

GRAIN WANTED

Oatmeal Mills DURHAM

We are in the market for any quantity of good

Milling Oats
Feed Oats
Barley or Peas

Are prepared to pay the highest cash prices for it delivered at our elevator.

Drive your loads direct to our elevator as we do not keep a buyer on the street. Remember the place, MCGOWAN'S ELEVATOR, DURHAM.

The McGOWAN MILLING Co.



(Trade Mark, Registered)—Rob Roy Rolled Oats

The Man From Brodney's

By GEORGE BARR
M'GUTCHEON

Copyright, 1908, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

CHAPTER XXIX. A PRESCRIBED MALADY.

YOU are wonderful, staying out there all night watching for us." He was about to say "me."

"How could any one sleep? Neenah found this dress for me. Aren't these baggy trousers funny? She rifled the late Mr. Wyckholme's wardrobe. This costume once adorned a sultana. I'm told. I wore it tonight because I was much less conspicuous as a sultana than I might have been had I gone to the wall as a princess."

"I like you best as the princess," he said, frankly surveying her in the gray light.

"I think I like myself as the princess, too," she said naively. He sighed deeply. They were quite close to the excited group on the terrace when she said: "I am very, very happy now, after the most miserable night I have ever known. I was so troubled and afraid."

"Just because I went away for that little while? Don't forget that I am soon to go out from you for all time. How then?"

"Ah, but then I will have Paris," she cried gaily. He was puzzled by her mood—but then, why not? What could he be expected to know of the moods of royal princesses? No more than he could know of their loves.

Lady Deppingham was got to bed at once. The princess, more thrilled by excitement than she ever had been in her life, attended her friend. In the sanctity of her chamber the exhausted young Englishwoman bared her soul to this wise, sympathetic young woman in Persian vestment.

"Genevra," she said solemnly in the end, "take warning from my example. When you once are married don't trifle with other men—not even if you don't love your husband. Sooner or later you'll get tripped up. It doesn't pay, my dear. I never realized until tonight how much I really care for Deppy, and I am horribly afraid that I've lost something I can never recover."

"You were not in love with Mr. Brodney. That is why I can't understand you, Agnes."

"My dear, I don't understand myself. How can I expect you or my husband to understand me? How could I expect it of Bobby Browne? Genevra, you are in love—madly in love—with Hollingsworth Chase. Take my advice. Marry him. He's one man in a million—Genevra placed her hand over the lips of the feverish young woman.

"I will not listen to anything more about Mr. Chase," she said firmly. "I am tired—tired to death—of being told that I should marry him."

"But you love him," Lady Agnes managed to mumble despite the gentle impediment.

"I do love him—yes, I do love him!" cried the princess, casting reserve to the winds. "He knows it—every one knows it. But marry him? No—no! I shall marry Karl. My father, my mother, my grandfather, have said so, and I have said it too. That ends it, Agnes. Don't speak of it again."

She cast herself down upon the side of the bed and clutched her hands in the fierceness of despair and decision. After a moment Lady Agnes said dreamily: "I climbed up the ladder to make a ladyship of myself by marriage, and I find I love my husband. I dare say if you should go down the ladder a few rounds, my dear, you might be as lucky. But take my advice. If you won't marry Hollingsworth Chase, don't let him come to Paris."

The Princess Genevra lifted her face instantly, a startled expression in her eyes.

"Agnes, you forget yourself!" "My dear," murmured Lady Agnes sleepily, "forgive me, but I have such a shockingly absent mind." She was asleep a moment later.

In the meantime Bobby Browne, disdaining all commands and entreaties, refused to be put to bed until he had related the story of their capture and the subsequent events that made the night memorable. He sat with his rigid arm about his wife's shoulders. Drusilla was stroking one of his hands in a half-conscious manner, her eyes staring past his face toward the dark forest from which he had come. Mr. Britt was ordering brandy for his trembling client.

"After all," said Browne, hoarse with nervousness, "there is some good to be derived from our experiences, hard as it may be to believe. I have found out the means by which Rasula intends to destroy every living creature in the chateau." Chase threw off his spell of languidness and looked hard at the speaker. "Rasula coolly asked me at one of our resting places if there had been any symptoms of poisoning among us. I mentioned Pong and the servants. The devil laughed gleefully in my face and told me that it was but the beginning. I tell you, Chase, we can't escape the

diabolical scheme he has arranged. The water that comes to us from the springs up there in the hills is to be poisoned by those devils. I heard Rasula giving instructions to one of his lieutenants. He thought I was still unconscious from a blow I received when I tried to interfere in behalf of Lady Agnes, who was being roughly dragged along the mountain road. Day and night a detachment of men are to be employed at the springs, deliberately engaged in the attempt to change the flow of pure water into a slow, subtle, deadly poison, the effects of which will not be immediately fatal, but positively so in the course of a few days. In the end we shall sick and die as with the scourge. They will call it the plague."

A shudder of horror swept through the crowd. Every one looked into his neighbor's face with a profound inquiring light in his eyes, seeking for the first time evidence of approaching death.

Hollingsworth Chase uttered a short, scornful laugh as he unconcernedly lifted a match to one of his precious cigarettes. The others stared at him in amazement.

"Great God, Chase," groaned Browne, "is this a joke?"

"Yes, and it's on Rasula," said the other laconically. "You say that Rasula isn't aware of the fact that you overheard what he said to his man. Then, even now, in spite of your escape, he believes that we may go on drinking the water without in the least suspecting what it has in store for us. Good! That's why I say the joke is on him. Browne, you are a doctor, a chemist. Well, we'll distill and double and triple distill the water. That's all. A schoolboy might have thought of that. It's all right, old man. You're fagged out. Your brain isn't working well. Don't look so crestfallen. Mr. Britt, you and Mr. Saunders will give immediate instructions that no more water is to be drunk or used until Mr. Browne has had a few hours' rest. He can take an alcohol bath, and we can all drink wine. It won't hurt us. At 10 o'clock sharp Dr. Browne will begin operating the distilling apparatus in the laboratory. By Jove, will you listen to the row my clients are making out there in the woods! They seem to be annoyed over something."

Outside the walls the Islanders were shouting and calling to each other. Rifles were cracking far and near, voicing in their peculiarly spiteful way the rage that reigned supreme.

As Chase ascended the steps Bobby Browne and his wife came up beside him.

"Chase," said Browne in a low voice, his face turned away to hide the mortification that filled his soul, "you are a man! I want you to know that I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

"Never mind, old man! Say no more," interrupted Chase, suddenly embarrassed.

"I've been a fool, Chase. I don't deserve the friendship of any one—not even that of my wife. It's all over, though. You understand? I'm not a coward. I'll do anything you say, take any risk, to pay for the trouble I've caused you all. Send me out to fight!"

"Nonsense! Your wife needs you, Browne. I dare say that I wouldn't have been above the folly that got the better of you. Only—it couldn't have happened to me if I had a wife as dear and as good as and as pretty as the one you have."

Browne was silent for a long time, his arm still about Drusilla's shoulder. At the end of the long hall he said, with decision in his voice:

"Chase, you may tell your clients that, so far as I am concerned, they may have the beastly island and everything that goes with it. I'm through with it all. I shall discharge Britt and—"

"My dear boy, it's most magnanimous of you!" cried Chase merrily. "But I'm afraid you can't decide the question in such an offhand manner. Take good care of him, Mrs. Browne. Don't let him talk."

She held out her hand to him impulsively. As he gallantly lifted the cold fingers to his lips she said, without taking her almost hungry gaze from his face: "Thank you, Mr. Chase. I shall never forget you."

He stood, there looking after them as they went up the stairway, a puzzled expression in his face.

"I guess he'll be a good boy from now on." But he wondered what it was that he had seen or felt in her somber gaze.

In fifteen minutes he was sound asleep in his room, his long frame relaxed, his hands wide open in utter fatigue. He dreamed of a Hennet girl with Genevra's brilliant face instead of the vague, greenish features that haunt the vision with their subtle mysticism.

He was awakened at noon by Selim, who obeyed his instructions to the minute. The eager Arab rubbed the soreness and stiffness out of his master's body with copious applications of alcohol.

"I'm sorry you awoke me, Selim," said the master enigmatically. Selim drew back, dismayed. "You drove her away." Selim's eyes blinked with bewilderment. "I'm afraid she'll never come back."

"Excellency!" trembled on the lips of the mystified servant.

"Ah, me!" sighed the master resignedly. "She smiled so divinely. Henner girls never smile, do they, Selim? Have you noticed that they are always pensive? Perhaps you haven't. It doesn't matter. But this one smiled. I say," coming back to earth, "have they begun to distill the water? I've got a frightful thing."

"Yes, excellency. The sanib Browne is at work. One of the servants became sick today. Now no one is drinking the water. Billo is bringing in ice from the storehouses and melting it, but the supply is not large. Excellency, you will take Selim to live with you in Paris?" he said after awhile wistfully. "I will be your slave."

"Paris? Who the dickens said anything about Paris?" demanded Chase, startled.

"Neenah says you will go there to live, sahib. Does not the most glorious princess live in Paris?"

"Selim, you've been listening to gossip. It's a frightful habit to get into. Put cotton in your ears. But if I were to take you, what would become of little Neenah?"

"Oh, Neenah?" said Selim easily. "If she would be a trouble to you, excellency, I can sell her to a man I know." Chase looked blackly at the eager Arab, who quailed.

"You miserable dog!" Selim gasped. "Excellency!"

"Don't you love her?" "Yes, yes, sahib—yes! But if she would be a trouble to you—no!" protested the Arab anxiously. Chase laughed as he came to appreciate the sacrifice his servant would make for him.

"I'll take you with me, Selim, wherever I go—and if I go, my lad, we'll take Neenah along, too, to save trouble. She's not for sale, my good Selim." The husband of Neenah radiated joy.

"Then she may yet be the slave of the most glorious princess! Allah is great! The most glorious one has asked her if she will not come with her."

"Selim," commanded the master omnisciently, "don't repeat the gossip you pick up when I'm not around."

CHAPTER XXX. THE TWO WORLDS.

TWO days and nights crept slowly into the past, and now the white people of the chateau had come to the eve of their last day's stay on the island of Japat. The probationary period would expire with the sun on the following day, the anniversary of the death of Taswell Skaggs. The six months set aside by the testator as sufficient for all the requirements of Cupid were to come to an inglorious end at 7 o'clock on March 29. According to the will, if Agnes Ruthven and Robert Browne were not married to each other before the close of that day all of their rights in the estate were lost to them.

Tomorrow would be the last day of residence required. But, alack, was it to be the last that they were to spend in the world forsaken land?

No later than that morning a steamer—a small Dutch freighter—had come to a stop off the harbor, but it turned tail and fled within an hour. No one came ashore. The malevolent tug went out and turned back the landing party which was ready to leave the ship's side. The watchers in the chateau knew what it was that the tug's captain shouted through his trumpet at a safe distance from the steamer. The black and yellow flags at the end of the company's pier lent color to a gressome story. The hopeless look deepened in the eyes of the watchers.

Lodgingsworth Chase alone maintained a stubborn air of confidence and unconcern.

"Don't be downhearted, Bowles," he said to the mooping British agent. "You'll soon be managing the bank again and patronizing the American bar with the same old regularity."

There had been several vicious assaults upon the gates by the infuriated Islanders during the day following the rescue of the heirs. Some powerful influence suddenly exerted itself to restore them to a state of calmness. They withdrew to the town, apparently defeated. The cause was obvious—Rasula had convinced them that death already was lifting his hand to blot out the lives of those who opposed them.

Bobby Browne was accomplishing wonders in the laboratory. He seldom was seen outside the distilling room. His assiduity was marked, if not commented upon. Hour after hour he stood watch over the water that went up in vapor and returned to the crystal liquid that was more precious than rubies and sapphires.

Drusilla kept close to his side during these operations. She seemed afraid or ashamed to join the others. She avoided Lady Deppingham as completely as possible. Her effort to be friendly when they were thrown together was almost pitiable.

As for Lady Agnes, she seemed stricken by an unconquerable lassitude. The spirits that had controlled her voice, her look, her movements, were sadly missing. More than once Genevra had caught her watching Deppingham with eyes that spoke volumes, though they were mute and wistful.

From time to time the sentinels brought to Lord Deppingham and Chase missives that had been tossed over the walls by the emissaries of Rasula. They were written by the leader himself and in every instance expressed deepest sympathy for the plague ridden chateau.

"There's a paucity of real news in these gentle messages that annoys me," Chase said after reading aloud the last of the epistles to the princess and the Deppinghams. "I rejoice in my heart that he isn't aware of the true state of affairs. He doesn't appreciate the real calamity that confronts us. The plague? Poison? Mere piffle. If he only knew that I am now smoking my last—the last—cigarette on the place!"

"I believe you would die more cheerfully if you knew the true state of affairs."

"I believe you would die more cheerfully if you knew the true state of affairs."

"I believe you would die more cheerfully if you knew the true state of affairs."

"I believe you would die more cheerfully if you knew the true state of affairs."

"I believe you would die more cheerfully if you knew the true state of affairs."

"I believe you would die more cheerfully if you knew the true state of affairs."

"I believe you would die more cheerfully if you knew the true state of affairs."

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM ANNUAL WESTERN EXCURSIONS

September 15, 16 and 17

To	Return Fare
Port Huron, Mich.	\$4.45
Detroit, Mich.	\$5.95
Chicago, Ill.	\$11.75
Bay City, Mich.	\$8.85
Cleveland, O. (via Buffalo & C.A.R.)	\$8.50
Cleveland, O. (via Detroit & D.C.)	\$8.85
Grand Rapids, Mich.	\$8.70
Saginaw, Mich.	\$6.75
St. Paul or Minneapolis, Minn. (all rail)	\$28.40
St. Paul or Minneapolis, Minn. (via Sarnia)	\$31.00
Minneapolis, Minn. (via N.N.Co.)	\$31.00

RETURN LIMIT, MON., OCT. 3RD

Western Fair, London

Return tickets will be issued from Durham to London as follows:—

\$2.90, Sept. 10, 11, 12, 14, and 16
\$2.20, September 13th and 15th

Return Limit September 19th

Full particulars and tickets from J. TOWNER, Depot Agent.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Roman Catholic Eucharistic Congress

\$13.25 To Montreal and Return

From Durham September 3rd to 10th inclusive; return limit Sept. 15, 1910

Canadian National Exhibition TORONTO

Return tickets will be issued from DURHAM to Toronto as follows:

\$3.00 Aug. 27 to Sept. 10

\$2.25 August 30th

September 1, 6, 8

Return limit Tuesday, September 13th

Full particulars and tickets from J. TOWNER, Depot Agent.

Mr. Land Hunter Look Here

H. H. MILLER
The Hanover Conveyancer
OFFERS

235 ACRES close to Proton Station, brick dwelling, fine large out-buildings windmill &c.; hay, 2 tons to acre, only \$5,500. Knocks the sunshine off Alberta bargains.

533 ACRES near Proton Station and Saugeen Junction, fine brick residence, splendid barns, splendid soil, good water, orchard &c. Will sell less than \$25 an acre. A bargain surely.

A HARDWARE and Tinsmith Business, Grey County, post office in connection. Less than \$10,000 will buy 40 acres of land, store and dwelling, barn, other frame dwelling and \$4,000 stock.

GENERAL COUNTRY STORE five miles from Durham; very cheap.

Large number of cheap farm properties. Money to Lend at Low Rates. Lands bought and sold. Debts collected. All kinds of writings drawn.

No man who does business with H. H. Miller is ever satisfied to go elsewhere. Our methods seem to please. "Always Prompt, — Never Negligent."

H. H. MILLER - Opposite The Reid House, Hanover

Grand Trunk Railway TIME-TABLE

Trains leave Durham at 7:30 a.m., and 8:00 p.m.

Trains arrive at Durham at 10:30 a.m., 1:50 p.m., and 8:55 p.m.

EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY
G. T. Bell, J. D. McDonald,
G. P. Agent, D. P. Agent,
Montreal, Toronto.

J. Towner, Local Agent
Durham.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY TIME TABLE

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

Read down	Read up	Read down	Read up
A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
6:45	3:00	Lv. Walkerton	Ar. 6:40
6:58	3:18	" Maple Hill	" 9:27
7:06	3:25	" Ennover	" 9:18
7:14	3:33	" Allan Park	" 9:11
7:28	3:47	" Durham	" 8:57
7:38	4:05	" McWilliam	" 8:47
7:50	4:17	" Friesville	" 8:35
8:00	4:30	" Saugeen Jct.	" 8:25

R. MACFARLANE, - Town Agent.

DURHAM SCHOOL, STAFF AND EQUIPMENT.

The school is thoroughly equipped in teaching ability, in chemical and electrical supplies and fittings, etc. For full particulars regarding Matriculation work. The following competent staff are in charge:

THOS. ALLAN, Principal, 1st Class Certificate, Education, Science, Swedish, English Grammar, Book-keeping and Writing.

MRS. DONALDA MCKERRACHER, B.A. Graduate of Queen's University. Subjects: Latin, French, Algebra, Arithmetic.

MISS AMY EDGE, Graduate of the Faculty of Education. Subjects: Literature, Composition, Geography, History and Art.

Intending students should enter at the beginning of the term if possible. Board can be obtained at reasonable rates. Durham is a healthy and active town, making it a most desirable place of residence.

Fees, \$1.00 per month in advance.
J. P. TELFORD, Chairman.
G. RAMAGE, Secretary.

Beautiful Arm Rocking Chairs GIVEN AWAY

With every purchase of \$30.00 we will give away FREE a handsome Solid Oak Rocking Chair, finished in Mission style. These Rockers are the very newest design.

New Williams Sewing Machines

We are sole agents for the New Williams Sewing Machine, and have the very latest models of this celebrated make, which we are selling at rock bottom prices.

RUGS AND FLOOR OILCLOTHS

We are carrying a very large stock of Rugs and Floor Oilcloths, which we are selling at very close prices.

Come in and see our stock before buying, and we will save you money.

EDWARD KRESS Furniture and Upholstering

Special attention to Undertaking Show-rooms next door to Post Office

Shoes! Shoes! Shoes!

As our fall stock is coming in we have decided to clear out a few lines of misses' and boys' Shoes to make room for the new lines, so now is a chance to get your

School Shoes at Very Low Prices

Boys' Cordovan Bals, regular \$1.75	1.19	Misses' Box Calf Bals, regular \$2.00	1.35
Boys' Buff Bals, regular \$1.05	1.10	Misses' Cordovan Bals, regular \$1.75	1.29
Boys' Box Calf Bluchers, regular \$2.25	1.75	Misses' Vici Kid Bluchers, low heel, regular \$1.85	1.65
Boys' Min Grain Bluchers, whole stock, regular \$2.25	1.75	Misses' Vici Kid Bluchers, pat. tip, Cuban heel, reg. \$2.	1.80

These are but a few of the many lines that we are offering in this Clearing Sale, so don't fail to see our stock before going elsewhere. It takes but a few minutes to save a dollar in our store, so come with the crowd. We are also giving a Pencil Box containing two pencils and a pen holder as a premium with every pair of School Shoes at \$1.25 or over, so send your boys and girls this way.

HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR EGGS

Custom work and repairing quickly and carefully attended to at

The Big THOS. McGRATH Shoe Store

WOOL WANTED

Cash or Trade--Highest Prices

We keep always in stock a large assortment of Blankets, All-wool Sheeting, Tweeds, Yarns and general Dry Goods and Groceries. BIG VALUES IN TEA Carding and Spinning attended to promptly

S. SCOTT :: GARAFAXA ST. DURHAM

ATTENTION

Colder weather is at hand and your stove needs new lining and your pipes replacing, or perhaps you need a new stove either a Range or Heater. Well, we have all the necessary supplies and the place is

STERNALL & GLASS

McKechnie's Old Stand " " Durham

Do not hesitate to make a deposit of one dollar in the Traders Bank.

Most people imagine that the Bank does not want to be bothered with small deposits. This is a mistaken idea.

The oftener you deposit, the more you save, for it removes the temptation to spend, and the danger of loss.

THE TRADERS BANK OF CANADA
DURHAM, ONT.
Branches also at Mount Forest and Ayrton.

Do not hesitate to make a deposit of one dollar in the Traders Bank.

Most people imagine that the Bank does not want to be bothered with small deposits. This is a mistaken idea.

The oftener you deposit, the more you save, for it removes the temptation to spend, and the danger of loss.

THE TRADERS BANK OF CANADA
DURHAM, ONT.
Branches also at Mount Forest and Ayrton.

W. D. CONNOR
Manufacturer of
A & Dealer in
Pumps of all kinds.
Galvanized and Iron Piping; Brass, Brass Lined and Iron Cylinders.
Pumps from \$2 upward.
SHOP open every afternoon.
ALL REPAIRING promptly and properly attended to.

A. BELL
UNDERTAKER
and
Funeral Director
Full line of Catholic Robes, and black and white Caps for aged people.
Embalming a Specialty
Picture Framing on shortest notice.
SHOW ROOMS—Next to Swallows Barber Shop. RESIDENCE—Next door South of W. J. Lawrence's Billiard shop.

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
The Chronicle Printing House, Garafaxa Street,
DURHAM, ONT.,

Subscription THE CHRONICLE will be sent to any address, free of postage, for three months—\$1.00 per year, payable in advance. \$1.50 may be charged if not so paid. The date which every subscription is paid in denoted by a number on the 14th (less label). No paper distributed in all arrears are paid, except at the option of the proprietor.

Advertising For transient advertisements 1 cent per line for the first insertion, 1/2 cent per line for each subsequent insertion. Minimum measure, Professional ads, not exceeding one inch \$4.00 per annum. Advertisements of local specific descriptions will be published at 1/2 cent per line and charged accordingly. Special notices—Legal, Found, For Sale, etc.—50 cents for first insertion, 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

All advertisements ordered by strangers must be paid for in advance.

Contract rates for yearly advertisements furnished on application to the office.

All advertisements, to ensure insertion in present week, should be brought in not later than Friday at 5 p.m.

W. IRWIN
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR
CENTRAL Business College
STRAFORD, ONT.
The leading practical training school in Western Ontario. All ambitious young men and young women should read our free catalogue. Learn what our graduates are doing and you will be interested. We have three departments—Commercial, Shorthand and Telegraphy. Each department is in the hands of experienced instructors. Individual instruction is given. This is the best time of year for students to enter. Write for free catalogue at once.

ARD BANK
NADA
ING BUSINESS
CTED
to Small Accounts
at all Branches</