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W. IRWIN

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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anager

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The next two weeks will see the greatest display 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 following prices:—

Sale Commences Wed., Jan. 19

15 pair Ladies' All-felt Shoes, regular \$2.00, for \$1.39	18 pair Ladies' Felt Shoes, leather foxed, regular \$2.25, for \$1.49
20 pair Ladies' Vici Kid, pat. tip, regular \$2.50, for \$1.75	20 pair Misses' Felt Shoes, leather back strap & toe cap, reg. \$1.50, for \$1.29
18 pairs Misses Vici Kid, pat. tip, regular \$2.00, for \$1.69	18 pair Men's All-felt Shoes, regular \$2.25, for \$1.49
18 pair Men's Felt-lined, Good Year Welt felt sole, rub'r heel, \$3.75, for \$2.99	6 pair Men's Felt Congress, for \$1.25

A number of pairs of Men's Box Calf, Pat. Leather and vici kid at greatly reduced prices.

18 pair Boys' Felt Shoes, leather toe cap, regular \$1.75, for \$1.59
--

A number of pairs of Boys' Box Calf, Oil Tan and Vici Kid at greatly reduced prices.

50 pairs Boys' Over Rubbers, regular 85c, for 69c	35 pair Youths' Over Rubbers, regular 65c, for 54c
20 pair Childs' Rubbers, regular 50c, for 39c	60 pair Ladies' Rubbers, regular 75c, for 59c
20 pair Ladies' Button Over-shoes, 10 inch leg, regular \$1.85, for \$1.49	15 pair Men's Buckle Over-shoes, regular \$1.85, for \$1.49
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

A large number of Felt Slippers at greatly reduced prices.

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Grand Trunk Railway TIME-TABLE

Trains leave Durham at 7.30 a.m., and 1.50 p.m., and 8.35 p.m.

Trains arrive at Durham at 10.30 a.m., 1.50 p.m., and 8.35 p.m.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY TIME TABLE

Trains will arrive and depart as follows, until further notice:—

Read down	A.M.	P.M.	Read up	P.M.	P.M.
6.45	3.00	1.00	Walkerton	Ar.	9.40 12.35
7.06	3.13	"	Maple Hill	"	9.27 12.42
7.06	3.23	"	Hanover	"	9.19 12.34
7.14	3.33	"	Allan Park	"	9.11 12.26
7.28	3.52	"	Durham	"	8.57 12.12
7.38	4.03	"	McWilliams	"	8.47 12.02
7.50	4.17	"	Priceville	"	8.35 11.50
8.00	4.30	"	Saugen Jct.	"	8.25 11.40

R. MACFARLANE, - Town Agent.

HIS COURTSHIP

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

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CHAPTER XI.

KINROSS, sauntering in front of the porch, overheard the farmer "fixing" poor Hen.

"There ain't no use your settin' here waitin'. She's went off buggy ridin' with our Abe. Him and her's wonderful took with each other, and neither of 'em's got eyes fur no other ones."

"I seen Abe's buggy ahead of me when I was drivin' over here," Hen answered, his tone expressing timid doubt of the truth of Mr. Morningstar's assertion, "and I didn't take notice to no lady settin' alongside of him. He rode clean down the pike ahead of me. Our buggies was so close apart I could see right into his'n. And till I got here a'ready Eunice she was here."

"She knowed better'n to git in with him near here. She likely walked over the schoolhouse and behind Zoar's ch'rch up and then got in his buggy above the town out, so's us we wouldn't see her."

Very low in his mind and looking abjectly disappointed and discouraged, Henny on receiving this information rose to go home.

Kinross mused on the situation as for an hour longer he wandered up and down the garden in the gathering night. His promenade brought him every now and then to a corner of the house from which he could see in an unoccupied and reputedly "haunted" part of the building a faint flickering light in one of the windows.

He had been told of the tradition concerning the ghost who visited this wing of the old house. The Morningstars were very proud of the distinction of living with the only ghost of the township, and strangers to the neighborhood were never left long in ignorance of it. Kinross felt sure, from what he had seen of the family, that one of them could possibly be induced to go near that haunted quarter of the house after dark and he was naturally puzzled, therefore, to account for the light he saw in the window just now. He thought he would ask Mrs. Morningstar to let him sleep in the haunted room some night and see whether he could not meet and lay the spirit that troubled it. It did not occur to him to associate the light with the absence of Eunice. He accepted, as unquestioningly as did Hen Mucklehenny, Mr. Morningstar's story of her clandestine drive with Abe. Indeed, the family's agitation over the fact was keeping them up long after their usual early bedtime, as he knew from the lamp light in the kitchen to which the circuit of his stroll periodically brought him.

His impressions of Eunice were in dire confusion and refused to lend themselves to readjustment. That a girl capable of even accidentally reading "The Compleat Angler" and discussing it as she had done should "take up" with Abe Morningstar was singular, to say the least. The flower-like beauty of her face, the peculiarly thrilling quality of her voice, her grace and, in some respects, exquisiteness made it seem incongruous that she should, as Mr. Morningstar had expressed it, be "wonderful took with our Abe." And then the intelligence she had revealed this evening—what was it she had said about "The Compleat Angler"?—it was not "for its didactic instructions about fishing" that she cared for it, but "for the anecdotes scattered through it, the quotations and songs and poems."

Good Lord! Should he presently discover that Abe was familiar with Chaucer and Spenser and that Ollie was a student of Shakespeare and Milton? He couldn't have been more astonished if he had found Mrs. Morningstar quoting Henry James or come across Mr. Morningstar intelligently reading George Meredith. As a psychologist he could not reconcile the fact of the girl's having left school at the age of twelve, according to her foster mother's own acknowledgment, with her capacity for assimilating Isaac Walton's little classic. He recalled that Mrs. Morningstar had told him of the child's grief at being taken from school. "She cried wonderful," the woman had said in the unsympathetic tone with which she always spoke of the girl.

"It would take a Sherlock Holmes to ferret out this mystery," he said to himself.

As he came to this conclusion a turn in his walk brought him in sight again of the haunted back building, and he saw that the lighted window had become dark. "The ghost has gone to roost," he decided.

A moment later as he came around to the front of the house the light of a lamp illumined one of the upstairs bedroom windows, the room in which, as he knew, Ollie and Eunice slept. But a moment before he had passed the kitchen in which he had seen Ollie and her parents sitting about the table. Who, then, was in that upstairs room? No member of the Morningstar household would commit the extravagance of leaving a lamp burning in an empty room. Had the ghost wandered from the back room to the front one? But ghosts did not move by the light of heresene lamps.

Presently in his circuit about the house he found that the trio in the kitchen had at last taken their lamps and gone upstairs, leaving the kitchen door unwatched for him and for the truant lovers.

Kinross felt an impulse of pity for Eunice as he thought of the retribution she would have to face on her return or on the morrow.

"But she never seems to mind the old lady's upbraidings; she takes them with an apparently philosophical calm," he thought. "I wonder whether, against all the stress that will be brought to bear upon her, she will with equal calmness and philosophy persist in her devotion to Abe. I should think she'd find it hard to hold out against the cold blooded obstinacy of that brutal old Morningstar—harder than against the woman's warm temper. I fancy the Dutchman could be cruel under some circumstances. Now, I'm inclined to think Eunice would fare better if she favored that sheep that came to court her this evening—Hen Mucklehenny. He looks inoffensive and soft hearted, while Abe Morningstar is a genuine son of his father—small souled, selfish and brutal. But she doesn't know that it is she Hen came to see, and the Morningstar will take care that she doesn't find it out. I might do her a good turn by telling her on the quiet."

His meditation turned at last from sheer weariness into another channel, and he fell to thinking of the awkward situation he would have to confront when, on his return to town, he should be obliged to meet Miss Ellery and Miss Parks in his true character. How he was going to carry it off was a question which not infrequently occupied his leisure moments.

"I wonder whether Georgiana was in the least shaken out of her orbit by the shock of Eunice's correcting her quotation from Isaac Walton and declining to be 'a recipient of charity'—that was the damsel's phraseology, if I remember. Probably not. She could hardly forget herself long enough to entertain more than a mere passing wonder about another woman."

"Her wishing to give that dress to Eunice—it was not because of any sympathy with Eunice; it was merely an exploiting of herself, an insistence upon her theories, which she feels set her above and apart from the common herd. If something could happen to her to knock out of her her own fool idea of herself and make her just a simple, natural girl, why, with such beauty and distinction as she has, she might be a very charming woman."

He took his pipe from his mouth and clasped his hands behind him as he bent back his head to the stars while he dwelt upon the picture of a revised Georgiana which his fancy called up. He was just wondering whether the deception he was playing upon her in his disguise might not be made in some way to work such a revision in her when his attention was arrested by the sound of approaching carriage wheels.

In the quiet of the country evening the beat of the horse's hoofs could be heard from a distance, and he had time to decide that it was no doubt the buggy containing the truant lovers that was coming up the road and to wonder how their return would be met by the angry heads of the house when the vehicle drove in at the barn, and he saw as he strolled in that direction that Abe was alone.

What had the fellow done with Eunice? Kinross was surprised into a quick feeling of alarm for the girl's safety. He was on the point of stepping after her when he bethought him that he would do better to keep out of the "mkrup."

"It's none of my business. Of course Abe would justly resent my solicitude for the girl."

So, with the reflection that he was living in the midst of fast thickening mysteries, he shook out his pipe and went indoors for the night.

To reach his bedroom he had to pass the opening to the long, narrow hall which led into the redoubtable back building, and it was just as he came to this passage that his step was arrested by something which gave him a momentary thrill of excitement. The lamp he carried shed a light down the passage, and his eye was caught by a white figure moving swiftly and noiselessly at the farthest end of it. Almost instantly the figure disappeared. Whether it had run around a turn in the hall or dissolved into ether he could not be sure. Was it a wraith or what? Should he pursue it? No; its garb was too suggestive of a woman's nightgown to make pursuit on his part advisable. He would get Mrs. Morningstar's permission to sleep down there some night, and then, if ghost it were, he would surely make its acquaintance.

With this conclusion and feeling actually exhausted with the evening's succession of episodes he went to bed.

pay of the actual life of the Morningstar farmhouse, led him to risk exciting the suspicion of his fellow boarders by "hanging round" the kitchen porch during the greater part of the forenoon.

On coming downstairs to his breakfast he had found Eunice, as usual, at her kitchen drudgery, moving about, as she always did, as though only half conscious of her surroundings. If as the result of last night's developments there had been a scene, the girl bore no sign of it.

He put a few leading questions to Mrs. Morningstar as she gave him his breakfast. This matter of his late and solitary breakfast had been a troublesome one to adjust in his assumption of the character of a farm-hand, since not even his desire to retain his incognito would have induced him to get up to the family's 4 o'clock meal. He had finally, after considerable difficulty, negotiated with his landlady for breakfast in his room, except on such mornings as the coast was left clear by the early departure of the other boarders to the woods or "wherever," as Mrs. Morningstar referred to their wanderings.

"Well," he remarked as he broke an egg, while Mrs. Morningstar filled a glass with milk for him, "where was Eunice last night, anyway, when you were all looking for her?"

"Och, her!" snapped Mrs. Morningstar disparagingly. "Well, us we cancelled she'd went off buggy ridin' with Abe. The way she tries behind my back to make up with our Abe! I tell her she hasn't a shame, and after all I done fur her yet a'ready!"

"But she had not gone with Abe?"

"No; here when Ollie she went up to bed I guess near an hour after we was astin' you had you saw Eunice anywhere, why, there was Eunice in bed asleep. Ollie she waked her and ast her where was she awhile back when we was all lookin' fur her, and Eunice she got stubborn headed and wouldn't answer to Ollie. She's the worst stubborn head, that girl! I just believe she was out somewhere's makin' up to our Abe. But Abe he got rid of her and went to see some other one, I guess, fur he didn't come home till late."

Kinross wondered whether the fond mother of Abe really believed that he was the unwilling victim of Eunice's Machiavellian plots to attract him or whether her maternal jealousy merely invented this reluctance on his part.

"I don't know what's come over Eunice here lately," Mrs. Morningstar complained as she sawed thick slices from a huge loaf of homemade bread. "Till a couple days back she always minded to me and pop and done what she was tole. Here this mornin' I jawed her fur not takin' that frock Miss Ellery wanted to give her. I sayed to her what right had she to as good as throw away a frock when us we had to buy her all her clo'es, but she wouldn't make me no answer. Then pop he sayed she is to tell Miss Ellery she's changed her mind and will take the frock off of her if she wants her to, and Eunice she didn't make pop no answer neither. Then pop he sayed to her did she understand she was to do it as soon as the young ladies come down this mornin', and, mind you, Eunice she tole pop she wouldn't! To pop she sayed that! I couldn't hardly believe I heard it. Why, our Ollie she wouldn't have the dare to tell pop she wouldn't!"

"And Eunice never did so before?"

"Well, I better guess she didn't."

"But what do you suppose has made the worm suddenly turn—that is to say, how do you account for her asserting herself like that all at once?"



"Och, her!"

"Well," said Mrs. Morningstar, "to be sure, no person ever offered her no frock before."

"There's something in that," Kinross admitted.

"And then I wouldn't put it past her that she's spunkin' up because she thinks she's gettin' our Abe."

"He is a prize," granted Kinross, with apocryphal sarcasm.

"I guess, too," Mrs. Morningstar vigorously acquiesced in this view of her son.

"What did Mr. Morningstar do about it when Eunice refused to obey him?" inquired Kinross, with interest.

"Well, I never seen pop more surprised. He jawed her and he argued her till he didn't know what to say to her no more. But she just kep' her stubborn head and sayed she wouldn't do it to take the frock. Then pop tole her she needn't wear it herself—she

could give it to Ollie after the boarders had went home a'ready. Well, then, Eunice sayed, if Ollie wanted to wear it she'd have to ast fur it herself. Pop explained her that it was some different, too, ag'in, fur Ollie to ast fur clo's off of some one to what it was fur a 'dopted girl dependent on other folks."

Mrs. Morningstar as she talked stood with her back to the door which led into the summer kitchen and an occupied was she with her story that she did not hear Eunice's light step as the girl came into the room bearing a pile of dishes that had just been washed. The clatter of the plates as they were placed in the closet made her turn with a little start.

Eunice also turned and stood with her back to the closet as she lifted her head and looked at her foster mother.

Kinross, his breakfast untouched, watched her with almost breathless interest. He seemed always to get a new impression of her face when her usually downcast eyes were raised and the soul that looked out of them was, as it were, un-veiled. Those dark, luminous eyes suggested an intensity of life within of which the customary stillness of her bearing gave no hint.

She came forward and stood at the table. Her face was pale, and she spoke in a low, musical voice, with that little peculiar thrill, which Kinross was beginning to find singularly haunting.

"I overheard what you were saying to Dr. Kinross."

It was the first time she had spoken his name in the whole month of his stay at the farm, and it fell on his ears strangely.

"I have made up my mind that if you feel my support a burden to you and if I don't earn the food and clothes you give me I shall go away and earn my living elsewhere."

Mrs. Morningstar, unmindful of her boarder, stared for an instant dumfounded. "You'll go away!" she repeated, with a half gasp. "Where'd you go, say?"

"I don't know. But I will no longer accept charity—from you or any one. If you think you bestow charity upon me, I will go away."

"You've got the right to stay here and work to pay us fur all them back years we kep' you before you was old enough to work fur your livin'!" retorted Mrs. Morningstar angrily. "You leave pop hear you speak about goin' away, and you'll see once!"

"Abe tells me that almost ever since your first took me I have really earned my living by the work I have done, and that for a long time I have earned wages besides, which have not been paid me. So it would seem," she said, with a dreary little smile, "that you are recipients of charity from me."

"Abe tole you that there?" exclaimed the woman. "I don't believe it! Our Abe he ain't that dumb! Don't you darst to leave pop hear you say Abe spoke you such things! Do you hear? He'd jaw Abe turrible. Do you hear?" she demanded.

"Yes."

"Well, are you obeyin' to me?"

"I will not promise that."

"Eunice! How darst you say you won't to me? You never done it before. What's come over you?"

"Abe says," the girl repeated, "that you have no authority over me now that I am of age."

"And what, I'd like to know, makes Abe put such things as them in your head?" she desperately cried. "Well, pop'll soon get 'em out—you'll see! Here!" she commanded. "Clear off these here things!"

Obediently Eunice turned to gather up a handful of dishes, with which after a moment she left the room. She had not once looked at Kinross.

"Now, you see," complained Mrs. Morningstar, "how she tries to work our Abe till she gits him to talk things agin his own pop and mom to her! To think he'd say that us we owe her wages yet! Och, my souls!"

It was beyond expression, and she dropped it and began vigorously to scrape the plates that had been left after the breakfast of the young ladies.

As Kinross mechanically finished his own breakfast he was more than ever lost in wonder at the girl's intimation for Abe Morningstar. It seemed inconsistent with everything else about her. It made him feel an unreasonable impatience with her and put a damper upon the sympathy he would otherwise have felt.

Continued on page 7.

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