

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

**Regular Savings Count Up**  
when deposited in the Traders Bank.

Regular deposits of One, Two or Three Dollars grow into tens and hundreds, more quickly than larger ones made only occasionally.

It is a mistake to wait as some do, till they have accumulated a good-sized amount. Get the habit of depositing something, even if only a dollar, every week or every fortnight.

# GRAIN WANTED

## Oatmeal Mills D U R H A M

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.



(Trade Mark, Registered)—Rob Roy Rolled Oats

### The McGOWAN MILLING Co.

**W. D. CONNOR**  
Manufacturer of A-v Dealer in

**rumps of all kinds.**  
Galvanized and Iron Piping; Brass, Brass Lined and Iron Cylinders.

**Pumps from \$2 upward.**  
Open every afternoon.

**REPAIRING** promptly and properly attended to.

**W. D. CONNOR**

## 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

**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 blacksmith shop.

## 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 \$1.65	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 Shoe Store **THOS. McGRATH**

## 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** :: **GARRARA 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

## The Man From Brodney's

By **GEORGE BARR M'GUTCHEON**

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### CHAPTER XXXII.

**D**OWN IN THE village of Ararat there were signs of a vast commotion. Early risers and the guards were flying from house to house, shouting the news.

Outside the harbor lay the low, savage looking ship. Its guns were pointed directly at the helpless town. Its decks were swarming with white clothed men.

The plague was forgotten. The strategy that had driven off the ships of peace was lost in the face of this ugly creature of war. Rasula's reign of strategy was ended.

"They will not fire! They dare not!" he was shrieking as he dashed back and forth along the dock. "It is chance! They do not come for Chase! Believe in me! The tug! The tug! They must not land!"

The crash of the long unused six pounder at the chateau, followed almost immediately by a great roar from one of the cruiser's guns, brought the panic to a crisis.

The islanders scattered like chaff before the wind, looking wild eyed over their shoulders in dread of the pursuing cannon ball, dodging in and out among the houses and off into the foothills.

Rasula, undaunted, but crazed with disappointment, stuck to his colors on the deserted dock. He cursed and raved and begged. In time two or three of the more canny, realizing that safety lay in an early peace offering, ventured out beside him. Others followed their example, and still others slunk trembling to the fore, their voices ready to protest innocence and friendship and loyalty.

They had heard of the merciless American gunner, and they knew in their souls that he could shoot the island into atoms before nightfall.

The native lawyer harangued them and cursed them and at last brought them to understand in a feeble way that no harm could come to them if they faced the situation boldly. The Americans would not land on British soil; it would precipitate war with England. They would not dare to attempt a bombardment; Chase was a liar, a mountebank, a dog! After shouting himself hoarse in his frenzy of despair he finally succeeded in forcing the men to get up steam in the company's tug.

All this time the officers of the American warship were dividing their attention between land and sea. Another vessel was coming up out of the misty horizon. The men on board knew it to be a British man-of-war! Suddenly a party of white men approached the startled Rasula. A hundred eager hands were extended, a hundred voices cried out for mercy, a hundred Mohammedans beat their heads in abject submission.

Hollingsworth Chase, Lord Deppingham and a familiar figure in an ill fitting red jacket and forage cap strode firmly, defiantly between the rows of humble Japaites. Close behind them came a tall, resolute grenadier of the Rapp-Thorbeg army.

"Make way there! Make way!" Mr. Bowles was crying, brandishing the antique broadsword that had come down to Wyckholm from the dark ages. "Stand aside for the British government! Make way for the American!"

Rasula's jaw hung limp in the face of this amazing exhibition of courage on the part of the enemy. He was glaring insanely at the calm, triumphant face of the man from Brodney's, who was now advancing upon him with the assurance of a conqueror.

"You see, Rasula, I have called for the cruiser, and it has come at my bidding." Turning to the crowd that surged up from behind, cowed and cringing, Chase said: "It rests with you. If I give the word that ship will blow you from the face of the earth. I am your friend, people. I would do you no harm, but good. You have been misled by Rasula. Rasula, you are not a fool. You can save yourself even now. I am here as the servant of these people, not as their master. I intend to remain here until I am called back by the man who sent me to you. You have!"

Rasula uttered a shriek of rage. He had been crouching back among his cohorts, panting with fury. Now he sprang forward, murder in his eyes. His arm was raised, and a great pistol was leveled at the breast of the man who faced him so coolly, so confidently. Deppingham shouted and took a step forward to divert the aim of the frenzied lawyer.

A revolver cracked behind the tall American, and Rasula stopped in his tracks. There was a great hole in his forehead. His eyes were bursting. He sank to the ground dead!

The soldier from Rapp-Thorbeg, a smoking pistol in his hand, the other raised to his helmet, stepped to the side of Hollingsworth Chase.

"By order of her serene highness, sir," he said quietly.

"Good God!" gasped Chase, passing his hand across his brow. Deppingham, repressing a shudder, addressed the stunned natives:

"Take the body away. May that be the end of all assassins!"

The King's Own came alongside the American vessel in less than an hour. Accompanied by the British agent, Mr. Bowles, Chase and Deppingham left the dock in the company's tug and steamed out toward the two monsters. The American had made no move to send men ashore.

Standing on the forward deck of the swift little tug, Chase unconcernedly accounted for the timely arrival of the two cruisers.

"Three weeks ago I sent out letters by the mail steamer, to be delivered to the English or American commanders, wherever they might be found. Undoubtedly they were met with in the same port. That is why I was so positive that help would come sooner or later. I knew that if I brought the cruisers my power over these people would never be disturbed again."

"My word!" exclaimed the admiring Bowles.

"Chase, you may be theatrical, but you are the most dependable chap the world has ever known," said Deppingham, and he meant it.

The warships remained off the harbor all that day. The British captain consented to leave a small detachment of marines in the town to protect Chase and the bank. To a man the islanders pledged fealty to the cause of peace and justice. They shouted the names of Chase and Allah in the same breath and demanded of the latter that he preserve the former's beard for all eternity.

The King's Own was to convey the liberated heirs to Aden, whither the cruiser was bound. At that port a P. and O. steamer would pick them up. One white man elected to stay on the island with Hollingsworth Chase, who steadfastly refused to desert his post until Sir John Brodney indicated that his mission was completed. That one man was the wearer of the red jacket, the bearer of the king's commission in Japan, the undaunted Mr. Bowles.

The Princess Geneva, the wistful light deepening hourly in her blue gray eyes, avoided being alone with the man whom she was leaving behind. She had made up her mind to accept the fate inevitable. He had reconciled himself to the ending of an impossible dream. There was nothing more to say except farewell.

The last day dawned. The sun smiled down upon them. The soft breeze of the sea whispered the curse of destiny into their ears. It crooned the song of heritage; it called her back to the fastnesses where love may not venture in.

The chateau was in a state of upheaval. The exodus was beginning. The princess waited until the last moment. She went to him. He was standing apart from the rest, coldly indifferent to the pangs he was suffering.

"I shall love you always," she said simply, giving him her hand—"always, Hollingsworth." Her eyes were wide and hopeless; her lips were white.

He bowed his head. "May God give you all the happiness that I wish for you," he said. "The end!"

She looked steadily into his eyes for a long time, searching his soul for the hope that never dies. Then she gently withdrew her hands and stood away from him, hunched in her own soul.

"Yes," she whispered. "Goodby."

He straightened his shoulders and drew a deep breath through compressed nostrils. "Goodby! God bless you!" was all that he said.

She left him standing there. The wall between them was too high, too impregnable, for even love to storm.

Lady Deppingham came to him there a moment later. "I am sorry," she said tenderly. "Is there no hope?"

"There is no hope—for her!" he said bitterly. "She was condemned too long ago."

On the pier they said goodby to him. He was laughing as gayly and as blithely as if the world held no sorrows in all its mighty grasp.

"I'll look you up in London," he said to the Deppinghams. "Remember, the real trial is yet to come. Goodby, Brownie. Goodby, all. You may come again another day."

The launch slipped away from the pier. He and Bowles stood there, side by side, pale faced, but smiling, waving their handkerchiefs. He felt that Geneva was still looking into his eyes even when the launch crept up under the walls of the distant ship.

Slowly the great vessel got under way. The American cruiser was already low on the horizon. There was a single shot from the King's Own, a reverberating farewell.

Hollingsworth Chase turned away at last. There were tears in his eyes, and there were tears in those of Mr. Bowles.

"Bowles," said he, "it's a beastly shame they didn't think to say goodby to old man Skaggs. He's in the same grave with us."

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### A TOAST TO THE PAST.

**T**HE middle of June found the Deppinghams leaving London once more, but this time not on a voyage into the mysterious south seas. They no longer were interested in the island of Japan, except as a reminiscence, nor were they concerned in the vagaries of Taswell Skaggs' will.

The estate was settled—closed! Two months have passed since the Deppinghams departed from Japan, "for good and all." Many events have

come to pass since that memorable day, not the least of which was the exchanging of £500,000, less attorneys' and executors' fees. Lady Deppingham and Robert Browne divided that amount of money and passed into legal history as the "late claimants to the estate of Taswell Skaggs."

It was Sir John Brodney's enterprise. He saw the way out of the difficulty, and he acted as pathfinder to the other and less perceiving counselors, all of whom had looked forward to an endless controversy.

The business of the Japet company and all that it entailed was transferred by agreement to a syndicate.

Never before was there such a stupendous deal in futures.

The grandchildren of the testators were ready to accept the best settlement that could be obtained. Theirs was a rather forlorn hope to begin with. When it was proposed that Agnes Deppingham and Robert Browne should accept £250,000 apiece in lieu of all claims, moral or legal, against the estate, they leaped at the chance.

They had seen but little of each other since landing in England, except as they were thrown together at the conferences. Lady Agnes went in for every diversion imaginable. For a wonder, she dragged Deppingham with her on all occasions. It was a most unexpected transformation. Their friends were puzzled. The rumor went about town that she was in love with her husband.

As for Bobby Browne, he was devoted itself to Drusilla. They sailed for New York within three days after the settlement was effected, ignoring the enticements of a London season. The Brownes were rich. He could now become a fashionable specialist. They were worth nearly a million and a quarter in American dollars. They now had nothing in common with Taswell Skaggs. Skaggs is not a pretty name.

Mr. Britt afterward spent three weeks of incessant travel on the continent and an additional seven days at sea. In Baden-Baden he happened upon Lord and Lady Deppingham. It will be recalled that in Japan they had always professed an unholty aversion for Mr. Britt. Is it cause for wonder, then, that they declined his invitation to dine in Baden-Baden? He even proposed to invite their entire party, which included a few dukes and duchesses who were leisurely on their way to attend the long talked of nuptials in Thorberg at the end of June.

In Vienna the Deppinghams were joined by the Duchess of N., the Marchioness of B. and other fashionable. In a week all of them would be in the castle at Thorberg for the ceremony that now occupied the attention of social and royal Europe.

"And to think," said the duchess, "she might have died happily on that miserable island. I am sure we did all we could to bring it about by steaming away from the place with the plague chasing us. Dear me, how diabolically those wretches lied to the marquis! They said that every one in the chateau was dead, Lady Deppingham, and buried, if I am not mistaken. It would be much better for poor Geneva if she were to be buried instead of married next week," lamented the duchess.

"Other women have married princes and got on very well," said Prince Lichtenstein.

"Oh, come now, prince," put in Lord Deppingham; "you know the sort of chap Brabetz is. There are princes and princes, by Jove."

"He's positively vile!" exclaimed the duchess, who would not mince words. "She's entering upon a hell of a—I mean a life of hell," exploded the duke, banging the table with his fist. "That fellow Brabetz is the rottenest thing in Europe. He's gone from bad to worse so swiftly that public opinion is still months behind him."

"Nice way to talk of the groom," said the host genially. "I quite agree with you, however. I cannot understand the grand duke permitting us to go on unless, of course, it's too late to interfere."

"Poor dear! She'll never know what it is to be loved and cherished," said the marchioness dolefully.

Lord and Lady Deppingham glanced at each other. They were thinking of the man who stood on the dock at Ararat when the King's Own sailed away.

"The grand duke is probably saying

Continued on page 7.

Japanese Menthol is unequalled as a pain relieving agent. Applied in the "D. & L." Menthol Plaster it is the most effective remedy known for Lumbago, Sciatica, Rheumatic Aches and Pains. Try a "D. & L." Menthol Plaster the next time you are suffering from any one of these complaints and be convinced. 25c. each at druggists.

**USE FERROVIM TRADE MARK**

**A Splendid Tonic**  
Builds up the System  
Strengthens the Muscles  
Gives New Life

Sold by all medicine dealers.  
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## MAGISTRATE CURED OF PILES & ECZEMA

One of the latest prominent gentlemen to speak highly in Zam-Buk's favour is Mr. C. E. Sanford of Weston, King's Co., N.S. Mr. Sanford is a Justice of the Peace for the County, and a member of the Board of School Commissioners. He is also Deacon of the Baptist Church in Warwick. Indeed it would be difficult to find a man more widely known and more highly respected. Here is his opinion of Zam-Buk. He says:—

"I never used anything that gave me such satisfaction as Zam-Buk. I had a pile of eczema on my ankle which had been there for over 20 years. Sometimes also the disease would break out on my shoulders. I had applied various ointments and tried all sorts of things to obtain a cure, but in vain. Zam-Buk, unlike everything else I had tried, proved highly satisfactory and cured the ailment. I have also used Zam-Buk for itching piles, and it has cured them completely also. I take comfort in helping my brother men, and if the publication of my opinion of the healing value of Zam-Buk will lead other sufferers to try it, I should be glad. For the relief of suffering caused by Piles or Skin Diseases I know of nothing to equal Zam-Buk."

Zam-Buk cures ulcers, abscesses, blood-poison, ring-worm, itching, eczema, hemorrhoids, varicose ulcers, salt rheum, pruritis itch, cuts, burns, bruises, baby's sores, etc. Purely herbal, 50c box, druggists and stores. Beware imitations.

## Zam-Buk

**Mr. Land Hunter Look Here**  
**H. H. MILLER**  
The Hanover Conveyancer  
**OFFERS**

25 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.

538 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 store, Tiamouth 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 Red House, Hanover

## Grand Trunk Railway TIME-TABLE

Trains leave Durham at 7.30 a.m., and 5.0 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. Argent, D. P. Argent,  
Montreal, Toronto,  
J. Townner, Local Agent  
Durham.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY TIME TABLE

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

Read down	A.M.	P.M.	Read up	A.M.	P.M.
	6.45	8.00	Warkenton	Ar.	8.40
	6.53	8.13	Maple Hill	Ar.	8.57
	7.06	8.23	Hanover	Ar.	9.10
	7.14	8.33	Allan Park	Ar.	9.11
	7.28	8.52	Durham	Ar.	9.27
	7.38	9.03	McWilliams	Ar.	9.41
	7.50	9.17	Prioleville	Ar.	9.53
	8.00	9.30	Saugeen Jct.	Ar.	10.00

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 Junior Learning and Matriculation work. The following competent staff are in charge:

MISS ALLAN, Principal, 1st Class Certificate. Subjects: Science, English, Grammar, Book-keeping and Writing.

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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.

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

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Advertisements ordered by strangers must be paid for in advance. Contract rates for year advertisements furnished on application to the office.

All advertisements, to ensure insertion in next week, should be brought in not later than 10.30 p.m.

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**W. IRWIN**  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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