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The Job is completely stocked with all NEW TYPE, thus affording facilities 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—COR. 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. Office 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 opposite Presbyterian Church.

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DR. BROWN

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

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Dr. W. C. Pickering Dentist. OFFICE: Over J. & J. Hunter's

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NOTARY PUBLIC, COMMISSIONER, Conveyancer, &c. Insurance Agent. Money to Loan. Issuer of Marriage Licenses. A general financial business transacted. DURHAM, ONT. (Lower Town.)

Miscellaneous.

JOHN CLARK, LICENSED AUCTIONEER 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.

A GOOD JUDGE OF MUTTON.

The Wharton Canadian tells this one on Hon. A. G. McKay, M. P. P.: Hon. A. G. McKay is noted for his witticism and he succeeded in getting off a good one in Wharton last week while examining a witness in a division court case. Mr. McK. was defending a farmer whose dog was alleged to have killed three sheep, the property of a neighbor.

"And you say the dog killed your sheep?" questioned the lawyer.

"Yes sir; three of the best," replied the plaintiff.

"Three of the best, eh? And how many were there in the flock?"

"Twenty one," promptly answered the witness.

"Well," said Mr. McKay, with a twinkle in his eye, "that dog must have been an extraordinary good judge of mutton."

The Making of a Successful Wife

By CASPER S. YOST.

KEEPING UP SOCIALLY.—Don't Try to Kick Over Your Financial Traces—Can't Trot In the \$10,000 Class on a \$5,000 Income and No Use to Try It—Avoid the Dull Thud.

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MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL—I have just been a witness to a tragedy. Within sight from the window of my room in the little country hotel where I am stopping today is a pretty cottage. I don't know how it looks from the street, for the rear elevation, as the architect says, is turned my way, but what I can see of it from this side leads me to believe that the owner is in a little better than moderate circumstances as circumstances go in a town of this size. He has a large and commodious back yard, in which he is



She wears one of those Japo-American kimonos.

raising chickens for pleasure. I know it's for pleasure because he graciously permits his wife to do all the work. At least I suppose it's his wife. Anyhow, she wears a faded red sunbonnet, one of those Japo-American kimonos that stop just a little too quick, and an air of authority that is quite unmistakable. There are a number of pens or runs or whatever they call them in this back yard, and each is occupied by a lot of birds of a feather. One pen, however, is evidently reserved for a bunch in which the owner takes a special pride. I don't know what kind of chickens they are—Polled Angus, maybe—but they're swell birds all right, and they are fed on the fat of the land, while their neighbors must be content with the crumbs that fall from Dives' table.

In one of the adjoining pens, however, was an ambitious young pullet who thought she was something of a swell herself and wanted to get into the push mighty bad. She was bigger and handsomer and could cackle louder than some of the aristocrats on the other side of the fence, so why not? After sizing up the height of the barrier she took a running jump, butted into the wire and fell to the ground, with a great squawking and drooping of wings. Not discouraged by failure, she tried again and again and finally got high enough and sailed majestically over into the charmed circle.

Then the lady of the kimono emerged from the cottage and, after much shooting and dodging, caught the pullet and put her back in her own pen. Three times this performance was repeated while I watched, but when the mistress of the robes came sweeping down the path for the fourth time I saw there was going to be something doing in that back yard. And there was. Grasping Miss Pullet firmly by the neck, she gave a simple twist of the wrist, and just now the fragrant odor of fried chicken comes stealing, gently stealing, through my open casement.

Flying High Socially.

I may be away off the track, but I have got the impression from sundry remarks in your letters of recent date that you are beginning to fly pretty high in a social way. I want you to have all the fun you can. Lord knows, dearie, I wouldn't cut you out of any real pleasure, not for worlds. And yet—well, it reminds me of the time when I used to think I was getting a bushel of sport skating around a hole in the ice trying to see how close I could get to the ragged edges. One day I broke my record, and when I got over the spell of pneumonia I couldn't for the life of me understand how I could have seen anything funny in that form of amusement. It's a good deal that way with this social whirl business. Now, I don't want you to misunderstand me, my dear. Society is all right. I don't want you to get me mixed up with those long haired and frayed trousers nincompoops who claim to think society is one of the devices of the gentleman with the red tights and the overheated griddle. No on your life. I've got nothing against society. It would be a mighty lone



A bushel of sport.

some world without it. What would our newspapers do? But that's getting away from the main road. The point I want to get into your pretty little thinking box is that society is a good thing so long as you stay in your own class. Yes, yes, my dear, I know you're as good as anybody else. My personal opinion is that you're a whole lot better than anybody else, except your mother. But you haven't got quite as much money as some people I know, and that's the thing that makes class distinctions in this country so far as society, strictly speaking, is concerned. Take us Americans up and down the social ladder and we're pretty much the same. Mrs. Smith on the bottom round is just as good and sweet and sensible, possibly just as refined and accomplished, as Mrs. Van Twiller at the top. The difference is purely a matter of dollars.

Depends on Billy's Rating.

And that brings me around to you and Billy. Now, I don't know anybody on this green earth better entitled by beauty and grace and intelligence to shine in the very tiptop heaven of society than is my daughter. That's no taffy, little girl. That's the real goods, straight as a footrule. But these things are not accepted as a standard of measurement. It's Billy's rating in Dun's or Bradstreet's that does the work. If he's A1 in the financial register he's pretty well qualified to rank as A1 in the social register. The trouble with Billy is that he isn't A1 or even Z1. He might sing the old Sunday school song, "Is My Name Written There?" and get a negative answer, for Billy trains with the great majority and doesn't figure in the financial reports. Consequently his place and your place in the social scale are some distance below the top. And the quicker you get your location surveyed and make up your mind to play in your own yard until your bank account justifies a move the better it will be for both of you in more ways than can be indicated by dollars and cents.

In the first place, my dear, while what you have is the principal qualification for social triumphs of his wife.



Watching the social triumphs of his wife.

ification for social position, it's mainly what you spend that puts you into the swim. You may have millions and cut no ice in society unless you can let loose of them pretty freely. On the other hand, you may blow in ten thousand a year on a five thousand income and manage to hold your head above water in the \$10,000 class for awhile. But just for awhile, mind you. And that's what causes three-fourths of the evils that result from a woman's ambition to be like one of the candles on a birthday cake, a bright and shining light on the upper crust.

Yes, I know, Billy may be willing—he may even give you a boost. Maybe he's so doggoned proud of you that he just naturally wants to see you make all the folks around the corner sit up and take notice. I wouldn't blame him for feeling that way, 'deed I wouldn't; but, my little girl, let me tell you there's many a man standing off in a corner watching the social triumphs of his wife with a smile on his face while his finger nails are cutting deep into the palms of his hands as he wonders where he's going to raise the money to pay for it. Many a man just grins and saws wood, but a display of teeth won't increase anybody's income materially, and one may smile and smile and be bankrupt still. No, honey, there's just one cer-



Just as contented as if I had won the Derby.

tain end to social ambition that goes ahead of one's income, and that's what the old time newspaper reporters used to call a dull thud. Something's going to drop, sure as shooting, and if I was making a book on it I'd be willing to make it a hundred to one shot that it would be you and Billy. I've seen many a man and many a woman come down like that and mighty few of them, mighty few of them, ever got able to climb back up again. "Poor Smith! He was a good fellow, but his wife ruined him." That's what they said every time. I don't want anybody to say that about my daughter.

Keep in Your Own Class.

You see, it's just as I told you. The trouble ain't with society; it's the getting out of your class. It's doing like Miss Pullet—flying over the fence into company where she didn't belong. If you're going to get along in this world nice and comfortable and happy, you've got to recognize your own limitations.

I never play poker with a man who starts the game with a five dollar ante. No, siree. I politely but firmly draw out. He ain't in my class, and I've got sense enough to know it. My bay mare is as fine an animal as ever came off the blue grass, and when I'm out for a spin with her nothing on four legs is going to pass me. But if a man comes along with a sixty horsepower automobile do you think I'm going to try to keep alongside of him? Not much, Liza Jane. I pull to one side and wait till the dust settles, then I trot ahead just as contented as if I had won the Derby. And I don't have any hard feelings against the man in the auto either. If he's got the money to pay for it, why shouldn't he have one and ride in it too? I would.

And it's just the same to you, little girl, and the swells around the corner. They're nice people. There's good and bad among them, just as there are on the side streets, but they'll average up just as high as any of us. No use to rail at the faults of the so called high society. That's mostly sour grapes. They have their faults good and plenty. So have all of us. But they are able to set a pace that it would be foolish for you or me to try to keep up with.

Maybe some day, if you are wise now, you and Billy will have money to burn. Then you will be justified in setting a match to a little of it and cutting as wide a swath in society as you please, provided you do not lose sight of the fact that you have a home and a husband, possibly children, who are of more importance to you and your happiness than all the social victories you could win in a thousand years.



Grandpa Sneed! Gee! you can out of life, honey, but be mighty sure that Billy's got the price and got it to spare. Your loving father.

JOHN SNEED.

P. S.—I have just received a personal and confidential communication from your mother which tickles me almost to death. Grandpa Sneed! Gee!

All Were Notables.

Hon. Joseph Chamberlain and Lord Rosebery were returning from the theater one night. While crossing the street they were accosted by a ragged boy who, after sweeping the mud from their path, asked for alms.

Lord Rosebery was about to give the boy a coin when an idea struck him. "My boy," said Rosebery, "if you will hit that policeman a swat on the back with your muddly broom I will give you 10 shillings." Prompt to the word the boy crept in back of the officer and, raising his broom, struck him in the back, then turned and ran, but to the dismay of Rosebery, the officer caught the boy after a chase of a few yards.

Not wanting to leave the boy in a fix, Rosebery tried to fix things up with the officer, but the worthy gentleman would not listen and took them all three up to the station.

They were taken before the judge of the station, and, after surveying them through his glasses, he took down a book and, turning to Chamberlain, asked his name. "Hon. Joseph Chamberlain," was the reply, and the judge smiled.

Rosebery responded also with his full title, "Lord Rosebery."

The boy was next, and, stepping to the front, he drew himself up to his full height and waited for the usual question, "Your name?"

"My name?" said the boy. "Well, judge, I'm not the kind as what goes back on me pals. I'm the 'Duke of Wellington.'"

Grim Jest.

Deathbed jokes are generally not authentic. The celebrated one attributed to Tom Hood, for instance—that he protested against blaming the undertaker who had blundered into coming before the great wit was dead and said that the man had "come only to urn a lively Hood"—is known to be decidedly apocryphal.

Nevertheless a remark somewhat of the same sort, which is attributed to Lord Chesterfield in his last illness, is undoubtedly authentic. Chesterfield was very ill, and his death was only a matter of a few weeks, but his physician advised that he be taken for an easy drive in his carriage, and he went out.

As the equipage was proceeding slowly along it was met by a woman who remarked pleasantly to the great invalid, "Ah, my lord, I am glad to see you able to drive out."

"I am not driving out, madam," answered Chesterfield. "I am simply rehearsing my funeral."—St. Louis Republic.

The Simple Life.

Abe, a light mulatto, called upon a minister for whom he had formerly worked.

"Yo' know, boss, I's gwine be married nex' week," he admitted haltingly. "I's gwine to marry Miss May Felicity Johnson, an' May she say she wants ter be married jus' like white folks."

"All right, Abe; I'll marry you if you want," the minister replied.

"How much you gwine charge?"

"It will cost you \$5 to be married like white folks."

Abe scratched his head. "Guess we'll hab ter be married like niggers, then," he said. "Yo' see, boss, we's goin' to housekeepin', an' I ain't got but \$8."—Lippincott's.

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 ware \$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 enumerate all—in Ruff—Searf 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.

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