

SMALL ADS.

Advertisements of one inch or less, 25 cents for first insertion and 10 cents for each subsequent insertion.



In Any Walk

of life our Classified Want Ads. will help you. If you want a position, you can reach the best employers.



A House on Your Hands

Did you ever figure out how small a percentage of our population pass your house where they could see a "To Let" sign?

Shingles for Sale

A LARGE QUANTITY OF FIRST class shingles for sale at reasonable prices.—The Durham Furniture Co., Limited. 2-21f

Farm for Sale or Rent

LOT GORE A, EGREMONT, 55 ACRES, about 45 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation.

To Let on Shares.

ACRES OF GOOD TILLABLE land in the town, will be let on shares to suitable person.

Sawlog Notice

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL PAY the highest price in cash for all kinds of logs.

Farms for Sale.

57 ACRES IN MARKDALE, TWO houses on the place; 2 barns, 1 horse stable, well watered.

For Sale.

A BELL ORGAN IN FIRST CLASS condition. Apply at this office.

For Sale or Rent.

HOUSE AND LOT IN ALLAN Park. Good stable, well, and three-quarters acre of land.

SIX ROOMED HOUSE AND TEN acres of land in the town of Durham.

TWO-STOREY FRAME HOUSE well located, in Durham, water-works, good garden.

LOTS 2 AND 3 OF 4, CON. 1, E. G.R., Egremont, 100 acres, well cleared and in good state of cultivation.

NOTICE.

All accounts owing to the late Harry Harrison, Butcher, of North Egremont, must be settled on or before February 20th next.

EDWARD HARRISON

NOTICE.

Under the provisions of the Ontario Companies Act, The Northern Dredging Company, Limited, hereby gives public notice that it will make application to His Honour, The Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, in Council, for the surrender of its Charter on and from the seventeenth day of February, A. D. 1911.

Dated at Durham this 9th day of February 1911. Chas. R. Lavelle, Secretary.

Store to Rent

THE STORE FORMERLY OCCUPIED by Mr. Mockler. Good convenient stand. Apply, for particulars, to David Allen, 2-9f-7

House to Rent

ON SADDLER STREET. GOOD rough cast house. Soft and hard water, stable and garden. Rent reasonable.

Medical Directory.

Drs. Jamieson & Maclaurin. OFFICE AND RESIDENCE A short distance east of Knapp's Hotel, Lambton Street, Lower Town, Durham. Office hours from 12 to 2 o'clock

J. G. Hutton, M. D., C. M. OFFICE, TELFORDS BLOCK, UP stairs, Lambton Street. Residence—Corner Queen and George Streets—North of Methodist Church. Office hours—9-11 a.m., 2-4 p.m., 7-9 p.m. Telephone No. 10.

Arthur Gun, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OFFICE in the New Hunter Block. Office hours, 8 to 10 a.m., to 4 p.m. and 7 to 9 p.m. Special attention given to diseases of women and children. Residence opposite Presbyterian Church.

DR. BURT.

Consultant Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, and to Golden St., Throat and Nose Hospital. SPECIALIST: EYE, EAR, THROAT & NOSE. Office—13, Front Street, Upper Town.

DR. BROWN

L. B. C. P., LONDON ENG. GRADUATE of London, New York and Chicago. Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Will be at Knapp House, Durham, the 2nd Saturday in each month. Hours—1-6 p.m.

Dr. D. S. Craig, D.V.S., V.S.V.D. DISEASES OF DOMESTICATED animals treated on most scientific principles. All calls promptly attended to. Office and residence, Garafraza Street, Durham, nearly opposite the Chronicle Office. 6231

Dental Directory

Dr. W. C. Pickering Dentist. OFFICE: Over J. & J. Hunter's.

J. F. GRANT, D.D.S., L.D.S. HONOR GRADUATE, UNIVERSITY of Toronto. Graduate Royal College Dental Surgeons of Ontario. Dentistry in all its Branches. Office—Caldor Block over Post Office.

Legal Directory

J. P. Telford, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC. Office, nearly opposite the Registry Office, Lambton St., Durham. Any amount of money to loan at 5 per cent. on farm property.

A. H. Jackson, NOTARY PUBLIC, COMMISSIONER, Conveyancer, & Insurance Agent. Money to Loan. Issuer of Marriage Licenses. A general financial business transacted. DURHAM ONT. (Lower Town.)

A. C. Grant (Successor to W. F. Dunn) BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, Notary Public &c. Money to loan on farm property. Insurance effected, life or fire. Office over Standard Bank, Durham, Ont.

SKATER RUNS INTO BARB WIRE FENCE. W. Chester West, of Ilderton met with a bad accident while skating on a creek on his farm one night last week.

There is one thing which has rather puzzled me. "What is that?" "When money talks does it always talk cents?"—Baltimore American.

His Argument. "Dear, I only play poker for fun." "But you bet, don't you?" "Well, there wouldn't be any fun without a little betting."—Pittsburg Post.

Patience waiting is often the highest way of doing God's will.—Collier.

THE PRESENT INSTANT.

Science Defines It as the Hundredth Part of a Second.

A congress of European astronomers decided that the present time—that is, the present moment at any particular instant—consists of the hundredth part of a second.

For scientific purposes, however, the official present moment flashes from the future to the past in the hundredth part of a second. This cannot seem so remarkable when it is recalled that speed records for both horses and men runners are officially calculated in fractions as small as one-fifth of a second.

But in astronomy it is needed to have the hundredth part of a second, for in that moment light can travel 2,000 miles. So time, which, after all, only a figure of speech and is a mystery that no human brain can understand or fathom, must be considered relatively to one's sensations.

Time, then, for all men is relative to their personal sensations. Yet time is real enough. It takes actual time for starlight to travel, in some cases thousands of years. It takes time for sound to travel and time for the electric wave to work actual results over long distances.

So that time is not only theoretical; it is as real as coal and wood. Yet this reality stretches over a human lifetime back to ages before the existence of the sun and the stars. For purposes of ordinary human work the second is small enough to use as a standard of value, but scientific men have progressed so far in knowledge that the second is too long a period for them to consider as the scientific instant.

Spoiled His Act. A musical artist announced to his friends that he had a feature for his act that was calculated to make the whole profession sit up and take notice.

"Oh, that's all off," was the answer. "Well, if it was such a wonderful thing what was it?" was the general inquiry.

"I had planned to have a real skeleton," the musical man replied, "with its ribs tuned up so that I could play music on it like a xylophone."

"Great! Why aren't you going to do it?" The musician heaved a sigh of disappointment.

"I tried it," he answered, "but somebody sold me the skeleton of a ticklish man and I couldn't hit the ribs."—Youngstown Telegram.

A Closed Discussion. They had argued long and furiously over the question, "Can a man marry his widow's niece?" and the highly talented lawyer in the corner had waxed eloquent over the marriage laws of every state in the Union, every country in the world, civilized and uncivilized, and had cited the affinity tables of every church and even the legislation of Lycurgus down to that of Brigham Young.

Then the discussion closed down and fourteen excited controversialists ordered iced water.—New York Times.

A Fair Sized Trout. The gentleman was strolling across a large estate when he came upon a man fishing. "What sort of fish do you catch here?" he said.

"Mostly trout," replied the man. "How many have you caught?" "About ten or twelve, sir."

"What is about the heaviest you have caught?" continued the gentleman. "Well, I don't know the weight, but the water sunk two or three feet when I pulled it out!"

Divides the Waters. Situated exactly at the highest point of the divide of the Rocky mountains, on the Crow's Nest division of the Canadian Pacific railway, in British Columbia, is a hotel. When it rains in the mountains the water which falls on the eastern slope of the hotel roof trickles away to join a tiny rivulet, which in due time mingles its waters with the Atlantic.

Lots of Them. "There is one thing which has rather puzzled me." "What is that?" "When money talks does it always talk cents?"—Baltimore American.

His Argument. "Dear, I only play poker for fun." "But you bet, don't you?" "Well, there wouldn't be any fun without a little betting."—Pittsburg Post.

Patience waiting is often the highest way of doing God's will.—Collier.

Advertisement for Red Rose Tea. "Good tea is the result of care and experience in blending—must be the combination of fine flavor, smooth strength and richness. Because all these elements are so generously included in Red Rose Tea it well merits the term 'good tea.'"



A LEGAL DILEMMA

Tangle of Red Tape In an English Extradition Case.

GETTING AROUND THE LAW.

Only the Quick Wit of the Canadian Police Inspector Kept a Notorious Criminal in Custody When in Reality He Was as Free as the Air.

The manner in which a prisoner extradited to England from a foreign country is treated while on the voyage home depends very much on the detective who has him in charge and also on whether or no there is any suspicion that he may be contemplating violence either to himself or to others.

For instance, in the case of Jabez Balfour, who was taken to England all the way from Buenos Aires, there was a strong suspicion—probably ill founded—that he contemplated committing suicide. Consequently Inspector Froest, who had him in charge, decided to take no risks that he could possibly avoid.

The regulations do not permit of an unconvicted prisoner being handcuffed on board ship once the vessel has left port, and he must be allowed one hour's exercise on deck each day. These indulgences, if indulgences they may be called, were therefore not withheld from Balfour.

But he got few others. For twenty-three hours out of every twenty-four he was immured in a locked cabin. He was not permitted even to enter the public dining room, his meals being brought to him by Mr. Froest himself after the rest of the passengers had fed. He was, besides, constantly watched and was subjected to a most rigorous search immediately on coming aboard.

His only relaxation was an occasional game of chess with some of the passengers who kindly came to his cabin to play with him by permission and in the presence of his keeper. This sea imprisonment lasted exactly one month and a day, and Balfour afterward declared that it was the most trying experience of a captivity that was destined to continue for nearly twelve years.

One of the longest and in its later stages one of the pleasantest voyages ever undertaken by an unconvicted criminal was that which Charles Hylton Davidson, the notorious forger, made some years back in the custody of Chief Inspector Murray of the Canadian department of justice.

Murray tracked the wanted man to Mexico and secured his extradition to Canada. But then his difficulties began. He could not bring his prisoner to Canada by the direct route through the United States, for immediately Davidson set foot in that country he could have demanded to be released.

There was therefore nothing for it but to convey him by way of Jamaica and England and thence back across the Atlantic to Quebec. On the voyage Murray kept Davidson under close observation, although allowing him considerably more freedom than Froest allowed Balfour.

When, however, he had got safely as far as London he was both mortified and astonished at the likelihood of his having had all his trouble for nothing. The law was, he was told, that a prisoner extradited from a foreign country to a British colony could not be kept in custody in England for longer than twenty-four hours, nor could he be taken as a prisoner on board a British ship sailing from a British port.

Here was a dilemma. Davidson was free as air—had he only known it. But Murray was equal to the occasion. "Look here, Davidson," he said, "I've got you safe. There is only the last stage of the journey to complete. If I allow you to travel saloon with me as an ordinary first class passenger will you give me your word to play me no tricks?"

To this proposition Davidson, knowing nothing of the real state of affairs, was naturally quite ready to agree. And so it came to pass that one of the most notorious criminals Canada has ever known came home in state; free, yet not free, a voluntary prisoner, and yet an involuntary one.—Pearson's Weekly.

Tactful Truth.

"I appeal to Mr. Verity, whose truthfulness nobody doubts," said the outraged hostess, with a glitter in her eye. "Mr. Verity, do you think I supply my boarders with bad butter?"

"The others looked eager attention to see how Mr. Verity would get out of it. "Madam," he answered, with a bow, "the truth on which you compliment me forces me to declare that your butter is one of your strong points."—Baltimore American.

Bites.

The safest way to measure your maximum bite longitudinally is to lay it out on an ear of corn. To get the depth of the bite, measure it in a slice of watermelon.—Boston Globe.

And the best way to determine the capacity of your bite is to watch you eat beans.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Serious.

Mother—Oh, Effie! What has happened to your dolly? Effie—The doctor says it's a nervous breakdown. He prescribed muclage.—Life.

Sorrow is a school of virtue. It corrects levity and interrupts the confidence of sinning.—Atterbury.

LITTLE RED SPOT.

If He Were Bigger This Spider Would Be a Real Peril.

Strangely enough, the one really dangerous spider on the American continent is small, obscure and practically unknown to popular or journalistic hysteria. Latrodectus mactans is its scientific name. It is about the size of a large pea, black with a red spot on the back—a useful danger signal—and spins a small web in outhouses or around wood piles. So far as is known, its poison is the most virulent and powerful, drop for drop, secreted by any living creature. Cobra virus, in the minute quantity which the latrodectus' glands contain, would probably have no appreciable effect upon man, whereas the tiny spider's venom, in the volume injected by the cobra's stroke, would slay a herd of elephants. Were this little known crawler as large as the common black hunting spider of our gardens and lawns its bite would be almost invariably fatal. Happily the "red spot's" fangs, being small and weak, can with difficulty penetrate the skin and are able to inject venom in dangerous quantity only when the bite is inflicted upon some tender skinned portion of the body. Nevertheless fatalities consequent upon the bite of this insect are sufficiently well attested to take rank as established scientific facts.—Samuel Hopkins Adams in Everybody's.

HIS QUICK WIT.

A Cleveland Man's Experience in a Toronto Restaurant. The Canadian brother certainly differs from us in several strongly marked respects. A Cleveland man went into the leading restaurant of Toronto and said to the waiter in his customary quick lurch voice: "Crackers 'n' milk—cup coffee—apple pie."

The waiter bent a little lower. "Beg pardon, sir?"

The Cleveland man said it again and, being slightly irritated, said it faster.

The waiter shook his head. "I'm afraid we 'aven't it, sir," he depreacted, as Hashimura Togo might say.

"Haven't you any crackers?" "No, sir." Then with a sudden inspiration. "We 'ave biscuits, sir."

"All right; bring me biscuits. And you can give me some milk, can't you—milk in a bowl?"

"I'll inquire, sir." Then another inspiration. "We can give you coffee, sir."

"Good! How about the apple pie?" "No, sir. We've never 'ad it to my knowledge, sir. I think there's no call for it." Another inspiration. "We 'ave apple tart, sir."

"Fine! Bring me biscuits 'n' milk—coffee—apple tart, and be as quick as possible, please."

But it was exactly thirty-seven minutes later when the Cleveland man brushed away the crumbs and reached for his hat.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Even a grouch can't help grinning when he sees a cute baby.

If by any chance what we want to do comes close to coinciding with what we should do some misfortune makes ends refuse to connect.

Eating one's words is seldom conducive to good digestion.

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

Capital Authorized \$5,000,000 Reserve Fund \$2,400,000

Paid Up \$2,000,000

Savings Department at all Branches.

Advertisement for The Traders Bank of Canada. "More and more women are using our bank for their personal savings. The bank not only offers safety from theft or loss, but removes the temptation to spend money foolishly. There is no way to accumulate the money necessary to purchase some desired article like depositing small sums from week to week."

Advertisement for S. Hughes, Manager, Durham, Ont. Branches also at Mount Forest and Aytou. Capital and Surplus - \$6,550,000

Advertisement for 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.

Advertisement for The Durham Chronicle. Published every Thursday morning. At the Chronicle Printing House, Garafraza Street, Durham, Ont.

Advertisement for W. Irwin, Editor and Proprietor. The Job is completely stocked with a NEW TYPE, thus affording facilities for turning out first-class work.

Advertisement for S. P. Saunders, Machine Oil, Harness Oil, Axle Grease and Hoof Ointment, go to S. P. Saunders, The Harnessmaker.

Advertisement for Central Business College. Stratford, Ont. Write us at once for our free catalogue and learn what is being done in the leading business college in Western Ontario.

Advertisement for The Standard Bank of Canada. Capital Authorized \$5,000,000 Reserve Fund \$2,400,000 Paid Up \$2,000,000 Savings Department at all Branches.