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Capital Authorized \$2,000,000 Paid Up 1,000,000 Reserve Fund 900,000

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A general banking business transacted. Drafts issued and collections made on all points. Deposits received and interest allowed at current rates.

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Interest allowed on Savings Bank deposits of 4% and upwards. Prompt attention and every facility afforded customers living at a distance. J. KELLY, Agent.

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Office and Residence a short distance east of Knapp's Hotel, Lambton Street, Lower Town. Office hours from 12 to 2 o'clock.

DENTIST.

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Office—First door east of the Durham Pharmacy, Calder's Block. Residence—First door west of the Post Office, Durham.

Legal Directory.

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BARRISTER, Solicitor, etc. Office, over Gordon's new jewellery store, Lower Town. Any amount of money to loan at 5 per cent. on farm property.

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BARRISTER, Solicitor, etc. McIntyre Block, Lower Town. Collection and Agency promptly attended to. Searches made at the Registry Office.

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JAMES BROWN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Durham Ont.

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JAMES CARSON, Durham, Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey Land Valuator, Bailiff of the 2nd Division Court Sales and all other matters promptly attended to—highest references furnished if required.

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A FIRST CLASS HEARSE IN CONNECTION Embalming a specialty.

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J. SHEWELL Furniture Dealer in all kinds of

Undertaking and Embalming A SPECIALTY DURHAM, - ONT

TO -- Farmers, Threshers and Millmen

AT THE BRICK FOUNDRY -- WE MAKE --

Furnace Kettles, Power Straw Cutters, Hot Air Furnaces, Shingle Machinery, Band Saws, Emery Machines, hand or power; Cresting, Farmers Kettles, Columns, Church Seat Ends, Bed Fasteners, Fencing, Pump-Makers' Supplies, School Desks, Fanning Mill Castings, Light Castings and Builders' Supplies, Sole Plates and points for the different ploughs in use. Casting repairs for Flour and Saw Mills.

-- WE REPAIR --

Steam Engines, Horse Powers, Separators, Mowers, Reapers. Circular and Cross-Cut Saws Gummed, Filed and Set. I am prepared to fill orders for good shingles

CHARTER SMITH, DURHAM FOUNDRYMAN

The Chronicle is the most wide read newspaper published in the County of Grey.

ONE MAN'S WISDOM.

The Widow—Did you ever think seriously of matrimony? The Bachelor—Well, I'm sure I never thought of it as a job.

PAID HIS WAY TO TARSHISH

Rev. Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Dangers of Sin.

A despatch from Washington says;—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text; "So the Shipmaster came to him, and said unto him, What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not."—Jonah 1:6

God told Jonah to go to Nineveh on an unpleasant errand. He would not go. He thought to get away from his duty by putting to sea. With pack under his arm, I find him on his way to Joppa, a sea-port. He goes down among the shipping, and says to the men lying around on the docks, "Which of these vessels sails to-day?" The sailors answer, "Yonder is a vessel going to Tarshish. I think, if you hurry, you may get on board her."

Jonah steps on board the rough craft, asks how much the fare is, and pays it. Anchor is weighed, sails are hoisted, and the rigging begins to rattle in the strong breeze of the Mediterranean. Joppa is an exposed harbour, and it does not take long for the vessels to get out on the broad sea. The sailors like what they call a "spanking breeze," and the plunget of the vessel from the crest of a tall wave is exhilarating to those at home on the deep. But the strong breeze becomes a gale, the gale a hurricane. The affrighted passengers ask the captain if he ever saw anything like this before. "Oh yes," "this is nothing." Mariners are slow to admit danger to landsmen. But, after a while, crash goes the mast, and the vessel pitches so far "a-beam end" there is a fear she will not be righted.

The captain answers few questions, and orders the throwing out of boxes and bundles, and so much of the cargo as they can get at. The captain at last confesses there is but little hope, and tells the passengers that they had better go to praying. The rest of the story I will not rehearse, for you know it well. To appease the sea, they threw Jonah overboard.

Learn that the devil takes a man's money and then sets him down in a poor landing-place. The Bible says he paid his fare to Tarshish. But see him get out. The sailors bring him to the side of the ship, lift him over "the guards," and let him drop with a loud splash into the waves.

HE PAID HIS FARE

all the way to Tarshish, but did not get the worth of his money. Neither does any one who turns his back on his duty and does that which is not right.

Every farthing you spend in sin Satan will swindle you out of. He promises you shall have thirty per cent., or a great dividend. He lies. He will sink all the capital. You may pay full fare to some sinful success, but you will never get to Tarshish. Learn how soundly men will sleep in the midst of danger. The worst sinner on shipboard, considering the light he had, was Jonah. He was sound asleep in the cabin. Oh! how could the sinner sleep! What if the ship struck a rock! what if it sprang a leak! what if the clumsy Oriental craft should capsize! What would become of Jonah?

So men sleep soundly now amid perils infinite. In almost every place, I suppose, the Mediterranean might be sounded, but no line is long enough to fathom the profound beneath every impenitent man. Plunging a thousand fathoms down you cannot touch bottom. Eternity beneath him, before him, around him! Rocks close by, and whirlpools, and hot-breathed Levanters; yet sound asleep! We try to wake him up, but fail. The great surges of warning break over the hurricane-deck—the gong of warning sounds through the cabin—the bell in the wheel-house rings. "Awake!" cry a hundred voices; yet sound asleep in the cabin.

Again: Notice that men are aroused by the most unexpected means. If Jonah had been told one year before that a heathen sea-captain would ever awaken him to a sense of danger, he would have scoffed at the idea; but here it is done. So now, men in strangest ways are aroused from spiritual stupor.

A PROFANE MAN

is brought to conviction by the shocking blasphemy of a comrade. A man attending church, and hearing a sermon from the text, "The ox knoweth his owner," etc., goes home unimpressed; but, crossing his barn yard, an ox comes up and licks his hand, and he says, "There it is now—the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but I do not know God." The careless remark of a teamster has led a man to thoughtfulness and heaven. The child's remark, "Father, they have prayers at uncle's house—why don't we have them?" has brought salvation to the dwelling.

Some men come here to-night hardly knowing why he came. He has

heard that Talmage is an odd man, and has come to see whether it is true. But before this service is done that man will begin to think about his soul. He has been on his last spree. He has made his last visit to that bad house. His children will tomorrow morning notice the change. This moment he starts heavenward; and for all eternity he will bless God for this visit to the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Again: Learn that a man may wake up too late. If, instead of sleeping, Jonah had been on his knees confessing his sins from the time he went on board the craft, I think that God would have saved him from being thrown over board. But he woke up too late. The tempest is in full blast, and the sea, in convulsion, is lashing itself and nothing will stop it now but the overthrow of Jonah.

So men sometimes wake up too late. The last hour has come. The man has no more idea of dying than I have of dropping down this moment. The rigging is all white with the foam of death. How chill the night is! "I must die," he says, "yet not ready." I must push out upon this awful sea, but have nothing with which to pay my fare. The white caps! the darkness! the hurricane! How long have I been sleeping! Whole days, and months, and years. I am quite awake now. I see everything, but it is too late. Invisible hands take him up. He struggles to get loose. In vain. They bring his soul to the verge. They let it down over the side.

THE WINDS HOWL.

The sea opens its frothing jaws to swallow. The lightnings hold their torches at the soul's burial. The thunders toll their bells as he drops. Eternal death catches him. He has gone for ever. And while the canvas cracked, and the yards rattled, and the ropes thumped, the sea took up the funeral dirge, playing, with open diapason of midnight storm, "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh."

Now, lest any of you should make this mistake, I address you in the words of the Mediterranean sea-captain: "What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not." If you have a God, you had better call upon Him. Do you say, "I have no God?" Then you had better call upon your father's God. When your father was in trouble, who did he fly to? You heard him, in his old days, tell about some terrible exposure in a snow-storm, or at sea, or in battle, or among midnight garroters, and how he escaped. Perhaps twenty years before you were born, your father made sweet acquaintance with God. There is something in the worn pages of the Bible he used to read which makes you think your father had a God. In the old religious books lying around the house, there are passages marked with a lead pencil—passages that make you think your father was not a godless man, but that, on that dark day when he lay in the back room dying, he was ready—all ready. But perhaps your father was a bad man—prayerless, and a blasphemer, and you never think of him now without a shudder. He worshipped the world or his own appetites. Do not then, I beg you, call upon your father's God, but call on

YOUR MOTHER'S GOD.

I think she was good. You remember when your father came home drunk late on a cold night, how patient your mother was. You often heard her pray. She used to sit by the hour meditating, as though she were thinking of some good, warm place, where it never gets cold, and where the bread does not fail, and staggering steps never come. You remember her now, as she sat, in cap and spectacles, reading her Bible, Sunday afternoons. What good advice she used to give you! How black and terrible the hole in the ground looked to you when, with two ropes they let her down to rest in the grave-yard! Ah! I think from your looks that I am on the right track. Awake O sleeper, and call upon thy mother's God.

I think I am on the right track at last. Awake, O sleeper, and call upon the God of thy children. May he set these little ones to pulling at thy heart until they charm thee to the same God to whom to-night they have said their little prayer!

But, alas! alas! some of these men and women are unmoved by the fact that their father had a God, that their mother had a God, and their children have a God, but they have no God. All pious example to them for nothing. All the divine goodness

for nothing. All warning for nothing. They are sound as 'op in the side of the ship, though the sea and the sky are in mad wrestle. O my God, wake them up! Drop a thunderbolt upon their coffin-lid and wake them up!

To-night I know that many of you are sea-tossed, and driven by sin in a worse storm than that which came down on the coast of China, and yet I pray God that you may, like the sailor, live to get home. In the house of many mansions your friends are waiting to meet you. They are wondering why you do not come. Escaped from the shipwrecks of earth, may you at last go in! It will be a bright night!—a very bright night as you put your thumb on the latch of that door. Once in, you will find the old family faces sweeter than when you last saw them, and there it will be found that He who was your father's God, and your mother's God, and your children's God, is your own most blessed Redeemer, to whom be glory in the Church throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

ZANZIBAR IVORY.

One of the Oldest of Ivory Markets—Higher Prices Than on the West Coast.

Zanzibar continues to send important quantities of ivory to Europe. It is one of the oldest of ivory markets and was formerly one of the largest, but is now surpassed in the quantity of ivory collected by Matadi on the lower Congo. Elephant tusks are gathered in the far interior and brought to the coast on the backs of men. Sometimes business is good and sometimes it is poor according to whether good luck attends the ivory collectors. Now and then they are so fortunate as to come across some native who has a large quantity of ivory buried in the ground; then again they will find a good many tusks in native villages where it is often used to form a part of the fortifications which every village must possess. Few animals are killed to increase the present ivory supply but most of the tusks are those the natives have been collecting for years.

The profits of the business depend in part upon the ignorance or enlightenment of the native seller. Not a few of the chiefs of East Africa are still ignorant of the fact that ivory is highly valued by the whites. If they have not learned this fact they will sell their ivory very cheap.

The quality of East African ivory is for some reason or other considered superior to that of the Congo or West Coast Ivory. It brings a somewhat higher price in the market. In order to indicate its place of origin the Custom House at Zanzibar affixes its stamp to each tusk and makes a small charge for this guaranteeing to purchasers that the commodity is East African ivory.

SALT, PLEASE!

He was an enterprising young midshipman, and it was his first voyage. It struck him one day, when the vessel was at anchor, that a little sea-fishing might pass the time, so he obtained a line about as thick as a broomstick, attached a hook, and threw it overboard.

He soon had a bite, and tried to haul in; but the line would not give an inch. Then he called the sailors, and they pulled. More came, until at last every man of the crew was tugging at the rope.

At last the captain had the anchor weighed, and put on full steam ahead, which gave a pull of three thousand horse-power.

The line held for a second, and then snapped. Looking down at the disappointed midshipman, the captain said:

It must have been a whale! Whale, sir? he replied. Why, I had a whale for bait!

COST OF A HURRICANE.

The government's estimate of losses following in the wake of the West Indian hurricane of September 8 includes the following:

The loss of rice is estimated at 73,000 barrels of four bushels each, representing a value of about \$219,000. Exclusive of the damage to farm buildings, machinery, etc., the total loss may be estimated at \$5,000,000.

The loss of farm animals is estimated at 1,300 horses, 150 mules, 20,000 cattle, 2,800 sheep, and 900 swine, representing a total value of about \$490,000.

Of pecans there is an estimated loss of 2,500,000 pounds, valued at \$100,000. Three thousand trees, valued at \$75,000, are also reported as destroyed.

The area under corn is estimated to have been about 815,000 acres, with an indicated production of about 17,500,000 bushels. The loss to this crop is estimated at about 1,000,000 bushels, or 5.7 per cent., representing a value of about \$500,000.

WORK AHEAD.

Bunko Bill—Do you know that there are 76,000,000 people in this country? Green Goods George—I do, and at least 75,000,000 of them are waiting to be fooled in some way. Come on, let's not stand talking here.

About the House.

NUF MEATS IN COOKING.

Sandwiches—Chop pecan meats and salt them. Butter thin slices of bread and spread the nuts evenly over them, sprinkling with grated cheese. Cover the top with a buttered slice of bread, press it down firmly and trim the edges neatly. Pecans and walnuts, separately or combined, finely chopped, dressed with a mayonnaise sauce and cream cheese, and spread on brown bread, sliced and buttered, make a particularly good sandwich.

Salads—Chop the meats of pecans, walnuts, or almonds and mix them with the celery, hard boiled eggs and other ingredients of chicken salad, and the quality of the salad will be much improved. Pecan salad is made by laying the halves of the nuts upon crisp, green lettuce leaves, several of the meats on each leaf. Pour over them a dressing of olive oil, vinegar or lemon juice, salt and cayenne pepper. Scatter the pulverized yolks and finely chopped whites of hard-boiled eggs, with chopped parsley over the top.

Small Fancy Nut Cakes—Slice 2 lbs blanched nut meats and mix them through a batter made of 6 eggs well beaten and creamed with 1 lb sugar. After mixing sift gradually into the mixture 1-2 lb flour. Pour the batter in a shallow baking tin and bake in a quick oven. When nicely browned, cut in little strips, or squares, and roll in pulverized almonds and sugar. These nut cookies will keep indefinitely if nicely packed in tin with oil paper. The way to blanch nut meats is to throw them into boiling water, let them scald and then transfer them to cold water. The skins will slip off readily, through the shrinkage of the nuts.

Drop Cakes—Chop 1 cup nut meats and add 1 cup brown sugar, 2 well beaten eggs, a pinch of salt and 3 tablespoons sifted flour, with 1 teaspoon baking powder. Drop the batter from the spoon on greased tins and bake in a quick oven from 5 to 10 minutes. They will thin themselves, in the heat of the oven, and bake like wafers.

Nut Pies—Little pies, baked in crimped patty pans, are enjoyable accessories to luncheon or dessert. Line the little pans with pastry and fill them with nut meats finely minced, seasoned with 1 cup sugar and a pinch of salt to every 2 cups meats and the yolks of 2 eggs, reserving the whites for meringue for the tops after they are baked a light brown. Rich Nut Pies—One cup chopped nut meats, 2 cups white granulated sugar, 1 cup sweet milk, 1 cup butter and 5 eggs well beaten. Sift 3 cups of flour into the mixing bowl and make a depression in the centre. Gradually stir the ingredients into the flour and mix the whole like a cake batter. Bake in tins lined with puff pastry and cover the tops, when the pies have baked, with meringue.

ORANBERRY SAUCES AND PIES.

Sauce No. 1—Wash and pick over carefully, 1 qt cranberries, add 1 pt cold water and stew until soft. Add 2 cups sugar, and set away to cool.

Sauce No. 2—To 1 qt clean berries add 1 scant cup boiling water, cook slowly for two hours, then stir in 1 lb sugar and set in a cool place.

Jelly—Prepare the juice as for other fruit jellies, add 1 lb sugar for every pint of juice, boil and skim. Rinse the glasses in cold water before pouring in the jelly, to prevent sticking. The pulp may be sweetened and used for sauce.

Pie—Chop into bits 1 cup seedless raisins, mix with them 2 cups chopped cranberries, add 2 cups sugar, 1 cup cold water, 2 tablespoons flour and a few drops of either lemon or vanilla. Either bake with two crusts to a rich golden brown, or with an under crust only, and cover when done with meringue.

Pudding—Make a good pudding batter and just before turning into the greased mold add 1 cup or more of chopped cranberries.

SUGGESTIONS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

A correspondent tells about painting the carpet on her kitchen floor. It is a rag carpet, and she says that by painting it makes the nicest kind of floor covering. She put three gallons of paint on twenty-two yards for the first coat, and has used half a gallon once a year since. The paint protects the fabric so it does not wear out, and it can be washed like a painted floor. We should fancy a partly worn carpet—one that had not begun to break—could be made as serviceable as linoleum in this manner. When making soft ginger snaps,

flour the fingers, take bits of the dough in your fingers, shape into balls, lay in your tins and flatten with the top of a baking powder can. Any kind of dough that is too soft to be handled easily may be managed in this way, and it is improved by not adding more flour.

A clothes-pin apron is easily made and is a great convenience. Take a yard of any goods alike on both sides. Put a narrow hem at one end, turn it up ten or twelve inches, graduating the amount to the length of your arm—you want it so you will not have to stoop to reach the bottom—then stitch up each side and also twice—close together—through the center, making two pockets. Gather to a band and finish with strings. Your clothes-pins are easily disposed of, both in hanging out and taking in the clothes, and the apron protects them from soil.

A DISTURBED REVERIE.

He was gazing with dreamy eyes into the dim, uncertain future.

Ah, my darling, he murmured in rapturous accents, as he bent and touched her rose-red lips, what matters it that sorrow and trouble must of necessity be lurking in the unknown future? While I am with you I think of naught but the present—the beautiful, superb present. So do I, dearest, she replied; but you'll take me with you when you buy it, won't you? Men have such queer taste in rings.

SHE WAS AN IMMUNE.

I should think your mother would punish you for that, said the neighbor's little girl, to the one who had disobeyed.

She can't, was the confident reply. I've been sick, and I'm not well enough to be spanked yet, and she can't keep me in the house because the doctor says I must have fresh air and exercise. Oh, I'm having a bully time.

LUCKY.

Young Burglar—These spoons ain't silver. They are the cheapest kind of imitation.

Old Burglar—That's lucky. Lucky?

Yes. Take 'em along.

What for?

The lady of the house will be afraid to set the detectives arter us, lest they should find them spoons an' describe 'em in th' papers.

NEW EVIDENCE OF DISEASE. Little four-year-old Harry was not feeling well and his father suggested that he might be taking the chicken pox, then prevalent. Harry went to bed laughing at the idea, but early next morning he came downstairs looking very serious, and said: "You're right, papa; it is the chicken pox; I found a feather in the bed."

BANK OF ENGLAND PAPER. There is a lack of uniformity in the thickness of a Bank of England note. It is thicker in the left-hand corner than in any other part to enable it to receive a sharper impression of the vignette there. This unevenness aids in the discovery of counterfeits, as the latter are invariably of one thickness.

PHILOSOPHY.

Philosophy helps us bear the misfortunes of other people with equanimity, but our own—well, that is another story.

Cash St. Adopted N., G. & J. M.

We beg to inform and the public generally have adopted the which means Cash

patronage, and that the new system of

continuation of the

N., G. & J. M.