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The Job Department 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.

I. 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.

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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.

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If so, it is imperative that you have a Cream Separator.

The DeLaval and Massey-Harris Separators are the Best.

Simple in construction and easy to turn, they combine lightness with strength, and are the strongest and closest skimmers on the market.

Investigate their merits and get the proof of these statements.

Machine Oil and Coal Oil always in stock. W. J. McFadden, Agent. Lambton Street.

The Making of a Successful Husband

By CASPAR S. YOST.

Do Not Fail to Be Courteous at Home. Always Realizing That It Is More Judicious to Be Polite to Your Own Wife Than to Your Neighbor's.

[Copyright, 1906, by C. S. Yost.] MY DEAR JOHN—Do you remember Colonel Hosea Perkins, who used to live just around the corner from us on William street? Of course you do. Nobody could forget that stately figure and that ceremonious bow with which he punctuated every greeting. Old Perkins is dead now, but I'll bet a horse that he's doffing his crown every two minutes—that is, if he's gone to a place where crowns are supposed to be a necessary article of wearing apparel. He was the most painfully polite man I ever saw. His genuflections and



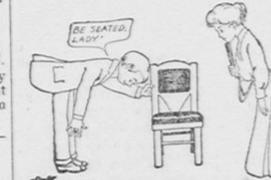
I'll bet a horse he's doffing his crown every two minutes.

"beg pardons" used to get on my nerves until I could hardly refrain from a protest. He wouldn't wear his hat in the presence of ladies, and I've seen him standing on a street corner bareheaded in the broiling sun for an hour at a time while he talked with a female acquaintance.

I am reminded of Perkins by some actions of yours that I noticed while you and Anna May were visiting us last week. That old hypocrite was the embodiment of exaggerated courtesy to every one he met, with the single exception of his wife. Unless he had company he would drop his manners on his front porch and on the other side of his threshold become the most disagreeable reprobate that ever wore a long suffering woman to the grave.

I don't mean to intimate, my boy, that there is any resemblance between you and old Perkins, but I saw when you were here that you were already beginning to follow the general tendency of persons who wear trousers and forgetting at home some of the amenities you would never overlook outside. It's so easy to do. We are all naturally savages, prone to drop the social graces whenever we think nobody's looking and our families are supposed to kindly shut their eyes. Yet the little ceremonies and verbal expressions which constitute our everyday code of etiquette were designed for the sole purpose of smoothing the rough edges of our intercourse with the world, the flesh and the devil and keep us from flying at one another's throat, as we would like so much to do.

A Potent Force. Next to the Christian religion politeness is the most potent force in the world today, and it is just as effective in one's own home as it is in the house across the street. Now, without any more beating around the bush, I want to say a few things to you on this sub-



You were almighty particular how you acted.

ject, and I want to put 'em to you straight. When you have read this letter once, read it over again and get it stuck into your head so it won't slip loose.

I wasn't around when you were "settin' up" to Anna May, but I'll bet a pile of good hard dollars that you were almighty particular how you acted when you were in her presence. There was nothing in the shape of courtesy that was any too fine for her when you came a-wooing. You had all your graces and some you had borrowed. I have no doubt, out for her inspection. You had old Chesterfield beaten so bad you could see daylight between you. Yes, you did. I wasn't there, but I know. That little girl you were exceedingly careful about then is your wife now, but the change she has lost none of her rights. She is just as much entitled to the observance of the forms of courtesy as before—more than then, for as your wife she should hold a higher and more honored place in your life than as your sweetheart. Yet I noticed last week that you did not lift your hat when you met her downtown. I noticed that you allowed her to pick her own way along the street, to step up to the curbstone without any effort of assistance from you. I noticed when we dined at the hotel that you left her to grope through the mysteries of the menu unaided, while you contemplated the most desirable dishes for the satisfaction of your own precious stomach.

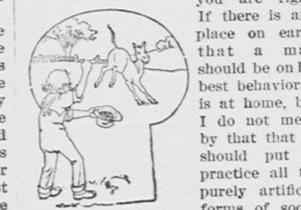
The old man isn't asleep, my son, if he does nod occasionally after his meals, and when I saw these little signs of ingrowing selfishness I worried me. Reminds me of a colt my fa-

ther used to own down on the old farm. It was a frisky critter, as all colts are, but father was very proud of it and delighted in showing it to visitors. As a rule, when he wanted to exhibit the colt it was in the pasture, and one of the most vivid recollections of my boyhood days is that dignified old gentleman chasing that dern fool colt over a ten acre field. He would trot along and appeal to the colt in tones of strained honey. He would pretend to offer a regular cornucopia of things that horses are supposed to sigh for. The colt would coyly wait until he was almost within reach; then, with a sniff of disdain, it would raise its tail straight up in the air and gallop to the other side of the pasture. Finally the little beast would allow itself to be caught, just like a woman, and once he had his hands on him the old gentleman would let loose a flood of unprofane cuss words that would shuck the corn in the barn. "Contaminate your measly hide," he would shout, "I feel like breaking every bone in your unregenerate carcass!" But he never did. My parent was a humane man, and, besides, the colt was valuable.

Before and After.

That's just the way with a great many men after they marry. They will pursue a woman with sorghum eloquence, write sonnets on the classic outlines of her snub nose, crawl on their knees before her like the devotees of a heathen goddess and after they get her treat her like a convict or lose interest in her and let her get along the best way she can. And some of these fellows really love their wives too. They simply think that the pretty words and gentle courtesies of courtship are features of the chase and are superfluous and foolish after the capture. They seem to forget that getting a wife is one thing and keeping her is another, as the records of the divorce courts show, but the same processes are effective in both.

But you say, a man can't always be on his best behavior; he can't always sit around his own house in full dress; he can't make daily use of the stilted ceremonies of polite society in his home life. There you are wrong and you are right.



Would raise its tail up in the air.

If there is any place on earth that a man should be on his best behavior, it is at home, but I do not mean by that that he should put in practice all the purely artificial forms of social etiquette. Heaven forbid! No one detests meaningless ceremony more than I do. But the courtesies that spring from the heart, that are the outward manifestations of a desire to please or to be of service to its object, are entirely different. To the true gentleman they are as natural as the circulation of his blood. He can no more dispense with them than he can with his breath. It is a pity that so few of us are true gentlemen. Most of us are selfish to the bone, and genuine courtesy is an evidence of forgetfulness of self, a virtue which we have to cultivate. If it is worth while to be a gentleman at all—and I never heard anybody express any doubts on that point—it is certainly worth while to be a gentleman at home. The good opinion of your wife is of more importance to you than the opinions of all the rest of the people of the world put together. Yet you would fail to show her the courtesy which you would bestow upon another as a matter of course and feel ashamed if you were remiss in the least particular.

Cultivate Home Etiquette.

No, you can't do a better thing than to treat your wife at least as well as you do your neighbor's. She will appreciate it. I can say that with emphasis, for nothing hurts a woman more than the apparent loss of that fine consideration which distinguishes the wooing days. No matter if she does feel sure of your love, no matter if you prove your affection in numberless other ways, she who has reigned as queen is never fully satisfied with less than the honors due to royalty. And it is so easy to gratify her. It is only necessary to keep in mind all the time that your wife is a woman and that good breeding works as well in a smoking jacket as in a dress suit.

I have a very strong recollection of a blacksmith who lived in the little village where I went to school when a boy. He was a great, brawny, rough looking fellow, whose face and hands were grimed by the smoke of the forge. He seldom wore a coat and never a collar except on Sunday, but he was one of the truest gentlemen I have ever known, and his wife was envied by every other woman in the village simply because of his deference to her



Is never fully satisfied with less than the honor due to royalty.

in private as well as in public. He was a rustic Bayard, but his chivalry was as pure and true as that of any broadcloth attired city man. No, my son, genuine courtesy is not a matter of dress or of ceremony, and in practicing it at home you don't have to sacrifice your own comfort to an extent worthy of consideration. On the other hand, it pays wonderfully in the pleasure it gives to your wife and, by reflection, to you. It pays in the grace it

gives to your own character, and, better than all else, it pays in its influence upon the character of your family. Some of these days, unless you are different from the majority of mankind, you will be a father. Your children will be very much as you make them, and your actions will have more to do with the making than your commands. They will, consciously or unconsciously, copy your faults as well as your virtues, and the courtesy you display in their presence will, in some part at least, become fixed habits with them. Your own training has been such that I do not fear you will go far wrong in this particular, but notwithstanding this I have seen evidence that you are not holding up to the old man's standard, and I want you to be right—all right.

But Don't Overdo It.

Now, John, don't misunderstand me. I don't want you to be a jumping jack in the box at home or anywhere else.



Extremes are always odious, and politeness may be so overdone that it becomes a pain instead of a pleasure to its object.

Men like old Perkins simply make themselves ridiculous. True politeness is never obtrusive. The test of a well dressed man is his inability to remember what he wore. If he is inclined to foppishness, the conspicuousness of his attire will arrest your attention, as well as your condemnation. On the other hand, the absence of any part of the correct costume or an exhibition of untidiness or carelessness in the wearing is always conspicuous. So with politeness. It is greatly missed when it is absent. It should be unnoticeable when it is present. That is the brand to use in the home as well as outside of it. If you take it off when you hang your hat up in the hall, you can bet your sweet life that Anna May will miss it, and the missing will hurt.

Don't greet her with a grunt, but with a kiss. I wouldn't advise you to apply that form of courtesy to others, but in the home the customary form may be modified, or, rather, magnified, for love and not custom dictates there. Don't take the best chair in the room unless she commands it. She probably will insist on reserving the most comfortable rocker for you, but you should never get into the habit of taking things for granted. Show her that you think of her first, that her ease and health and happiness stand foremost in your thoughts, and there isn't any doubt about her reciprocation. However much he may wish to do, the man usually gets the best of the bargain in the matter of attentions at home, but he shouldn't get the idea into his noggin that nothing is expected of him. Everything that is tender and solicitous and courteous and loving is expected of him. It is so easy to feel that these things are of no avail, be-



She will insist on reserving the most comfortable rocker for you.

cause they are so often unaccepted or apparently unnoticed, but you can't make a greater mistake than to omit them.

Be polite to your wife, John, whether you are at home or abroad. It doesn't cost you a red cent, it need not inconvenience you in the least, but it means an almighty lot to Anna May and just as much to you. Yours affectionately, JOHN SNEED.

A Luxurious Conscrip.

A wealthy factory owner of Chaux-de-Fonds, Switzerland, who succeeded in evading the rigor of his service as a conscript by much hospitality toward his officers, has been sentenced to two days' confinement to barracks and ordered to begin military service over again. When ordered to report himself he arrived at the barracks at Colomber in a motor car, accompanied by his valet. At a fabulous price he secured a private room there, which he furnished luxuriously and stocked with the best wines and cigars. Eventually he was permitted to live out of barracks and engaged a flat in the best hotel, where he entertained his officers liberally and took them for rides in his motor car. By shamming illness he avoided all drill and the ordinary duties of a soldier.

From Behind the Counter.

"The saleslady differentiated several classes of shoppers?" "Oh, yes, indeed! About five classes. So many?" "Yes" (mademoiselle counted on her fingers). "heavyweight, middleweight, welterweight, lightweight and featherweight. Precisely five."—Puck.

Behind the Game.

Mrs. Potts—I can't see why you always stay late at your office these nights. I don't see that you gain anything by it. Jack Potts (absentmindedly)—That's so, but I won't always be a loser. Luck will change.—Catholic Standard and Times.

HARDWARE AND FURNITURE.

Paints, Varnishes Oils, Etc.

We are now agents for a choice selection of English Liquid House Paints

mixed ready for use. They are Pure Linseed Oil Paints, and the white lead used in their manufacture is Brandram's B. B. genuine. They are superior to any liquid paint on the market to-day, and if properly applied are guaranteed to give satisfaction. Full directions accompany each can.

You may buy poorer and cheaper paints, but it is a case of being "Penny wise and pound foolish." Low price indicates poor quality in a commodity so subject to competition as mixed paint.

Count your paint cost by years of wear, not by first outlay only. It costs just as much, and sometimes more, for labor to apply cheap, poor paint to your house as it does to apply English Liquid House Paint—besides, English Liquid House Paints will actually cover more surface per gallon than poor cheap paint, besides imparting a finer,

Beautiful and More Durable Finish

See our English Liquid House Paint color folder for colors and suggestions about trimming etc.

LENAHAN AND McINTOSH.

N., G. & J. McKechnie's 1908 Wall Papers

- New Styles
New Designs
New Colorings

Our showing of wall papers for this season is unusually attractive in style, and unequalled in price. You have only to see them to appreciate their value and their artistic appearance.

Brighten up the appearance of the home, by using some of our famous Island City Paints.

Call and see samples.

The Popular Cash Store.

N., G. and J. McKechnie