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regular \$2.00, for \$1.39	18 pair Ladies' Felt Shoes, leather foxed, regular \$1.49
20 pair Ladies' Vici Kid, pat. tip, regular \$2.50, \$1.75	20 pair Misses' Felt Shoes, leather back strap & toe \$1.29 cap, reg. \$1.50, for
18 pairs Misses Vici Kid, pat. tip. regular \$2.00, for \$1.69	18 pair Men's All-felt Shoes, reg- ular \$2.25, for \$1.49
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Read down		Read up			
P.M.					
3.00	Lv.	Walkerton	Ar.	9.40	12.55
3.13	**	Maple Hill	**		12.42
3.23		Hanover	**	9.19	12,34
3,33		Allan Park	**	9.11	12.26
3.52		Durham		100000000000000000000000000000000000000	12:12
4.03		MeWilliams	**	DESTIN	12.02
4.17	**				11.50
4:30					11.40
	P.M. 3.00 3.13 3.23 3.33 3.52 4.03 4.17	P.M. 3.00 Lv. 3.13 " 3.23 " 3.33 " 4.03 " 4.17 "	P.M. 3.00 Lv. Walkerton 3.13 " Maple Hill 3.23 " Hanover 3.33 " Allan Park 3.52 " Durham 4.03 " McWilliams 4.17 " Priceville	P.M. 3.00 Lv. Walkerton Ar. 3.13 " Maple Hill " 3.23 " Hanover " 3.33 " Allan Park " 3.52 " Durham " 4.03 " McWilliams " 4.17 " Priceville "	P.M. 3.00 Lv. Walkerton Ar. 9.40 3.13 " Maple Hill " 9.27 3.23 " Hanover " 9.19 3.33 " Allan Park " 9.11 3.52 " Durham " 8.57 4.03 " McWilliams " 8.47 4.17 " Priceville " 8.35

## HISCOURTSHIP

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

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CHAPTER X.

UNICE was about to pass Ollie's steady comp'ny with a nod, but the young man stopped directly in her way, and, holding out his hand with a shy awkwardness, flushed deeply as he looked at her.

"Och!" exclaimed Ollie, turning in her chair to welcome him, but not rising, "but I'm glad you're here oncet! I'm so tired listenin' to the big words they're spittin' at each other hereyes, even Eunice yet! I didn't know Eunice could speak such high language! She ain't never done it around

"Nor around me, neither-I'd like, too, to hear her oncet," replied the young man, his bashful tones only just audible and his face and neck self consciously red as he retained Eunice's hand so that she could not pass on and looked at her with an ardor in his gaze that appeared quite irrelevant in view of the general understanding that he came to "set up" with Ollie. "Won't you stay settin' on the porch, Eunice?" he nervously begged the girl.

Eunice looked at him in surprise. To ask her to commit a breach like that, to violate the social code that no third person must be present at a Sunday night "setting up"-was he wandering in his wits? She tried to withdraw her hand, but could not-he held it tight-with Ollie, Dr. Kinross and the young ladies all looking on!

"This is the first time I have saw you-since I begun to come Sundays," he said with evidently gigantic effort to conquer his embarrassment at the acknowledgment he was making in Ollie's very presence. "Where was you at Sunday nights still when come over?"

"Where was she at?" spoke up Ollie boisterously. "Out on the back porch settin'-with our Abe. That's where she'd be tonight, too, I guess, if mom didn't jaw her so fur it!" "With Abe!" repeated Ollie's osten-

sible "friend" in a consternation that forgot the presence of others. "Her and Abe!" Eunice dragged her fingers from his

clasp and turned away before he could recover from the evident shock of Ollie's communication. The three boarders, realizing that

they were de trop, also rose and went away. Ollie and the young man were left in solitary possession of the field for the evening's campaign. "How many dupes are there in this

friendshaft, I wonder!" Kinross said to himself as he strolled out into the garden, his pulse bounding with a strange excitement. "The young ladies think I'm a country lout. Ollie thinks the young man, Hen Mucklehenny, if he wasn't somepin fierce! Honest to comes to 'set up' with her when evi- goodness, Hen, he was the worst man dently he is fatally smitten with En | 1 ever seen!" nice (let him lay low if Abe discovers it). As for me, have I, too, been a dupe about that girl, Eunice? Is she a disguised college professor or 'whatever,' as her conversation this evening might suggest? Her diction is certainly not the everyday tongue of the Morningstars. How the dickens does it hap-

But too many circumstances-the Morningstars' selfish treatment of her, Abe's infatuation, her slavish workthese and other things rebutted the theory that she was anything else than what she pretended to be. How, then, account for that astonishing little revelation of herself this evening? He turned it over in every conceivable way, but could arrive at no conclusion concerning her. He decided that he must certainly make an opportunity for talking with her and investigate see her only a few months, but where her thoroughly.

Meantime Hen Mucklehenny's hesitation in taking advantage of the clear field left to him and his slowness to seat himself in the rocker at Ollie's side were attributed by her to his well known bashfulness. It was thus that ardor on every Sunday night that he had been with her. No amount of encouragement on her part had availed | wasn't keepin' comp'ny." to warm him up to the sort of love making considered in that locality an | pidly. essential preface to matrimony.

"Hen," began Ollie, when at last they were rocking monotonously side by side in their big wooden rockers on the porch, "you ain't got no need to trouble to make so polite to our Eunice, seein' she ain't my right sister that way. It makes me no difference if she likes you or if she don't, her bein' only 'dopted and not our own flesh and blood. It wouldn't unplease me if you didn't make over her any."

make polite to her just fur to please you, Ollie-not just to say fur that exactly; I"- He stopped helplessly, looking distraught.

Ollie was slow to grasp a new idea. All she saw just now was that her bashful lover was more embarrassed than usual. "That's all right, Hen," she reassured him-quite irrelevantly the uncomfortable fellow thought. They rocked in silence for a while. Pennsylvania Dutch courtships are

wont to be punctuated by long periods of sepulchral silence. Hen's countenance, instead of expressing the ecstacies of a lover in the fair presence of his lady, looked as if he were sitting in a dentist's chair under the or-R. MACFARLANE, - Town Agent, deal of an exposed nerve.

"Hen," said Ollie presently in a tone of heavy import, "I want to speak somepin to you."

Hen fidgeted and waited to hear it. "If you wasn't keepin' comp'ny with me. Hen, do you know what I'd near up and do."

"But that needn't hold you back, Ollie, from nothin', fur I ain't just to

Hen floundered again and was silent. "I'd take and go to town and hire out fur a girl. Pop he holds me so close at home to the work and won't leave me go none-and if I was hired could mebbe go more'n I kin so. They anyhow kin have off in the evenings still-hired girls in town kin."

"You needn't mind me, Ollie," Hen hastened to reassure her; "you just go if you want." But Ollie shook her head. "I thought at it, but I couldn't make my mind

Hen looked miserable. going to a factory. In a factory you kin set all the time-and if there's one thing I love to do it's settin'. And pop he has cross if ever he sees me settin'. To be sure, Sally Schnabel, she disheartened me fur hirin' out. She hired there fur a while in town at such a boardin' house where there was twenty-two comers and goers and she says she had to work wonderful hard. She says at home on the farm she had only six to cook and wash fur -and twenty-two towards six-that's

up to leave you, Hen."

a difference, too-ain't?" "Yes, anyhow," Hen dully acqui-

"And Sally she sayed them towners they wanted a hired girl to be a fool fur 'em-to run in a room when they rung a bell like as if she was a dog and to hand 'em things round the table instead of doin' their own stretchin' Them ways I wouldn't take to so

"I guess," Hen agreed.

"And Sally she sayed the missus wouldn't leave her have her reg'lar comp'ny come and set up with hershe tole Sally she didn't want no strange man comin' to her house. And Sally she tole her pretty quick, 'He ain't no strange man,' she says. 'I wouldn't go with no strange man. He's my reg'lar comp'ny.' Now, think, Hen! Accusin' Sally of travelin' with a strange man!"

"To think anyhow!" said Hen. "But a body could go to the rooft garden now and agin if you was hired in town. Oncet Abe he took me to such a theater play at the rooft garden and if it wasn't grand yet! A man come on the stage named Mr. Montgomery. He was the willain. Now,

"Now!" exclaimed Hen with forced sympathy.

"But, then, to be sure, if I was in town stayin' me and you us we couldn't keep comp'ny Sunday even-

Hen's gloom deepened to despair. "Ain't, Hen?" Ollie tried to rouse him to some ardor.

The fact was the girl was weary of her bondage to her father's mercenariness and longed for the freedom from it that marriage would give her, especially marriage with one so well fixed as Hen Mucklehenny, and she was hoping by this suggestion of going to town to stir her lover into some alarm at the thought of losing her and thus

precipitate their betrothal and marriage. True, he had been coming to was the use of indefinite delay? "Ain't, Hen, it would be some lone-

some fur you if I went off?" she urged. Again Hen squirmed in his chair, but he made no answer. "But I'm thinkin' at goin," Ollie

threatened. "How would you put in she had interpreted also his lack of your Sunday nights with me off, Hen?" "I'd come and set up with-with Eunice," he blurted out, "if her and Abe

> Ollie turned and stared at him stu-"But that would give her false hopes. She'd think you meant it fur really.

And I just tole you you ain't got no need to make so polite to her fur my "It would be fur my own sake, Ol-

!ie," Hen stammered.

But Ollie did not grasp his meaning. "To anyhow hear about me and see my folks-ain't?" she said, thus interpreting his words. "Yes, well, but"-She doubtfully shook her head at such "But," began Hen uneasily, "I didn't a questionable manner of courting her. "Would the folks leave you go to town to work somepin," Hen asked.

unable to keep a touch of hope out of "I just would take and up and go!" declared Ollie. "I've got my age and kin go if I want. But to be sure my bein' of age ain't no use to me when I'm livin' with pop. To be sure when

I'm living off of him I must do all where he says." "Must Abe, too?" Hen asked, with unexpected and irritating irrelevance. "If Abe must, too?" she repeated his question. "Well, anybody would know that his bein' a male that way he wouldn't be tied down like a female, fur all he has to obey to pop a good

"Don't your pop and mom uphold to his keepin' comp'ny with-with, Eunice"-Hen dragged the question out in an agony of embarrassment-"like what you sayed awhile back-that him and her would be settin' out on the back porch if your mom didn't jaw?" "Was that so interestin' to you,

Hen?" Ollie asked a bit wonderingly. "Well, it would stand to reason they wouldn't want Abe to throw hisself away on no bound girl where couldn't bring him no aussteuer and Abe so well fixed as he'll be and could marry near any girl in the township."

"But what's Abe's views?" Hen inquired. "Does he favor her agin your pop and mom?"

"Well, to be sure, Eunice would be anyhow dumm if she didn't try to get our Abe, him bein' her only chanct, fur pop won't never leave her go none, and she don't never see other ones, nor other ones don't see her neither. And, to be sure, Abe he favors her some too."

"If she seen other ones, mebbe she wouldn't favor Abe so much neither. This here dude from town now-does she favor him any?" Hen put out un-

"Well," said Ollie contemptuously, "I guess she ain't lookin' that highour Eunice yet! And him a towner! Why, even me, I wouldn't look to him! He won't bother even with them two town young ladies where's so well fixed and got it so good they can board all summer and spend out money without workin' nothin' to bring more innot even their own housework at home. A body's got to be pretty well fixed to do like that, ain't? The doc he's dress-"Or if I didn't hire out I thought at | ed hisself up in overalls (did you take notice of it?), and he's makin' he's a farmhand hired to pop just so's them girls will leave him be! Now think! Ain't he comic?"

"Now!" said Hen incredulously.

"Indeed, yes!" affirmed Ollie. "He must be pretty good fixed, too,

to lay off all summer without workin'." "Yes," Ollie agreed, "he must make no amount of money fur his doctorin'." "Well, then, if Eunice don't look so high, there's me. I'm better fixed than what Abe is. And her not havin' no aussteuer wouldn't make me no difference."

Hen's tongue was fairly running away with him.

Again Ollie turned to stare at him in dumb amazement. "What you talkin', Hen? What

would you be wantin' to give hopes to Eunice fur when you're my regular comp'ny?"

"That's where you're makin' a big mistake, Ollie.' The fatal words were out. Hen

grasped the arms of his rocker as though to save himself from plunging into an abyss that yawned at his feet. "Makin' a mistake! How am I makin' a mistake?" the bewildered Ollie demanded. "Ain't you settin' up with me Sundays?" "If I am, it ain't because I come

here fur that intention. It's because yous all had a misunderstandin' about the lady friend I wanted to pick outwhich it was Eunice and not you, Now that Hen had got started it

seemed as easy as rolling downhill. He exulted buoyantly, like one who had shaken off shackles. Ollie rose and confronted him, her

dull complexion flushing a deep red. "You come here to set up with Eunice!"

"That's wot!" said Hen courageous-

"Why didn't you say so?" "You didn't give me no chanct. Yous all was so sure I meant you, Ollie. Yous, none of yous, could see that a feller might want Eunice even if she don't have no aussteuer, her bein' such a good looker that way."

"You just made a fool out of me. Hen Mucklehenny!" Ollie cried, al most choking with her shame and indignation.

"I didn't go fur to do no sich a thing,

"Well, you kin just go home and stay home," the girl said vindictively, "fur pop ain't leavin' Eunice keep comp'ny with no one-our Abe nor no one else! Pop says what did he raise her fur all these years just to leave her run when she's old enough to be of some use and pay him back fur his supportin' her?"

"Won't you go tell her I'm waitin' here to set up with her?" Hen pleaded. Ollie glared at him dully, her bosom heaving. "Well, Hen Mucklehenny, to show you I don't want you and Eunice is welcome to you I will go tell her, but I'll tell pop and mom, too, and you kin settle it with them yetand I wish you luck with 'em!"

She turned her back on him and left him. He waited, fairly quivering with eagerness for the appearance of the sweet, fair girl whose image filled his dull soul. Were his many weeks of dreaming about her about to be crowned with the actual realization of the bliss of "sitting up" with her? Would she in a few minutes be seated in this chair at his side, her hand clasped in his? His ecstatic expectation quite drove from his mind the spleen and disappointment of poor Ol-

She meantime had sought her parents in the kitchen and had wrathfully related to them that it was Eunice and not she with whom Hen was wanting to keep company.

The indignation of Mrs. Morningstar against both Hen and her foster daughter was quite equal to Ollie's. Mr. Morningstar was hardly less chagrined, for he had been more than satisfied with the prospect of so good a match for his daughter, and he did

not wish to part with Eunice at all. "I ain't leavin' her keep comp'ny with no one," he obstinately affirmed, after the first shock of Ollie's news, as he smoked his pipe by the kitchen windov, the smallness of his soul shining out of his little blinking eyes and re-

nected in the stubborn set of his th lips, "not even fur the sake of keepin" her off of our Abe. She sin't to waste her time with no beau! You just go round front, Ollie, and tell Hen Mucklehenny I ain't leavin' Eunice keep comp'ny with him nor no one else!" be commanded.

"You go tell him, pop. I don't want to go near him no more."

But Mrs. Morningstar interposed an objection. "It'll give us an awful bad name-our puttin' it out that she hasn't dare to take her chances, too, like other ones. Better leave Hen see her tonight. Then till next Sabbath a'ready we kin tell her she has to tell him she don't feel fur settin' up with him."

"I'll tell her she's to tell him that right aways this evening and not wait till next Sabbath," responded Mr. Morningstar, rising to go to the girl. "You don't know how fur him and her might git along in one evenin'. I ain't takin' no risks like that. She's to tell him right aways she don't take to him."

"Then he can't say we kep' her back." Mrs. Morningstar nodded approvingly. "Don't cry, Ollie." She tried to comfort the girl, who was sniveling audibly. "There's others will be glad to take Hen's place."

appointment was keen. "Where is Eunice at?" Mr. Mornings

could not be found either in her own bedroom or in the front room with the

ity, almost the certainty, that they had gone off somewhere together. "Abe's horse and buggy ain't in the barn," Ollie reported to her parents as they all came together again in the kitchen after their investigation of the place. "I locked open the barn door and looked oncet, and it ain't there!

"She wouldn't do it to go off with him unbeknownst. It ain't like her ways," Mr. Morningstar questioned this circumstantial evidence.

"I wouldn't of thought Abe would of took and done it unbeknownst?" Mrs. Morningstar lamented. "But she won's have the dare to do it ag'in!" she de-

"I'll go round front and fix Hea Mucklehenny all right!" Mr. Morningstar suddenly said, with ghoulish sat-



"Makin' a mistake! How am I makin'

isfaction, turning to the door. "The just tell him Eunice and Abe's went out buggy ridin' together. That'll dishearten him from comin' round here after her any more."

As he left the room Ollie's eyes followed him, their customary sullen dullness dissipated for the moment by reflection of her father's spitefulness.

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But Ollie knew better, and her disstar asked, coming back from the kitchen porch, where he had gone to look

young lady boarders nor yet in the garden with "the doc," who was strolling about in the twilight smoking. Where could she possibly be? The suspicious circumstance that Abe also was not about pointed to the possibil-

She's took and went out buggy ridin' with him, I bet!"

clared threateningly

To be continued.

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