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

W. IRWIN
 EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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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.

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Miscellaneous.

JOHN CLARK, LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the County of Grey. Sales promptly attended to. Orders may be left at his Implement Warehouses, McKinnon's old stand, or at the Chronicle Office. Nov. 9, '03.

MARK TWAIN STILL AT IT.

"Crossing the Atlantic with Mark Twain last summer," said a W. C. T. U. woman, "I asked his opinion of the prohibition law.

"I am a friend of temperance and want it to succeed," he said, "but I don't think prohibition is practical. The Germans, you see, prevent it. I am sorry to learn that they have just invented a method of making brandy out of sawdust. Now what chance will prohibition have when a man can take a rip saw and go out and get drunk with a fence rail? What is the good of prohibition if a man is able to make brandy smashes out of the shingles on his roof, or if he can get delirium tremens by drinking the legs off the kitchen chairs?"
 Rochester Herald.

The Making of a Successful Wife

By CASPER S. YOST.

RAISING A FAMILY.—A Genuine Gentleman is the Product of a Mother Who Knows Her Business—Biggest Share of the Training Falls on the Mother—Some Sage Advice.

(Copyright, 1907, by Casper S. Yost.)

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL—I don't wonder that you feel a terrible weight of responsibility resting on you just now. This matter of raising a family—I reckon they taught you to say "rearing" at college—is a serious proposition any way you take it, but I wouldn't worry about it if I were you. There will be a whole lot of bridges on the way, but you won't have to cross but one at a time, and you won't have to cross any until you get to it. They'll wait for you, all right. They never get washed away by floods, and they're never as hard to get over as they look to be at a distance, so don't fret about the future, my dear. You remember the old housewife saying, "Here's Monday, tomorrow's Tuesday, and the next day's Wednesday—a whole week gone and nothin' done." That's the spirit that makes some old before their time, that puts crow's feet in skin that ought to be smooth as silk. Today's labors and tomorrow's troubles are enough for today. And yet, honey, it's all right and proper to look ahead, to plan and consider, but not to worry. It's all right and proper to figure on little John William's future, but it's "A whole week gone and nothin' done," all wrong to let your plans pile up on burdens on the present. Just keep that idea fixed in your little noggin while I give you some homely views on the raising of John William.

In the first place, little girl, you want to recognize the fact that your baby is a boy and the main object of your training should be to make a man of him. If he lives long enough he'll get the requisite number of years, he'll get big enough to wear full grown trousers, and he'll find it necessary to call on the barber occasionally, all without much help from you. But it takes more than that to make a man. You can see lots of very good imitations of men walking up and down the street any day, but real men are scarce, and I want my grandson to be a real man—a man with backbone and self reliance and courage, upright, truthful and just; square in his dealings with others; having the fear of the Lord, but no other fear, in his heart; courteous and gentle and kind, particularly to women, old men and children; lending not only a hand, but a head and a heart, to those in distress. It takes all that to make a real man, a genuine gentleman, and I've seen mighty few of that kind in this world who weren't the product of a mother who knew her business. Once in a long while the good Lord, for some purpose of his own, turns out a first class man without any apparent human help, but it isn't often, and it won't do for mother and father to lazily and piously fold their hands and trust in Providence. That kind of trust isn't any account until you have done the best you can with the job.

The Mother's Responsibility.
 So, honey, it's up to you and William to make a man out of the kid, and the biggest share of the making falls on you, for in the raising of a family a father isn't usually good for much except the heavy standing around. At any rate, he won't cut any figure in the game for several years yet, and the time to commence work is right now. You can't begin the training of a child too early. I've seen many a baby hopelessly spoiled before it was a month old, and the first one is more apt to get a false start than the later ones. It's wonderful how much intelligence there is in a little bald-headed, red faced, stump nosed kid no three days old, and it is equally re-

markable how easy it is to get that intelligence working in the wrong direction at that early age. Little John William says to himself, "I find by experience that if I holler long enough and loud enough I'll get anything I want." Therefore he hollers, and unless you give him to understand, gently, but firmly, that this theory of his is entirely incorrect and based upon false premises he'll continue to holler, and you and William will have to dance to his whistle through many a weary day and many a sleepless night.

But the worst feature of this false start is not in the discomfort it brings to his parents. It is the influence it has upon his character, for character building, my dear, like any other building, has to begin at the foundation, and defects in the foundation are more dangerous and harder to remedy than

faults anywhere in the superstructure. So begin on little John William now, honey, before he gets the bit between his teeth or his gums and runs away with you.

Things the Boy Must Learn.
 When I was a boy, I had a colt once that I was very proud of. It was a Jim dandy colt, pretty as a picture and smart as a steel trap, but I waited too long to break it, let it have its own way until it wouldn't have any other way, and the first time I tried to ride it it struck off across the meadow like a delayed telegram. All my pulling and sawing and shouting didn't make a bit of impression on him, and he went on and on, getting faster all the time, until he came to a stake and rider rail fence. Then he stuck his fore feet in the ground and stopped. But I didn't. I just sailed on over that fence and landed in the middle of a black-berry patch. That blamed colt never would let anybody ride him. But if I'd commenced with him at the right time he would have made one of the best horses that ever came off the blue grass. And it's the same way with a child. Let him once get the idea fixed in his head that what he wants he must have and that papa and mamma are just overgrown servants, whose business is to see that he gets it, and it's ten chances to one that he will never be either a man or a mouse or a long tailed rat, as the saying goes.

No, my dear, when John William hollers without apparent reason just let him holler. It won't hurt him. On the contrary, it's a wise provision of nature for the expansion and development of the lungs. And while he's taking physical culture exercises he's learning a few things that will be valuable to him later on. It's mighty important, it's absolutely essential, that he gets on to the fact right now that the world wasn't made for his amusement and that mamma and not he is the boss of the ranch. That little matter settled, you'll find the rest of the way comparatively easy, but unless it is settled, and settled for keeps, the road to Dublin won't be a circumstance for rocks. Do you remember the old example of the horse-shoe nail in your arithmetic, the one that shows the wonders of arithmetical progression? Well, that's just the way the difficulty of settling that question increases every day you postpone it. That's why I lay so much stress on the importance of doing it now. I know

he's such a precious little cherub, so cute and cunning and all that sort of thing. It's mighty hard to deny him anything he wants, but you should keep before you all the time, my dear, not what he is, but what he is to be.

You know when a sculptor is making a model for a statue he has to have moist clay and to keep it moist. Unless he does he can't give it the form he desires. It's just so with your baby. Unless he is plastic, so to speak, you can never mold him to your will. Unless he learns the lesson of obedience you can never give his character that form which is the essence of real manhood. The making of a man is a big job, but if obedience is made the foundation it isn't so very difficult. And yet obedience mustn't be supine submission. A child must be taught to obey because the commands are just and right, and when needs be should be shown why they are just and right. His spirit is to be trained and developed, not crushed. I never had any patience with the old time method of raising children, which was nothing less than tyranny. It was a whole lot better than the modern way of unbridled license, but it wasn't right.

Child a Reasoning Being.
 A child should be treated as a being endowed with reason and should be taught to do right because it is right, not because a mother or a father commands it. That, of course, makes it necessary for him to know right from wrong, and you can't put in too much time giving him that knowledge. Teach your boy to be truthful and honest and courteous and show him why he

should be so. Don't make the mistake, however, of holding up the fear of punishment as the chief reason. A boy who does right because he is afraid to do wrong is in a fair way to become a coward, if he isn't one already. On the contrary, show him that these virtues distinguish the real man from the imitation. A man may possess courage and backbone and physical strength and yet be no better than many four legged brutes. Genuine manhood is a mental rather than a physical condition. Muscle is highly desirable, and I hope John William will have plenty of it, but don't let him get the notion in his head that that is all he needs. A boy is naturally a good deal of a savage and has the savage's admiration for strength. Lots of us older boys haven't got very far away from primitive ideas in that particular, but all the same it's a matter of mighty small importance in the making of manhood compared with the attributes of the mind.

These are just general principles, my dear. You can't make any rules that will fit all cases, and you hardly ever find two children exactly alike in their dispositions. Methods of training must be adapted to each individual. A slipper or a shingle judiciously applied to the right spot will work wonders in many cases, while it's worse than useless in others. Study your boy as you never studied any lesson in your life and mold his mind and his character according to the material you find you have to work with, always keeping in mind the one definite aim, the making of a man.

This is a serious subject, little girl, and I have treated it seriously, but if you go at it right and begin at the commencement you will find this training of a child one of the greatest joys of life. There is nothing as beautiful as the gradual unfolding of the mind of a little one, and there is no task so noble and ennobling as that which gives proper direction to its development. But start now, honey; start now. Don't put it off till next year. Your affectionate father,
 JOHN SNEED.

HE WASN'T SURE.

An Irishman who was travelling in England for a dry goods firm was once showing a line of sample dress goods to a merchant who was woefully slow in making up his mind. He handled them and rehandled them, until the commercial traveller was at his patience end. Finally the merchant asked if the goods shown were fashionable.

"They were when I first began to show them to you, but I'll be switched if I can tell you now."

It is said that the buyer was so pleased with this answer that he pardoned the rudeness of it and became a steady customer.

He Knew Them All.

The Rev. — had no sooner finished the third sentence of his sermon than an old gentleman beneath the pulpit growled, "That's Sherlock!" A little later in the discourse he growled, "That's Tillotson!" Later still he growled, yet more emphatically, "That's Blair!" The plagiarist preacher, unable to stand this detection any longer, leaned over the pulpit and cried, "Fellow! If you do not hold your impertinent tongue I shall have you turned out of the church for brawling!" "That's his own!" commented the old gentleman imperturbably.—T. P's Weekly.

The Need of Common Sense.

I had a really scientific man to see me the other day, and in the course of our investigation of a point we had in common it was necessary to wash out a bottle. The bottle was empty. It was a round, wabby vessel, and he had to hold it under the water a long time so that it might get full enough of water to hold it down. I asked him why he did not fill it with water first, and he laughed and said he did not think of it. And that bears out my contention that it is not because a man is as "clever as paint" that he therefore grasps "the common sense of common things."—G. H. R. Dabbs in Fry's Magazine.

A COMMENDABLE ACT.

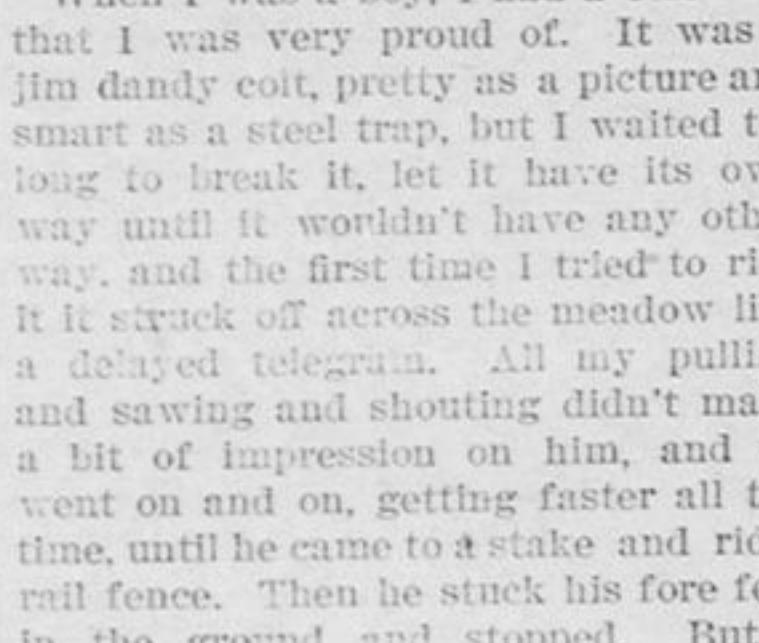
The Bruce County Council at a recent meeting ordered a copy of every local paper printed in the county to be sent to the House of Refuge at Walkerton for the use of the inmates. This was a commendable act and may throw a ray of sunshine into the monotonous and cheerless life of Bruce's charity fed inhabitants.—Times.

FOR RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS.

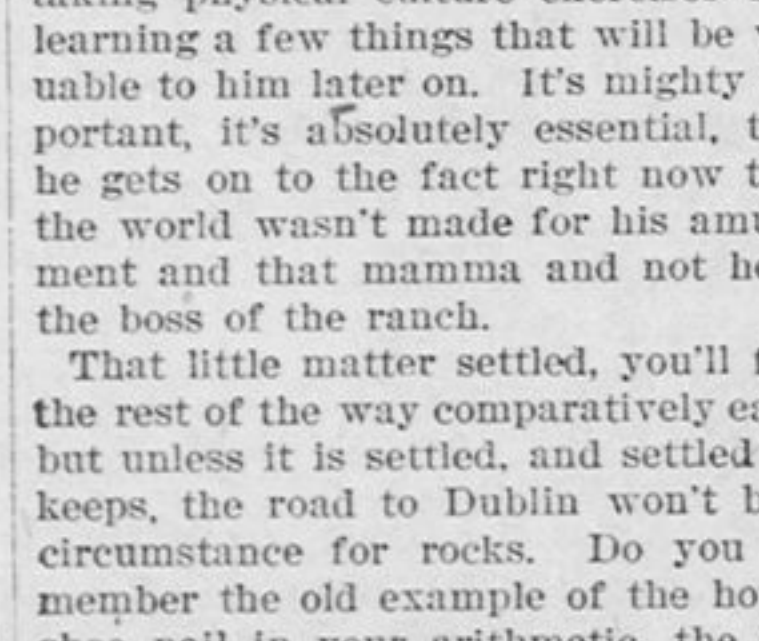
The quick relief from pain afforded by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm makes it a favorite with sufferers from rheumatism, sciatica, lame back, lumbago, and deep seated and muscular pains. For sale at Parker's Drug Store.



Therefore he hollers.



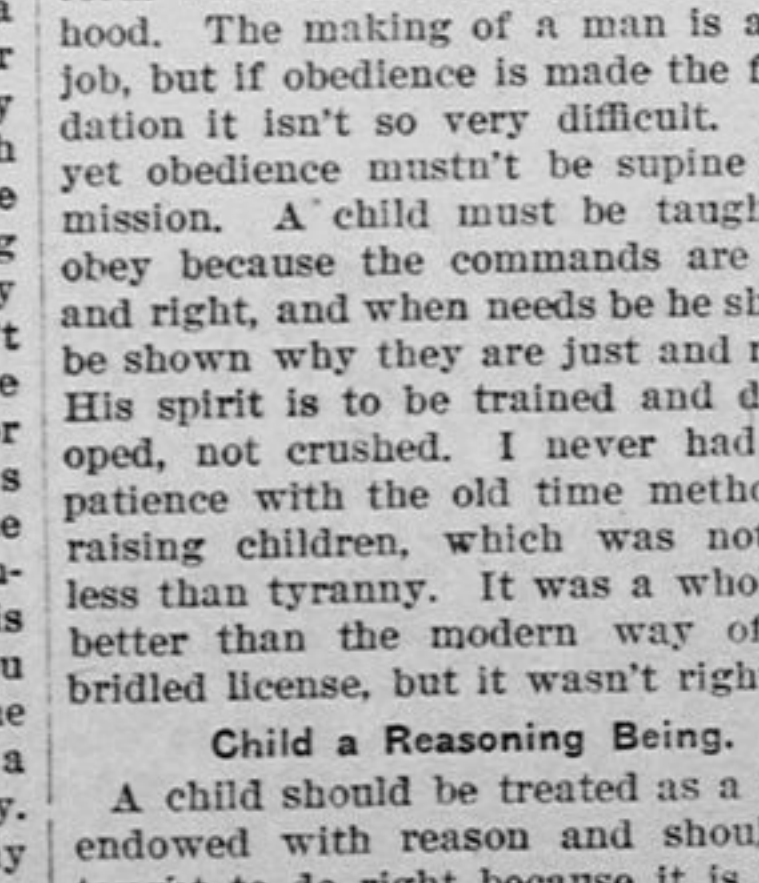
Muscle is highly desirable.



If he lives long enough he'll call on the barber occasionally.



Then he stopped, but I didn't.



Father isn't good for much.

HARDWARE AND FURNITURE.
Furnaces, Stoves & Ranges

We are Agents for all the famous lines of McClary's goods, including the "Sunshine" Furnace, and the "Pandora" Range etc., etc.



Pandora Range

This Range is certainly a leader in the line of stoves and ranges. Note some of its STRONG FEATURES

The Oven is ventilated, large, fitted with thermometer, lined with sheet steel, and is a uniform baker.

The Flues. Special construction of the flues forces the heat around the oven twice, and directly under every pot hole—makes the "Pandora" a perfect baker and cooker at the same time.

The Fire Box is fitted with tripple, triangular grates, sectional cast iron linings, composed of five heavy pieces of cast iron, is a great heat producer, and consumes very little fuel.

The Reservoir is stamped from one piece of sheet steel, and given three heavy coats of the best enamel. Finished in pure white, and has a smooth hard surface which is easily cleansed and perfectly free from taint. No other range is fitted with enameled reservoir.

Thermometer. The most successful thermometer yet invented is used in the "Pandora" Range. It registers the exact heat of the oven, and can be thoroughly relied upon.

This Range has many other important features, and is well worthy of your inspection. Call and examine them for yourself.

LENAHAN AND McINTOSH.

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