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THE DURHAM CHRONICLE
 IS PUBLISHED
 EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
 At the Chronicle Printing House, Garrafrax
 Street,
 DURHAM, ONT.,

Subscription THE CHRONICLE will be sent
 any address, free of postage, for
Rates \$1.00 per year, payable in advance
 —\$1.50 may be charged if not so paid. The date
 to which every subscription is paid is denoted by
 the number on the address label. No paper dis-
 continued to all arrears are paid, except at the
 option of the proprietor.

Advertising For transient advertisements 8
 cents per line for the first inser-
Rates tion; 3 cents per line for each subse-
 quent insertion, minimum measure, Professional
 cards, not exceeding one inch \$4.00 per annum.
 Advertisements without specific directions will
 be published till forbid and not paid. The date
 Transient notices—"Lost," "Found," "For Sale,"
 etc.—50 cents for first insertion, 25 cents for each
 subsequent insertion.
 All advertisements ordered by strangers must
 be paid for in advance.
 Contract rates for yearly advertisements fur-
 nished on application to the office.
 All advertisements, to ensure insertion in
 current week, should be brought in not later than
 TUESDAY MORNING.

The Job Department is completely stocked with all
 NEW TYPE, thus affording fac-
 ilities for turning out First-class
 work.

W. IRWIN
 EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Medical Directory.

Drs. Jamieson & MacLaurin.

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

J. G. Hutton, M. D., C. M.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—COB.
 Queen and George Streets—North of
 Methodist Church. Office hours—9-11 a.m.,
 2-4 p.m., 7-9 p.m. Telephone No. 10.

Arthur Gun, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OF-
 fices in the New Hunter Block. Office
 hours, 8 to 10 a. m., to 4 p. m. and 7 to 9
 p. m. Special attention given to diseases
 of women and children. Residence op-
 posite Presbyterian Church.

DR. BURT.

Late Assistant Roy London Ophthalmic Hos.
 Eng., and to Golden Sq. Throat and Nose Hos.

SPECIALIST:
EYE, EAR, THROAT & NOSE
 Office: 13, Frost St., Owen Sound.

DR. BROWN

L. R. C. P., LONDON, ENG.
GRADUATE of London, New
 York and Chicago.
 Diseases of Eye, Ear and Throat.
 Will be at Knapp House, Durham, the 2nd
 Saturday in each month. Hours—1-6 p. m.

Dental Directory.

Dr. W. C. Pickering
 Dentist.

OFFICE: Over J. & J. Hunter's

J. F. GRANT, D. D. S., L. D. S.

HONOR GRADUATE, UNIVERSI-
 ty of Toronto. Graduate Royal
 College Dental Surgeons of Ontario
 Dentistry in all its Branches.
 Office—Caldor Block, over Post Office

Legal Directory.

J. P. Telford.

BARRISTEL, SOLICITOR, ETC.
 Office over Gordon's new Jewellery
 Store, Lower Town, Durham. Any amount
 of money to loan at 5 per cent. on farm
 property.

MacKay & Dunn.

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CON-
 veyancers, Etc. Money to Loan.
 Offices:—In the McIntyre Block, over
 Standard Bank.
 A. G. MACKAY, K. C. W. F. DUNN.

A. H. Jackson.

NOTARY PUBLIC, COMMISSION-
 er, Conveyancer, &c. Insurance
 Agent. Money to Loan. Issuer of Mar-
 riage Licenses. A general financial busi-
 ness transacted.
 DURHAM, ONT. (Lower Town.)

Miscellaneous.

JOHN CLARK, LICENSED AUC-
 tioneer for the County of Grey. Sales
 promptly attended to. Orders may be left
 at his Implement Warerooms, McKinnon's
 old stand, or at the Chronicle Office.
 Nov. 9, '08.

M. KENNY—LICENSED AUC-
 tioneer for the County of Grey.
 Sales promptly attended during the fall or
 winter months. Terms reasonable. For
 particulars apply to M. Kenny, Edgemoor
 or John Murdoch, Middaugh House Block
 Du-ham
 Sept. 27, 3m-pd.

GOING INTO CONSUMPTION?

When your throat rattles, your
 lungs and chest are sore, your throat
 is stuffed with cold—don't fear con-
 sumption—use Catarrhzone and get
 well. It clears the throat, cures
 hacking, relieves tight chest and
 soreness in the bronchial tubes. To
 clear away Catarrh of the nose nothing
 could be better. Catarrhzone is
 Nature's own remedy,—it heals and
 soothes—cures every form of throat,
 lung, or bronchial trouble. Pre-crib-
 ed by many specialists and used by
 thousands every day. 25c and \$1.00
 at all dealers.

**The Making of a
 Successful Wife**

By CASPER S. YOST.

**MAN'S MINIATURE FAILINGS.—Let
 Bill Smoke Around the House if It
 Keeps Him at Home—Don't Expect a
 Mere Male Biped to Be a Paragon of
 Propriety—His Physical Comfort.**

[Copyright, 1907, by Casper S. Yost.]

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL—It
 takes some women longer
 than others to wake up to
 the fact that their husbands
 are not truly and absolutely and al-
 together perfect, and some are likewise
 slower than others in becoming recon-
 ciled to the commonplace. I don't
 know what you expected of Bill, but
 it seems to me that I have already put
 it pretty plain to you that whatever it
 was he would fall considerably short
 of the mark, being human and a man.
 And it's a mighty good thing that he
 does, too, for woman's ideal man won't
 fit into the everyday life of this prac-
 tical age. He'd be run in by the cops
 before he got a block away from home
 just on suspicion. He'd be as lone-
 some as the little boy that got lost in
 the cornfield. Did I ever tell you that
 story? Remind me of it the next time
 I'm at home. It's a pretty good story,
 but just now I've got some things to
 say that will be hard to keep within
 the limit of a two cent stamp.

You present a pretty big indictment
 against him. At any rate, I've no
 doubt it looks that way to you. You
 say that he wants to smoke at home;
 that he drops various and sundry
 things, like magazines and cuffs and
 such, around the house, and that some-
 times in the evening he even goes so

believed that good manners and cour-
 tesy, which come pretty near being the
 same thing, are just as important at
 home and a little more so than any-
 where else, but who doesn't look upon
 the "Handy Manual of Etiquette" as
 the law and the gospel nor accept as
 infallible the teachings of the professor
 of deportment in the young ladies'
 seminary. And, firstly, as to smoking:
 That, I admit, is a fault, but it is one
 with so many saving graces that it
 really ought to be encouraged by the
 Society For the Promotion of Domestic
 Happiness. It is pretty generally ac-
 cepted that the natural, inborn, innate
 cussedness of the masculine sex has to
 have an outlet, a sort of moral or
 mental safety valve, as it were, to
 keep it from tearing loose and break-
 ing up things—some of the Ten Com-
 mandments, for instance—and it is a
 fact beyond question that a good cigar
 or one of its decent substitutes will
 answer that purpose with less harm
 to himself and less damage to
 his surroundings than anything else.
 You may grant all this and still wonder
 why he can't do his smoking
 away from home. If so, your
 college education is defective, for it
 failed to teach you some mighty im-
 portant things about the effects of to-
 bacco on the human system, particu-
 larly the human brain. Tal-
 en in moderation, its action
 is at once sedative and stimulating. It
 promotes digestion, quiets the nerves,
 and while it tranquilizes the mind it
 doesn't deaden it. On the contrary, its
 mental effect is that of oil on a squeaky
 axle. It makes the wheels run easier
 and at the same time faster.



On the curbstone alone

is at once sedative and stimulating. It
 promotes digestion, quiets the nerves,
 and while it tranquilizes the mind it
 doesn't deaden it. On the contrary, its
 mental effect is that of oil on a squeaky
 axle. It makes the wheels run easier
 and at the same time faster.

A Man's Physical Comforts.

A good dinner, a comfortable chair,
 the company of a sympathetic and lov-
 ing wife and a fragrant Havana make
 a combination that will carry a man
 about as near to heaven as he can get
 on this side of the Jordan. It brings
 out all that is good in him, removes the
 worries of the day, straightens out the
 wrinkles in his brain, makes him more
 amiable, a pleasanter companion, a
 better husband. Leave out the cigar,
 and the cares of business are likely to
 stay with him; he is grumpy and irri-
 table, ready to quarrel at the drop of
 the hat and about as entertaining as a
 lobster salad in the throes of digestion.
 If you make him go out and sit on the
 curbstone alone while he takes his
 after dinner smoke the effect is morally
 and physically bad, and the first thing
 you know he'll be chasing off to some
 place where he can smoke in comfort.
 That's the beginning of the end. It's
 a wise woman who lets her husband
 smoke at home, and if my advice has
 any weight with you you'll encourage
 the habit in Billy—in moderation, mind
 you—but for goodness' sake beg him
 to get a better brand of cigars than
 the one he gave me as I was leaving
 home the last time.

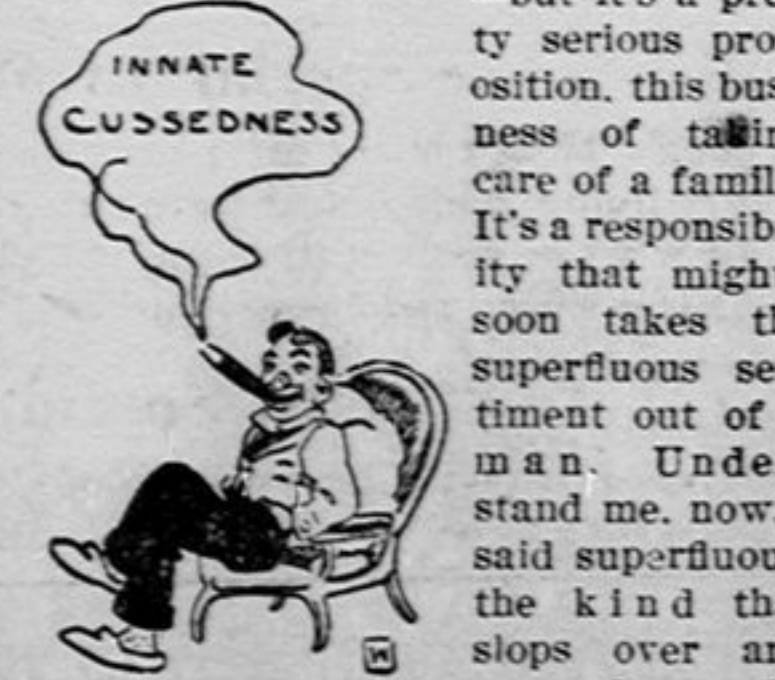
The other habits that you object to
 are just failings, and they are so near-
 ly universal among the wearers of
 trousers that their absence would in-
 dicate something radically wrong. I
 don't know why it is, and I don't think
 the scientific fellows ever tried to ex-
 plain it, though they have wasted their
 lives in investigating things of much
 less importance, but the fact remains
 that few men can be really, truly com-
 fortable unless they can get their feet
 off the floor when they sit down. I
 have a kind of notion that it's one of
 nature's methods of equalizing the cir-
 culation of the blood. Possibly women
 had the same instinct originally, but
 ages of cruel repression seem to have
 effaced it. At any rate, it doesn't ap-
 pear to worry them, while it does have
 a pretty considerable to do with the
 cheerfulness of the other sex. I think
 I have pointed out to you the impor-
 tance of making a man comfortable in
 order to keep him contentedly at home.
 Well, my dear, pedal elevation is one
 of the means to that end. I don't
 suppose you know that Abraham Lin-
 coln used to study law with his feet
 on the mantelpiece. No? Well, he did,
 and it was one of the surest indica-
 tions of his greatness. But I wouldn't
 encourage Bill to go that far. It's all
 right in a bachelor apartment, but I'll
 admit that it is neither pretty nor
 dignified in the home. Nor is such an ex-
 treme elevation necessary to his comfort.
 A chair will do, any old chair, but don't
 deny poor William that solace for his
 evening hours.

No Nonsense About Billy.
 For virtues they can be, little girl,
 though they are negative. The very



He even goes so far as to put his feet on the chairs.

charges you make against William in-
 dicate to me that he loves his home,
 and when a man manifests an affection
 for his own fireside you can bet your
 sweet little life that he has in him the
 materials that good husbands are made
 of. Your charges show me that he
 spends his evenings at home and that
 he is up in the morning clear headed
 and ready for business. They show
 me that there is no nonsense about
 Billy. He isn't one of those fellows
 who want to embroider violets on the
 summer clouds. He's on to his job.
 He recognizes the fact that the chief
 object of his existence is to provide
 bread and oleo and a few other things,
 like stuffed olives and embroidered
 shirt waists, for you. Therefore and
 consequently he must hustle. You
 probably don't know it—few women do
 —but it's a pretty serious propo-
 sition, this business of taking care of a
 family. It's a responsibility that might
 soon take the superfluous sentiment
 out of a man. Understand me, now, I
 said superfluous, the kind that slops
 over and runs down the sides like
 molasses on a jug, just as sweet as that
 on the inside, but gummy and useless.

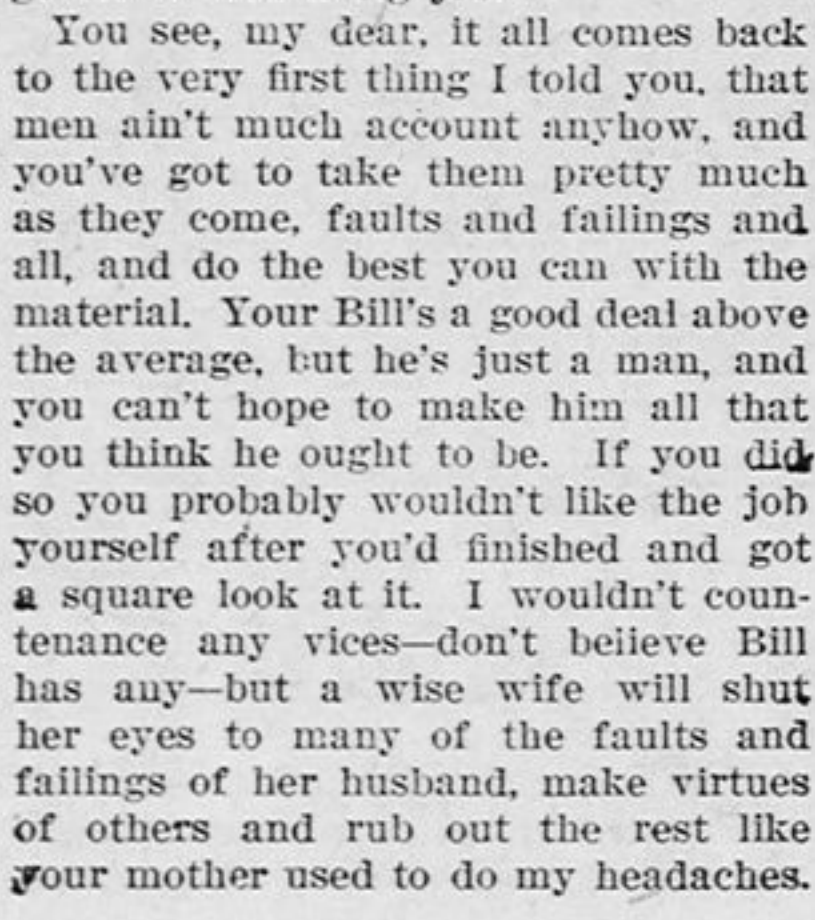


A safety valve, as it were.

But, getting back to Billy's faults, I
 want to tell you how they look to a
 man, to an old man, who has always

with whiskers and starched shirts.
 With women it's different. Order is not
 only their first law, but it's the first
 paragraph in their constitution. That
 tidy must hang just so; that sofa pil-
 low must stand exactly in this posi-
 tion; for the land's sake, I wonder
 who raised that window shade so
 high! Disorder is more truly mascu-
 line, and in this respect man is at his
 best, or, rather, his worst, at home. I
 am mighty sorry about this; honestly
 I am. It ain't right. We really
 oughtn't to lay our umbrellas and
 newspapers and cigar ashes and other
 belongings indiscriminately around
 the house; we oughtn't to muss things
 up so. But, Lord bless you, little girl,
 we just naturally can't help it. It's
 part of the cussedness that's in our
 blood. Bill ain't any worse than the
 rest of us. Reason with him, my dear. Show
 him how much it adds to your work and
 your worry. Show him how tremen-
 dously important it is from the femi-
 nine standpoint that everything should
 be in its proper place and stand at the
 proper angle. But go at him gently.
 Tell him about it when he's feeling in
 a good humor. We're all aware of this
 failing, but most of us are apt to bris-
 tle up when you come at us too sudden-
 ly. Maybe you can educate it out of
 Bill. I hope so, little girl; I really do.
 But go slow. It's a big job.

You see, my dear, it all comes back
 to the very first thing I told you, that
 men ain't much account anyhow, and
 you've got to take them pretty much
 as they come, faults and failings and
 all, and do the best you can with the
 material. Your Bill's a good deal above
 the average, but he's just a man, and
 you can't hope to make him all that
 you think he ought to be. If you did,
 so you probably wouldn't like the job
 yourself after you'd finished and got
 a square look at it. I wouldn't coun-
 tenance any vices—don't believe Bill
 has any—but a wise wife will shut
 her eyes to many of the faults and
 failings of her husband, make virtues
 of others and rub out the rest like
 your mother used to do my headaches.



You wouldn't like the job yourself.

It's getting late and I've got a hard
 day's work before me tomorrow, so
 good night. Your loving old dad,
 JOHN SNEED.

P. S.—I opened this to inclose the
 address of my cigar dealer at home.
 Tell Bill if he'll ask this man for my
 favorite brand he'll get a smoke that
 will make the sun shine on a cloudy
 day. J. S.

A Wise Mouse.
 The cat had watched the little hole
 in the barn for hours at a time every
 day, but the wise mouse had watched
 the cat, and so he had never been
 caught.

But one night, when the moon was
 hidden, the mouse sauntered out in
 search of food. It was so dark that
 he did not see the cat, who sat behind
 a bush watching for him. In less
 time than it takes me to write it the
 cat had seized the poor little trembling
 mouse. "Now I shall eat you," threat-
 ened the cat as he put the mouse
 down on the ground, with one paw on
 his back that he might not escape.
 "Very well," sighed the wise mouse,
 "but will you first grant me one re-
 quest?"
 "Yes," replied the cat, "I will do
 that, as it is customary to grant last
 requests to people who are about to
 die. What is it?"
 "I have often listened to your sing-
 ing and greatly admired it. Will you
 please sing one song to me before you
 eat me?"
 "With pleasure," replied the cat, for
 he was very vain about his voice. So
 he straightened himself up and sang
 with all his might. He forgot all about
 the wise mouse until he finished his
 song, and when he looked around for
 the applause he expected the mouse
 had vanished.—New York Press.

The Deacon's Philosophy.
 Deacon Walker philosophizes thus: I
 overlook lots of things, but here is one
 fact that hasn't got away from me. It
 is a whole lot easier to sit back in the
 congregation and criticize the sermon
 than it is to get up in the pulpit and
 preach a crackerjack yourself. Some-
 how or other people just can't get the
 idea out of their heads that way down
 at the bottom of every old maid's
 trunk is the photograph of the man
 she could have married. I have noticed
 that when a girl deliberately baits
 her hook and goes to fishing for a hus-
 band she is more apt to land a craw-
 fish than a black bass. "Agamem-
 non," said I to one of the members of
 our church the other day, "aren't you
 going to give anything toward the
 preacher's salary this year?" "No," he
 replied very emphatically. "I gave \$5
 one year and didn't get a bit more
 trade from the members, and I made
 up my mind that it was simply throw-
 ing money away."—Kansas City Jour-
 nal.

The Public Confidence

Is a great asset for any store. How near this
 store comes to commanding the confidence of the
 people of Durham and vicinity is best shown by
 the steady increase in our business.

**Fair Dealing, Honest Methods,
 Splendid Values, Unfailing Reliability,
 And Good Service**

For the past eight years are reaping their reward.
 The entire confidence of the people is the enviable
 reputation we are striving with every energy to
 enhance.

When we advertise goods at reduced prices
 people know the goods are there at the advertised
 prices.

**Ladies' Coats New
 This Season**

2 only, Tweed Coats price were \$10.00—reduced to \$ 7.50
 3 only, Black Kersey Coats were \$13.50—reduced to \$10.00
 1 only, Black Kersey Coat was \$15.00—reduced to \$12.50

Furs! Furs!

1 only, Natural Russian Rat Coat was \$50.00 reduced to \$37.50
 1 only, Black Astrachan Coat, Lady's \$37.50 reduced to \$30.00
 1 only, Isabella fox ruff, natural tails, \$20.00 reduced to \$30.00

We have quite a number of Ruffs and not space enough to enumer-
 ate all—in Ruff—Scarves and throw over styles, in different kinds and
 colors of Fur—also a few white. Prices pruned on every one.

Clothing for Men and Boys

Say, men, there isn't room in this paper to tell
 you all the bargains we are giving in men's and
 boy's clothing you can tell more about them when
 you see the overcoats and suits and hear the price.

Men's Fur Coats

We have only two Men's Fur Coats left—That
 means two fur coats at prices that will make two
 men feel good.

JAMES IRELAND
 McIntyre Block.

**Warmer
 Clothing**

For men, women and children.
 Our stock is complete, and without
 exception this season's assortments
 and values are the best we ever
 had.

Men's Overcoats

We show an immense range, Black,
 Grey and Fancy Tweeds, varying
 in price from 6.50, 8.00, 10.00, 12.00

Men's Working Coats

Rubber and Smocks, Dutch Coats
 rubber lined, wool lined and fur
 lined, all special lines at \$1.50, 2.50
 \$4.00 and \$6.00

Men's Tweed Pants

In black, brown and grey at \$1.00
 \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00.

The Popular Cash Store.

N., G. and J. McKechnie