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MOTOR

For Your Dough Hadn't the Courage to Rise

You remember, Madam, that bakeday a week back-or was it a month—when his folks were coming to dinner self-invited. And you arose bright and early, and ran over to your mixing bowl to knead that glorious batch of shapely golden-domed loaves-And astonish his folks with his wife's breadmaking. You remember: that was before you bought FIVE ROSES.

And how the dough had forgotten to Or had quickly risen overnight and fallen again, to rise nevermore. How aggravating to be sure.

Feb. 24, 1910

And how his mother gazed solicitously at him, saying in a stage whisper: " Poor John ! Don't you think he looks

a little tired, emaciated? And John's father replied: "No wonder - such bread - such eating, Don't you remember?

But the explanation is most simple, Madam. Your flour was weak in gluten, erratic,

Neverso with FIVE ROSES-because it's consistent flour, changeless as the sun or a mother's love. It unvaryingly possesses that glutinous strength which makes it rise to the delight of the particular housewife -

ununiform, may be.

And when you begin to knead it, Madam, you find the dough quite springy and you hear it squeak and crack as you work. * * * *

and stay risen, because it has the necessary consistency and elasticity.

And it gets whiter and whiter under your hand till at last it rivals our own dazzling Canadian snows. Then think of it, Mistress Housewife, YOUR bread is never sour, never lumpy, never dark or discolored, nor soggy nor heavy. No baking accidents when you most covet success. Because you are using FIVE ROSES.

And it keeps fresh for days-its delicious nutlike flavor grows until the last slice disappears by dint of second helpings and smacking of

and cannot help it.

What, Madam, you don't use FIVE ROSES? Well, you know, it's never too late to mend.

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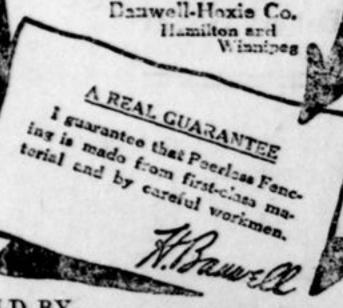


woven product by most improved type of machinery and galvanized by a superior process. This wire stands the acid test and the salt, foggy climate of England-a sure guarantee it lasts a lifetime and never rusts. Send for samples of Peerless wire, also formula for testing galva ... ag on any brand of fence wire.

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From actual experience we know Peerless fence is perfect in every respect. It is easy to erect and can be readily stretched over any surface. Never sags or snaps. Never needs repairs. Lock absolutely secure. Unsurpassed value as to price."

עסט עיחחיים ררם פוחחים עסט with gates or fencing for any purpose. See their names below. Danwell-Hoxie Co. Hamilton and



W. D. Connor, Durham. H. Koenig Ayton. Joe Webber, Neustadt. Anthony Kunkell, Mildmay. D. W. Gregg, Eden Grove. Taylor & Carroll, Meaford. Jas. Heatherington, Thornburg. Russell Bros., Dundalk. J. P. Noonan, Mt. Forest. H. J. Ernest, Walkerton. Wellsford Bros., Cargill. R.E.W. Tackaberry, Lions Head P. S. McDermid, Nottawa.

The Bird With a Broken Pinion. walked through the woodland meadow

Where the thrushes sweetly sing A bird with a broken wing.

It sang the same sweet strain, But the biru with the broken pin-Never soars so high again,

I found a young life broken By sin's seductive art, And touched with the Christ like

I took him to my heart. He lives with a noble purpose And struggles not in vain But the life that sin has stricken Never soars so high again. But the bird with the broken pin-

Kept another from the snare, And the life that sin had stricken Raised another from despiar. Each loss has its compensation, There is healing for every pain, But the bird with the broken pin-

Never soars so high again. -Written by a convict while in the Illinois state penetentiary.

It is well to have on hand a remedy, simple, effective and bites, insect stings, sores, lar. bruises, sunburn, and injuries to the skin, and forty other ailments not always dangerous, but which can be cured a remedy is Davis' Menthol Salve(TheD.&L.), which comes in tins for 25 cts. at druggists.



HISCOURTSHIP

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

CHAPTER XIV. HEN Kinross opened his eyes the next morning it was with a sense of pleasure that gradually, as full consciousness came to him, assumed the form of a desire to continue his interrupted talk of the night before with Eunice. As he lay on his back, his hands clasped under his head, the impression he had received of the charm of the girl's personality came back to him vividly. He complacently decided that he would take the first opportunity that day to see and talk with her once

nity did not present itself.

In the evening he betook himself to the terrace by the gate and sat waiting for her to come out to him. Not until his vigil had reached the hour of 11 unrewarded did he give it up. "She's afraid of Abe." he decided as,

with a keenness of disappointment that surprised himself, he went into the silent house and sought his bed.

The two following days left him still foiled of his purpose. It looked as though the girl herself tried to avoid him. The fact only aggravated his desire to renew his investigation of her. To defer it so long was like being obliged to wait a whole month for the next number of an interesting serial. There were many things they had not talked out that night she had come to him. It remained yet to decide what employment she should take up in

Kinross had usually found that his interest in a woman was in an inverse ratio to his intimacy with her. The charm of mystery or elusiveness quickly vanished on a closer view. But here was a case in which what at first had seemed a perfectly obvious character grew more mysterious and therefore more interesting each time she opened her lips.

As a diversion from his irritation at his continued failure to see her alone he one day asked Mr. Morningtar's permission to sleep that night in the haunted part of the house. He was surprised at the effect his

simple request produced. The farmer's wife turned white to the lips and trembled so that she had to pause in her clearing of the dinner table and sink into a chair. "You couldn't hire me with dimons

to go near there!" she gasped. "And I wouldn't be doin' right to leave you be so venturesome if you don't know better yourself." He had lingered after the rest had

left the dinner table to put his request, and he was alone with her. With his usual contempt for feminine logic, he would not waste time in reasoning with her on the point at issue, but at once put to her the one argument which he knew could scarcely fail to convince her. "I'll pay a dollar extra And I found on a bed of mosses board this week for the privilege," he said. Delicacy in dealing with Mrs. I healed its wounds and each Morningstar would have been casting "I'm awfully stuck on psychic phe-

"What fur do you want to do somepin that dangerous?" she curiously inquired, weakening in her resistance, as he was sure she would.

"I never met a ghost. I'd find it interesting to make the acquaintance of by whom? And what is the story of

He suddenly started as he became aware of Georgiana's presence in the kitchen. She had come in at the door behind him and had walked into the room before he saw her. He cast a hasty glance upon her to find evidence of her having overheard his remark, delivered in his natural tone and language and not in that of his assumed character.

But Georgiana was not observant. She gave no sign of having heard him as, fanning her heated face, she languidly rested on the big wooden settee. Daisy followed and sat down beside her.

"We've decided it's too hot just now, at noon, to walk over to the woods. We're going to bed until it's cooler," Georgiana announced. "Why, what's pened upstairs there; it's near twentythe matter, Mrs. Morningstar?" she asked, for the landlady still looked easily applied, for mosquito pale in spite of the proffered extra dol-

"Are you and Pete having a row?" asked Daisy, with relish, flinging a greasy cushion off the settee to a chair across the room.

fur the chanct."

was not lost upon him. "Board? Does be pay board?" ask-

ed Daisy, half reaching for her notebook. "A farmhand isn't boarded." sure," she added, becoming resourceas part pay."

"How fine of you, Peter," said Georgiana enthusiastically, rise above this sordid, superstitious fear! Your spirit of inquiry too, is fine. I am glad you are undertaking to do this Peter. I believe we can rise to a plane where employer and Ennice would in fear is entirely eliminated."

"There's a mouse," remarked Peter experimentally, pointing under the settee, and simultaneously the two girls, with genteelly repressed shrieks, sprang to their feet.

Morningstar indignantly denied the reflection on her housekeeping. "It ain't But the day passed, and the opportu- no mices in my house. A mousy house -that there I don't have." Daisy, holding her skirts high enough

to reveal her pretty ankles and dainty shoes, and Georgiana, trembling, stood out in the middle of the room. "Is mice eliminated from that there

plane you referred to, missus?" Peter inquired. Georgiana's smile was wan, "Do you mean to be facetious, Peter?"

"Supposin' the haunted room ismousy," he suggested. "The mice are no doubt the only creatures that haunt the place," Geor-

giana answered, still holding high her "You wil! find out if you try sleepin' there," Mrs. Morningstar warned them. Daisy dropped her skirts after a cautious glance around her and took up

her notebook. "What are the facts



"A mousy house - that there I don't

"I don't know right what you mean." Mrs. Morningstar hesitated. "Is it that you want to know what it makes in the haunted room?"

"Yes. What has been seen there and the room? Usually there's a romantic legend attached to a place believed to be haunted."

Mrs. Morningstar was usually garrulous enough and liked nothing better than to gossip of her own and her neighbors' affairs to an interested listener. But she did not seem to greet these questions with her usual readi-

"It don't come easy to me to tell about what happened there, fur all I'm used to it fur some twenty years now. If Eunice wasn't workin' out with pop and Abe this after in the fields over I'd change the subjec'," she said, using the phrase with a self conscious air of employing elegant language, "fur us we don't never talk anything before her about what hapone years back a'ready. Eunice she was just a little over a year old."

She sat down to tell her story, and Georgiana and Daisy returned to the settee, the latter with her notebook open on her lap.

"We were keepin' hotel here and we had a-many comers and goers. Here bate! He wants fur to sleep in the missus and their baby a year and a though to be sure they didn't eat much, room. Our Abe seen it oncet too." The girls stared, puzzled, and Kin- neither one of 'em. The missus was ross had a look of being cornered. But always wonderful pale and she never Kinross, "are you husky enough to even in his annoyance at such a "give | could fetch a smile. She was always away" the added liveliness of Geor- settin' and thinkin, starin' in front of tell us about the ghost, won't you, togiana's face in its rare self forgetful- herself and not noticin' no person nor morrow evening-if you meet her?" ness under her momentary surprise nothin'. She didn't seem to have no "Ain't you got afraid to sleep there heart fur that baby of hern.

settin' on her lap and she'd near leave lously. it slip off. Him and her often had | "I'll tell you tomorrow morning," anwritin' desk and a bedroom suit. Me vou're up against a ghost." ful. "a farmhand's board is counted and pop us we used to listen outside | "Say." Mrs. Morningstar suddenly in the hall still. We couldn't bear

wnat they sayed much, but him he'd scold in a low woice, and her she'd cry faintlike so's no one would hear. The mister he used to go in town frequent, if not oftener, and I used to tell pop still, 'You mind if some day he don't come back no more. I kin see it at him how he's tired of her yet. Yes, he'll go off and leave her with that child to keep, now you see oncet if he don't.' I sayed to pop."

"The child was flante I suppose?" In his interest in merely for it might throw got to be 1 across the ta ingstar with sound of h: with apprehe: they, too, were so tota ry that even the 1: hand's idling in the b

"Yes, it was our Eunice," Mrs. Moru ingstar answered, "but that don't come in yet. I mustn't get ahead of my story. Oncet when I could hear they was scrappin' I peeped in the keyhole-not "It ain't no such a thing!" Mrs. that I wanted to be inquisitive, but a body likes to know, too, what's goin' on in their own hotel. Well, that there woman could have easy got a divorce cheap if she's of just brang up some remarks where he made."

fields escaped their notice.

"What remarks?" inquired Kinross. "Why," she exclaimed, "he run a ber with a razor!"

"Remarks?" he questioned hazily. "And me, I hollered and run. And it was just the next night the crime was commit. It was the 27th of July. We was called to the room by the screamin' of the little baby, and we had to break the lock, and there we found the woman dead in her bed, lyin' in a pool of blood, and the man he had flew! There was a envelope pinned to the baby with some money in it. We conceited it was meant fur to pay any one where would keep the child. Well, us we didn't give no one else the

"How much money was there?" in-

chancet. Me and pop we took and

kep' the child."

quired Kinross. "That ain't neither here nor there," she answered curtly, coloring and looking uncomfortable. "It wasn't so wonderful much, considerin' all the trouble we had to take raisin' the child and the trouble we're havin' now," she added vindictively, "with her runnin' after our Abe the way she's doin'. To be sure," she conceded, "we didn't raise her the way her mother was raisin' her. I never did see a baby tended the way she donea clean white dress every day-now mind! Yes, indeed! Oh, that baby mustn't never get dirty when her mother had her! She must be clean all the time and get washed all over every day, mind you, 'stead of oncet a week, like us country people does to our babies. Then she practiced this nere hy-geen on it-she must scald the milk to foomgate the germs, or what ever, and wash her mouth and eyes with borax water. You wouldn't believe anybody'd be that dumm to take all that there trouble, would you? But that there's hy-geen. I hear lots of towners believes in this here hy-geen. Well, after we found the dead corp in there I wouldn't do ft to sleep at the hotel till after the funeral was. slep' to the neighbors'. The news of the crime got put out all over the country, and we had a wonderfu! big funeral. But not one mourner," she added in a shocked tone, "not or crape weil! When there ain't no crape weils it don't remind me of a funeral, ain't not? Well, the preacher he had a wonderful solemn sermont. There was two or three sayed to me afterward how they felt under his sermont, and one sayed how she liked to hear a

solemn preachin' like hisn on a funeral so that her heart gets affected. "As a general I kin stand a good bit, I don't soon go to bed sick, but that there crime sent me to bed fur near a week, with all the work layin'. Pop he was so much fur tellin' all about it to comers and goers, and it would CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY work me up so to hear him come over it all that I used to wish we didn't keep hotel so's there wouldn't be no comers and goers to tell it to."

She paused to take breath, but Kinross was ready with a question to urge "How do you know that it was not a

case of suicide rather than murder?" "The coroner's jury," replied Mrs. Morningstar, "sayed she didn't suocode herself, but was murdered in the tirst degree."

"It is the murdered woman who haunts the room?" "I don't know," she answered, turn-

ing white again. "I ain't never slep' there. Oncet, before we quit hotelin' and began farmin' this here place, we slept a travelin' man in that there room, and about the middle of the night he waked us all with runnin' through the hall, screechin' he'd saw "Och, me and Doc we're havin' a de- one day a couple come, a man and his a ghost. And after that we never put by outward application. Such haunted room oncet. I ain't in fur it half old. They was tony people—that I ture is all there yet too. The neighbors much. But," she said doubtfully, "I must give 'em-and they had money a tells us that near every night any perguess I must give in, too, seein' he's plenty. They sayed they'd stay a son passin' our place late kin see a promised a extry dollar on his board | while, bein' as they liked my cookin'. | queer light in the winder of that there

> "Peter," Daisy turned eagerly to sleep in that room? If you are you'll

now, Doc-Pete-after what I tole you "She wouldn't mind, still, that it was | yet?" Mrs. Morningstar asked incredu-

Mrs. Morningstar was confused, words up in their rooms. They rented swered Kinross. "Maybe I'll cut and "Och, Doc," she stammered, "how's a two rooms off of us and they furnished run, too, like the traveling man. You body to answer 'em? Well, to be 'em grand with such a bookcase and never can tell what you'll do when

. Continued on page 7.



Mrs. Jas. Elsworth, 902 Selkirk Ave.,

Winnipeg, says :- "Four years ago ulcers broke out on my left ankle and spread until from the top of my foot to my knee was one extended sore. One ulcer would be almost healed when a second would appear in a new place and in a remarkably short time a deep hole would be eaten into the flesh. The flesh on my leg turned blue and looked shocking indeed. I started using o ntment after ointment, but received little or no benefit. The pleers would heal for a time and then break out afresh. I was laid up in bed for a long time, absolutely unable to walk. My limb was so painful that I had no rest night after night. "I consulted five different doctors!

Some adv.sed my going into hospital; others said there was no cure for me, After using their cintments and preparations until I was positive they could not cure, I almost gave up in despair. "It was then Zam-Buk was tried and how I bless the hour I got it! Within

a day it had given me some ease, and from that time I went on improving! The sores were so bad that it took some time to heal them, but Zam-Buk heal d them all. The last was healed over a year ago and I have never had a moment's trouble since, from any form of Zam-Buk is just as good for eczema,

piles, festering sores, scalp sores, children's rashes, cuts, burns, scalds, and all skin injuries and diseases. Druggists and stores everywhere 50c box, or post free, Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.



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