accurately, too.

the sides.

"There are 'Maple Leaf' Rub. bers to fit all sizes and shapes of men's, women's and children's shoes"—Wireless from "the old woman who lived in a shoe."

Fit neatly, snugly and

Leave no openings for

Get a pair

and keep your

feet dry.

the water to sneak in at

Changed Hands.

HAVE PURCHASED the laundry business of Charlie Lee, and wish to announce that the business will be carried on in the high class manner followed by my predecessors. Hav ing had large experience in laundry Nork, spending the last four years in Wichita. Kansas, I guarantee satisfaction.

All hand work-No machinery.

Washing done on Monday, Wed nesday and Friday. Ironing done on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Family Washing, plain 35c d z. Family Washing, starched, 30c a. z. EVERYTHING WELL IRONED.

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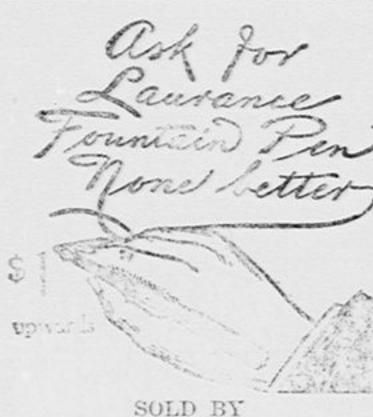
The Laundryman, Durham, Ontario.

For ___

Machine Oil, Harness Oil, Axle Grease and Hoof Ointment, go to

S. P. SAUNDERS

The Harnessmaker.



Percy G. A. Webster JEWELLER.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been restored to hear by simple means, after suffering for several years vith a severe lung affection, and that dread isease Consumption, is anxious to make known o his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To hose who desire it, he will cheerfully send, free if charge, a copy of the prescription used, which hey will find a sure cure for Consumption. Asthma, Chatarrh, Bronchitis and all throat auc lung Maladies. He hopes all sufferers will try his remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing and may prove a blessing, will please address Rev. EDWARDA. WILSON Brooklyn, New York

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HAVE PURCHASED THE 'Bus and Dray business from Mr. John Vollet, and wish to announce to the people of Durham and vicinity, that it will be my aim to make the business, so successfully carried on by my predecessor for the past two years, more successful than ever.

All orders promptly attended to. 'Phone No. 13. 1

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CHAPTER VI. ARNETT was at breakfast when a telegram was laid at his elbow by the maid. He opened it leisurely, thinking it some matter of business, but his hands stiff-

Bob Raymond is shot. Send best doctor WATSON.

ened as he read:

For just a moment he sat in silence, then rose and walked slowly to his library. Seating himself before the little desk on which stood a movable telephone receiver, he began to "make things hum." He reached his friend, Dr. Braide, and set him in motion. He ordered out his racing automobile. He telegraphed Watson to take fresh horses and return by way of Junction and get the best doctor there. "Burn the air as you go," he added.

After giving orders for his valise to be packed he walked up to Mrs. Barnett's room and kissed her good morning without betraying his excitement.

"I'm going out to the ranch," he said. "The boys are having trouble with the hay, and I want to see how they're coming on. You won't mind, will "Of course not, Don. I'm going to be

all right in a few hours. I'm glad you're going. You can bring Ann home. You should have gone with her yester-"I see that now," he answered dryly. "It will be a startling world for her.

Well, I'm off. Better stay in bed today. I'll be back by tomorrow night, I When he took his seat in his big, flat, powerful auto car his face was set in

he asked of his engineer. "In perfect order, sir." "She needs to be. This is to be a

record breaker."

grim lines. "Is she all right, Henry?"

With his big goggles over his eyes and his cap drawn low down on his forehead, Barnett seized the wheel, and the ponderous, panting organism began to move. Wheeling into the street, he let on the full power of the engine, and when he drew up at Braide's gate the mechanism was hot with speed, its joints oiled and frictionless-in racing trim.

Braide, a small, smiling, trig young fellow, came out. "What is it all about, Don?"

"Got your tools?" He pointed at his bag, "Emergency

"Then all aboard!" Henry leaped out and caught up the

bag, while the doctor climbed in beside Barnett on the front seat. "This looks ominous. How much of

a trip is it going to be?" "Just a short run," answered Bar-

nett as he swung the shining red bulk of the car into Mogalyon avenue, which led directly east over the plain. Beneath their feet the puff and click

of the piston and the pur of cogs grew each moment more furious until all sounds fused into a humming roar. The keen air of the morning smote the riders jovially. The flaming sunlight slanted upon them with growing heat, and backward, beneath them, the sod swept like a tawny carpet, while Barnett, watchful, intent, composed, work-Galvanized and Iron Pip- ed the levers and valves with the skill of a practical engineer. When they had crossed the two railroads and were climbing the long, low ridge he casual-

> ly remarked: "My foreman, Raymond, is shot, and you've got to pull him through."

"Great Scott, Don, I can't afford the time! It'll take all day. If I'd known"-

"You'd have gone just the same," asserted Barnett calmly. The machine was again running swiftly. "You're here, and you daren't jump out, and you might as well enjoy yourself. This is to be a record run. I'm going to pull in by noon."



"I don't mind saying that I'm anxious

Braide was young and a man of red blood and shining eyes. "Very well; go it, old sport! I can stand it if you can. I'll make it a holiday and charge you double for every hour."

When they had reached the top of the pass between two pinon spotted hills the road could be seen for miles, driving straight into the mist of the mighty Missouri valley.

"It's all the way down grade from here to Omaha," remarked Barnett I could make the run in two hours, only f mustn't invite a breakdown." "You seem to value your foreman."

"He's something more than my fore-

man. He's a splendid chap. You've

met him-the fellow who went on the 'coyote drive' with us." "Why, certainly I remember him. I've met him at the club. But he was very reticent. I didn't get at him. Who is he? How does he come to be

your foreman?" "He's a little slow about telling his own life story, but he's all right. I think I know the cause of this shooting. He got into trouble with a couple of fellows out there, and one of them has done him."

As they entered upon a particularly smooth stretch of road the man at the wheel relaxed his hold and said, with deep feeling: "I don't mind saying that I'm anxious about Rob. I've grown mighty fond of him. He's not one given to confidences, and rve respected his reticence. I don't know quite why he is here, but I trust him and count myself fortunate to have him on the place. He made \$40,000 for me last year on hay and cattle, and must have a little bunch laid up for himself. I've felt for a year that I ought to put Rob into something better. I owed it to him. Now, if he dies"- He broke off and bent to his wheel to hide the emotion that made his lips quiver.

It lacked ten minutes of noon as Barnett rose above the last great wave of the tawny sea and sighted the clump claimed:

come from home this mornin' in that stairs was impossible. She took box doggone thunder cart, have ye?" "That's what. How's Rob?"

Barnett rose from his seat stiffly and we thank Ferrozone for her recovery." climbed painfully down, while Braide No remedy more popular with docseized his case of tools and hurried tors than Ferrozone; it does cure, 50 into the cabin.

Barnett, feeling a small hand gripping his arm, turned to meet Louis "Hello," said he. "How is Ann?"

"She's all right. She saved Bob's life," answered the boy. Ann, who stood just outside the door,

answered very quietly: "I am quite well. How is Jeannette?"

"I left her feeling very well. But tell me the truth, is Rob dying?"

"No," said Ann. "But he needs help. He was shot last evening and has lain all night in pain. He is very weak

Barnett hurried into the hot dusk of

the ranch house, smelling of the dinner. which was cooking, and bent above his foreman. "Hello, Rob! How do you feel?"

Raymond whispered, "Oh, I'm all right; a little weak"-

The doctor interposed. "Clear the room of everybody but this woman." He indicated Mrs. Scribbins. must find this bullet."

Barnett turned to the men who filled the doorway. "Clear out, boys; the doctor wants to be alone now." Raymond smiled a little. "The bullet

went on. It's in the wall somewhere." Barnett came to the door and said to Ann: "You better go out under the

trees and rest. You look tired."

"I will stay if I can be of any use." "We don't need you. Mrs. Scribbins will help us. Please go. Louis, take her away till this is over."

Released from her benumbing load of responsibility, Ann laid her hand on her brother's arm. "Come, Louis," and to-gether they went out along the little winding path which led to the spring. "What do you suppose they will do to

him?" asked Louis. Ann turned sick. "Oh, I don't know! Don't speak of it! It's too horrible!"

When they re-entered the cabin Barnett met them with a smile. "The doctor says Rob's all right. He insists that Ann saved his life. You poor girl! What a night that boy let you in for! I didn't know till ten minutes age that you were here all alone and that Jones and his wife had vamoosed. I hope you'll forgive me, Ann."

"Oh, I blame no one but myself." she wearily replied. "I shouldn't have come to this miserable, ghastly region." "Rob wants to see you. Will you to come in and speak to him?"

Ann reluctantly followed Barnett into the inner room where Raymond, with his wounds dressed and limbs properly clothed, lay stretched on the bed. He was very pale, but his eyes were calm and quiet. He reached a feeble right hand toward her, saying painfully: "You've been mighty good to me. By and by I will try to thank you. Without you I would have bled to death."

"I beg you not to give it a moment's thought. I did very little," Ann coldly

His eyes were round and soft and appealing, like those of a big wounded dog. "Don't leave me now. I want you"-

She glanced at the young doctor, who stood listening. He nodded as if to say, "Grant his request." And so she put his hand away gently as if the clinging fingers were those of a sleeping babe and said, with a return of pity: "I will stay till tomorrow. Now please go to sleep."

He closed his eyes under her palm, and tears of gratitude came stealing down from his brown lashes. For the moment she forgot that she had known him but a day; that she, too, was a stranger-far removed from him in every thought and purpose-and consented to stay because he clung to her and needed her. A hand seized her throat, and an emotion which alienated her from her old self rose within her bosom and for a moment frightened her. In the end it irritated her, this pity, and yet it could not be shaken off. A deeper self which she had not known insisted that she keep her word to the wounded man, and so for two days she oscillated between a pitying tenderness for him and a disgust and bitterness with herself and her weakness.

On the third day Braide pronounced his patient out of danger, and then Ann's pity died.

"I am going home," she said to Louis, "and you must go with me. They are going to take the foreman to the Springs, and I cannot leave you here." Ann said goodby to the wounded man OWEN SOUND BY-LAW UPHELD THE MAN WHO NEEDS A SHAVE in Barnett's presence, and a sense of

with him. "I hope you will soon be able to be removed," she said, evading his glance. "This is a distressing place in which to be sick, and now I must say good-

irritation caused her to be very distant

He took her hand in both of his. "I shall miss you, but I won't ask you to stay any longer. You've been very sweet and helpful to me, and I hate to have you go. You will let me see you again, won't you?"

"My cousin intends to take you to his house as soon as you can be moved," she answered formally. "No doubt we shall meet again there."

"I will live in hope of that," he answered gallantly.

(To be Continued.)

A HARD CASE OVERCOME

No longer necessary to suffer from of cottonwoods in which his ranch muscular rheumatism. Every case buildings sat, and two minutes later he can be cured Ferrozone is unfailing swept into the yard and up to the door as proved by David Johnston, of Oramid a throng of singularly silent cow- mond, Ont. "My wife was a dreadboys and ranchers. The first one to ful sufferer." he writes. "For two speak was Mrs. Scribbins, who ex- years she could scarcely do any work. with costs and Judge Mabee's order Her knuckles and joints swelled, is set aside. "Jerusalem the golden! You hain't causing torture. To get up or down after box of Ferrozone and rubbed the sore places with Nerviline. Im-

"Quiet as mice; but I hope ye brought provement started and she mended fast To-day she is quite cured and cents per box at all dealers.

FRED CAMPBELL DEAD.

The young man, Fred Campbell, will miss me once in a while, but Iron and Brass Founders. son of Mr. D. B. Campbell, a promin when a fellow pulls a manuscript on ent contractor of Strathroy, who at- me I say to the man next to me. tempted to commit suicide at his | Wake me up when that gentleman boarding house here last August while under a fit of aberration, died in the London Asylum on the 9th of October. The circumstances of the case are very sad. Shortly after his coming to Owen Sound he received a severe blow on the head while taking part in a baseball game. Next morning he attempted to cut his throat with a razor. The wound healed and He is in a double-bow knot. He although his intellect was gone he looks as if he will die before the docwas removed to his home in Strath- tor gets there. A fellow comes in roy where he continued to be irrat- with a can of mustard in one hand ional and was subsequently taken to and a dissertation on mustard in the the asylum. While there he was other. He starts in to tell the his- RIGHT PRICES AND GOOD WORK. found to be suffering from concussion tory of mustard from the time it was of the brain, as a result of which he first cultivated. Before he gets half died as above stated. The young through the sick man has another Special attention to Gasoman was well liked by his fellow em- cramp, and he yells, 'I don't care ployees in the National Table factory where the stuff grew. Spread some where he worked and was very popu- of it on a rag and put it on me where lar among his companions .- Owen it will do the most good." Sound Times.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is en each box. 25c.

weak and sickly.

entire body.

blacksmith.



BY COURTS.

Divisional Court Overrules the Judgment of Judge Mabee and Town is Allowed Costs.

The local option law passed on Jan. 1st by the town of Owen Sound holds | He really is a dreadful case, good, and the town will remain dry, according to the judgment issued by The roughened jaw upon his face the Divisional Court of Osgoode Hall Is simply really a disgrace. yesterday, reversing the decision of His whiskers take up too much space, Judge Mabee, who made an order quashing the by-law because of alleged irregularities.

Chief Justice Mulock, with Judges Mabee and Clute, holds that the provision in the statutes for ratepayers who hold property in more than one ward voting accordingly does not apply to voting on local option by-laws. They also state that there is nothing It matters not, we do not care, to show or even suggest that there was any intentional violation of the If he has not the cash to spare Act, and no evidence to show that a We'll lend it to him. we declare!; single elector was prevented from What offer could we make more fair voting, or that an incorrect report was made. All the objections should have been overruled, says the court. Oh, man with bristles on your chin-

The appeal of the town is allowed

Sayings of Sam Jones.

"The devil can run a mile while the Church is putting on its boots.

"You can tell a live preacher by the subjects he discusses and the way he goes about it.

"Take a dogmatic preacher with his 40 pages of manuscript. I would rather a fellow would pull a pistol on me than a manuscript. The pistol Millwrights, Machinists,

"Life is too short to listen to a Cutting Boxes, Horsepowers, fellow reading. Christ didn't say Go and read,' but 'Go and preach the Gospel.' One is a dissertation on Stock raisers' Feed Boilers. truth, the other is the application of

"Imagine a fellow with the colic. "It is not a dissertation on mus-

tard, but the application of it that gets there."

"I hate theology and botany; I love religion and flowers."

A Boston schoolboy was tall,

His arms were soft and flabby.

The physician who had attended

To feel that boy's arm you

He didn't have a strong muscle in his

the family for thirty years prescribed

would think he was apprenticed to a

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

Scott's Emulsion.

NOW:

You meet him everywhere you go.

The man who needs a shave. We cannot tell you why it's so. We merely state the things we know, His ragged visage seems to show He plainly needs a shave.

The coon who needs a shave The man who needs a shave. Perhaps he says he has not time.

The man who needs a shave. But still we think it is a crime To whiskers wear in this warm clime. Perhaps, though, he can't spare the dime. This cuss who needs a shave.

We see he needs a shave.

To him who needs a shave? You chap who needs a shave.

Go push those wooly whiskers in You folks who need a shave.

Your fuzzy features are a sin,

Your frowsy looks would make us

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Child's white wool boas at 30c., 45c. and 60c. Ladies' white wool hand made fasinators at Wool clouds, white, black and red, at 25c. 40c, and 50c, each. Honey comb shawls at 50c. 75c., \$1.00 and

Woman's heavy reversible shawls at \$3.25 \$3.50 and \$4.50 each. Woman's winter vests from 25c. up Bed comforters at \$1.25, \$2.25, and \$3 each Large 11x4 size flannelette blankets, white or gray, \$1.20 pair White wool blankets, large size 60x80, \$3,25

Men's cardigan jackets, \$1.00 each

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Dec. 3, '04.—1ypd.