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Prices Moderate, and Strictly Cash. Geo. Yiirs.

Brewster's Millions

By GEORGE BARR MCUTCHEON (RICHARD GREAVES)

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE summer is scarcely a good time to visit Egypt, but Monty and his guests had a desire to see even a little of the northern coast of Africa. It was decided, therefore, that after Athens the Flitter should go south. The yacht had met them at Naples after the automobile procession—a kind of triumphal progress—was disbanded in Florence, and they had taken a hurried survey of Rome. By the middle of July the party was leaving the heat of Egypt and finding it not half bad. New York was not more than a month away as Brewster reckoned time and distance, and there was still too much money in the treasury. As September drew nearer he got into the habit of frequently forgetting Swearingen Jones until it was too late to retrace his steps. He was coming to the "death struggle," as he termed it, and there was something rather terrifying in the fear that "the million might die hard." And so these last days and nights were glorious ones, if one could have looked at them with unbiased, untroubled eyes. But every member of his party was praying for the day when the Flitter would be well into the broad Atlantic and the worst over. At Alexandria Brewster had letters to some Englishmen and in the few entertainments that he gave succeeded once again in fairly outdoing Aladdin.

A sheik from the interior was a guest at one of Monty's entertainments. He was a burly, hot blooded fellow, with a densely populated harem, and he had been invited more as a curiosity than as one to be honored. As he came aboard the Flitter Monty believed the invitation was more than justified. Mohammed was superb, and the women of the party made so much of him that it was small wonder that his head was turned. He fell desperately in love with Peggy Gray on sight, and with all the composure of a potentate who has never been crossed he sent for Brewster the next day and told him to "send her around," and he would marry her. Monty's blood boiled furiously for a minute or two, but he was quick to see the wisdom of treating the proposition diplomatically. He tried to make it plain to the sheik that Miss Gray could not accept the honor he wished to confer upon her, but it was not Mohammed's custom to be denied anything he asked for, especially anything feminine. He complacently announced that he would come aboard that afternoon and talk it over with Peggy.

Brewster looked the swarthy gentleman over with unconcealed disgust in his eyes. The mere thought of this ugly brute so much as touching the hand of little Peggy Gray filled him with horror, and yet there was something laughable in the situation. He could not hide the smile that came with the mind picture of Peggy listening to the avowal of the sheik. The Arab misinterpreted this exhibition of mirth. To him the grin indicated friendship and encouragement. He wanted to give Brewster a ring as a pledge of affection, but the American declined the offering and also refused to carry a bag of jewels to Peggy. "I'll let the old boy come aboard just to see Peggy look a hole through him," he resolved. "No matter how obnoxious it may be, it isn't every girl who can say an oriental potentate has asked her to marry him. If this camel headed gets disagreeable we may tumble him into the sea for a change."

With the best grace possible he invited the sheik to come aboard and consult Miss Gray in person. Mohammed was a good bit puzzled over the intimation that it would be necessary for him to plead for anything he had expressed a desire to possess. Brewster confided the news to Rip Van Winkle and Subway Smith, who had gone ashore with him, and the trio agreed that it would be good sport to let the royal proposal come as a surprise to Peggy. Van Winkle returned to the yacht at once, but his companions stayed ashore to do some shopping. When they approached the Flitter later on they observed an unusual commotion on deck.

Mohammed had not tarried long after their departure. He gathered his train together, selected a few costly presents that had been returned from the harem and advanced on the boat without delay. The captain of the Flitter stared long and hard at the gayly bedecked launches and then called to his first officer. Together they watched the ceremonious approach. A couple of brown faced heralds came aboard first and announced the approach of the mighty chief. Captain Perry went forward to greet the sheik as he came over the side of the ship, but he was brushed aside by the advance guards. Half a hundred swarthy fellows crowded aboard, and then came the sheik, the personification of pomp and pride. "Where is she?" he asked in his native tongue. The passengers were by this time aware of the visitation and began to straggle on deck, filled with curiosity.

"What do you mean by coming aboard in this manner?" demanded the now irate Captain Perry, shoving a couple of retainers out of his path and facing the beaming suitor. An inter-

preter took a hand at this juncture, and the doughty captain finally was made to understand the object of the visit. He laughed in the sheik's face and told the mate to call up a few jackies to drive the "dagoes" off. Rip Van Winkle interfered, and peace was restored. The cruise had changed Rip into a happier and far more radiant creature, so it was only natural that he should have shared the secret with Mary Valentine. He had told the story of the sheik's demand to her as soon as he came aboard, and she had divulged it to Peggy the instant Rip was out of sight.

Brewster found the sheik sitting in state on the upper deck impatiently awaiting the appearance of his charmer. He did not know her name, but he had tranquilly commanded Rip to produce all of the women on board so that he might select Peggy from among them. Van Winkle and Bragdon, who now was in the secret, were preparing to march the ladies past the ruler when Monty came up. "Has he seen Peggy?" he asked of Van Winkle. "Not yet. She is dressing for the occasion."

"Well, wait and see what happens to him when she gets over the first shock," laughed Monty. Just then the sheik discovered Peggy, who, pretty as a picture, drew near the strange group. To her amazement, two slaves rushed forward and obstructed her passage long enough to beat their heads on the deck a few times, after which they arose and tendered two magnificent necklaces. She was prepared for the proposal, but this action disconcerted her. She gasped and looked about in perplexity. Her friends were smiling broadly, and the sheik had placed his hands over his palpitating heart.

"Lothario has a pain," whispered Rip Van Winkle sympathetically, and Brewster laughed. Peggy did not hesitate an instant after hearing the laugh. She walked straight toward the sheik. Her cheeks were pink, and her eyes were flashing dangerously. The persistent brown slaves followed with the jewels, but she ignored them completely. Brave as she intended to be, she could not repress the shudder of repulsion that went over her as she looked full upon this eager Arab. Graceful and slender, she stood before the burly Mohammed, but his ardor was not cooled by the presence of so many witnesses. With a thud he dropped to his knees, wabbling for a moment in the successful effort to



Mohammed dropped to his knees.

maintain a poetic equilibrium. Then he began pouring forth volumes of shattered French, English and Arabic sentiment, accompanied by facial contortions so intense that they were little less than greswome. "Oh, joy of the sun supreme, jewel of the only eye, hearken to the entreaty of Mohammed." It was more as if he were commanding his troops in battle than pleading for the tender compassion of a ladylove. "I am come for you, queen of the sea and earth and sky. My boats are here, my camels there, and Mohammed promises you a palace in the sunlit hills if you will let him bask forever in the glory of your smile."

All this was uttered in a mixture of tongues so atrocious that Subway Smith afterward described it as a salad. The retinue bowed impressively, and two or three graceless Americans applauded as vigorously as if they were approving the actions of a well drilled comic opera chorus. Sailors were hanz-

ing in the rigging, on the davits and over the deck house roof. "Smile for the gentleman, Peggy," commanded Brewster delightedly. "He wants to take a short bark."

"You are very rude, Mr. Brewster," said Peggy, turning upon him coldly. Then to the waiting, expectant sheik, "What is the meaning of this eloquence?" Mohammed looked bewildered for a moment and then turned to the interpreter, who cleared up the mystery surrounding her English. For the next three or four minutes the air was filled with the "jewels of Africa," "star," "sunlight," "queen," "heavenly joy," "pearl of the desert" and other things in bad English, worse French and perfect Arabic. He was making promises that could not be redeemed if he lived a thousand years. In conclusion the gallant sheik drew a long breath, screwed his face into a smirking grin and played his trump card in unmistakable English. It sounded pathetically like "You're a peach."

An indecorous roar went up from the white spectators, and a jacky in the rigging, suddenly thinking of home, piped up with a bar or two from "The Star Spangled Banner."

Having accomplished what he considered to be his part of the ceremony, the sheik arose and started toward his launch, coolly motioning for her to follow. So far as he was concerned the matter was closed. But Peggy, her heart thumping like a trip hammer, her eyes full of excitement, implored him to stop for a moment.

"I appreciate this great honor, but I have a request to make," she said clearly. Mohammed paused irresolutely and in some irritation.

"Here's where the heathen gets it among the beads," whispered Monty to Mrs. Dan. And he called out, "Captain Perry, detail half a dozen men to pick up the beads that are about to slip from his majesty's neck."

(To be continued.)

Women and the Law.

Most married women imagine that they are mistresses in their own houses, but that, it appears, unless they actually hold the deed to the property, is a delusion. "It should be distinctly understood," said Judge Swartz of Norristown, Pa., in a recent case, "that the husband is master of his own house. The wife has no right to invite or admit her mother or any one else to the house against her husband's will." The judge was good enough to add that the wife might go to see her mother whenever she wished, provided she did not go so often as to neglect her duty to her husband and her home, but he did not say that a man must see that the kindling wood was chopped and the water pails full before he indulged in a visit to his father.—New York Tribune.

A Shirt Waist Box.

Almost every woman owns one of the chintz covered boxes, commonly called window seat boxes, which are invaluable in a small apartment for holding silk skirts, shirt waists or hats, but very few of them are fitted with trays, which greatly increase their convenience. If you are at all handy, however, a very little time and work will settle the matter. Take a strong pasteboard box and line and cover it with silesia, chintz or anything that is convenient and looks well with the lining of the other box. Do not use cheesecloth. Things stick to it.

The Reposeful Woman.

"She is the cleverest woman of my acquaintance," was the verdict of one neighbor on another, "because she is not in the least dull and yet manages to be restful. I know so many bright women—bright in all sorts of different ways, but all alike in one thing—they are never reposeful. They are strung up to concert pitch. They amuse you, charm you, stimulate you, dazzle you, but they never rest you by any chance."—Brooklyn Times.

Alabaster Ornaments.

The best method of cleaning any alabaster ornament is to first remove any grease with spirits of turpentine and then to place the article in water for ten minutes or a little longer if very dirty. Next rub all over with a painter's brush and leave to dry. Then rub again with a soft brush dipped in plaster of paris.

Glove Maxims.

A woman who is careful of her hand must be careful of her gloves, for this is most important. If they are tight they ruin the shape of the hand; if they are badly cut they give a common aspect to the whole appearance, and such gloves are the dearest in the end.

Fix It Now.

There is that bit of gimp or fringe which has been hanging for some time from the chair or couch. Just a few moments with a tack hammer and a few gimp tacks and these pieces of furniture will lose that run down at the heel sort of look they have had.

Frosting For Cake.

One cup of frosting sugar, two tablespoonfuls of water; boil together; take it off the stove and stir in the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth; stir all together well, then frost your cake with it, and you will never want a nicer frosting than this.

Artistic covers are used for the telephone book.

They are made to suit the color tone of the room or hall in which they hang. Simple cretonne is one of the prettiest coverings.

A cheap but efficacious disinfectant is made by dissolving one pound of green copperas in one quart of water.

Pour down the drains.

JOE TOWNSEND IN HIS GLORY.

Somewhere out in the country back and beyond Peterboro there may be to-day a farmer and his family surprised by the peculiar behaviour of a little elderly man who may be seen in solitude, hour after hour, in the bed of some stream hammering among the rocks. His strange conduct will lead the farmer to believe him insane; and friendly and genial as he will prove to be on approach, the explanation he will give of the work he is doing will probably serve to confirm the farmer's worst fears. He will explain that he is hunting fossils, and he will explain that fossils are little stone wigglers of one kind and another embedded in the rocky formation he is examining. The man will be Mr. Joseph Townsend, formerly editor of the Grey Review in Durham, and with a newspaper experience covering Dundalk, Orangeville, Elora and Guelph. Perhaps no man has done more than Joseph Townsend to search out and classify the geographical specimens procurable in Ontario. He has made it the hobby of his life, and with little reward has sacrificed all his interests to the work. The collections at Ottawa and Toronto have been largely made up by him, and the remuneration he has received has been small, although he was glad enough to work and collect for love of the task. For the first time in his life Mr. Townsend has got an opportunity to throw himself into his task and revel in it. The Provincial University has commissioned him to pursue his investigations for four months this summer, half the time in country from Peterboro to Ottawa, and the other half in the country west of Winnipeg. This assignment fills the dream of his simple and devoted life. He will rise at dawn, walk incredible distances and pursue his search for fossils until night drives him to seek a bed somewhere—anywhere. There are men of these passions still among us.—Toronto Saturday Night.

Unknown Friends.

There are many people who have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with splendid results, but who are unknown because they have hesitated about giving a testimonial of their experience for publication. These people, however, are none the less friends of this remedy. They have done much toward making it a household word by their personal recommendations to friends and neighbors. It is a good medicine to have in the home and is widely known for its cures of diarrhoea and all forms of bowel trouble. For sale at Parker's Drug Store.

NOT A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Brown were bosom friends. They passed a good deal of their time in discussing the affairs of their neighbors. It was astonishing what a lot they knew about other people's business which didn't concern them in the least. They were hammering away at the latest scandal, when the conversation turned in the direction of a Mrs. Tittlesey, a new arrival in the next street. "I hear she's suffering from appendicitis," declared Mrs. Brown, contentedly. "Suffering!" echoed Mrs. Jones contemptuously. "Why, yes; didn't you know that?" asked Mrs. Brown. "Yes, I heard she had got appendicitis," replied Mrs. Jones, "but I'm judging by the way they bragged about it, I thought it was some sort of piano player! What is it, anyway?"—Answers.

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This College is the Best:— Because each student is taught separately at his own 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.

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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 Anæmia, 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.

A NEWSPAPER MAN'S IDEAS.

The Durham Chronicle, in last issue, published a list of the contributions made to assist in defraying the expenses of a suit brought against the editor of that journal for the outspoken and fearless attacks made by him against the removal of the Portland Cement plant from its present location in that town. The suit cost Mr. Irwin about \$1,300, the town and stockholders coming to the rescue with about \$700, leaving the man that bore the brunt of the battle in the hole to the tune of the lion's share. The editor, after the humble and grateful fashion of the fraternity bows in gratitude and prays for blessings on the generous heads whose big hearts rolled up slightly over half the amount he was taxed for saving the town its greatest institution, and to the stockholders perhaps par value for their stock, with the prospect of a dividend, and this at a crisis when said stock was offered, without takers, at 20 per cent. of its face value. Our own notion of a fair and honorable adjustment of this matter would be for those benefitted to wipe out the full amount of the judgment, and then by way of modifying the wrinkles and smoothing over the silver hairs developed during the fray, just hand the editor a purse about equal to that reported last week. But Bro. Irwin is not the only one of his kin who comes under the lash of ingratitude. We have them here, too, who are careless of their benefactors when their work is done.—Aytton Advance.

The proprietor of the Bothwell hotel, on the between Owen Sound and Meaford, owns a curiosity which is attracting attention. It is a snow white turkey, of the same build as the ordinary turkey, but possessing an extraordinary long neck and small head. The peculiar feature of this bird is that she positively refuses to associate with the other darker members of the flock.—Chatsworth Banner.

KINGARDINE CHILD POISONED.

The poisoning of dogs is not to be commended, though at times it seems excusable. There are mongrel curs in almost every town or city. Stratford included, but poisoning is not a proper way to get rid of them. Beside being objectionable in itself, the wrong dog may be poisoned. A valuable animal is as likely to be killed as a worthless one. But a recent occurrence in Kingardine gives emphasis to what must have struck thoughtful persons that there is in such a practice, danger of human life. A little girl, six years old, who was apparently well at 10 o'clock at night was taken suddenly ill, and died a little after midnight. The physician who was called said there were symptoms of strychnine poisoning. An inquest was opened and adjourned to allow the contents of the child's stomach to be analyzed. The supposition is that as there have been several cases of dog poisoning lately, the child got hold of some of the poisoned bread or cake set for dogs. Her brother testified to having seen some pieces of cake near the house, and the parents did not know of the dead child eating anything to produce such a result. If it turns out that the girl lost her life in this way it is to be hoped that the person who would be so heartless and thoughtless may be discovered and punished.—Stratford Herald.

"Are your bowels regular?" He knows that daily action of the bowels is absolutely essential to health. Then keep your liver active and your bowels regular by taking small laxative doses of Ayer's Pills. We have no surplus! We publish J. C. Ayer's full particulars of all our medicines. Lowell, Mass.

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