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Capital Authorized . . . \$2,000,000
Paid Up . . . 1,000,000
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Agencies in all principal points in Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, United States and England.

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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 \$1 and upwards. Prompt attention and every facility afforded customers living at a distance.
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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.

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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.

J. P. TELFORD.

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

G. LEFROY McCAUL.

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

Miscellaneous.

JAMES BROWN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Durham Ont.

HUGH MacKAY, Durham, Land Valuator and Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey. Sales promptly attended to and notes cashed.

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.

JOHN QUEEN, ORCHARDVILLE, has resumed his old business, and is prepared to loan any amount of money on real estate. Oil mortgages paid off on the most liberal terms. Fire and Life Insurance effected in the best Stock Companies at lowest rates. Correspondence to Orchardville, P. O., or a call solicited.

FURNITURE UNDERTAKING

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A FIRST CLASS HEARSE IN CONNECTION

Embalming a specialty.

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Dealer in all kinds of

Furniture

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.

THE WAYS OF MEN.

The pessimistic boarder frowned because his piece of pie was small; The optimistic boarder smiled to think they'd any pie at all.

THE GEM OF THE MORNING.

Dr. Talmage Discourses Upon the Silver Point in the Heavens.

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: "I am the bright and the morning star."—Rev. xxii. 16.

It seems as if the natural world was anxious to make up for the damage it did our race in furnishing the forbidden fruit. If that fruit wrought death among the nations, now all the natural products shall become a symbol of blessing. The showing down of the wealth of the orchard will make us think of him who Solomon describes as the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, and the flowers of tangled glen and cultured parterre shall be the dew-glittering garland for the brow of the Lord Jesus. Yes, even the night shall be taxed, and its brightest star shall be set as a gem in the coronet of our holy religion.

The meaning of my text is this; as the morning star precedes and promises the coming of the day, so Christ heralds the natural and spiritual dawn.

In the first place, Christ heralded the coming of the creation. There was a time when there was no order, no sound, no beauty. No wing stirred. No word was uttered. No light sped. As far as God could look up, as far down, as far out, there was nothing. Immeasurable solitude. Height and depth and length and breadth of nothingness. Did Christ then exist? Oh, yes; "By him were all things made that are made; things in heaven and things in earth, and things under the earth." Yes, he antedated the creation. He led forth Arcturus and his sons. He shone before the first morning. His voice was heard in the concert when the morning stars serenaded the advent of our infant earth, when, wrapped in swaddling clothes of light, it lay in his arms of the great Jehovah. He saw the first foundation laid. He saw the first light kindled. The hand which was afterwards crushed upon the cross, was thrust into chaos and it brought out one world and swung it in that orbit, and brought out another world and swung it in another orbit, and brought out all the worlds and swung them in their particular orbits. They came like sheep at the call of a shepherd. They knew his voice and he called them all by their names.

Again, Christ heralds the dawn of comfort in a Christian soul. Sometimes we come to passes in life where all kinds of tribulation meet us. You are building up some great enterprise. You have built the foundation, the wall—you are just about to put on the capstone, when everything is demolished. You have a harp all strung for sweetest accord and some great agony crushes it. There is a little voice hushed in the household; blue eyes closed; color dashed out of the cheeks; the foot still; instead of the quick feet in the hall, the heavy tread of those who march to the grave. Oh, what are people to do amid all these sorrows? Some sit down and mourn. Some bite their lips until the blood comes. Some swing their pale hands. Some fall on their faces. Some lie on their backs helpless and look up into what seems to them an un pitying heaven. Some pull their hair down over their eyes, and look through with a fiend's glare. Some with both hands press their hot brain and want to die, and cry: "O God! O God!" Long night, bitter night, stupendous night of the world's suffering. Some know not which way to turn. But not so, the Christian man. He looks up toward the heavens. He sees a bright appearance there. Can it be only a flashing meteor? Can it be only a delusion? Nay, nay. The longer he looks the more distinct it becomes, until after awhile he cries out: "A star! a morning star! a star of comfort! a star of grace! a star of peace! The star of the Redeemer!" Peace for all trouble; balm for all wounds; life for all dead. Now, Jesus, the great heart-beater comes into our homes. Peace! Peace that passeth all understanding. We look up through our tears. We are comforted. It is the morning star of the Redeemer. "Who broke off that flower?" said one servant in the garden to another, and the other servant said, "The master." Nothing more was said, for if the master had not a right to break off the flower to wear over his heart, or to set in the vase in the mansion, who has a right? And when Christ comes down into our garden to gather lilies, shall we fight him back? shall we talk as though he had no right to come? If any one in all the universe has a right to that which is beautiful in our homes, then our Master has, and he will take it and he will wear it over his heart, or he will set it in the vase of his palace eternal. "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Peace,

troubled soul. I put the balm on your wounded heart to-night. The morning star—the morning star of the Redeemer.

Again: Christ heralds the dawn of millennial glory. It is night in China, it is night in India, night in Liberia, night for the vast majority of the world's population. But it seems to me there are some intimations of the morning. All Spain has to be brought under the influence of the gospel, and before long she shall have a republic of the right kind, a Christian Republic. What is that light I see breaking over the top of the Pyrennes? The morning. Yea, all Italy shall receive the gospel. She shall have her schools and her colleges and her churches; her vast population shall surrender themselves to Christ. What is that light I see breaking over the Alps? The morning! All India shall come to God. Her idols shall be cast down. Her juggernauts shall be broken. Her temples of iniquity shall be demolished. What is that light I see breaking over the top of Himalayas? The morning. The empurpled clouds shall guard the path of the conquering day.

Again: Christ heralds the dawn of heaven upon every Christian's dying pillow. As one of these brothers told me last night of his mother in the last moment, she looked up, and said, pointing to some supernatural being that seemed to be in the room: "Look at that bright form. Why, they have come for me now." The lattice is turned so that the light is very pleasant. It is peace all around. You ask yourself: "Why, can this be a dying room? It is so different from anything I have ever expected." Perhaps it is four o'clock in the morning, and you have the bed wheeled around to the window, and the dying one looks out into the night sky, and she sees something that attracts her attention, and you wonder what it is. Why, it is a star. It is a star that out of its silver rim is pouring a supernatural light into that dying experience. And you say: "What is that you are looking at?" she says: "It is a star." You say: "What star is that that seems so well to please you?" "Oh! she says, "that is the morning star—Jesus!" I would like to have my deathbed under that evangelistic star. I would like to have my eye on that star so I could be assured of the morning. Then the dash of the surf of the sea of death would only be the billowing up of the promise; "When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee, and the rivers they shall not overflow thee!"

Paul kept his eye on that morning star, until he could say, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Edward Payson kept his eye on that star until he could say: "The breezes of heaven fan me." Dr. Goodwin kept his eye on that evangelistic star until he could say, "I am swallowed up in God." John Tenant kept his eye on that evangelistic star until he could say: "Welcome, sweet Lord Jesus—welcome eternally." No other star ever pointed a mariner into so safe a harbor. No other star ever sunk its silver anchor so deep into the waters. No other star ever pierced such accumulated cloud, or beamed with such a holy luster. I would God that if my sermon to-night does not lead you to Christ, that before morning, looking out of the window, the astronomy of the night heavens might lead you to the feet of Jesus.

BEAUTIFYING THE HANDS.

A lady, who has very beautiful hands, says that a few exercises will work wonders towards promoting grace in the finger tips and wrist. Stand with the arms at right angles to the body, the hands with the palms down. Bend the hands from the wrist, first as far up as they will go, then down. Repeat until the wrists become a little tired, but never until they are strained. Now close the hand tightly until it has become a formidable fist, then throw out the fingers sharply, spreading them as far as they will stretch.

These two simple exercises will produce great suppleness and ease of the finger joints, and tend to increase the circulation. Tight sleeves are as injurious as tight gloves. When you see a woman who is wearing her sleeves so tight that they bind, look to her hands; they will be red and puffy, with the veins swelled, and the texture of the skin coarse and dark.

The hands respond readily to emollients. If they are chapped, or the skin is broken, rub in a little camphor cream with the tips of the fingers very gently. Rub in the cream at night, just before retiring, and put on afterwards a pair of white chambray or ordinary kid gloves, from which the finger-tips have been cut. Never wash the hands in cold water, always dry them thoroughly, and never use inferior soap.

On the Farm.

INJURIES TO CATTLE.

That cattle are very prone to swallow indigestible substances, many of them injurious and even fatal, has been known to veterinarians for a long time. It is, however, regarded by many of them as of rare occurrence, a casualty worthy of note more as a curiosity than as something demanding constant attention.

Autopsies on tuberculous cattle made during the past four years have shown clearly that injuries inflicted by pointed metallic bodies are of frequent occurrence, and therefore of decided economic importance.

Information gained from the above-mentioned examinations causes us to believe that this evil may, to some extent, be prevented. It was noticed that while in certain herds nearly all animals examined were free from injuries due to foreign bodies, in others nearly every one was injured. On investigation it was ascertained that this difference was due to the fact that one herd had access to miscellaneous objects on pastures and the others had not. Before giving any illustration of these statements let us see what injuries are caused by foreign bodies.

Among the most frequent post-mortem indications of the presence of some foreign body are evidences of an inflammatory process about the second stomach reticulum, or honeycomb by which it becomes fastened either to the liver or to the diaphragm, or to both. In the new tissue formed by this inflammatory process are one or more round abscesses, or tumors, which, when cut open, discharge a foul-smelling pus. In some of the herds examined scarcely an animal was free from this inflammatory condition. The binding down of the free ventral end of the liver by inflammation is equally frequent and accompanied by a degeneration of some of the liver tissue.

Again, the course of the foreign body is invariably toward the lungs and the heart. It punctures the liver or the diaphragm and penetrates a lobe of the lungs or the heart. When it enters the lungs a pneumonia is usually started which extends over the greater part of the affected lobes. In some instances an abscess forms, and this may break into an air tube and the contents be discharged externally. The most unfortunate and usually fatal injury is the penetration of the heart by the pointed body. Death may come speedily or slowly after a wasting disease, according to the nature of the injury to the heart. In the cases which we have seen the injury usually resulted in an inflammation of the pericardial sac, followed by suppuration. The pericardium becomes enormously distended with fluid and pus, this exudate compresses the heart to such an extent that its action becomes very feeble and death results from general droopy.

Another disease which has been lately observed by us in dairy cattle, as a result of injury to the second stomach by foreign bodies, is abscess in the liver. Sometimes there were as many as five or six of these abscesses, each at least as large as a hen's egg and filled with foul pus.—Report Bureau of Animal Industry.

THE HORSE'S FOOT.

Every farmer who has noticed that horses grown in dry countries have small, upright feet, and those grown on wet, low lands have flat, weak-heeled ones, as a rule. Ponies grown for generations on steep hill-sides and rocky heights develop a strong, high foot, with a small ground surface, but with almost flinty hardness. What connection has this with horse management on the farm? What is the hoof, anyhow?

Hoofs of all animals are made of practically the same material as the skin of the horse, the horn of the cow and the nail of the man. The layers are closer packed in the hoof than in the skin, while the horn and nails are made of the same material, but of less thickness, than the hoof. If you soak the horns, nails and hoofs in strong soda water the scales will separate, and when placed under a microscope furnish the proof of similarity. Hoof, whether alive or dead, will absorb 30 per cent of water, thus increasing both its weight and bulk. Under natural conditions the horse is provided with the required moisture, not in the shape of oil, of which it will absorb only 7 per cent, but of water. If, now, you allow a horse to stand in the stable for a considerable time depending on the absorption of its own urine for the water for the hoof, you must expect the feet to become small, possibly to crack open, and the result, contracted heels, wasted frog and what is known as navicular diseases. Next, the digestive system becomes impaired, the hoofs become shelly and brittle, and you have a ruined horse.

Moral—Keep your horses in the stable as little as possible and keep them shod as short a time in the year as possible. Give them every opportunity to get their feet on the moist grass or ground, remembering the maxim, "No hoof, no horse."

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

Garden soils are seldom too rich, Now is a good time to prune the quince. Do not buy large plants in fall bloom. Soil and location will change the flavor of fruits. Give verbena a rich but rather light soil. The rose is a hearty feeder. Therefore it will bear annual manuring. Do not apply a mulch until the ground is frozen reasonably hard. The object in mulching is to preserve as even a temperature as possible. Plant a tree just as deep as it stood in the nursery, allowing for the soil to settle. A tree will rarely do its best with its collar much too high or much too low in the ground. A newly transplanted tree should occupy a bed of fine, mellow soil with ample room for every root. If trees are rather large when planted out they had better be staked. Mulching the quince trees with coal ashes now will be found a good plan. A little poultry manure put around each strawberry plant now will help to secure a thriffter growth. It may seem strange, but it is true, that fruit of fine appearance sells better than that of extra quality. An unfruitful orchard may often be brought into bearing by a heavy application of good stable manure. All manure for the garden should be thoroughly rotted and fined before applying, even if applied now. With quinces it is a good plan, any time after the leaves fall, to go carefully over the trees and cut back the new growth. In keeping onion sets through the winter it should be remembered that a cool, dry temperature is the essential thing.

UNTHRESHED GRAIN.

Save some unthreshed grain for the poultry in winter. It will save the thrasher bill, and the hens will even pay an extra profit on it. Wheat is best, but rye, oats, &c., will do. You need not take the best grain, as the poultry are not particular. Some that is weedy or of an inferior quality will do. One or two good-sized bundles of grain for each flock of 20 to 30 hens should be spread out daily on the floor. The unthreshed sheaves of grain should be stored in a shed if possible to keep it dry and free from snow. When the weather permits the poultry to be out the grain may be spread on the ground in the yard.

WHO SHOULD KEEP BEES.

Any person who is fond of the study of nature particularly of the habits of the honey bee, can succeed, while those who still cling to the brimstone and dishpan notion, and who shun the little bees because they sting should avoid this pursuit. A careless and lazy person is sure to fail. The requirements are tact, patience, watchfulness and good judgment, and a desire to emulate the busy humming marauder and improve each shining hour.

SIGNIFICANCE OF BABY'S CRY.

There is scarcely any one clue to what ails the baby as instructive as its cry, if only one studies and observes its variety of manifestation. Let us look at some of its quite apparent and more important meanings. Crying without remission might be due to hunger or thirst, though it should be noted that not every cry that is relieved by eating is due to hunger, as feeding will sometimes relieve colic temporarily, though probably "adding fuel to the fire," in the end. A persistent cry may also be caused by the pricking of a pin, or a constant irritation or itching from skin disease, or constant pain from the formation of a boil or abscess. Very severe crying for a few minutes, then ceasing, to be soon resumed again, probably means colic, especially should the abdomen be larger than usual. If taking the baby up seems to cause crying, it is easy to infer that the pressure of the moment causes pain in the part pressed upon, most likely the chest—this might mean pleurisy, intercostal neuralgia, rickets, or even pneumonia. Of course, crying caused by touching a certain part, points directly to pain in that part. If the child cries simply because it is sleepy or tired, the cry will be fretful, accompanied most likely by rubbing of the eyes. General poor health will cause peevish crying along with much whimpering, a condition in which we find other indications of debility. A shrill cry or scream heard only at intervals probably denotes inflammation of the brain or spinal cord, or some localized brain trouble. A short, broken cry that seems to be painful, is quite likely caused by an inability to get the necessary amount of air into the lungs from some chest trouble. In a head cold or in some chronic

ARTIFICIAL WILTED FLOWERS.

The imitators of nature in the floral line are fast becoming serious competitors of the florists who trade in naturally grown flowers. The following description of the latest triumph of the artists in artificial flowers is interesting. Dame Nature must spare no effort this coming spring if she hopes to outdo Dame Art in the production of flowers of the field and garden. The velvet geraniums, pelargoniums, roses, poppies, fuchsias, chrysanthemums, marguerites, tulips, etc., that make up the floral display in the shops just now are marvels of loveliness in grace and color. Every woman dressmaker is loading the evening gowns with garlands of rich blossoms, and so strong is the influence of the flowers that the gowns are given the names of the posies they exploit. One orders, for example, an orchid dinner dress, or a geranium ball toilet, or an iris opera frock, and the whole color scheme of the costume is laid down with a view to harmonizing with the tufts and festoons of brilliant blooms. Enormous shoulder knots of velvet roses or big pastel tinted peonies ornament every black dress, and, not content with garlanding the gowns, women pin mighty nosegays on their evening wraps, and their ostrich feather and chenille boas and on their chignon and ermine muffs.

To render the flowers even more triumphantly conspicuous by daylight, they are spangled, or glitter with silver dust along the edges of their velvet and silk muslin petals. This very frankly announces the floral garnitures as artificial, but does not detract from their beauty, though one of the oddest and most interesting species of this false flora is the charming wilted blooms that one artistic and enterprising manufacturer has produced. His wilted flowers are made of liberty silk and are so amazingly natural in appearance that only by actual touch and close inspection can the deception be discovered. A chiffon gown trimmed entirely with pale yellow and pink wilted roses was voted the first prize by the women at

LATE LORD WILLIAM BERSFORD.

Accomplishments That Made Him One of Lever's Irish Heroes. The late Lord William Bersford represented in perfection a type rare in England. He was the typical Irish hero, as pictured by Charles Lever, and rollicked through life in dandy devil fashion, finding zest in everything, and dying with his enthusiasm intact and his gay good spirits unshaken. In his day he was the most popular and most irrepressible lad at Eton, the leader in everything, afraid of nothing, generous, loyal, ungodly. He fought every tussle man came his way and the fact that of them whipped him didn't interfere with his enjoyment. He never missed a race within reach of Eton, and subsequent caning as part of the punishment. When he went into the ring he not change tactics. He was a madman and had plenty to do it. He could play polo anywhere in India. He rode the wildest colts and pulled the best harness. He was called the best dancer in the room, and the worst flirt in Indian society. He could organize a nothing. He could make anything of unusual talent. He never went back on anything he did not know the meaning was as witty as he was. When he came home and his K.C.I.E., he was the Duchess of Marlborough's third heartily with him. He was probably the best man in England, and his was a proverb. He had every pack of consequences and boasted proudly that on his collarbone more than other man living.

The Old Reliable Remedy for Diarrhoea and Dysentery.



Grandma Mrs. Thos. Sherlock, A. C. prior, Ont., recently used it. "My little girl, three years of age, was taken very bad with diarrhoea and we thought we were going to lose her when I remembered that my grandmother always used Dr. Fowler's Strawberry Elixer, and often said that it saved her life. I got a bottle and gave it to her, and after the third dose she began to get better and slept well that night. She proved right along and was soon completely cured."

The "Chronicle" is the only 11-1/2 page Local Newspaper in Western Ontario.

a fashionable ball in New York where no less than a couple of baskets of artificial blossoms were used in the ornamentation of the costumes.

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Cash System Adopted by N. G. & J. McKee

We beg to inform our customers and the public generally that we have adopted the Cash System, which means Cash or its Equivalent, and that our motto will be "Large Sales and Small Profits."

We take this opportunity thanking our customers for past patronage, and we are convinced that the new system will merit continuance of the same.

N. G. & J. McKECHNIE