Jan. 20, 1910

ing prices: -

regular \$2.00, for \$1.39

tip, regular \$2.50, \$1.75

tip. regular \$2.00, \$1.69

Year Welt felt sole, rub'r heel, \$3.75, for \$2.99

regular 85c, for..... 69c

50c, for...... 39c

shoes, 10 inch leg, \$1.49 regular \$1.85, for..

reduced prices.

Come! Come!! To the Big Mid-Winter

Clearing - Out

SALE

of Boots, Shoes and Ruhbers

play of bargains ever seen in town. We have a

large stock of winter shoes on hand which we must

clean out so as to make room for our new spring

stock just coming in. It is a joke to sell shoes at

the prices we have made for this Clearing-out Sale,

but they must go and go they will at the follow-

Sale Commences Wed., Jan. 19

15 pair Ladies' All-felt Shoes, | 18 pair Ladies' Felt Shoes, leath-

20 pair Ladies' Vici Kid, pat. | 20 pair Misses' Felt Shoes, leath-

18 pairs Misses Vici Kid, pat. | 18 pair Men's All-felt Shoes, reg-

18 pair Men's Felt-lined, Good | 6 pair Men's Felt Congress, for

A number of pairs of Men's Box Calf, Pat.

Leather and vici kid at greatly reduced prices.

Tan and Vici Kid at greatly reduced prices.

50 pairs Boys' Over Rubbers, | 35 pair Youths' Over Rubbers,

20 pair Childs' Rubbers, regular | 60 pair Ladies' Rubbers, regular

20 pair Ladies' Button Over- | 15 pair Men's Buckle Over-shoes

60 pair Men's Over Rubbers, regular \$1.10, for 89c

These are but a few of the bargains Don't forget the date, Jan. 19

Peel's Old Thos. McGrath | Near the Bridge

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200,000 BUSHELS

of Oats and any Quantity

of Peas, Barley and

Mixed Grains

and you will receive the highest possible cash price

for all kinds of grain. We have every facility for

THE McGOWAN

Milling Company

unloading, and we want your custom.

Drive your loads straight to our new elevator

ATTENTION!

FARMERS'...

A large number of Felt Slippers at greatly

A number of pairs of Boys' Box Calf, Oil

er foxed, regular \$1.49 \$2.25, for.......

er back strap & toe \$1.29 cap, reg. \$1.50, for

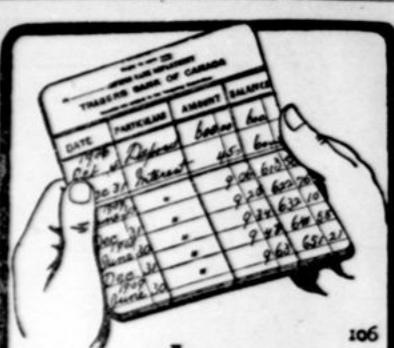
ular \$2.25, for..... \$1.49

regular 65c, for...... 54c

75c, for.... 59c

regular \$1.85, for \$1.49

The next two weeks will see the greatest dis-



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THE CHRONICLE and Weekly Globe \$1,55. Weekly Mail and Empire---- 1,55. Weekly Sun---- 1.75. Family Her. and Wkly. Star .-- 1.75. father, though your mother's loud com-Farmers' Advocates --- 2.25. plainings often weary me-when I 16. Toronto Daily News---- 2.25.

save money for some.

OUR CLUBBING LIST

The Chronicle is prepared to re-

HISCOURTSHIP

By HELEN R. MARTIN. Author of "Tillie: A Mennonite Maid."

ten to them; but, Abe, I can't let you

spend money taking me pleasure seek-

ing when I don't intend to marry you."

social standards, such a course on the

part of the girl would have been per-

fidious, inasmuch as acceptance of an

invitation to go with one's "gent'man

friend" to a circus was tantamount to

"I'd like to know," said Abe sullenly,

"Would you, Abe? I'll tell you," she

She made another quick move to pass

But Abe was so spellbound with

following the girl into the kitchen.

A rage of hot jealousy had swept

sudden appearance of Eunice in the

So, while his mother was driving the

said gently. "I'd do better by lying

accepting a proposal of marriage.

"how you expec' to do any better."

According to the Pennsylvania Dutch

COPYRIGHT, 1907. By McCLURE, PHILLIPS & COMPANY. Jo

CHAPTER VIII. "TOUR mother wouldn't leave me go, Abe, you know that,

even if I wanted to." "Yes," said Abe bitterly, "even if you wanted? That's the way you put it, ain't? And you don't want. If you'd make your mind up, Eunice, that you wanted to go, don't you know that mom she wouldn't have the dare to stop you? Because you're got your age, and if mom tries to boss you you have the right to up and tell her, 'I don't have to.' It's time you knowed

down across the railroad tracks and that oncet! letting the cars run over me." Eunice looked at her foster brother and would be lover with sudden attenhim, for Mrs. Morningstar's shrill tones tion. They were in the spring house, he standing in the doorway and bar- were shrieking angry commands to the ring her exit, and she, with her daily girl to stop dawdling there with her burden of butter, cheese and milk for Abe and come in with them "wittles." the dinner table, waiting anxiously to | For any least attention paid to her by the son of her foster parents Eunice be allowed to pass.

"Have I the right, Abe, to follow my was always made to suffer, it being asown will?" she asked, with a repressed sumed gratuitously that the penniless eagerness, which Abe instantly inter- girl and not the prospectively rich preted as referring to his invitation to youth did the love making. her to go with him next day to the circus in town. "I didn't know that, amazement at such startling speech

"You're your own boss when you're girl that he did not hear or at least did eighteen a'ready."

"But your mother and father support | forced her way past him the close contact of her body sent the fire through me," she reasoned, repeating the lesson which had been ground into her his veins, and he seized her about the ever since she could remember any- waist and pressed his lips to her cheek thing, "and so have a right to control |-just as his mother, in a rage, strode me, haven't they?" There was an anxious wistfulness in Kinross, with his books concealed in

an old basket, was surreptitiously reher eyes which thrilled her baffled and turning by a back way from his morndiscouraged suitor with hope. "Don't you earn your keep and a ing's outing. good bit over where [which] you don't ingstar. "Go in and tend to the dinner

get? If they had a hired girl do half and leave our Abe be!" what you do, still they'd have to give her two a week." "But, then, I am working for them now to pay for the years they support-

ed me when I was too little to work." "Och, Eunice, you was always won- into the house, her angry upbraidings derful dumm! There ain't no time since you was five years old a'ready that you ain't earnt all it cost to keep you, and them couple years before and resent her abuse!" Dr. Kinross that when you was too little-well," he said mysteriously, "I could tell you somepin if I wanted-somepin where them up the path to the house. would make you say to mom and pop pretty quick, 'I don't have to.' They the joy of his stolen embrace, was had ought to be payin' you wages. It hastily examining something that he ain't right they don't."

"Tell me what you mean about those had excited his jealous suspicion. two years of my childhood."

Abe hesitated. "Pop would jaw me to come to the spring he had accidensomepin turrible if I tole you. You tally discovered, sticking under the just wait. Some time I'll tell you meb- door sill, an envelope addressed to be. But now," he urged, "if you're Miss Eunice Morningstar. Now, judggot any spunk you up and tell 'em ing from his own feelings toward the you're goin' along with me to the cir- girl, he did not see how any man's cus in. Ain't you will, Eunice? Och, eyes could rest upon her and not dego on!"

He attempted a clumsy caress, but to the instant conclusion that this was she drew back. Abe scowled angrily. a love letter to Eunice from "that "Look at here, Eunice. You might dude towner," as he privately characbe glad I wanted to keep comp'ny with | terized Kinross.

"Why?" she asked, with a childlike over him and he had been about to wonder, as though the proposition were tear the envelope into bits when the a curious one. "Ain't I goin' to be well fixed till doorway had caused him quickly to

pop's deceased a'ready?" he demanded. | conceal it in his pocket, to be exam-"And look at the good times you ined or destroyed later. could have off of me, buggy ridin' Sundays and goin' to circuses and all. girl into the house with her re-When does a girl ever get any fun' proaches, he, lingering in the spring without a gen'man friend to run with house, was tearing open, with hands her? And it ain't everybody fixed like | that shook, the letter addressed to anme would want to keep comp'ny with other. you, neither-with pop and mom so | His jaw dropped in amazement as down on my runnin' with a girl where he saw the name subscribed at the end won't have no aussteuer. You won't of the sheet. Henny Mucklehenny. bring me nothin'," he said ruefully. His sister Ollie's beau! What could "Nothin' but my pop's and mom's he be writing to Eunice for? Did he spite! Yes, you might be giad, any- want to be a bigamist? With a curihow, I want you!"

Eunice regarded him thoughtfully, the brief epistle. but made no answer. ing. I don't mean Ollie; I mean you. But "Can't you see it that there way?"

he persisted. "But I could not let any man sacrifice so much for me, even if I did don't mean her. She'd take it some hard, I

want to marry him."

"There you go ag'in!" he exclaimed indignantly. "Even if you did want, pany with you ever since I seen you on you say! I can't see why you don't church children's day, six weeks back want. Say!" he said, his discouraged already. Well, that Sunday you was on tone changing to hopeful, "is it mebbe because you don't like to get pop and mom down on me? But," he reasoned. | course not out loud, I know it is and she "you see, all I'd be givin' up fur you don't weigh ag'in what I'd be gettin'. And, you see, I'd reason with pop and mom like this-I'd say, 'Eunice, she ain't been raised to go much or spend any at the cloes like some, and she's used to hard work and in the simplified. Cordially your lover.
HENNY MUCKLEHENNY. end she'd mebbe save me more'n H I married another one where had money, but where wasn't contented Abe's mouth as he finished his surrepnot to be spendin' and goin'.' I've titious reading. It was no slight shock speke them argyments to myself, still, to discover that he had so strong a a'ready, when I thought of your not rival as Hen Mucklehenny. Neverthebringin' me any aussteuer-and them less he felt quite equal to coping with same reasonings would weigh with him. pop and mom, Eunice," he urged coax-

ceive subscriptions at clubbing "I do not doubt it, Abe." rates for many of the city papers, "Then you'll go with-to the circus?" and a glance at the following may he pleaded. "Ain't?"

> "I'll take your part ag'in pop and mom. Ain't you got any spunk? don't you like circuses or what?" "I'm not afraid of your mother and cheek enough to tell her it ain't her

Canadian Bear grease is in Bear-

he means."

tiously joined the other men at the

table. This performance was part of his disguise as a farmhand, but today it defeated its own ends, for the two young ladies, coming into the kitchen from the front porch, where they had spent the morning in hammocks and rockers, made note of the fact that when Pete took his turn at the kitchen | door carrying a basket of apples checkpump he did not use the family towel ed Daisy's answer. on the roller, but carried his own towel on his arm and combed his hair | complainingly, "where was you at? with his own pocket comb instead of Come, hurry and help make the dinner using the family comb which always on the table. What you waste time lay on the window ledge, convenient pickin' them apples fur? I got apples

"Now, hurry on here, Eunice," to and from the stove in the outer to be out, too, by this nice weather," sitchen to the dinner table, "and make she said, with a resentful glance at things on the table quick. Och," she | the two young ladies of leisure on the threw a remark to the young ladies who waited on the settee, "till we're done the breakfast cooking, it's time | throwed away your time," warned her fur dinner a'ready. And it's so hard mother. "You know how it unpleases to know what to cook all, too, fur yous him-that there. Here, Eunice, dish up towners. And today it was everything now scarce. The lard was all and the pies was run out and the gev Doc fur his breakfast fat cakes two ladies not. Do you hear?" she with coffee over and he sayed, now said threateningly, looking at the that he certainly don't want. So he girl's absent countenance. "I want to eat balony, where I bought off of have it right done!" Jake Eckstein's meat car. That there balony I don't like-they say Jake he puts most anything in it! But Doc

"But he's not a towner."

"Och." said Mrs. Morningstar in confusion, "I don't mean to say he's just a towner. But he's near as sneaky about his wittles as if he was one." Daisy at once seized her notebook. "Sneaky?" Does that mean choicy? How perfectly killing!"

shricked, "fetch them pie out of the from the usually meek and submissive oven! Och," she volubly continued to not heed his mother's voice. As Eunice her boarders, "I couldn't get that donkey of a new stove to work today



Without an instant's hesitation Abe tore the sheet.

and them pie ain't good baked all. I have only twelve fur over Sunday, too, and that ain't enough for the size of

pie we eat." "I'm sorry you find it so troublesome to cater for us, Mrs. Morningstar," said Georgiana, "But take comfortthere are some essentials of diet that

one can never find so good in town as

on a farm-butter, for instance." "Yes, well, but," Mrs. Morningstar shook her head doubtfully, "the butter ain't good on the farms all. Not like ourn. Eunice," she called shrilly to the outer kitchen, "make over the cofosity equal to his jealousy Abe read

fee now and put an extry spoonful yet in and use the big pot-the little one is yet so soon full. Yous towners," she explained to the young ladies, "likes your coffee so strong that way. Well, I like it when it tastes good, too-coffee-especially by the such cold winter weather. But," shaking her head. Dear Eunice.-There's a misunderstand-"not so strong like yous take it. Yes, when I begun to come Sundays, Ollie she it makes me a difference, too, if my took it for herself. But it ain't her. It's wittles don't suit me. Now here one you. It don't come easy to explain her I day," she related as she placed a white crusted pie on either end of the can see it at her how she favers me a good bit, me bein' so wellfixed and could be a table, "we had a boarder here fur a good purvider. I wented to keep comweek from out west, and she sayed how they fried their sauerkraut. Well, I says, that would be a big surprise to me to eat fried sauerkraut church, some one says to me, that's Euyet! Eunice," she again called, "take nice Morningstar. I says to myself, of watch oncet when the meat car comes; looks so pretty, I believe I love her. Doc-Pete-he says he'd now like Anyhow you can write to me and tell me about it. I praid one night to find out if "You are very indulgent to your you was the right one. I gave a quarter in the collection when you was in church.

farmhand," remarked Georgiana as God loves a chearful givver. Well, I hat Peter at that moment walked into the to stop now. You will write to me now, room and sat down in a huge painted ain't? If I spell diffrunt, I'm spelling rocking chair directly in front of the A look of cunning settled about "Och, Doc," warned Mrs. Morning-

star, "that chair 'll fall together if you set on it before Mister makes it new rockers at."

Pete removed himself to the edge of the settee beside Miss Ellery, who, with apparent willingness, made room for him by drawing away the skirt of Without an instant's hesitation he tore the sheet and the envelope into her remarkably pretty pink summer tiny bits. "She won't never see that! gown. Kinross liked her taste in dress; her costumes were simple to And when he comes Sunday and she ain't round he'll think she's disthe point of distinction and, be couragin' him and he'll lose heart. thought, exactly suited her style of And then mebbe he'll take to Ollie fur

all if he keeps on comin' and settin' "I guess yous think such a old cha up with her, because he ain't got would as soon be throwed on the wood pile," said Mrs. Morningstar, "but I'm used to it some thirty years, and I'd A few moments later Kinross, at the have homesick fur it if it went." ringing of the dinner bell, ostenta-

"By the way, Mrs. Morningstar," said Daisy plaintively, "would you mind pump to wash his face and hands and having the porch chairs moved to the

look the cemetery? We're here for our

Mrs. Morningstar looked at her in surprise. "But I don't think," she said reassuringly, "any of 'em would come

The entrance of Ollie at the kitchen

"Ollie," her mother turned to her

Ollie pouted as she removed her sunprompted Mrs. Morningstar, bustling | bonnet and hung it on a nail. "! if e

> "Well, don't leave pop know you the cornstarch in these here saucers." she ordered as the girl came in with two steaming dishes. "Use the common saucers fur all, only Doc and the

Daisy took up her notebook. "A Pennsylvania Dutch farmhand," she repeated as she wrote, "is treated as an honored guest. Curious custom. "Doc?" repeated Daisy inquiringly. Peter, you have a cinch of it here, haven't you? Now, if you married Ollie and became one of the family"-"Daisy!" Georgiana protested.

"I was only going to say, Georgiana, he'd be up against it then. He couldn't lay off when he had headaches, and he wouldn't have his evidently dainty and fastidious appetite catered to. So "Eunice," Mrs. Morningstar again I wouldn't advise you, Peter, to marry Ollie. And," she added, lowering her voice for Peter's ear alone, "she has an awful figure, hasn't she? She looks like a yard of pump water! But why Ollie isn't gone on you, Peter, I can't understand, for you're certainly the least woozy looking"-

She was checked by the entrance of Abe and his father, who now came into the kitchen and took their places at the table, where the boarders joined them. Abe looked half sullen, half shamefaced, with a scowl for his mother's overtures to him and furtive glances at Eunice as she moved about the table setting cups of coffee and saucers of cornstarch at each place. Kinross looked on at this little byplay with sympathetic interest,

"The fellow will marry that dowerless girl," he confidently thought. "Trust a quiet girl like that to play her cards cleverly! She has Abe where she wants him! No doubt she's a cat, like all other women, and is working that youth as much to 'spite' his mother as to make a good market for herself. Women are all alike fundamentally."

To be continued.

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