time in that direction.

**A Still Larger One.**

In last week's issue we called the attention of the poultrymen to a large egg placed by James Gowanlock on exhibition in the TIMES Office. Since that time we have been kept busy measuring eggs and never till now did we know the fine class of hens there are in this community. Up to Saturday last the egg we had on exhibition distanced all competitors both in size and weight. A Buff Orpington hen however, belonging to Geo. Gowanlock a brother of Jas. Gowanlock, made the egg on exhibition shrink into insignificance in comparison with the shell she produced. The egg we are now showing measures in circumference 8 1/2 in. by 6 1/2 in.—Bruce Times.

**Smothered In Barn.**

On Friday last while, Dr. Jake was feeding his horses, his lantern exploded, igniting the hay and straw and smothering him in the loft. The body was recovered shortly after, the hands and face being only slightly burned.

The barn, which was brick, was damaged to the extent of \$250. Mr. Jakeway is editor and proprietor of the *Stayner Sun*.

**How to Ward Off Old Age.**

The most successful way of warding off the approach of old age is to maintain a vigorous digestion. This can be done by eating only food suited to your age and occupation, and when any disorder of the stomach appears take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets to correct it. If you have a weak stomach or are troubled with indigestion, you will find these Tablets to be just what you need. For sale at Parker's Drug Store.

While a bilious attack is decidedly unpleasant it is quickly over when Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are used. For sale at Parker's Drug Store.

**An Escaped Lunatic.**

Sam Hough, who was convicted two years ago of putting obstructions on the railway track near Tara, and sent to jail, was subsequently removed to the asylum. He remained in the jail here for a whole year, and was so well pleased with his treatment that he has ever since been anxious to get back. A week or so ago he managed to give the asylum authorities the slip, and on Monday bobbed up serenely in Walkerton. He was taken to the jail again, and was as happy as a clam. But his happiness was of short duration, for next day a guard from the asylum appeared on the scene, and walked Sam off to the asylum again.—Walkerton Telescope.

**A GUARANTEE TO CURE.**

A Positive Assurance of a Cure or Your Money Refunded.

On the authority of the proprietors of Dr. Harte's Celery-Iron Pills, we guarantee this remedy to be an absolute cure for all diseases and disorders arising from weak nerves, watery blood or a run-down condition of the system, such as—Anæmia, Chlorosis, Pale and Sallow Complexion, Tired, Worn-out Feeling, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Heart Palpitation, Impaired Memory, Unsteady Nerves, Hysteria, Female Weakness and Irregularities, Depression of Spirits, Spinal Weakness, St. Vitus' Dance, Pimples and Eruptions, Loss of Vital Power and General Debility.

Dr. Harte's Celery-Iron Pills enrich the blood, tone up the nerves and invigorate the whole system, producing in sickly, weakly men and women that strong, vigorous, healthy feeling that makes life worth living. But you don't need to take our word as to what these Pills can accomplish. Try them yourself. If they don't do you good, you can get your money back. Isn't that fair?

You purchase from us 6 boxes of Dr. Harte's Celery-Iron Pills, paying for them \$2.50. With every such purchase we give you our positive written guarantee that if after taking 3 boxes of the Pills, you are not benefited, you may return the 3 boxes to us, and we will refund you the money. If you return the 3 boxes, together with the 3 unopened ones and get your money back.

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 CHEMIST — AND — DRUGGIST  
 DURHAM, ONT.

**CREDIT Auction Sale**

OF FARM STOCK, IMPLEMENTS AND HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.  
 Lot 70, Cor. 2, Bentinck  
 Monday, March 19th, 1906

The following:

- 1 span heavy farm horses, aged 8 and 12; 1 span bay mares; 5 cows in calf; 1 new milch cow; 2 two-year-old steers; 3 one-year-old steers; 3 one-year-old heifers; 3 heifer calves; 3 steer calves; 1 brood sow with 8 suckers; 1 sow near pigging; 10 well bred ewes; 1 thoroughbred Leicester ram; 1 Massey-Harris binder; 1 Frost and Wood mowder; 1 Massey-Harris horse rake; 1 Bissel disk harrow; 1 Massey-Harris seed drill; 1 set Tolton harrows; 1 long ploughs; 1 three-horse plough; 1 wagon; 1 pair bob-sleighs; 1 pair driving sleighs; 2 cutters; 2 covered buggies; 1 set light double harness; 1 set double heavy harness; 2 set single harness; 2 set plough harness; 1 large cutting box; 1 turnip pulper; about 60 hoes; some ducks; 1 stone boat; 1 grind stone; 2 sugar kettles; 1 National range for coal or wood; 1 large kitchen stove with tank and pipes; 1 heating stove with quantity of pipes; 1 washer and wringer; 1 Daisy churn; 1 glass cupboard; 1 extension table; 1 kitchen table; 2 fall leaf tables; 3 lounges; 2 bedroom suites; 4 bedsteads; wash stands, cane bottom chairs, rockers and kitchen chairs; 1 barrel cider vinegar; a No. of cooly cans, stove furniture, grind stone, wheelbarrow; 1 large barrel sprayer; chains, forks, shovels; 1 set 250 lb beams; 1 sheep rack; 1 pea pulper; 1 pig rack; 1 land roller; 2 set double trees; 2 neck yokes; 2 robes; 1 milk tank; and a No. of other articles.

All most be sold as the proprietor has rented his farm for a term of years and is going West.

TERMS OF SALE:—All sums of \$5 and under, cash; over that amount 12 months' credit will be given on furnishing approved joint notes. 5% discount allowed off for cash in lieu of notes.

Sale at 12 o'clock sharp.  
 JOHN A. ALDRED, D. McPHAIL,  
 Proprietors. Auctioneers.

A false alarm of fire created quite a stampede late one night, or rather early one morning, the past week in one of the town hotels where a number of our citizens board. Some young men returning home from a party saw the reflection of a fire through the windows of a business place, the proprietor of which is one of the aforesaid boarders. No time was lost in arousing the inmates of the hotel and notifying the interested party of the fire. In his anxiety to quickly reach his place of business, the proprietor couldn't find the pair of pants in which were his keys, and he spent quite a time looking for them without pants, as many of the other inmates who saw him are prepared to affirm. He finally reached his threatened place of business only to find the fire safely closed in a coal stove, the reflection from which had shone through the window and alarmed the late pedestrians.—Mt. Forest Rep.

EVERY "MAPLE LEAF" RUBBER bears the Maple Leaf brand none are genuine without it

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Pills for crossness? Certainly. They remove the cause—the crossness vanishes. A sluggish liver poisons the blood, spoils the temper. Keep your liver active and your bowels regular. Have a clear brain, a brave heart, a hopeful outlook. One of Ayer's Pills at bedtime. All vegetable. Sugar-coated. Sold for 60 years.  
 We have no secret. We publish the formulas of all our medicines.  
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**Medical Directory.**

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 OFFICE AND RESIDENCE short distance east of Knapp's, Lambton Street, Lower Town, D. Office hours from 12 to 2 o'clock.

**J. G. Hutton, M. D., C. M.**  
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 PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON Office in the New Hunter Block, hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 4 to 6 p. m., and 8 p. m. Special attention given to diseases of women and children. Residence,posite Presbyterian Church.

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 Late Assistant Surg. London Ophthalmic Eng., and to Golden Square, London and Specialist: Eye, Ear, Throat and Neck. EXCLUSIVELY Will be at the Midland House 1st West of each month, from 12 to 4 p. m.

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 Auctioneer for the County of Grey promptly attended to. Orders may be at his Implement Warehouses, Mch old stand, or at the Chronicle Office Nov. 9 '03.

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 Dec. 3, '04.—1904.