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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 Warehouse, McKinnon's old stand, or at the Chronicle Office, Nov. 9, '08.

SMALL-POX SCARE OVER. The smallpox scare at Elmwood has abated. While the disease is evidently going to make the rounds of the two families afflicted, no further outbreak has taken place.

Smallpox Scare Over. The smallpox scare at Elmwood has abated. While the disease is evidently going to make the rounds of the two families afflicted, no further outbreak has taken place. As a consequence, the Livingstone family and the boarders of the Queen's Hotel who were domiciled with the former were relieved from quarantine on Tuesday of last week under orders from Dr. Hall, M.H.O. Church services resumed last Sunday and school re-opened on Monday. The Boards of Health of Bentinck and Brant are to be congratulated upon the vigorous measures they adopted to prevent the spread of the disease.—Bruce Herald.

WHEN ELSIE WAS LOST.

By Morris Cooke.

Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

"Is there room?" Elsie looked apprehensively at the crowded car. "Easy," laughed Taylor. "Here in New York we don't call a car crowded until there are people sitting on the roof. He helped her aboard the platform and stepped aside to let two other women on, swinging himself on to the step just as the car started.

Elsie looked back nervously at Taylor and called warningly, "Do not get lost, Tom."

He waved reassurance, and then some one in leaving forced her to step well into the car. This prevented her from knowing that Taylor had dropped off the car step to let some passengers alight and that the conductor had given the go ahead signal before he could swing himself back on again. Two other men regained the step, but Taylor was left in the street saying things about the traction company and all its employees.

All unconscious Elsie rode until the end of the run was neared, and the crowd thinned out before she was able to see that Tom was not on the car. She beckoned the conductor.

"There was a gentleman on the rear platform," she said.

"Lots of 'em," agreed the conductor.

"But this one had a blue tie and a derby hat. Do you remember where he got off?"

"I'm not here to look after men in blue ties," he said crossly. A crowded run is not conducive to politeness. "Where do you want to get off?"

"That's just the trouble," she explained.

"You see, my aunt moved this morning. There was a fire in the apartment house in which they lived, and they had to change. It's uptown somewhere, but my cousin did not have time to tell me just where. He had just met me at the train."

"Better go over to the police station," he counseled. "Your folks will send out a general alarm probably, and then word will come to the station. Maybe there's some one where they used to live that can tell you."

"That's so," she said, brightening. "It's on Central Park West."

She named a number, and the conductor rang the bell. "Take a downtown car to One Hundred and Twenty-

fifth street," he said. "Transfer south on Eighth avenue. That's in the sixties somewhere."

Elsie dropped off the car with a word of thanks and hailed a car coming in the opposite direction. Not until the conductor stood in front of her did she realize that she had given Tom her hand satchel containing her pocket-book.

This conductor was less pleasant than the first one and refused to accept her story. There was no one else in the car, and with crimson face she alighted. She did not know how far it was, but she had a general idea of the direction, and she started bravely out.

The wind blew coldly from the river, and she drew her coat about her as she plodded along. Six blocks and the lamp post told her that One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street had been reached. She paused undecidedly; then, with sudden determination, she hailed a passerby.

"Eighth avenue?" he repeated.

"Keep going. It's the street with the elevated on. You can't—is this Elsie Linton?" he broke off.

"Will!" she cried in sudden recognition. "I did not know you with that mustache on. And you're older too."

"I ought to be," he said grimly. "Between having to get out and hustle and losing the girl I loved."

"I suppose you have made up both losses," she said.

"Only the first," he corrected. "I've just this minute found the girl I love. But what are you doing here alone?" he demanded. "Been visiting and got lost?"

Rapidly she explained the situation, and his brow clouded.

"The Bellevue burned last night," he said. "Pretty well gutted. There may be a caretaker who will know where your aunt went. Let's go over and see."

He whisked her on board the car, and she settled back, with a sigh of relief. It was so comfortable to be taken care of again, and there was a new briskness in Will Benton's manner that brought comfort.

When the Benton Milling company had failed he was an idle and none too resourceful fellow. Now he spoke and acted with decision, and she was sorry that she had said "No" when he had put the all important question to her.

Their arrival at the transfer point interrupted her day dream, and as they changed to the Eighth avenue car he became more talkative. He sketched for her an outline of his struggles, a bare outline of his experience to which her own mind added the embellishments, and almost before she knew it he was signaling the conductor.

The Bellevue stood a smoke stained and gaunt wreck of what had been a fashionable apartment house, and a fire patrolman in the lobby was the only sign of life.

"They didn't leave no address," he laughed. "They were in too much of a hurry when they left. Only the doctor thought of that. The others just went to the hotels or to friends. The furniture is all here. They had insurance, and they can't move it until the adjusters get through. Try the postoffice."

The substitution gave no better result. The carrier declared that he would not be permitted to give an address, but admitted that as yet he had received no instructions for forwarding mail.

At the police station the desk sergeant telephoned headquarters, but no alarm had been registered yet. "Maybe it will come in," he counseled. "Why don't you go and get dinner and come back? I may have something for you then."

"That's so," laughed Benton. "You must be pretty hungry after all this walking. Let's go down to the circle and have something to eat. It will do us both good."

Across the table Elsie's depression vanished. Will kept chatting of everything except her portion, and it seemed like old times back home when a party of young people ran up to town for the theater and had supper afterward.

It was not until the coffee was reached that he became serious again.

"What shall we do," he asked, "in case the alarm has not been sent out? I think you had better go to a hotel, wire your mother and wait for her answer. There's a hotel up the street here. I know the proprietor, and he will see that you are well looked after."

"It will be so lonesome," she said, with a little shudder. "It is the first time that I have ever been in New York, and it is all so strange."

"I used to live down in this section of the town," he said. "There is a minister I know—I don't want to seem to take advantage of your plight to repeat my proposal, dear, but—I should be the happiest man in New York if you would say 'Yes.'"

For answer her hand stole across the table and clasped his. "You are sure it is love and not pity?" she asked.

"It has always been love," he said. "I never accepted your decision, and it has helped to make a man of me."

"Let us go," she said simply. But Benton understood.

Half an hour later they emerged from the quiet rectory.

"Shall we stop at the station?" laughed Will.

"Auntie might be worried," she said. And they turned their steps toward the green lights. The desk sergeant smiled as they approached.

"They're waiting for you just around the corner," he said, naming an apartment hotel. "They were in here just after you left. I told them you were coming back. Miss Linton, isn't it?"

"No," said Will proudly. "Mrs. William Benton now."

And as they descended the steps Elsie hugged his arm.

"I wish," she said, "we could find that conductor that found you for me. Will."

"It's not every conductor," he laughed back, "who puts a girl off a street car into matrimony. Bless his heart!"

FARMING FOR PRISONERS.

Use of the Jail For the Insane Is Condemned by Inspector.

The 39th annual report of the inspector of prisons and reformatories was presented to the Legislature last week, the annual statistics of which showed 44 jails and 13 lock-ups in the province with a total expenditure of jail maintenance of \$158,174 for 1906, against \$163,268 in 1905. The cash revenue of the jails was earned at Perth, Whitby and Woodstock, amounting to \$115, with an average cost for each prisoner of 22 cents per day in every county jail in Ontario, against 25 cents in 1905. In 1906 there were 10,810 committed to jails, a decrease of 225. Notwithstanding this decrease the fact remains, Inspector Rogers points out, that with a population of a little over 2,000,000 there were nearly 11,000 persons during the past year committed to the jails of the province. The number of insane committed during 1906 were 308, against 396 in 1905. Of those committed during the year, 3,877 were married and 6,973 single. There were but 25 per cent. who could be labelled temperate, against 26 per cent. the previous year. Less than 16 per cent. could not read or write.

Tendencies to Crime.

"It may be safely averred," the report says, "that the tendencies to crime change with conditions. It is becoming more and more apparent that the old deterrent forms of punishment are impotent as a factor in reformation, and that the temperament, environment and associations of each prisoner when studied help vastly in the work of reformation, which should be the grand policy pervading the treatment of all prisoners serving sentence. Punishment to a certain extent is necessary, but regeneration of the unfortunate subject of crime should be the main objective. Before any change can be made regarding our criminals in the province we must

make overtures to Ottawa, the foundation head of criminal authority and without that power in our Provincial Legislature we must depend upon the Federal Government to amend the criminal law, to the humanely, intelligent and rational plane of the probation system and the indeterminate or indefinite sentences, a system which has been in operation in Australia and New Zealand for the past 25 years with the most satisfactory results.

Favors Farm Project.

The inspector of prisoners considers an industrial farm as an outlet of Toronto prisons would be an advantage and a gain to the province.

The attention of sheriffs has been called to the fact of immigrants committing crimes here and becoming a charge upon the state, and points out the provision by which such undesirable foreign element are to be returned to the country from whence they came at their own expense, if able, or otherwise at the cost of the municipality of which he or she is resident.

The use of jails for the insane is deprecated, and the report shows that the Government offers material promise that this practice will cease, and those mentally afflicted will be sent directly to the asylums. In Australia there are reception houses for the purpose of confining those temporarily demented from where, after a certain time, they are either discharged or sent to an asylum, after proper medical pronouncement.

The inspector urges the establishment of a large industrial farm at some suitable location, and that all prisoners from the unorganized districts west of North Bay, instead of being transferred to the Central Prison, be sent thereto. During the past three years it has cost the Government to bring prisoners from Kenora, Port Arthur and other remote points to the Central Prison, \$10,000 for 323 prisoners.

Waste of Public Money.

It is also suggested that it would be a waste of public money to try and remodel many of the old antiquated jail structures, and in the end be disappointed. The modern jail building without the heavy stone work, with steel equipment, latest heating apparatus, ventilation as approved by best scientific methods, and every other convenient, sanitary and up-to-date system, is the jail of the future, and the one that will be the cheapest.

The inspector points out the necessity of keeping first offenders away from hardened and habitual criminals, and persons awaiting trial should be treated in every way as innocent persons until the ruling of the court declares otherwise.

The inspector recommends road-making and all sorts of outside work on city or town property where it does not come into competition with honest labor, and points to the improvements at Riverside as an example how usefully prison labor can be employed.

Giving Him a Lift.

"There was once upon a time an actor," said a speaker, "who, after an enforced idleness of two months, was lucky enough to secure an engagement in a town twenty-five miles away.

"The case was a hurry up one. The actor had to reach the distant town that night. If he failed to arrive, then his part would be assigned to some one else.

"Well, the man patched his worn boots with patent thread, pinned up his few belongings in a newspaper and set out in the early morning on foot along the towpath. He had only a few coppers; hence the train was an impossibility.

"But after the poor fellow had covered some six or seven miles his boots gave out, blisters rose on his feet, fatigue overcame him, and in despair he threw himself on the grass beneath a tree.

"As he lay there in a bitter mood a canalboat hove in sight. It drew near slowly, and an idea seized the actor.

"'Captain,' he shouted, rising hurriedly, 'captain, pull up, for the love of heaven!'

"'Waal, wot d'ye want?' said the captain as he stopped the boat.

"'Captain,' said the actor, 'I have to get to Quag tonight to play second heavy in 'The Evil That Men Do.' I am footsore and weary and can walk no farther. If you will assist me I will work my passage.'

"The captain gave the actor a kindly nod.

"'All right,' he said. 'Lead the boss.'—New York Tribune.

Milton's Quaint Portrait.

John Milton's harmonical and ingenious soul did lodge in a beautiful and well proportioned body. He was a spare man. He had auburn (auburn) hayre. His complexion exceeding faire—he was so faire that they called him "the lady of Christ's college." Oval face. His eye a darke gray. He had a delicate tuneable voice and had good skill. His father instructed him. He had an organ in his bowse; he played on that most. Of a very cheerful humour.—He would be cheerful even in his gowtfeitts, and sing. He was very healthy and free from all diseases: seldom took any physyque (only sometimes he took manna); only toward his latter end he was visited with the gowte, spring and fall. He had a very good memorie, but I believe that his excellent method of thinking and disposing did much to helpe his memorie. He pronounced the letter R (littera canina) very hard—a certaine sine of a satyricall witt. Temperate man, rarely drank between meales. Extreme pleasant in his conversation, and at dinner, supper, etc., but satyricall.—Aubrey's "Brief Lives."

Time's Changes.

No doubt it is still an unsatisfactory world that mars the roadside with tawdry advertisements of drugs and food, but less than two centuries ago, remember, the place of these boards was taken by gibbets and crow pecked, tattered corpses swinging in the wind, and the heads of dead gentlemen, rotted in the rain on Temple Bar.

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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.

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